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P-25

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

P-25

PHOTOPLAY

April
20 Cents

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This Magazine Stands For Clean Motion Pictures, First, Last, and Always.



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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

No. "P-25"

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No. "P-25"

James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIII

No. 5

APRIL, 1918

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Next Month

Has it ever occurred to you what a difficult thing it is to get out a magazine every month which will be better than the last one, when you had used every resource that brains could devise or money influence to make the last one as good as possible? Well, that's our problem every month of the year, and here are a few of the things we have prepared for the May issue with that end in view:

A Gem of a Cover

There's the Gail Kane cover, for example. Some who have seen it say it is the finest work W. Haskell Coffin has ever done for a magazine. At least it is distinctively different, with beauty and charm all its own. And the interesting story of Miss Kane's career, never previously told, will be related as well, with new photographs by Victor Georg.

What Happens to Their Clothes

Perhaps you have wondered what happens to all the wonderful clothes which your favorite stars wear in their pictures. You wouldn't want to see the same gown twice, and so the amount of money spent with the modistes is enormous. We have asked a dozen or more stars about this, and will tell you what they do with costumes which have served their purpose.

Favorite Personalities

In the preparation of personality sketches, PHOTOPLAY has always gone to the utmost pains to obtain original and authentic material. Sketches of Elliott Dexter, Beverley Bayne, Wheeler Oakman, Wallace Reid, and Helen Eddy are being prepared. They may not all find room in the May issue, but they are "on the fire."

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Next Month

"Our Lady o' Dreams"

Few actresses who have been "off the screen" for a few months have been missed as has Miss Marie Doro. Her exquisite charm has suggested the title, "Our Lady o' Dreams," for an article in which Mr. Bartlett will give you his impressions of this delightful woman, with photographs made in her New York home where she has been in retirement save for a brief stage appearance.

Fiction? Why Certainly!

Frederick Arnold Kummer has written another of his fascinating romances of studio life, "The Devil's Camera," in which there is adventure, mystery, and all the other elements that make this author's stories absorbing. Mr. Kummer knows pictures—he has had many of his stories filmed—and his fiction is very true to life. Then there will be stories of current releases, "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," "Heiress For a Day," and other tales, of the sort for which PHOTOPLAY readers have expressed a decided liking.

The Filming of O. Henry

Are you an O. Henry fan? We have completed the previously announced pictorial feature, showing the manner in which the characters created by this master of the short story have been transferred to the screen. Whether you know O. Henry through his books or the pictures, you will find this unique comparison of the screen studios and the author's original descriptions, fascinating in the extreme.

We Found Her

Where has Blanche Sweet been? What has she been doing? At last we have the answer to the many questions of this sort that we have been receiving. Harry Carr, whose personality sketches are invariably original and informing, has written about it and next month you shall know all.

The Search for Novelty

There is no business in the world concerning which the public knows so much as about the picture business. You have been told about the studios and the cameras and the making of plays, until the search for novelty seems almost hopeless. But there is always something new. For instance, you have noticed that many companies seem to think their rosters of stars are incomplete unless they have a private "Russian" in the list—even if these Russians were never closer to Petrograd than Brooklyn. In the May issue PHOTOPLAY will show you Russian screen stars, who never have been outside of Russia, members of the famous Moscow Art Theatre company, supported by the government, whose creations are now being shown in this country.

Not So Serious

One side of the life of the manager of a picture company has never been shown to the public. This is the series of pests which infest his office. "Gathering the Nuts" will tell you about them. Then, Delight Evans will contribute one of her breezy—they aren't poems and they aren't prose—we never have decided just what to call 'em.

And So On

And there will be photographs, and more photographs, and more photographs. And unexpected little things too numerous to mention. And so on. So perhaps we shall get away with the job of making next month's magazine even better than this, after all. We leave it to you.

Theda Bara Fans

"Simp" interviews or the sort of personality story best expressed by the word "chat" in which the adoring interviewer sits by, tense in every nerve, worshipping at the shrine, is the pet horror of the editor of PHOTOPLAY. If we can't tell the truth about a star, we would rather say nothing. It is much more sensible. Maybe we're wrong but we do think a silly interview is an insult to the intelligence of our readers. You buy PHOTOPLAY for the truth, so why shouldn't you get it? This has special reference to an interview with Theda Bara in the next issue.




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MAC MARTIN, Booklet and Catalog Construction. His treatise on this subject is one of the strongest elements of the Federal Course.

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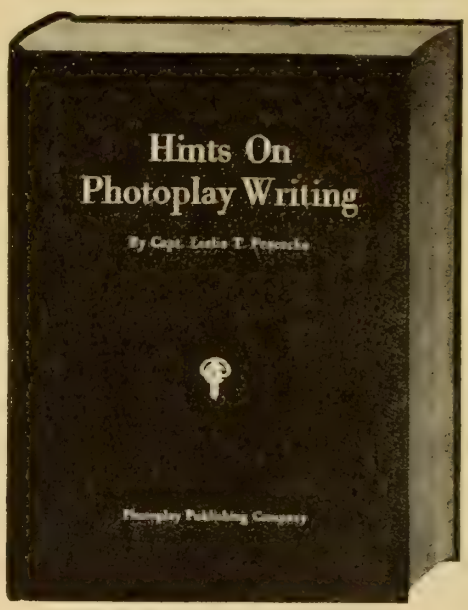
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* * * *

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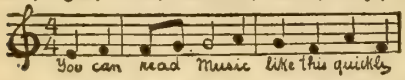
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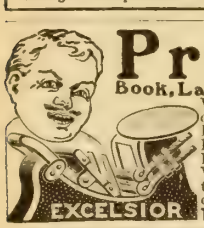
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MAY ALLISON, come back—all is forgiven. We know that you have been listening to the siren voices of the musical comedy stage and you were going to star in a London musical comedy. But now that you are coming back, all is well.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WHEN Alice Brady didn't get what she wanted in Papa's picture company, she up and left and became a lone star for Select instead. Her screen heroines, like the real Alice, are leading ladies with minds of their own.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIII APRIL, 1918 NO. 5



Art and Democracy

IN the olden days, painters, musicians, poets and sculptors lived on the bounty of monarchs and princes. If they pleased their royal patrons, they were permitted to go on working until some other artists, by intrigue or influence, supplanted them.

Then a wealthy merchant class sprang up, and, imitating the aristocrats, sought reflected glory by patronizing the arts.

This condition continued until the close of the nineteenth century. Art scorned democracy. For people of moderate wealth and for the poor there were only museums where they were permitted to see pictures and statues that they could not hope to own. In the very magnificence of the displays they were made to feel the more keenly the fact that this was not THEIR art, that it was not made for THEM, that it was being doled out to them as a splendid philanthropy.

Moreover, the artists, understanding that their revenue must come from the class which could afford to pay big prices for it, did not try to make their art interpret the lives and the souls of the less fortunate. They sought to make their work more and more remote, so that it could be understood only by those who had leisure and means for study.

Democracy was crying in the wilderness for an art of its own, and the artists turned a deaf ear.

Then came the moving picture, and democracy clasped it to its heart. This was something for the people themselves. Not that they were blind to its defects, not that they believed it perfect from its beginning—but it was their own. It was the first art-child of democracy.

And as it developed, while the aristocrats of art sneered and scoffed, there were not lacking those who saw the moving picture as worthy of a place with its older brothers and sisters. Many a pictured landscape would have inspired Inness or Corot. John Bunny would have been a joy to Franz Hals. Renoir would have gone into ecstacies over Pauline Frederick. Meissonier would have thrilled at such spectacles as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Joan the Woman."

The moving picture art is not the art of the cubist, the futurist, the synchromist, the vorticist or any other what-d'ye-call-it-ist. It does not base its reputation upon obscurity of meaning. It is an art which uses simple language and direct statement, like the old masters of painting, like Mozart and Haydn, like Michael Angelo. It is an art of the people, for the people.

Thus it transpires that today the humble patron of the movie show is a patron of art as truly as Lorenzo the Magnificent. For like Lorenzo, he is supporting what, to him, is art. And since to him it is art—it IS art.

Griffith's Boy—*Bobby*

Harron, the Screen's Premier Juvenile. "The Boy" in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance."

By Elizabeth Peltret

ONE of the most effective scenes in "The Birth of a Nation" is a quiet one; a scene without a trace of "dramatic punch," but it remains vividly in your memory after many a more spectacular detail is forgotten. It is the meeting of the two boy chums in a sleepy little Southern town before the war. They poke each other in the ribs, chase into the house, dodge around the furniture in the big hallway, and run upstairs, their arms around each other's shoulders. "Everyone" says of this scene that it doesn't look a bit like acting. Then, too, the light-heartedness of it and the peacefulness of the little town, are in poignant contrast to the battle scene where the two boys meet again only to die in each other's arms. The Southern boy (Bobby Harron) crawls over to his Northern chum, and puts his arm about him. It looks as if they are tired from too much play and are just going to sleep for a while.



Since the making of the Griffith masterpiece, Bobby Harron has seen a great deal of battle and sudden death. Last year he was in Europe with D. W. Griffith, and Lillian and Dorothy Gish, making war scenes for the great director's next picture. One can only surmise the number of times he must have been called upon to die, or nearly die—the story may have a happy ending—but it is possible that he is killed or wounded in this war, counting rehearsals, innumerable times. Also, he has seen real danger, and real history in the making—among other things the arrival of General Pershing and his staff in Europe, for the Griffith party went over on the same ship—and yet with all this, he seems just the same fun-loving boy he looks to be in "The Birth of a Nation." But underneath is a keen knowledge of human nature and an equally keen sympathy. He seems more interested in people than in events. In discussing the war, he said more about the effect it would have on individuals than about anything else concerning it. For example, the soldiers themselves:

"It's going to be just as hard for a lot of the fellows to come home from the war as it was for them to go," he said. "They've changed a lot, of course, the fellows who used to work in stores, and offices, and factories. They've made new friends; they're heroes—members of the military caste, you know." He mentioned Service's poem, "The Revelation":

The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the same old din and smut,
Chained all day to the same old desk, down in the same old rut;
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the same old train:
Oh, how will I manage to stick it all, if I ever get back again?
Don't you guess that the things we're seeing now, will haunt us through all the years,
Heaven and Hell rolled into one, glory and blood and tears;
Life's pattern picked with a scarlet thread, where once we wove with a grey,
To remind us all how we played our part in the shock of an epic day?

"But that won't apply so much to the moving picture actor. We're funny people! We have plenty of time evenings and between scenes, and yet we hardly ever learn anything outside our work. Most of the fellows who go from the films will have to begin all over again, when they come back, even if they aren't maimed or crippled. There are quite a few moving picture actors and it's not a bit hard to forget them."

Probably very few persons have thought of this phase of the subject. If there were only a few of the "thin red 'eroes" it would not make so much difference. But in this war the individual is lost in the great throng of men who, while their praises are sung today, will have to come back later when the tumult and the shouting has died and people are speaking in prose again. Nearly every young man who goes to war sacrifices something in a business or professional way, but there is before him the chance to win, in a brief time, a degree of fame that otherwise it would take him years to gain, and, whether he wins distinctive military honors or not, his war record will give him preferment and a sort of distinction. But the motion picture actor who has won any marked degree of success is known the world over. If war takes him away for a year or two, he must look forward to the probability that when he comes back his name will have been virtually forgotten, not only by the public but by managers as well.

Although he did not mention the fact, himself, the war will possibly cost Bobby Harron much in those things everybody wants—success, income, material security and a foothold on the ladder that leads to fame. For he has been drafted, too, and is only on leave of absence. Although so serious a matter to him, he turned it off with a characteristic story.

"I heard of a fellow who went to a dentist and had all of his teeth pulled before going up for examination. The examining doctor looked him over and said, 'You're exempt; you have flat feet.'

"I tell you what," Harron said with quiet sincerity, "I'd rather leave my family, my friends, my work and my club forever—I'd rather die right now—than to be told that I wasn't wanted because my health was not good enough. To know—absolutely know—that you are not physically fit, would be worse than to go through a hundred wars."

Although he is very slight, his clear eyes and skin and the impression he gives of buoyant vitality would seem to indicate perfect health.

"It is a case of sooner or later with me," he said. "I am going when we finish this picture. The other day, Mr. Griffith said, 'Well, Bobby, I guess you'll be glad when we finish these scenes.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'get them right, if it takes ten years.' "

Bobby laughed heartily at the recollection. It seems that the unexpected answer so surprised Mr. Griffith that he looked



Last year Bobby was in Europe making war scenes for Griffith's next picture.

almost petrified, but presently a light dawned. "I getcha," said the great director, "the longer we take on these scenes, the longer you live."

"That wasn't what you might call an especially encouraging remark to make, now was it?" remarked Bobby.

Bobby Harron has been in the pictures since 1907, when he was fourteen years old. He started in with the old Biograph company in New York.

"I was going to a parochial school," he said, "and one day, I asked the Brother to let me know the next time he heard of a place for a boy. A little later the Brother sent me around to the Biograph studio. The man in charge was named McCutcheon; his son, Wallie, is now a major in the English army. He asked the usual questions, and the upshot of it was that I went to work in the cutting room at a salary of five dollars a week. After I had been working in the cutting room about two months, he took me out and gave me a small part in a picture. It was a comedy named 'Dr. Skinnum.' Anthony O'Sullivan was in it, I remember, the same Tony O'Sullivan who is now in charge of the 'lot' over at Mack Sennett's. I remember thinking at the time that there was no future in that kind of work for a young fellow, and that as soon as I could I'd go and get another job. But I never did. I kept on when Mr. Griffith took charge; came with him to California, and have been with him ever since."

His first leading part was in a picture called "Bobby's Kodak."

"This picture gave me my first big joy in life, because it gave me the chance to be the kind of kid I had wanted to be in my dreams, but had never had the chance to be in real life. My oldest brother and I had always had it in us to be little devils, but we lacked the teamwork of the Katzenjammers. We always took it out in fighting to see which one was going to play the lead. For instance, I'd come to him and propose that I play hookey and fix up a nice little story for him to tell the Brother, but he'd say, 'Well, I don't see why *I* can't play hookey and you tell the story to the Brother,' and so it would end by neither of us playing hookey. It was that way with every bit of mischief we tried to do—we were great chums"—there was no pause but a hurrying on of speech—"he's dead, now—killed two years ago in an automobile accident."

Bobby comes from a family of ten children and is the oldest of seven living; five sisters and one brother, all in school but one sister. One brother, aged 14, has appeared in a picture with Louise Huff.

"Oh, he's a comer, all right!" said Bobby.

Speaking of his trip to Europe, one of the first things he mentioned, referring to it with an air of tremendous pride, was that they went over with General Pershing and his staff, "taking the same high place in French history that is given to Lafayette in American history."

"Of course the fact that the general and his staff were to accompany us was supposed to be a deep and dark secret of state. It was quite some secret. The first I knew of it was two days before we sailed. I was walking down a New York street, when a fellow I knew stopped me, took me aside, and looking around to be sure there was no one who could overhear him, whispered, 'I'll tell you something if you'll promise me not to tell any one.' Of course, I promised, and he said in a still lower whisper, 'You're going over with General Pershing and his staff.'

"A little later I met a man who had booked with us for passage. 'Heard the news?' he asked. 'No,' I said. 'What is it?' 'General Pershing is to sail with us, but for goodness' sake don't tell anybody.'

"After that, knowing that it would make mother feel easier to know that every care would be taken of General Pershing, I decided to tell her that he would be with us. I knew she wouldn't say anything about it, but nevertheless my conscience troubled me a little until, just as we were going aboard, with a lot of dock hands within easy hearing distance, some one yelled at the top of his voice to a friend at the foot of the gangplank, 'Hey, who do you think's on board—General Pershing!'

"Yes, it was quite some secret!"



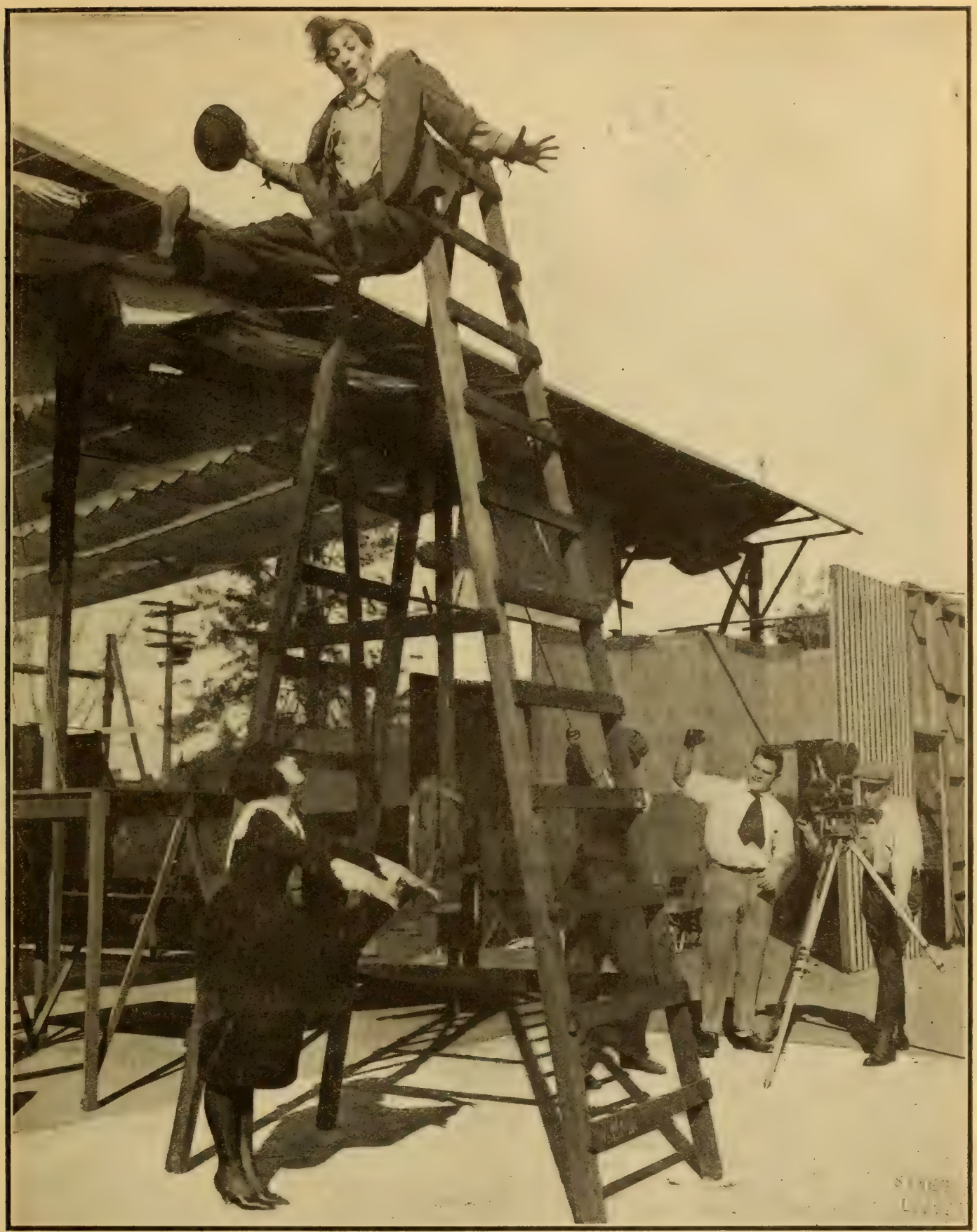
Stagg

Bobby has just left the Hollywood trenches to snatch a mug of coffee and a plate of beans.

For Bobby seasickness was not one of the horrors of war. "I didn't get really seasick at all," he said, "because every time I felt that there was any danger of it, I went to bed and stayed there until I felt right again. I didn't get up at all the first three days out—not because I was really sick, but because the roll of the ship bothered me a little and I wasn't taking any chances."

Speaking of taking chances, he had only been back in Los Angeles about a week when he went with a party on a little two-hour trip to Catalina Island; a trip that is nearly always disagreeable and choppy. Everyone on board

(Continued on page 115)



Speaking of the Uplift Trend in Pictures—

One hears so much nowadays of the sincere efforts of some producers to make pictures of an elevating character, even in the comedy field. We always believed the thing could be carried a bit too far, you know—then Pathe-Rolin sent this in. Did we change our minds? Well rather. This is a trick picture, with Toto, the Hippodrome clown. Pete Props is manipulating the ropes, and—what? Oh—she's Miss Clarine Seymour, Toto's leading lady. No, of course Toto won't hurt her when he falls, because he's not going to fall. That's right—the top of the ladder isn't what it used to be.

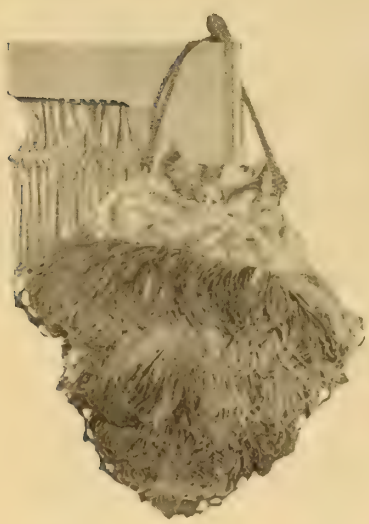
Home, Sweet Home, *with* Geraldine Farrar

Photographs by
Leon Bueman





It is but a step from the formality of the hall to the grand salon, warm with green and rose brocades and splendid Chinese rugs; and the funny Chinese dogs on either side of the fire-place are not a bit afraid of the big tiger who is stalking them from the green and gold piano.



In one corner of the boudoir is the companion piece to the slipper cabinet on the opposite page. It contains fans and such other feminine fripperies as would delight the heart of anyone with a taste for the exquisite. It is surmounted with a collection of photographs of intimate friends.



NO. 1 West Seventieth Street, New York City, is the permanent home of Mrs. Lou-Tellegen, better known to the general world as Geraldine Farrar, better known to the cinema world as Carmen and Joan the Woman, and best known to her intimates as Jerry. There are two things that this home is notable for—comfort and simplicity. However exotic Miss Farrar may be in her art, she loathes over-decoration at home. The outer rooms—those which the visitor sees—are impressive and formal. But there are flowers, flowers everywhere, lending just the right note to the scheme, and adding an hospitable air. For Farrar loves flowers; and her friends know this, and keep her surrounded with the loveliest blossoms. Then, in her boudoir, is the informal note; the restful, quiet atmosphere that aids Jerry's imagination, that soothes even while it stimulates her for her appearances on the stage of the Metropolitan. These intimate views will give her public a new vision of Farrar—not Farrar the singer, nor Farrar the actress—but Jerry, the woman.







One of Geraldine's greatest treasures is the slipper cabinet in her boudoir. It is a silent history of her wonderful career.



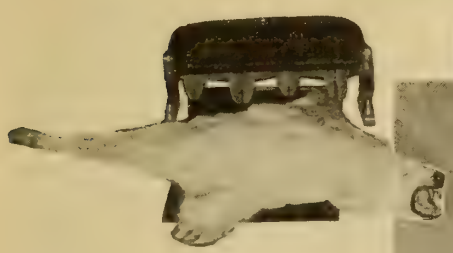
"I am in her boudoir fair." It is done in French gray and the hangings are old blue and pale rose.



The bedroom is as it should be—simple and restful. Can you imagine anyone not sleeping well on that creation of ivory enamel draped in satin, old blue, and rose

On the rare occasions when Miss Farrar dines at home she does so in a room all black and gold; and she sits in a sandalwood chair and is served at a sandalwood table. The Chinese cabinet and the bright yellow rug with dark, impressionistic figures witness her love for the mysteries of the East.





Above: This is not a mere couch. It is a "day bed." Here Miss Farrar rests for almost the entire day before her operatic appearances, reading and relaxing.

The entrance-hall with its tile flooring and black and white bearskin rugs is dignified and impressive. If Miss Farrar e'er dreamt she "dwelt in marble halls", she ne'er dreamt she dwelt in one more lovely than this.









THEDA'S BOSS 'ROUND THE LOT

J. Gordon Edwards, successor to Herbert Brenon. Director-in-chief to Miss Theda Bara, vamp-in-chief to the William Fox film forces. Maker of the Fox undressed version of "Cleopatra." Miss Theda Bara's boss 'round the lot in "Du Barry", and other Foxy chronicles of crime. Perfectly cool and dispassionate while directing "Cleopatra"—which was why he directed "Cleopatra". Rides a horse on location. Herewith pictured in his official capacity—twice. Above, with the lissome lady going over a new 'script—Miss Bara is calm because she knows what's coming, she's done it so often; J. Gordon, because he's told her how to do it so often. And, at lower left, we have—reading from left to right: J. Gordon Edwards' cranker, J. W. Boyle; J. Gordon Edwards. Cleopatra is just beyond your range, to the right.

That Imp Constance

Talmadge the Second, comedienne delicieuse, and a young person of some importance

By Katharine Hilliker

THE job of smile vendor is not always a smiling proposition. Being a comedienne has clouds that do not appear on the screen and the sunshine is largely manufactured.

This I learned from Constance Talmadge, comedienne delicieuse, whose sole claim to fame ten months ago lay in the fact that she was Norma's sister, and had been chosen by David Wark Griffith to play "the mountain girl" in his great spectacle, "Intolerance." Today she is a star in her own right with electric signs on Broadway big enough to come under the Fuel Administration's curb. With her rare gift for comedy interpolations, her charming mannerisms and bubbling youth, she is become a young person of importance, and her popularity is largely due to the magnetic friendliness of her smile and the sheer gayety of her presence.



D. W. Griffith chose Constance Talmadge for The Mountain Girl in "Intolerance"; and she bounded right into fame.

I went to call on her the other day and landed in the middle of a seismic upheaval preparatory to her departure for the West. Wardrobe trunks, hat boxes, portfolios and suitcases occupied the range of vision and most of the furniture. Miss Talmadge dispossessed a couple of the boxes and gave me their chair, then retired to a fat motherly couch in the corner and curled up like a tired child. She grinned at me over a sofa pillow tucked under her chin.

"Shoot!" she said laconically.

I dragged my chair closer.

"You talk," said I, "like a director and not like a sweet, young—"

She sat bolt upright with considerable energy.

"Don't call me a 'sweet young thing'!" she cried. "I feel as old as Methuselah's mother, and as for sweetness!" She subsided in despair. "Nothing that's been rained on as steadily as I've been for the past six weeks could retain any flavor." She shook a tousled mane at me. "Look at my hair! They turned the hose on me again today."

My outraged indignation matched hers, and the impish Talmadge smile flashed out at me. She hugged the pillow and leaned nearer. "I don't mind telling you," she confided, "that I am going to poison the next person who wishes a reel full of rain scenes on me. For the last six weeks I've wallowed through miles of mud and ruined every dress I possess. When it was impossible to find enough rain outside, we retired to the studio and turned on the faucets." She made a gaminesque face at me. "It's made a woolly anarchist of me! I'll never take another bath as long as I live!"

Thereupon she delivered her soul of accumulated grievances and told me some of the watery woes and tribulations that had all but washed the smile off.

The production of "The Honeymoon," one of Miss Talmadge's recent releases, called for Niagara settings and the company left New York in a blaze of glorious Indian summer weather, confident that very little time would be needed for the trip. The night of their arrival at the Falls, however, a cold driving rain set in,

Norma, tragedienne; Constance, comedienne — no longer "Norma's little sister." They're stars of equal magnitude now.

Witzel





Norma does this to perfection; but Constance should smile.

Apeda

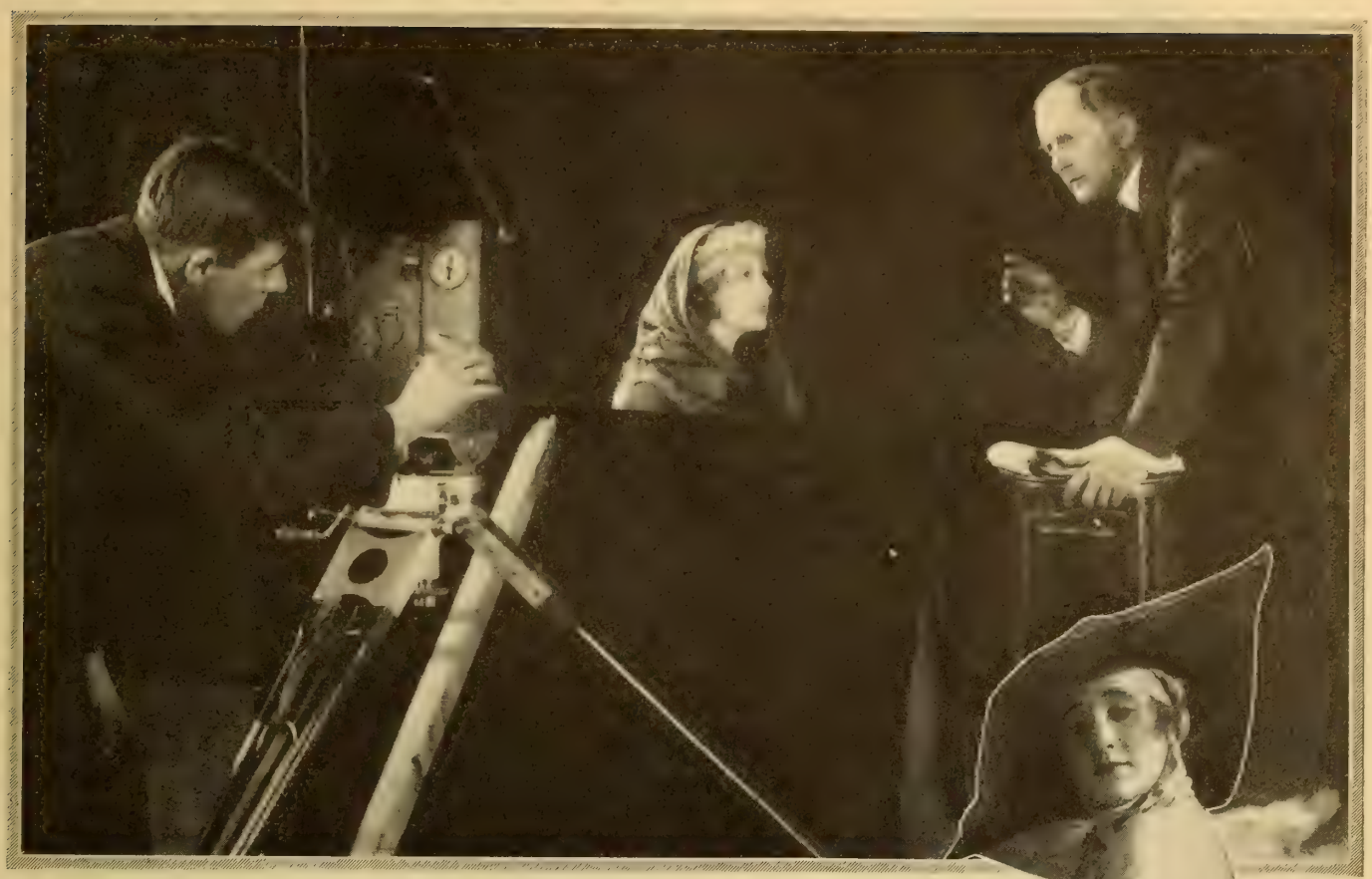
and the next thirty-six hours were spent huddled over the hotel radiators. When they did get out, they were dogged by a series of annoying mishaps. Their photographer was arrested for innocently photographing government territory; Director Gibiyn, his assistant and Miss Talmadge very nearly lost their lives in an exploring trip through the foundations of the old Cadillac House which harbored, unknown to them, a great power plant subterraneously connected with the Falls; and Miss Talmadge in a thrilling scene with her leading man, Earle Foxe, in which she struggles to prevent him from seeking a suicide's grave in the surging waters of Niagara, lost her balance and but for his quick action in snatching her back, would have gone into the maelstrom herself. The weather, too, continued to misbehave, with two drizzles to every stingy gleam of sunlight, and Miss Talmadge became convinced that she had been marked for climatic atrocities.

"Playing a comedy part made it doubly hard," she explained to me seriously. "If I'd been the vampire I could have foamed at the mouth and bitten the bark off the trees. As it was, I couldn't fly into anything worse than a kittenish temper, and at that, had to mind my p's and q's." She shifted to a more comfortable position and eyed me pathetically. "You've no idea," she said, "how hard it is to be sweet when your disposition's gone sour."

I began to see that there might be serious moments to the making of comedy and said as much. Miss Talmadge proceeded to my further enlightenment.



An artificial rain-storm for the purpose of mussing up Constance in a scene from "The Studio Girl." Sometimes the stars really earn their money.



Putting over a freak lighting effect for a bust close-up. It is easy to see by the attitude of the director and camera-man that this is a delicate piece of work.

So convinced had she become of the weather man's antipathy, that she hailed with joy the fact that her next script, "The Studio Girl," called for scene after scene of pouring rain. "At any rate," she declared, "we'll be able to work."

But thereupon, with the perversity known only to inanimate things, the days bloomed their loveliest. One sunshiny stretch of perfection followed another with maddening regularity and the weather turned crisply cold. The company made interiors while the sun shone, and prayed for rain with the fervor of an Indian medicine man. Finally it was determined to stage most of the wet scenes in the studio, "and from then on," said Miss Talmadge, "life was one prolonged shower bath."

A welcome break came one misty morning with a fine fall of rain. An automobile was commandeered and the players raced across to New Jersey. But the needed road scenes were hardly embarked upon when Miss Talmadge and the chauffeur were arrested by a busy small-town constable and hauled off to court to explain why her car was sporting a 1915 license in 1917. By the time it was made clear to the judge that the picture being filmed called for a 1915 car, the half-hearted rain had fallen down on the job and Old Sol was at it again.

A number of bits had to be taken along the bleak Gloucester coast, and one of the star's most trying experiences was staged at a small railroad station somewhere in the Bronx when, clad in the lightest of summer attire, she had had three streams of water turned on her with the thermometer registering 20 degrees.

"But the worst thing of all happened in the studio," she exclaimed. "I was supposed to be hidden in the tonneau of an automobile during a terrible storm. I don't know how many geysers they directed at me that day, but I was drenched to the skin. Then came the retake. I settled back to a crouching position on the floor of the machine just as the camera started clicking, and realized that I was sitting in about two feet of icy water.

(Continued on page 119)

"California," says Constance; "where the sun shines all the time." And California, where swim-suits are never out of season.

The German Curse





The famous Bochkareva, organizer of the Battalion of Death, the women's regiment which actually went into battle, and defeated the Germans in a major engagement.



Members of the Battalion of Death drilling under a regular army officer.



This man is an officer in one of the many battalions, every man of which is loyal to the best interests of Russia and has sworn to fight till the very end—"Victory for the Allies or death!"

"THE world believes that Russia sold out her allies knowingly, but my camera will show that it was the German propaganda of lies that undermined this great country."

"When the Russians forget politics and German propaganda they are more than a match for the Germans."

These are two of the titles for "The German Curse in Russia," Donald C. Thompson's war film which is released by Pathe. The outstanding feature of this picture is that it shows what happened in Russia and why it happened. It is not fiction, but fact. Mr. Thompson, who has been on every fighting front, taking pictures of every Allied army and also of the Turks, is a born "camera correspondent." Originally a "still" photographer on various Western newspapers, Thompson realized the importance of the motion picture camera in gathering news, and applied for a commission with the first Canadian Division. Accepted, he went to France with the Canadians; and since then has done much in preparing a remarkable visual history of the Great War. The spirit of Russia is eloquent in these actual scenes caught by Thompson; he emphasizes the fact that German propaganda is wholly responsible for the pitiable Russia of today; that German lies might do to America what they did to Russia if America would give them half a chance.

in Chaotic Russia



Crowds throng the park in front of the Admiralty shouting phrases they hardly understand and carrying banners that spread sedition and revolt.



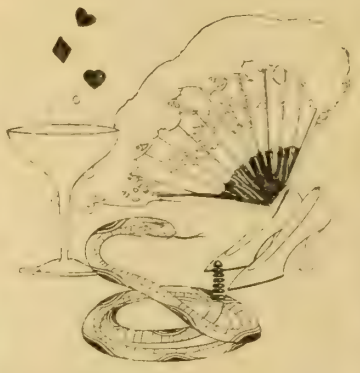
Russian soldiers caught in a barbed-wire fence. Mr. Thompson's camera records every move of the Russians and every effect of the German propaganda of lies that has meant Russia's fall.



A close-up of an orderly in the women's battalion. Head at left; a typical Moyjik or peasant. Right: A fine type of Russian woman of the upper class.

Where are *the* Vamps *of* Yesteryear?









Above: Alice Hollister—pictorially inactive at present—says she was the Screen's First Vampire. That's nothing: we'd like to know who'll be the last.

Upper right: Helen Gardner was once hated by every wife and mother in the Middle West. She was "A Sister to Carmen" and a whole lot of other awful things. She's not Vamping or anything now.

In oval: Marguerite Snow, the Movies' First Russian Countess. Since "The Million Dollar Mystery," we have had eight thousand nine hundred and fifty six.

TWO or three years ago, Vamps were Vamps. When you saw one, it was the proper thing to gasp, "Isn't she awful?" and say, "My dear, I simply cannot understand how that woman ever—" and then you would stay to see it through another time. They were real Vamps then—you hated them; or you loved 'em. Now, it's different. You just can't hate the poor creatures. Everywhere you go, a Vamp is thrust upon you—mostly near-Russian Vamps. And we are beginning to feel that maybe Vampires always were imposed upon, anyway. Yesterday, the entrance on the screen of a luxuriantly-appointed Vampire was the occasion of much awed comment; now, it causes not even a flutter. Of all these ladies pictured here, not one is a-Vamping today.



Lilie Leslie, artistic exponent of the gentle art above pictured, was Lubin's chiefest Vamp. Her mouth was wicked, her gowns bizarre; she wore a cruel black patch just below her left eye. It was terrible.



Cleo Ridgely making Blanche Sweet cry. Miss Ridgely—not playing now—cherished a babyhood ambition to become a famous Vampire; so she named herself Cleo.



Scarpia turned on her in a fury. "I will show you. Your Mario shall pay the price. Arrest him, men."

LA TOSCA

The immortal romance of Floria Tosca, songbird of Naples

By Felix Baird



"FLORIA TOSCA! La Tosca! La Tosca!" The paean rose from thousands of throats. Hats were thrown in the air, people wept or embraced each other in ecstacy, flowers and gold coins and jewels were thrown with reckless prodigality at the feet of the young singer who stood on the stage of the great Roman theatre, arms outstretched, trembling with joy at the ovation given her.

A little Roman peasant girl, educated by kind hearted priests who had trained her exquisite voice for the pleasure it gave them to hear its musical rendering of their Latin hymns, was Floria Tosca. But Floria Tosca no longer—La Tosca, after this, her opening night, when all Rome paid tribute to her marvelous singing. La Tosca the singer, the idol of the populace, the pet of the court of Naples. The good fathers had lost their songbird. La Tosca belonged to the world.

The month was June, the year 1800, immediately after the final overthrow of the Jacobins, as the followers of Robespierre were called. The troops and police were occupying Rome after the fall of the Parthenopean Republic, as the French called the Kingdom of Naples during the five months they had ruled it. It was a bloody and corrupt time—and also a time of almost incredible gallantries. Cannibals with powdered hair, barbarians in silk stockings—these were the products of the decade.

La Tosca was both pious and patriotic, and stood in high favor with the Court. Her early training by the priests had made her devout. But the religious customs of the time were illogical, to say the least, as compared with ours of the twentieth century. One speared his enemy at noon and prayed at sunset. A fair devotee offered flowers to the Madonna to gain indulgence for amatory peccadilloes, or perhaps scolded her lover for his lack of piety, as did La Tosca, while she twirled his moustache in the very shadow of the altar.

For it was in the church of St. Andrea that La Tosca met the young painter, Mario Cavaradossi. Although Mario was only half Italian, his mother being French, and was regarded with considerable suspicion by the political authorities because of a suspected sympathy with Jacobinism, so great was his skill as an artist, that he was em-



"I want Angelotti, the fugitive," thundered Scarpia. "Where have you hidden him?" Turning to La Tosca, "Woman, I bid you speak."

ployed to decorate the church. It was here that La Tosca would come to visit him, here that they would repeat their love vows, in the still coolness of the cloistered aisles with the Italian sunshine filtering through stained glass windows, spraying them with its soft mosaic of rainbow colors.

One afternoon, as Mario was engaged in working on a fresco, a man suddenly appeared from one of the chapels and in a trembling voice called on Mario to succor him. It appeared that he was Cesare Angelotti, a political refugee who had been condemned to death, and who had escaped from the Castle St. Angelo where he had been confined. Knowing Mario's sympathies, Cesare had dared to appeal to him for aid. In the chapel was a full suit of women's clothes, even to a fan, which Cesare's sister, the Marquise Attavanti, had hidden there for her brother's use. The problem was to find a place of shelter when he should have left the church.

The young artist, strongly in sympathy with the refugee's cause, gladly offered to hide him in his villa in the environs of Rome, until pursuit had been abandoned. They were planning the details of Cesare's escape when there came a tapping at the church door. "It is I, Floria," came a voice. "Let me in, my Mario."

"You must hide in the chapel again," said Mario hastily to Cesare. "Put on the women's clothes and this evening you can mingle with the worshipers and leave the church unnoticed. Then I will meet you at my villa."

The knocking by this time had grown impatient. Mario hastened to unlock the door and La Tosca burst in. "Who are you hiding that I must wait?" she cried.

"The church is empty, carissima mia," protested Mario. "Do you not see that I am alone? I but stooped to pick up a brush that had fallen."

Seeing that he spoke the truth, the spoiled cantatrice was appeased. "It is because I love you so," she coaxed, putting up her fresh lips to be kissed. "I cannot endure that you should even delay in opening a door for me."

"Ah!" Her gaze had fallen on the image of the Magdalen which Mario was painting on the wall. Instantly she turned from a melting sweetheart to a vixen. "You have given the painting blue eyes—when mine are black? And yellow hair! And—Ah yes; you have painted a Magdalene with the face of the Marquise Attavanti! You, the lover of La Tosca! Ingrate!" She stamped her feet with rage and burst into a passion of tears.

"But consider, my adored one," pleaded Mario. "The Magdalene was blonde, and fair. Would you have me upset all traditions? It would be that I committed sacrilege—to make a Magdalene who was not fair. Would you have me driven from Rome and my fame as a painter destroyed forever, my angel?"

"But you have given her the face of the Marquise Attavanti," sobbed La Tosca.

"I swear by all the saints that the Marquise is a stranger to me," declared Mario fervently. "If there is likeness, it is an accident. Say that you believe me, my heart of a rose."

And so with kisses and love words, the breach was healed, and confidence restored. "I will not be with you this evening, my own," said Mario, as he bade her goodbye.

La Tosca

NARRATED by permission, from the scenario of Charles E. Whittaker, adapted from the original play of Victorien Sardou. Produced by Paramount, with the following cast:

Floria Tosca.....Pauline Frederick
Baron Scarpia.....Frank Losee
Mario Cavaradossi.....Jules Raucourt
Cesare Angelotti.....Henry Hebert
Spoletti.....W. H. Forestelle

"I have letters of importance to write, so I will remain at my villa. So, until tomorrow, my sweet."

He took up his interrupted work, when again there came a knocking, a thunderous fusilade this time. "Open, in the name of the King," came the command. "Open, Mario. It is I, Scarpia."

The Chief of Police! Mario cast a startled glance in the direction Cesare had gone, but not daring to disobey the summons, threw open the church doors.

"Cesare Angelotti has escaped from the Castle," boomed the heavy voice of Scarpia. "It is likely that he has taken refuge in the Angelotti chapel. Have you seen him?"

"I?" Mario lied bravely, although his lips were pale. "I have seen no one except la belle Tosca, whom you may have met as you were coming, for she has but gone."

"Search the place," was the order, and there was the tramp of heavy feet along the aisles, while Mario listened in dread, expecting every minute to hear the uproar which would tell of the discovery of the fugitive.

But the dreaded summons did not come. Chapel after chapel was searched without result, and the disappointed officers came back into the main body of the church, empty handed. It must be that Cesare had escaped by some side door while La Tosca had been raging. Mario crossed himself and breathed a prayer of gratitude.

The disgruntled Scarpia, going back to take a last look at the Attavanti chapel, stumbled over something that he had failed to see before. It was the fan, which Cesare in his haste had forgotten. The Chief of Police pounced upon it and his features relaxed in a grim smile. He turned to his first lieutenant, with a leer. "It would be wise to show this pretty bauble to the fair Tosca—and tell her where it was found. I warrant I can make of it a key to unlock the lips of that smug-faced Jacobite, who paints Madonnas on the church's walls. For he knows more than he has told."

That night a great fete was to be given at the Farnese Palace, to celebrate the victory of General Melas over Napoleon. There La Tosca was to sing and there the wily Scarpia went with his trophy of the fan. During a lull in the festivities, he approached her with, "See what a pretty bauble I discovered in a chapel of St. Andrea this afternoon." Carelessly he pulled it from his pocket. "Some fair worshiper, no doubt, is bemoaning its loss. I would I knew to whom to return it."

"In St. Andrea's!" La Tosca snatched the fan. "Why, it bears the Attavanti crest."

"It does, indeed." Scarpia pretended to examine the fan closely for the first time. "Its return, then, will be a small matter."

Then the hideous green-eyed monster of jealousy wrapped La Tosca in its ugly folds. "Give it to me," she stammered. "I—I will return it."

The Marquise Attavanti! And Mario had painted her very image in the features of the Magdalene. And he had denied that he knew her! She must have been hidden in the church at the very time of La Tosca's visit. The singer put her hand to her throat; she felt that she was choking. And what was it Mario had said, that he would spend the night in his villa. Ah that was why—

"Where are you going?" asked Scarpia.

"My cloak," muttered the diva. "I am ill; I cannot sing. I must leave here immediately."

Scarpia knew that she would go straight to Mario, and smiled to himself in exultation. But not like this—it would arouse too much comment.

"Not sing, on the eve of victory! Where is your patriotism? Would you affront your King so sorely? Wait, and I will get you a restorative."

There was truth in his words. Though on the rack with jealous torture, La Tosca considered. "I will wait," she said heavily. "It can make



One of her little hands lay like a white flower on the damask of the table cover. Scarpia held the other, tightly in his own. Floria shuddered, but she did not move.

no great difference,"—to herself. "An hour or so later—"

But that night she did not chant her bird notes amid wild huzzas of rejoicing, to celebrate the victory of General Melas. On the contrary, before the time came for her to sing, a dispatch arrived which changed the holiday mood of the people to one of gloom. For the message said that the French, by a skillful move, had turned the tables on their enemies, and that the battle of Marengo had been won by Napoleon.

The fete broke up in wild disorder. Then La Tosca snatched her cloak and ran from the palace, Scarpia and his men following her, silently. She would lead them to Mario, and undoubtedly to the hiding place of the fugitive. Silently they surrounded the villa of Mario, while La Tosca, wild with jealousy, burst into the room where Mario was conversing with Cesare. Both men sprang up in alarm.

"Is something wrong, my angel? Have you come to warn us?" cried Mario in affright.

"Where is the woman?" panted La Tosca. "Where have you hidden her?"

"Woman?" repeated Mario, in amazement.

"The Marquise Attavanti!" stamping her little feet. "See, I have proof of your treachery," thrusting forth the fan. "You thought to deceive me! You lied to me, yesterday, when I would have you give the Magdalene black eyes instead of blue. You have betrayed me, your Floria."

"Peace!" said Mario, checking the torrent of words. "You talk like a mad woman. How came you with this fan?"

"It was found in a chapel of St. Andrea's. I saw it—by accident and I recognized the crest." She clenched her little fists. "Oh that I, Floria Tosca, La Tosca! should have been so easily duped!"

"You rave, child," said Mario. "See, the fan does belong to the Marquise, but it was left in the chapel by her brother, who sits before you. It was part of the disguise in which he escaped from that bloodhound, Scarpia. His sister left it for him there. You have accused me unjustly."

"His sister," repeated La Tosca. Suddenly she dropped on her knees before Mario. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me! I see it all now. I have been made a tool of by that fiend Scarpia. It was he who gave me the fan. Oh, hide, hide," to Cesare, as the full import of the circumstance dawned upon her. "For Scarpia has without doubt followed me here. . . . . Oh, my God!"



"Where is the woman?" panted La Tosca; "See, I have proof of your treachery," thrusting forth the fan. "Oh, that I, Floria Tosca, should have been so easily duped."

There was a loud knocking at the door, and the gruff command: "Open, in the name of the King!"

"Quick, the secret recess!" cried Mario.

Together they hurried Cesare through a passage to a secret hiding place in the wall of the villa, while all the time the insistent knocking grew louder. Then Mario unlocked the door and police and soldiers poured into the room.

"I want Angelotti, the fugitive," thundered Scarpia, "where have you hidden him?"

"There is no fugitive—" began Mario.

"Silence, you Jacobite scum," roared Scarpia. Turning to La Tosca, "Woman, I bid you speak. Where have you hidden him?"

"I have seen but Mario," lied La Tosca, trembling.

Scarpia made a gesture of disdain. "Your lies are puny—a babe would not be fooled by them. Besides, we have traced the prisoner here. So speak up, both of you, while there is time."

Mario folded his arms defiantly. "I know nothing, have seen nothing, and can tell nothing," he said.

"So." Scarpia beckoned to one of his men. "Bring forth the pretty garland for his head; he should be crowned with it for his fidelity."

With a cry of terror, La Tosca watched them bind a steel circlet to her lover's head, a hideous instrument of torture operated by a key, with projecting points, which pressed into his temples. Then they took him behind a screen.

"Be brave, my heart," cried Mario, from behind the screen. "You cannot tell what you do not know, and you know nothing."

"Madonna, have mercy," whispered La Tosca, grey with terror.

"Where is Angelotti hidden?" came the gruff voice of Scarpia.

"I do not know," was Mario's steady answer.

"Another turn of the screw there. Now again, where is the fugitive?"

"I do—not know." The words came faintly.

"Oh, Mario, Mario, I cannot bear it," wailed La Tosca.

"You—do not—know," came in warning from behind the screen.

"Another turn of the screw then." This was Scarpia. "Where is Angelotti hidden?"

The diva stuffed her fingers into her ears. And then

(Continued on page 118)

Call Mr. Ponce de Leon

Here's a tip on the location of that Fountain of Youth he sought so long

By Herbert Howe



Richard Barthelmess, character man at sixteen; and a juvenile at twenty-two.

SIX years ago he was a bent, gray-haired old man; today he is a handsome athletic youth! This is not a line from Dr. Quack's before-and-after-taking ad; it is a fact that pertains to Dick Barthelmess, leading man for Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl" and the Bab series.

For the secret of this rejuvenation Ponce de Leon would have awarded Dick a castle in Spain, casks of Madeira and flotillas of rubles, and there are de Leons,—male and female,—living today who would pay quite as well for the power. Unfortunately the formula cannot be imparted by patent pills or waters from a *fons juventatis*. It is an art subject only to a master hand.

At sixteen years of age Dick Barthelmess was a "veteran" character actor playing a summer engagement with a stock company in Hamilton, Canada. Today, at twenty-two, he is one of the most promising juveniles of the screen, with a record as leading man for Winifred Allen in "For Valour," with Madge Kennedy in "Nearly Married" and as Tommy Gray in the Bab series. His name is already enrolled on the lists of prospective stars, because a good-looking fellow with personality and talent to play many parts,—from the school boy with shining morning face to the sixth age in lean and slippered pantaloon,—is not merely a player, but a star, whether or not he has been officially christened such by the godfathers of the industry.

Barthelmess is the son of Caroline Harris, an actress distinguished for her work in support of numerous stage stars, particularly in the Shakesperian drama. Before he was twelve years old, young Barthelmess had memorized the names of all Shakesperian characters, and had viewed "King Lear" from the stage wings no less than eleven times. It was during a school vacation, while his mother was playing in Montreal, that Dick conceived the idea of doing his bit for the theatre. He secured an engagement in the Hamilton stock company and proceeded to play parts ranging



"Tommy Gray" (Dick Barthelmess) smokes his first cigar, and "Bab" (Marguerite Clark) thinks he has been poisoned.



Studying a scenario with his mother, Caroline Harris, an actress of both stage and screen.

from Tom Brown to Uncle Tom. When his mother paid a visit to the theatre for the purpose of seeing her son "perform," she discovered him shuffling about in the guise of an old farmer, with spectacles on nose and bandanna at side. The manager, who sat in the seat next, turned to her with the remark:

"You have an actor on your hands, Miss Harris."

"I'm afraid so," replied Dick's mother in rather lugubrious tones.

Soon afterward, the young exponent of senility was packed off to Manor school at Stamford, Conn., where he displayed an unusual aptitude for writing. Encouraged by this glint of new genius, his mother sent him to Trinity college, believing that there he would develop into a staid author or pedagogue. But the drama club soon discovered his inherent dramatic ability and requisitioned him to direct their plays. Then it was he became a star,—both of stage and football field. In the summer of 1915, at the close of his Junior year, he decided to take a jaunt into a picture studio for the purpose of picking up the princely stipend of an extra. That move was the Waterloo for his college career. He never returned to the class room, because he found directors more encouraging than professors, and the rewards for labor something more than mere university credits.

His first important part was Arno, the youngest son in "War Brides." He obtained this opportunity through the intercession of Nazimova, who before making her debut on the English speaking stage had studied the language with his mother. At the completion of this play, Herbert Brenon cast Dick for a role in "The Eternal Sin." From that time on he has been a free lancer, with numerous victories to his credit. He has served on the fields of Pathe, Metro, Paramount, Goldwyn and Triangle, his most recent conquests being under the Paramount banner. Among the fair ladies whose cause he has championed on the silver ground are Nazimova, Petrova, Theda Bara, Gladys Hulette, Marguerite Clark, Winifred Allen, Madge Kennedy.

Barthelmess is not exclusively an actor by any means. He is continuing his study of literature, languages and natural sciences. Modestly sequestered in his desk are several manuscripts of plays and stories, which will one day have fruition on screen or through magazine. Perhaps they might now be circularizing the country were not their author's time given so much to sociability and athletic sports. His healthy spirits demand recreations, such as horseback riding, golf, tennis and motoring, and his natural good fellowship, developed in the fraternity house atmosphere of Trinity, draws to him friends from various professions.

So has come about the evolution of a character man at sixteen to a likeable, many-sided fellow of twenty-two who eagerly lives the experiences of today and anticipates just as eagerly those of the future. His greatest ambition is to be a star,—not of acting but of living.

It is safe to assume that Dick Barthelmess will never again play bent, gray-haired old men. Not even when at some far-distant date he arrives at the age when he might play them without the aid of make-up. He is in the hero game to stay; at least it looks like it from the following that he is accumulating as fast as his pictures are released. He is not yet a star, in so far as stardom means having one's name done up in electrics ten feet high; but he's on his way.



Six years ago Mr. Barthelmess was a bent, gray-haired old man.



Richard Barthelmess is continuing his study of literature, languages and natural sciences.

THE RISE OF ELSIE FERGUSON

From Chorus-girl to Star of Stage and Screen; but first Elsie rose, and rose

By Harriette Underhill



"PLEASE do not ask me if I like motion pictures and oh, please do not say, 'How did you come to go on the stage?' How banal for me to reply that I adore motion pictures and I went on the stage because I wished to."

And Elsie Ferguson started looking bored.

Now if there is any one in the world who can look bored when she has a mind to, it is Elsie Ferguson, and that is not the worst of it either. The fact is that when she looks bored, she IS bored, and so when she turned those inscrutible eyes on us we trembled lest the interview be closed before it was fairly begun. And then something happened and Miss Ferguson forgot all about being bored. She began to shiver, and small wonder, for the temperature of the studio was away below the freezing point and Director Kaufman and all of his aides wore heavy overcoats. One cannot be haughty when one's teeth are chattering and so presently after Miss Ferguson had been wrapped in furs she began to warm up and she talked.

We never had intended to ask her those questions anyway, because we knew all about it. The rise of Elsie Ferguson was interesting enough to have occupied our attention for some time and we knew how, when and where she went on the stage. It was like this—once upon a time there was a little girl who was ever so silent but who thought a great deal. This little girl was not very pretty and so by that token her parents should have known that she was destined to be a great beauty. They should have seen that that long, fine, yellow hair would look like a halo when little Elsie wore it up on top of her head instead of hanging down her back; that the blue eyes with their peculiar slant had an appealing wistfulness which contradicted the rather scornful mouth and the piquant nose. But parents oft-times become inured to the fascinations of their offspring and so it was with Elsie's mamma.

She laughed at her shy little daughter's timidly expressed plans for her future and sent her off to school, confident in Elsie's unfailing tractableness; and this is what happened.

Elsie had a girl friend who also had histrionic ambitions, only this girl had a letter of introduction to a manager and only wanted Elsie to go along with her to give her courage. Now it so happened that this manager was a man of perspicacity, and when he saw Miss Ferguson, who was tall, slender, blonde and fourteen, he asked her if she too did not want to go on the stage. She eagerly assented, and after that, when her mother believed that she was safe in school, she was in reality dancing and singing like mad, trying to compete with fifty other girls who also were rehearsing for the chorus of "The Belle of New York."

It was not until the night before the show opened that the news leaked out, and then Elsie's mamma was torn with conflicting emotions. She was grieved at her little daughter's duplicity and delighted with her pluck, so into "The Belle of New York" chorus went Elsie, and she not only played in New York but she also went on tour.

Miss Ferguson has since confessed that it made her quite unhappy to be in the "merry, merry," for she was not what the other girls called "a good fellow" and she was pretty much alone.

"I know I was not a good chorus girl," said Miss Ferguson, laughingly, "or at least I *was* a good chorus girl, for I took myself and my life very seriously."

"The great moment in my life was when I was given my first speaking part. I think the line was: 'It is cooler in



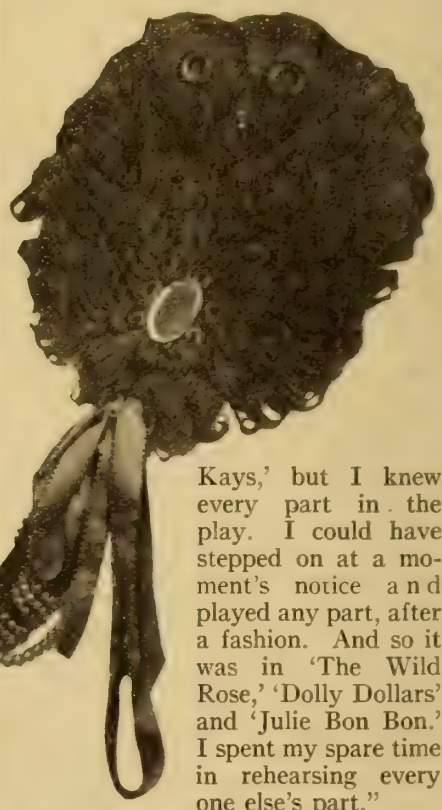
Fireside-fancies, or "the great actress in a pensive mood?" Well, no—she's just obliging the photographer.



Elsie Ferguson with Pedro de Cordoba in a scene from "Barbary Sheep."

the other room,' and I was so frightened when it came time to say it that the stage manager said: 'Don't be so secretive with that bit of news, little girl. You are among friends.' And so the great first night came. I said my line and I was no longer a chorus girl, but a dramatic actress.

"The next season I went back to the chorus again in 'The Girl from



Kays,' but I knew every part in the play. I could have stepped on at a moment's notice and played any part, after a fashion. And so it was in 'The Wild Rose,' 'Dolly Dollars' and 'Julie Bon Bon.' I spent my spare time in rehearsing every one else's part."

"And now have your years of experience helped you as a motion picture star?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I should say not at all. The stage and the pictures are not in the least analogous, and acting before the camera is an art to be learned in itself. Of course one who has been on the stage possesses a certain amount of resourcefulness and versatility, but I shall tell you that when I found myself before the camera I felt as though I had been tossed in and told to swim; so I struck out, and—" with a shrug, "here I am." And Miss Ferguson put out her hands deprecatingly.

Here Miss Ferguson's maid, who had been circling around on the edge of the interview, so to speak, piped up, "There is a man outside who wants to write a story about how you spend your income."

"Tell him," said Miss Ferguson gravely, "that I spend it with pleasure." Yes, Miss Ferguson really said that. She has a keen sense of humor and a whimsical turn of mind which finds an outlet principally in shafts flung at herself.

"The critics say what they like of



As "Jennie Cushing," Elsie makes her first face since she was a kid.



Elsie Ferguson and Maurice Tourneur driving an Algerian tram-car. Note their Arabian steed.

us," she observed. "The interviewers put words into our mouths, and then if we answer back or defend ourselves they say, 'Bad tempered, unethical,' and if we remain silent they say, 'Stupid,' all of which is no doubt true," and Miss Ferguson laughed that indifferent little laugh of hers which makes one feel somehow as though he were the culprit.

"But I say every day," she went on more seriously, "'Thank God I am in motion pictures!' for this is a most disastrous season for theatres, actors and actresses. At the first intimation that our nation must economize the people in a body deserted the theatres and the road companies cannot make enough to pay their fares, as they are forced to close. And what is the effect on motion pictures? Why all of the people who feel that they cannot afford to go to the theatres turn naturally to the motion picture houses and so the silver lining is right on the outside for the motion picture producers.

"And the studio, too, is a haven of rest, even though it be, like to-day, rather cold comfort. I could not have gone on any longer in the spoken drama. I was tired—oh! so tired—physically and mentally; but now I am growing stronger each day, and I am beginning to look at plays again. I hope of course to go back, but I never shall desert the silent drama and I never shall play again until I find a play which suits me exactly.

Behind all the camouflage with which publicity men disguise the real facts about stars, the facts will sometimes stick out. The one about Miss Ferguson which is of greatest importance is that it is obvious she actually does love her art, because she doesn't have to work if she doesn't want to. Her marriage a year ago to Thomas B. Clark, Jr., vice president of the Harriman National Bank, was one of the social events of the New York season. Her husband is interested in her work, though he is never to be found at the studio, and he has never had his picture taken with his wife, or any other way that can be discovered. If I were a man and married to Elsie Ferguson I think I would want to advertise the fact in every possible way. For Miss Ferguson is always superb, always the aristocrat, almost—may I say it in the complimentary sense?—always on display. A point which is best illustrated by an incident:

It was morning and the studio was very, very cold, as we have said, and Miss Ferguson's gown was not designed to protect its wearer from icy blasts. Everyone was tired and the scene had been done over and over, and yet when the word came to go over the top, Miss Ferguson instantly became Lily in "The Song of Songs." She staggered across the room and then with the tears streaming down her cheeks she threw herself into the arms of her leading man, crying, "Steve, Steve, kiss me and take me home," and as he threw her off she reeled, and would have fallen if he had not caught her.

And then we knew why Miss Ferguson's work is what it is. She convinces her audiences because she has first convinced herself.

Away from the stage she seems rather cold, indifferent, almost unhappy and sometimes rather unreal. But with the turn of the camera or the rise of the curtain she lives and breathes radiantly. Paradoxical as it sounds, Elsie Ferguson is natural only when she is acting.

PUTTING IT OVER ON THE UNIVERSAL LOT



You have seen this moment comedy-ed more than once. In this L-Ko Comedy, Gladys Tennyson is the erring wife; Dave Morris, the heavy villain. Director W. F. Frederick doesn't really think it's funny— he's seen it done too many times. But directors don't often have a chance to get in the picture.



It seems to us that Edith Roberts knows more about it than Eugene Moore, her director. But her sunshade isn't at the right angle, or perhaps she curtsied with the wrong foot. Something. You'll see this scene in "Sue of the South," one of those Befo'-the-War fillums.



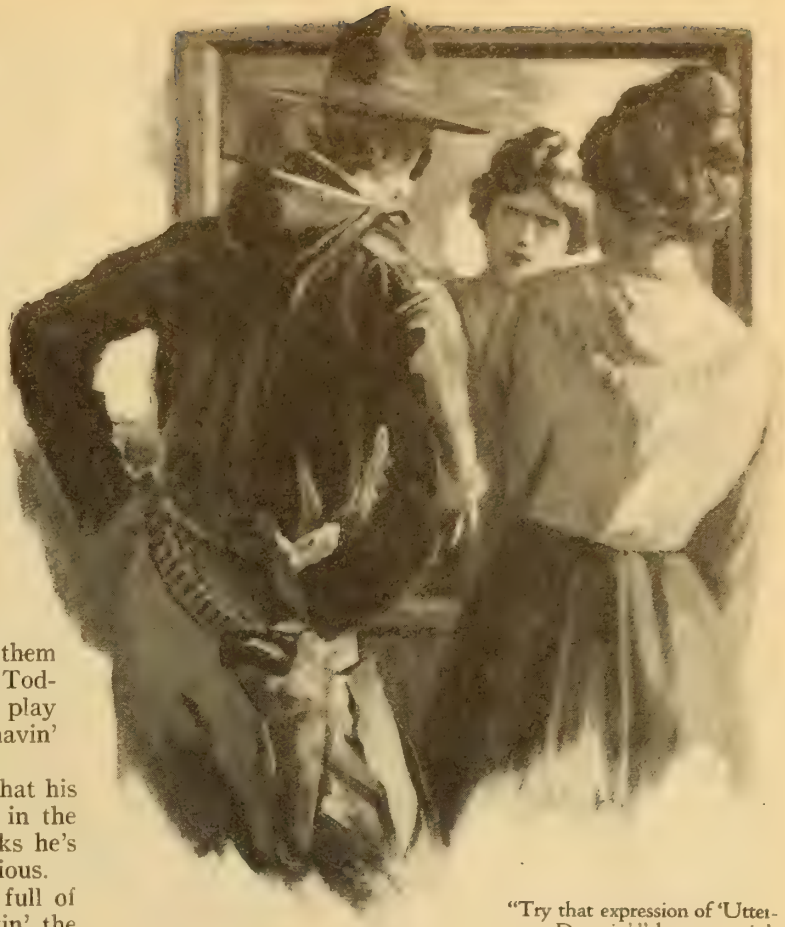
Just who is holding-up Harry Carey in this scene, isn't clear. And they're looking right into the camera. But Jack Ford — the director in the white shirt — ought to know.

REVENGE *is* SWEET

Poor Tim, a simple, trusting soul, is rudely disillusioned

By Edward S. O'Reilly

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison



"Try that expression of 'Uttermost Despair'" he was sayin'.

I KNEW somethin' awful was goin' to happen if them girls around the lot didn't stop pesterin' old Tim Todhunter. Since Tim came to Celestial City to play them bad men parts, the girls have been havin' the time of their lives flirtin' with him.

The trouble with Tim is that he don't realize that his face is his fortune. It's the only face of its kind in the known world, thank heaven. The old bandit thinks he's a real actor and takes everything you say dead serious.

Lately he's been as full of conceit as a cow is full of ticks, and this led to the trouble. He's been playin' the villain in one of them westerns. Naturally, the director, who makes them ocular outrages, has him all lit up in leather chaps, a calfskin vest, and a couple of pistols. Tim takes a fancy to himself in that rig, he'd never seen anything like it down on the border where he was raised, and takes to posin' and struttin' around all over the lot.

Especially he likes to parade in the patio around the gate where the extra people gang up waitin' to be picked. Hope Alley, some of the fellows call it. Every day there's a bunch of women come there and sit around and hope that a director will pick them to be a star.

Tim would come teeterin' down the line on his high heels, peekin' at the extras out of the corner of his eye, holdin' himself as proud as a publicity man. The trouble with Tim is that he can't never tell whether these girls are smilin' at him or laughin' at him, so he takes it all as admiration. One day he comes to me with one of them Airedale grins, and says:

"Slim, you know, and I know, and everybody knows, that I never aim to arouse false hopes in any female's breast."

"Sure," says I. "What do you do it for?"

"I don't mean to," he answers. "But they just don't seem able to resist me."

"Who is it now?" I asked him, well knowin' that some woman had been prankin' with him.

"Why, it's one of them extras," he admits. "That tall, well built one with the Mary Pickford curls."

I knew the one he meant. She'd been playin' the extra bench for about a month without any visible encouragement. I never did see a woman with so much hope. I don't want to describe her because it ain't right to insult any lady. She was about six feet high and built in proportion, that is a perfect seventy-six.

"How do you know the lady has designs on you?" I asks him.

"Why she writ a note and told me so," he says, throwin' out his chest. "She says that her soul pines to dwell in the realms of true art. Believin' that kindred spirits like me and her would be mutually attractive, she remains my admirer. That's about the way it goes. Now I want you to get acquainted with the lady and introduce me."

"No," retorts I, speaking quietly but firmly. "I've taken your part in a lot of troubles, and paid your fines, and been your confidant, but I'll be hanged if I'll be your chaperon."

"Very well, I'll find another way to meet the lady," snorts Tim, walkin' off very haughty.

He did. The next afternoon I saw them walkin' around together. She had a scissors holt on his left arm and was gigglin' and rollin' her eyes. Tim, proud as a cowboy with a new hat, was showin' her around the lot.

It kept on that way for two or three days. Every day Tim would parade her around tellin' all he knew every fifteen minutes. She'd hang on his arms and his words. Some days she would be an ingenue, and sometimes a vampire and then again she'd be a haughty society queen. Leastwise she acted like she thought she was them genders of the feminine sex, but she wasn't. She might have made a hit in a munitions factory if there was any heavy liftin' to do.

"You'd be surprised at that little lady," Tim confides to me one day when he catches me in a corner. "You see, she's always had aspirations, but she ain't never had a chance to air them on account of some kind of repression in her home surroundings. She said it had a sordid atmosphere so I guess she must of lived in one of them flats.

"All the time what she wanted was to express herself. She says so. So finally she decides she'll express herself or bust. A mere business man just naturally gets her goat. I never knowed they were such varmints until she told me. So she came to Celestial City. She wants to mingle with us actors and people who untie their emotions. I find her a very promisin' pupil."

"You don't mean to insinuate that you're teachin' that woman how to act?" I asked him.

"Well yes, in a manner of speakin'," he cold bloodedly admits. "There's no use in my bein' a damn hog about

my art. So I've just been kind of instructin' her in the various modes and tenses of expression that I've put my rope on since I've been in the profession. Nobody never taught me. It just came natural."

Unlawful as it may seem, that's exactly what he was doin'. I happened to find it out a day or so later. I was kind of browsin' around the studio one mornin' when I heard voices comin' from behind a set in the corner. It was Tim and the lady structural iron worker.

"Now try that expression of 'Uttermost Despair,'" he was sayin'. "No, drop that chin a little lower and cock that left eye up a bit. Now wipe your forehead with the back of your hand, and sigh. There, that ain't so bad.

"Now let's try that 'Haughty Disdain.' Stick out your chest. Wait a minute, don't overdo it. Now protrude out your lower lip, put your head to one side, and glare. No, you fall down on that glare. It's like this, see. I know it's hard to get a glare like that, but once you get it there ain't nobody can take it away from you."

Takin' a good grip on my windpipe so I wouldn't laugh, I took a peek. There was old Tim and Jessie Willard makin' faces at each other in the lookin' glass. If that dame was pinin' to express herself she sure was goin' the limit. The man that built that glass certainly did earn his money.

I didn't feel no call to butt in until some time later. You see, I figured that neither one of them had sense enough to hurt the other, but I reckoned without my hostages, as the fellow says. One mornin' I found out that Tim and Miss Nesta Sprightly, yep, that's the nom de cinema she took, had gone and exchanged presents. He'd give her an ankle watch, and she'd give him a Pomeranian pup.

When she first appeared on the lot with that ankle watch, it excited some comment, not to say vulgar badinage. She had on one of them short dresses like my little sister used to wear. That watch was in just the first place that your eye naturally found. You couldn't miss it. She was what you might call the sinecure of all eyes.

If she made a holy show you ought to have seen Tim when he came out takin' that Pomeranian for a promenade. It was an ill favored little beast with the cocksure manners of a director. Tim had the decency to blush as he led that pup around. You could see by the look of agony on his face that he was tryin' to express "Nonchalance" but his face wasn't equal to the job.

Right there and then I felt so outraged that I decided to lope in and take a hand in the game. I'd knowed Tim when he was a real forty-five caliber man and I didn't propose to let no extra woman turn him into a governess for a flivver pup. So I appealed to Tessie Truelove who can do most anything with Tim when she has a mind to amuse herself.

"Tessie," says I, "that man has got to be saved. Next thing he'll be wearin' store clothes and gettin' shaved. Then his usefulness as a bad actor will be gone. This Sprightly dame ain't got sense enough to be amused at herself. She's got him clear locoed."

"What, that one with the 1910 tonneau and the tractor walk, and the $1.98 hair?" asks Tessie. "Leave it to me, Slim. If I couldn't cut her out I'd go back to civilian life."

Say, the next few days was worth while. It was some battle but Tessie had all the strategy. The very first afternoon she had Tim escortin' her to lunch. Right in the middle of his pork and beans, he suddenly gives a startled jump and nearly bit his knife in two.

"Great Goldiad, Tessie, I forgot," he says. "Hope you'll excuse me."

"Where are you goin'?" Tessie demanded.

"Why I clear forgot that it's time to take that pup out for his walk," explained Tim. "It would be awful to neglect the poor little devil."

"Tim, you're breakin' my heart," wailed Tessie. "Right here you got to decide between me and that pup.



Tim would come teeterin' down the line on his high heels, peekin' at the extras out of the laughin', so he takes it

"Oh, hell, madam," apologized Tim. "I never did think much of the beast anyhow."

So down he sits and finishes his beans, and barked at half a dozen ears of corn, and inhaled a few stewed prunes, and finished off with one-fourth pie. By the time the waiter passed the toothpicks he was almost his old calm self again.

But Miss Nesta Sprightly couldn't be ditched in any such fashion. She prepared for battle by takin' up another notch in her ankle watch, and sailed right in. For the first time in his life poor Tim had a surplus of popularity.

This little intrigue was what you might call a triangle, because you got to consider the pup. If Tim went galivantin' with Nesta, Tessie would take the hide off him

in that refined way of hers, and if he paid attention to Tessie, Nesta would weep on his shoulder. It takes a strong man to let Nesta weep on him. Between explanations Tim would have to dash back to his room to lead out the pup for his walk. One day he came to me, his face registerin' "Peeved Chagrin."

"Slim, I don't mind admittin' that I've got myself all bogged down on this feminist proposition," he concedes. "There's two of them women just bustin' their hearts over me. Now that ain't no way to do. I'm too much of a gentleman to be snobbish to either one, and that puts me in bad both ways.

"That Miss Sprightly is one darned nice little heifer.



corner of his eye. He can't never tell whether these girls are smilin' at him or all as admiration.

You'd be surprised at the artistic soul that there woman has got. Now her heart throbs a tune with mine. She said so. Now on the other hand, there's Tessie Truelove. You wouldn't believe how plausible that girl can talk. It's my sterling honesty and democratic frankness that appeals to her.

"Now I can't marry both of them. Then if I consult my own selfishness and marry either one or the other, why the other one will commit suicide. Do I make myself clear?"

"I gather enough from your words to figure what your meaning is," I said. "But where do I come in? Either way I tell you it's a bad bet."

"Well, this is the way I had it laid out," Tim went on. "Let's you and me toss a coin, heads or tails, to see which one I take. Then you marry the other one and everybody'll be satisfied."

Tim you know is awful anxious to see everybody happy.

"What do you think I am?" I asks him with some sarcasm. "You don't catch me bankin' my future happiness on a plugged nickel. Besides they say weddin's are made in heaven, and it's a crime to gamble with Providence."

"Well, what the Sam Hill am I goin' to do?" he pleads.

"Did it ever occur to you that as the ladies are goin' to marry you it might interest them?" I suggested. "Be a man. Put it up to them boldly, defiantly. Make them decide which one loses. Just say, 'Ladies, when you settle the argument I'll marry the winner.' It's the only fair thing to do."

After some dispute he agrees to let the ladies fight it out between themselves.

The next morning it happened. Tim was early on the lot, aimin' to catch the ladies one at a time and get it off his chest.

Tessie happened to be the first one to show up. Tim squared his shoulders, set his jaw and steps in her path.

"Tessie," he croaked. "There's somethin' I just got to say to you. It's only fair to myself and I'm bankin' on you bein' the winner. Will you stroll to the drug store and take a nut sundae while I explain my theory?"

"Oh, Tim, you've got to leave me alone today," says Tessie, kind of tired. "It ain't humanly possible to stand for you all the time. I got to have a day off."

"Do you mean to deliberately tell me that your heart ain't pinin' for my robust affection?" roared Tim, his face registerin' "Dumfounded Doubt." "What did you mean by them things that you said last Thursday?"

"Oh, my heart always pines on Thursdays," yawned Tessie. "But today I'm too tired to play. You pall on me."

Then off she walks kind of laughin' to herself.

Tim stood there lookin' like he'd been kicked by a mule.

"Did you hear that, Slim?" he whispered hoarsely. "An' they say that women are reasonable animals. But she ain't the only girl on the lot. My own little Nesta knows a good thing when she looks at it. She's got soul, she has."

Just then up walks Miss Nesta Sprightly. I had one of them there premonitions as soon as I glimpsed her. Walkin' on her nigh side was one of them male ingenues that they use to fill in the ballroom scenes and society background. I saw the first look I gave that the ankle watch was missin'.

Poor Tim takes off his hat and stepped up with that silly smirk he wears in good company.

"Pardon me, Mr. Todhunter, I cannot be annoyed with you today," sneers Nesta, tryin' hard for that look of "Haughty Disdain." "You have imposed upon my too trusting nature. I discovered today that you are not an actor at all. You are only a real cowboy.

"Mr. Bushmill, my escort, is a real artist of the spoken stage. He is now in the photoplays to broaden his experience. You will oblige me in the future by not thrusting your uncouth self into my horizon."

For a minute the marrow froze in my bones. I knew that Tim was goin' to murder this Willie boy. Willie thought so too because he ran around the corner of Nesta and got out of sight. Tim disappointed me however, and didn't do nothin' but glare. Nesta towed the little trinket

(Continued on page ooo)

"Writing" Comedy *with*



This one was so funny it will probably go on the screen because the rehearsal got such a laugh. No one was shot as Roscoe interrupted the feud by "crowning" Buster with the bottle.

Fatty thought this would be much funnier if they reversed the order and had him at the top. His motion was beaten two to one.

"Cummon, it's time to get to work," says Buster Keaton. Buster is the keeper of a wild west dance hall and gambling house and Roscoe is his drink dispenser. Buster's watch, it will be seen, is equipped with skid chains.

Fatty Arbuckle

HEREWITH is presented a bunch of "gags" that you probably won't see on the screen. They are merely being tried out to see if they're funny—if they can "get a laugh."

What is a "gag"?

Why, a "gag" is a bit of "business"—a situation, that will shake a laugh out of the casual looker, because of its incongruity, its abrupt contrast, or its physical humor. It may be a subtle piece of work or a sudden bit of rough stuff.

Now comedy making is largely inspirational. Most of the "gags" are evolved on the scene, so that the "writing" of the vehicle is largely a matter of physical experimentation.

Many times the screen comedian keeps his entire company on the set for hours, just to provide him with the atmosphere necessary to work out his "gags."

"The gag's the thing" is the gospel of the makers of slapstick comedy. And very often when the "gags" are coming good, the plot—if there happens to be one—is tossed into the scrap heap to make room for the "gags."

Roscoe Arbuckle, like Charlie Chaplin, likes to dope out his funny stunts right in front of the camera, even if it is not in operation, but "Fatty" is more generous with his footage so far as his colleagues are concerned—he lets them "get" the laugh if it improves the completed product.



Photograph by Stagg

"Now this is an old gag, but we'll try to get a new angle on it. When I swing Al ducks and Buster gets the broom on the jaw. We'll try it once—"

The way it worked.



This picture is defective in only one particular — it doesn't show Buster's banjo. It might be entitled "When—and why—the jazz band stopped playing." The Salvation Army lass is Alice Lake, Fatty's leading lady.

WHAT MAKES

All is not glycerin that glistens—

By Alfred
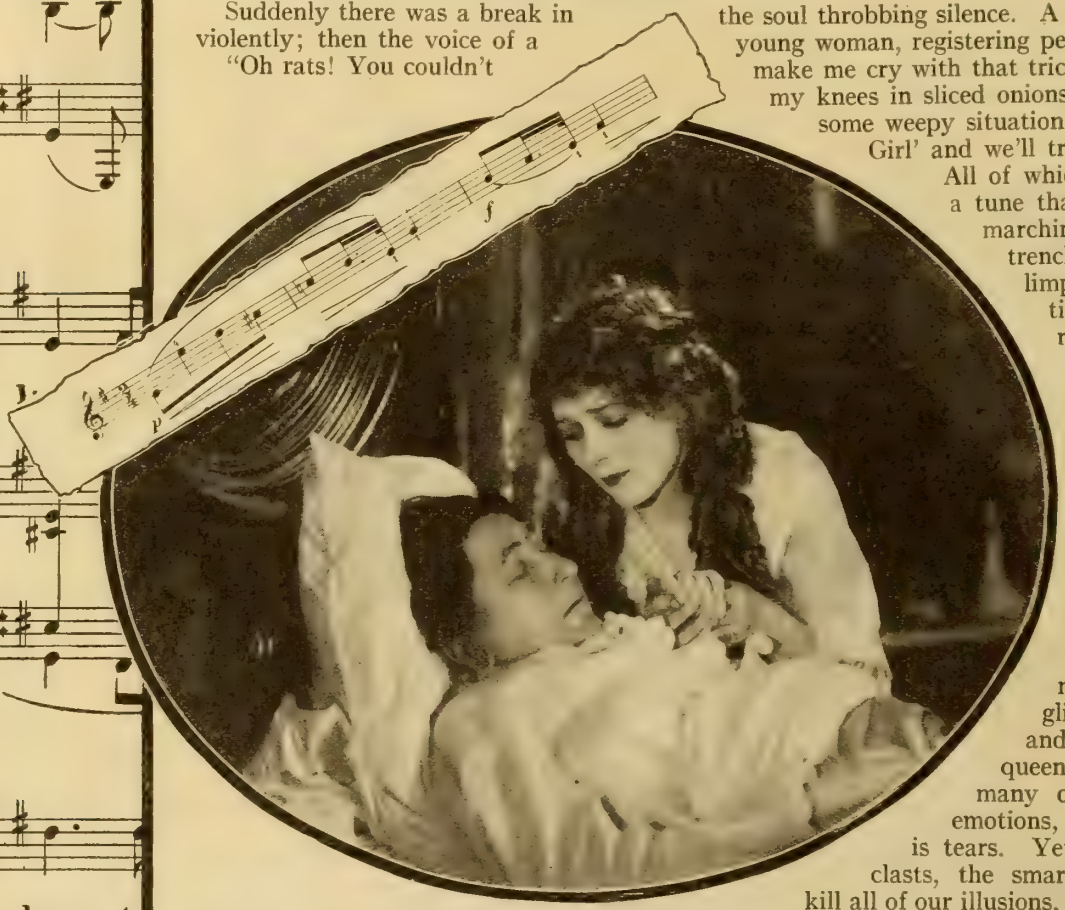
FROM within the enclosed set on a Hollywood studio stage filtered the wailing strains of a mournful melody, played with all the feeling the violinist could transfer to the bow and strings. The writer, whose knowledge of music is confined to the fact that it is useful stuff for dancing and that is said to have power to soothe the savage breast—or beast—what's an "r" between friends anyhow?—the writer, we repeat, didn't know what it was, but subsequent investigation led to the disclosure that the violinist was playing Massenet's "Elegie," the favorite sob selection of the film stars. Not a sound issued from the screened-in set except the trembly wails, and even the stage hands passing in the vicinity "got it" and went about on tiptoe like ushers at a fashionable funeral.

Suddenly there was a break in the soul throbbing silence. A chair was overturned violently; then the voice of a young woman, registering petulance.

"Oh rats! You couldn't make me cry with that trick stuff if I was up to my knees in sliced onions; and that would be some weepy situation. Give us 'Dear Old Girl' and we'll try it again."

All of which goes to show that a tune that will send one man marching gaily off to the trenches will send another limping into the exemption board quarters, registering flat feet; what will make one person cry for sorrow will make another cry for help.

Notwithstanding the exposes of some of our best little image breakers, real tears actually prevail in cameraland. In other words, all is not glycerin that glistens on the eyelash and cheek of the film queen. The climax of many of our most popular emotions, sorrow, anger, joy—is tears. Yet some of our iconoclasts, the smart chaps who try to kill all of our illusions, would have us believe that emotion and emulsion are kindred spirits in filmland. There are more real tears than fake ones on the screen, although the aid of the counterfeit tear drop is invoked frequently for close-ups.



Massenet's "Elegie" is the favorite tear-primer of America's screen star. The violinist had 'em all crying in this scene, the death of the mean aunt in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

THEM CRY

on the cheek of the emoting heroine

A. Cohn

Most directors realize that the emotion which accompanies the opening of the ocular sluice-gates is much more effective than the tears themselves, so they try for the real thing.

There are certain well established methods of priming the tear ducts—of "working up" a scene; "getting it" is a favored and highly expressive way of designating the operation. One famous director of the days when a violinist would have been considered an unheard of extravagance was wont to bring tears by the use of personal vituperation—"bawling out" as they would say at Vassar. He would rail at some timid little ingenue; tell her she ought to be back at Snigel & Hoopers ribbon counter; that she *could* never and *would* never act; that she didn't have the brains of a caterpillar, and so forth until the victim of his baiting would burst into tears, and then they'd "shoot it." Nowadays, one seldom encounters such tactics except perhaps on the stage of a slapstick comedy company and the director usually means it, but that's extraneous matter, as it were, and not germane to this discussion.

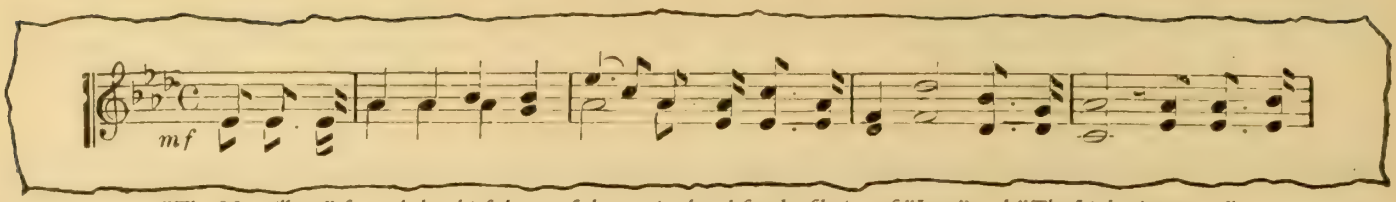
There are not many directors who possess those qualities which can be so brought to play on the minds of others that the expressions which portray every feeling in the gamut of human emotions can be successfully registered. The moving pictures have evolved only one or two of such dominant personalities, so the unquestioned power of music has been invoked to get the same results and in addi-



Viola Dana weeping real—not glycerin—tears onto the celluloid. Miss Dana is one of our very best little weepers.



Theda Bara also likes "Elegie" for emotional scenes. A three-piece orchestra—violin, harp, and cello,—played it during the death-bed scene in "Du Barry."



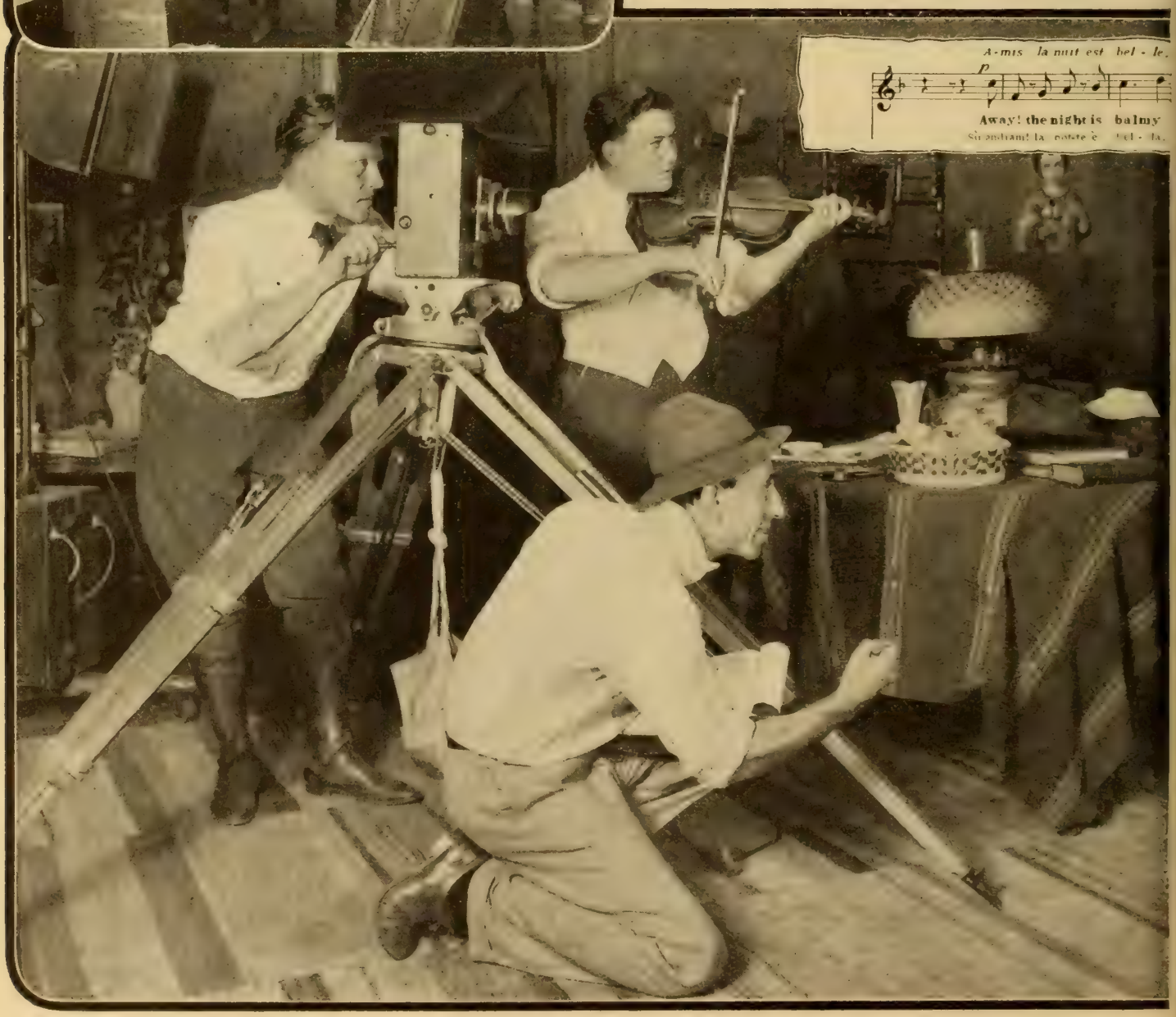
"The Marseillaise" formed the chief theme of the music played for the filming of "Joan" and "The Little American."



tion, to create the right atmosphere for the emotional display to come.

A story of this nature really calls for a lot of psychological patter and technical talk to say nothing of the analytical dope that could be injected by one who had more than a whistling acquaintance with Music. Lacking in all of these things, the writer is compelled to resort to facts, unembellished by any arpeggios, cadenzas or even allegrettos. Regarding it as his solemn duty as a historian to give the facts as they are, the writer will not attempt to gloss over any of the musical shortcomings of the screen stars—if Theda Bara is moved to tears by "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" or Mary Pick-

Gladys Brockwell was just about to toss off this Hooverized cocktail, but they started playing "Traumerei" to which Gladys is so susceptible that she spurned the glass—when the director told her to.



ford weeps copiously at the first strains of "Turkey in the Straw"—which by the way neither does—we intend to tell it regardless of results.

There are several persons who claim the honor of having first introduced music as a tear persuader but a thorough canvass of the field fails to substantiate their claims. Nor can it be definitely established when it was first tried out. Pioneers who worked with Griffith in his early Biograph days assert that once back in 1909, he brought in a violinist to play sob stuff for Florence Lawrence. No one has gone back any farther than that. Griffith seems to have started nearly everything in the movies so, in the absence of conflicting data, he may be credited with originating the use of music as first aid to the film director.

But even though Griffith may have been the first to use music in the taking of scenes, he has used it less than any other big producer. He relies almost entirely on his ability to bring out the required emotions by sheer mental domination; in fact it has been said that his direction is a near approach to hypnotism. Yet Grif-



Director Marshall Neilan, who has had such wonderful success in handling the cinema affairs of Mary Pickford, often jumps to the piano, to create a little of the right kind of atmosphere for his star. Here he and the violinist are playing one of Miss Pickford's crying favorites: "Land of the Sky Blue Water," by Cadman; while at the right, and opposite the grinding camera, Miss Pickford when in the opposing role of Unity, in "Stella Maris," realizes the difference between her own ugliness and Stella Maris' beauty and determines to kill the woman who stood in the way of her hero's happiness.

Pickford Studio Photographs by Finn, exclusively for Photoplay



Max Fisher's violin is George Beban's aid to emotion. Beban's art is a subtle blend of smiles and tears; and he requires music to help him get the happy medium. William C. DeMille is directing this scene, in which Netta Evans and J. Parks Jones participate.

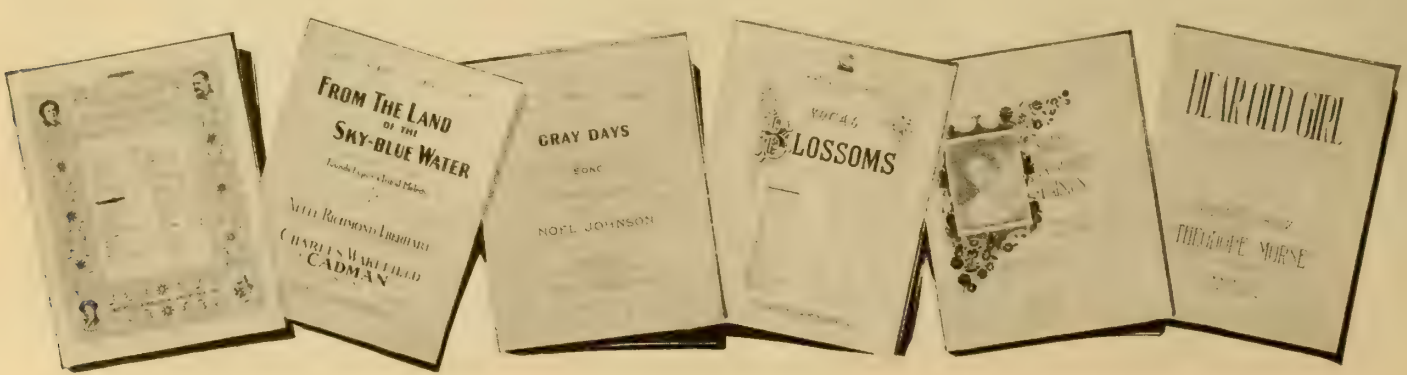


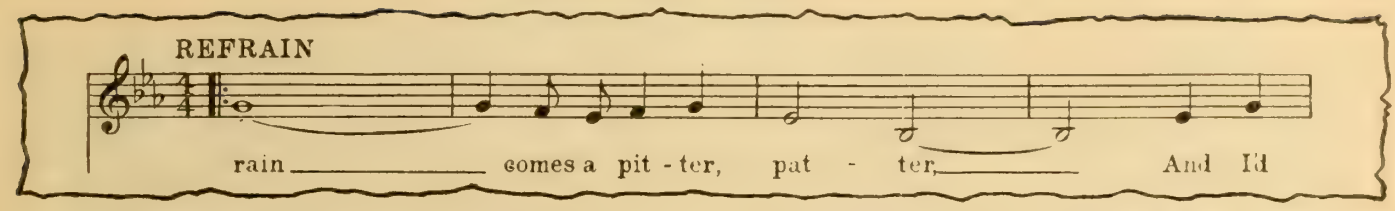
A lone harpist furnished nearly all the music for the emotional scenes in Theda Bara's "Cleopatra." The accompaniment was described as "an old Egyptian tune"; but an astute investigator discovered that it was this—"La Cinquantaine"—The Golden Wedding. Imagine Marc and Octavius being vamped to a golden wedding anniversary song.

fith does not hesitate to invoke the aid of Orpheus when any of his players is particularly responsive to music. He has found the mob especially responsive in big scenes and during the filming of "Intolerance" he had a big brass band on the lot for three days playing for the battle scenes. It will be news to many archaeologists that Cyrus was repulsed at the walls of Babylon to the stirring strains of the Marseillaise, Tipperary and The Star Spangled Banner. In the wonderful dancing scenes in Belshazzar's court the dancers got all their cues from the music of the band. In rehearsals Griffith has used a phonograph many times to get unity of action by music cues.

Perhaps no screen star responds so readily to music as Mary Pickford. It is only in her recent photoplays that she has done any great emotional work, and the writer has been privileged to witness several of the most notable scenes. In each instance of great emotional acting, music was the chief reliance of both the actress and her director. If you saw her in "The Little Princess" you will recall the scene where she is told of her father's death in India. It was rehearsed several times without getting the desired effect. Then the director, Marshall Neilan, himself an accomplished musician—even if he does play only by ear, which is a secret—went to the piano. At Mary's entrance he played a little dance, a light tripping thing. Then *Miss Minchin* breaks the sad news—bang! goes a discordant crash, the first shock, and then the strains of "The Land of the Sky Blue Water," Cadman's Indian masterpiece, for the registering of sorrow. But Miss Pickford's favorite sob song is Massenet's "Elegie" though for a time she favored the popular ballad "For Me and My Gal." Her splendid emotional work in "Stella Maris" was done largely to the strains of the "Elegie" and "Gray Days," another of her favorites.

When Miss Pickford entered the Lasky studio after doing "Poor Little Rich Girl" in the East, she played in





You wouldn't ever guess it but Bill Hart can cry all over the place when someone starts playing "Sweet Bunch of Daisies." The gentleman with the two guns is also very susceptible to "Till the Clouds Roll By."

two photoplays under the personal direction of C. B. deMille. The first was "A Romance of the Redwoods" and for the emotional scenes in this, Violinist Max Fisher, the chief tear coaxer at the Lasky studio, played the "Elegie" more than anything else. In "The Little American" which followed the violinist used an improvisation based on "The Star Spangled Banner" and for some of the love scenes, played "Ben Bolt." Massanet was also more or less prominent in the pathetic scenes of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Music was first introduced on the sets at Lasky's when Geraldine Farrar made her camera debut there nearly three years ago. In the filming of "Carmen" all of the music of Bizet's opera was played during the making of the production. The following year when the opera star came west to do "Joan the Woman," the "Marseillaise" formed the theme for the filming music as it did later for the incidental music which accompanied the screening of the photoplay. For a love theme the violinist used Charles Gardner's "The Lilac," which was played during the scenes between Miss Farrar and Wallace Reid. In Miss Farrar's last film play made on the coast, "The Devil Stone," Fisher composed an original theme which was played throughout the making of the play.

George Beban, the well known portrayer of character roles, usually Italians of low degree, is a player who just has to have music to feel the characterization. He is said to have first brought music into the Ince studio at Inceville in the pre-Triangle days. It was when he was filming his first screen play "The Alien," an adaptation of his famous vaudeville playlet "The Sign of the Rose." Nearly everyone remembers the Italian laborer and little Rosa and the rose. They were filming the wonderfully pathetic scene, where the Italian comes to his tenement home and finds his child has been run over and killed by an auto. For some reason or other, Beban says, he "couldn't get into it"—couldn't feel the part and a part like that has to be felt in order to get it over. He told Ince about it and Ince asked him what was wrong, suggesting that he had played it often enough on the stage to do it before the camera. Then it came to Beban that on the stage he always had music, and a 'cellist was sent for. He was placed behind a screen and when the camera started again, it was accompanied by the sobbing strains of Tosti's "Good Bye." Another of Beban's favorite's is a little Italian serenade called "Mandolinata."

Another Laskyite who likes music is Louise Huff. Her favorites are "Annie Laurie" and "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling."

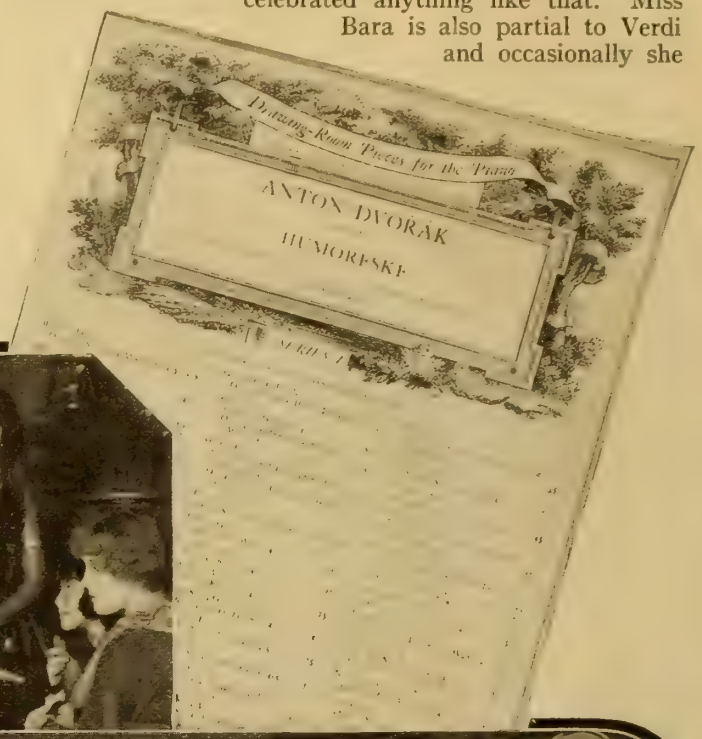
Even Bill Hart likes to have a violin about when he is doing some of his emotional stuff. Perhaps it's some memory of his youth that makes him particularly susceptible to "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" and he can squeeze out a tear any old time the violinist starts that almost new song hit of "Oh Boy," entitled "Till the Clouds Roll By."

Perhaps no musician has made a more thorough study



Mae Murray couldn't get along without music and she likes a string quartet, even for a rehearsal as pictured here. Her favorite tear-persuader is Irving Berlin's "When I Lost You"; but in this particular instance the orchestra is playing "Melody in F." The fellow at the left who looks like a football coach is Director Bob Leonard.

of the relation between music and human emotion than Miss Bernardine Whalen, sob-musician-in-chief at the Triangle studios at Culver City. Miss Whalen uses bits from various pieces for the varying emotions and in some instances finds music for the different emotions and situations in the same selection. For example, in Dvorak's "Humoreske" she plays the first part when the player is registering caprice or happiness, the second part for sorrow and the third part for intense emotion. She is also a devotee of Massenet's "Elegie," as a tear wringer, and for parting scenes she usually gives them Tosti's "Good Bye." To accompany scenes of happiness and joy, she plays bits from light operas and for anything depicting mystery, Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Brahms' "Hungarian Dance" and "Hungarian Lustspiel" come in handy for exciting scenes and for quiet, tense dramatic scenes, Miss Whalen's music plot calls for "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from Saint-Saens "Samson and Delilah." For modern love scenes she says she gets good results from Cadman's "At Dawning," Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me" and that old standby, "Believe me if all those Endearing, etc."



Miss Bernadine Whalen is the chief tear-inducer at Triangle's big Culver City studio. She says she can get the whole gamut of emotions out of Dvorak's "Humoreske," playing the first part for happiness or caprice, the second part for sorrow, and the third part for intense emotion. Above: Director Raymond Wells bossing Jack Richardson, Claire McDowell, and Josie Sedgwick in "Man Above the Law." At right: Director d'Elba is getting some emotion out of Charles Gunn and Laura Sears.

Music became the vogue at Fox's western studio when Theda Bara came west to do "Cleopatra" and "Du Barry." While the redoubtable Theda vamped Marc Antony, Octavius Caesar et al, a young lady in modern garb and solemn mien picked the strings of a harp with grim determination. The theme was usually the same for the intimate scenes and to the open'y curious it was declared that it was an old Egyptian chant that had been dug up with some mummified Rameses, or carried down through the ages by Cleopatra's posterity, if she had any. A musical sleuth discovered, however, that the selection that was being picked on the harp was a more or less modern dance by one Gabriel-Marie billed as "La Cinquantaine," in English, "The Golden Wedding." Anyhow Cleopatra never celebrated anything like that. Miss Bara is also partial to Verdi and occasionally she called in a string orchestra to play airs from "Aida." Miss Bara was never in doubt as to the sort of music she wanted and quite often interrupted a selection to get a change of air, so to say. In "Du Barry," the court scenes were usually filmed to the sound of Paderewski's "Minuet" and the "Elegie" was played for the death of Charles XV, Du-Barry's meal ticket, as it were.

Children are even more responsive to music than adults and the Fox Kiddies always have it. In filming "Ali Baba," a snare drum, cymbals and bass drum were used with the piano, producing all the strange combinations of sounds that seem to typify the music of Arabia and Persia. In the making of "The Mikado," the pianist had a Japanese samisen to help bring out the flavor of the Japanese airs—composed chiefly by Caucasians—that were used. *(Continued on page 120)*



Laurel had been the crown of her father's latter days, and had shared with him his highest hopes and his greatest ambitions.

The LIGHT WITHIN

Laurel and Leslie kept faith with themselves and with each other — and won out

By

Beulah Livingstone

"AS the vestal guards the urn wherein burns steadily the sacred flame, so keep thou unremitting vigil o'er the Light within—the clear white flame of Conscience, of Duty, and of High Ideals."

"You were well-named 'Laurel,' my dear."

These were Dr. Carlisle's last words. The famous bacteriologist had shared with his talented daughter his highest hopes, his greatest ambitions, and the success which had come with the glory of achievement. And now, on his death-bed, he urged her to carry on alone the campaign against the insidious germs that destroy life. Laurel had been the crown of her father's latter days, and she determined, after his death, to devote her life to the work he had left unfinished.

With her clear brain, her capacity for work, and her untiring spirit in the face of bitter disappointment, Laurel soon established herself as her father's successor; and the hours spent each day in her laboratory were happy hours indeed. They filled the need of her creative nature and her passionate desire to help humanity; and they helped her to forget that she was the wife of Clinton Durand. Durand—whose suavity and worldly goods served to mask his innate selfishness, his superb egoism. Durand, who took a kind of fiendish delight in subtle and refined cruelties towards his talented wife. To him she was a silly creature who frivolled her time "puttering over darn-fool cultures in little messy tubes," when she might better have been arranging his dinner parties. The world knew Durand as an exceedingly wealthy and charming gentleman—one who lavished his fortune on his wife and child. But the world did not know of the cutting insults which hurt Laurel all the more because the rapier was highly polished and jewelled. It did not know of his hatred of his wife's success and recognition in the world as a worker. And the world never guessed, either, of his jealousy of Donald, the little son, who obeyed his father and respected him, but who gave to his mother all the love in his baby heart.

Donald was just six—such a handsome, sturdy little lad—when Laurel's big chance came. Her first big chance—to give to the world the result of her years of experimental research. An unusually virulent form of infantile paralysis had broken out, and the usual anti-toxin had but little effect. For years Laurel had worked on a curative serum; and now, during the plague, she concentrated on perfecting it. She experimented on white mice and guinea pigs until, at last, she began to see the light; and straightway reported her progress to Dr. Leslie. Richard Leslie had many times encouraged her when things looked darkest; so she was eager for his commendation, his enthusiastic co-operation.

In the laboratory of the Children's Hospital where they often worked together, she told him. Of course he congratulated her; shared her glowing faith in her experiments. And then—his hand, over a test tube, touched hers, quite by accident. And she knew that the thrill that came to her was not altogether due to scientific achievement. He spoke her name, "Laurel." And she remembered that he was called "Richard." That was all.

But when they journeyed together through the public wards, Laurel's arms laden with picture-books and dolls for the poor little waifs, there was a beautiful spirit of comradeship between them, beyond which, by tacit agreement then never ventured.

In her home—Durand, bored with everything in general, and himself in particular. Durand,—restless, morose—

It was almost a command when he announced one evening: "I have decided to go for a cruise on the 'West Wind.' Do you care to come?"

But Laurel chose to ignore it. "I have my work," she said quietly.

"Perhaps you are afraid that Dr. Leslie might miss your valuable assistance?" Durand suggested.

Laurel winced; and Durand's suspicions, ever-ready, seemed to him to be confirmed.

So Durand went alone. And it was scarcely three weeks later when Leslie called, a crumpled paper in his hand. Laurel's welcome died on her lips at a glimpse of his strained white face. Then— "What is it? Tell me—"

In silence he gave her the paper with the shrieking headlines: "'West Wind' Destroyed by Mine. Millionaire Durand and Entire Crew Missing." Here, at last, was freedom!

After the first few days of the shock, Laurel attacked her work with renewed energy. Little Donald was all hers, now. And Dr. Leslie had become a more frequent visitor to her laboratories. He came one evening, when Laurel was in an indolent mood, relaxing after long hours of weary research; and the butler showed him into the drawing room instead of the laboratory. Richard stopped short as he saw the woman he loved, seated at the piano, radiant as a child on a holiday, while her hands caressed the keys in a mood which hinted of many things. It happened almost as a matter of course that Leslie should tell her all he felt for her; all he'd been feeling for a long, long time. And by one of those stage pranks which fate loves to play on her puppets, Clinton Durand, his hat pulled far down over his eyes, entered the grounds of his own home and drew up to the drawing room window at the very moment when Laurel for the first time surrendered to Leslie's embrace.

Then, in quick succession—the doctor was called away on a case; Laurel was left alone, and Durand, his face livid with rage and ungovernable jealousy, confronted his wife and made known his escape from the wreck of his yacht.

"You seem none too delighted to welcome your husband back," he began appreciatively; "But papers often make mistakes, you know—" and then he stepped closer, his ugly laugh replacing his uglier sneer—and tried to take her in his arms. When she shrank disgustedly away from him, he shrugged his shoulders, and laughed again. Then, mercifully, he left her. Laurel, choking back the sobs, addressed to Richard a hasty scrawl of her husband's return, of his rescue by a French ship which held him until identified.

Laurel caressed the roses Leslie had sent her; and added: "As I watch your roses wither, they seem to typify our hopes. However, we both have our work— Please do not come again; it will only make everything harder. If it is any comfort—know, dear, that my heart is all yours." Closing her eyes, she pressed one of his flowers to her face.

In time, Durand, finding that his wife no longer received Leslie, took a certain delight in inviting the doctor to dinner. He would watch them, always, when they were together; but Leslie's sense of honor, Laurel's composure, only served to intensify Durand's hatred of them both.

The plague raged on; and Durand, reading of the appalling number of children's deaths each day from infantile paralysis, became worried, so he averred, about Donald.

"I want you to take him to the country, where he'll be out of danger," he told Laurel; "While you are trying to save those miserable little youngsters at the hospital, you are endangering the life of my son." Always it was "*my* son."

"Donald is safe; I watch over him so carefully—"

Durand broke her off. "He's going to the country; and you'll take



It happened almost as a matter of course that Leslie should tell her all he felt for her; all he'd been feeling for a long, long time.

Laurel soon established herself as her father's successor, and spent many happy hours in her laboratory.



him," he said glaring at her angrily, his eyes steely.

The next morning Laurel and Donald motored out to a nearby farm. Here it was play for them both, from morning to night. Donald must swing in the rope-swing—and so must Mother. Might Donald feed the pigs? Well, then, Mother must come along. "Tell me that story, Mother—about the giant—" And so on until the child's eyelids closed, and he was dreaming of the adventures tomorrow would bring, to be shared of course with his adored one.

But very soon Laurel heard Dr. Leslie's voice over the wire, telling her that new cases were arriving at the hospital each day; that they were overcrowded and quite distracted. Laurel was needed; the time had come to test her serum; she must come. Laurel's duty was plainly with the little sufferers in town; she didn't like to leave Donald, of course—but when she had engaged a trained nurse and enlisted the supervision of the farmer's wife, she had no hesitation about leaving him.

"Be a good boy, dear—and always do just as Nurse tells you; be sure to obey her just as you would Mother—especially about your overshoes." His lungs were not strong, and Laurel left minute instructions regarding his care, particularly infection from colds. Then she hurried back to town, there to administer her discovery to the little victims at the Children's Hospital.

Durand was maddening, after that. He feared that Laurel might carry infection to the country, and forbade her to visit the boy. Durand himself hurried to the farm "to take full charge of Donald," he said. "I'll make him love me—candy and toys and indulgence will do it; he's *got* to love me." And he set about to harden the child, instead of "making a mollycoddle of him, as his mother had done." He insisted on long, damp walks through muddy country lanes, tiring enough for an adult. The boy would be hardened indeed, if he survived. Tramps, too, through brooks and over wet fields. Soon Donald was a fretful little invalid—although the country doctor that Durand insisted upon summoning instead of a specialist from town, said that the child was merely ill from a bad cold and too much candy. But Laurel was to blame. Hadn't she infected the boy with the plague? Hadn't she deserted her own child to take care of the miserable wretches at the hospital? It wasn't long before Durand had completely convinced himself that such was the case.

Donald, however—Donald wanted his mother. He tossed about on his little bed—until the trained nurse took it upon herself to send for Laurel. The minute she arrived, her trained eye told her that Donald was the victim of pneumonia;—but, unwilling to trust her own diagnosis, she wired for the best lung specialist in the city. Durand laughed when told that the great doctor had confirmed his wife's diagnosis— "You doctors would lie for one another, any time." Durand was sure of it. "I tell you it's not pneumonia; it's your damned germs!"

Many times that night, from her place at the bedside, Laurel cried in her agony: "Why didn't you send for me sooner? Why didn't you? I could have saved him, if I'd only come in time."

But now it was too late. Even Jean, the big collie who had been Donald's dearest playmate, knew. She cuddled close to Laurel, scratching sympathetic paws against her hands. Her big eyes were intent on the little still figure on the bed.

Laurel's heart and head were numb. She went about dazed, Jean always at her heels; too stricken to heed Durand's bitter accusations. He blamed her for Donald's death; persisted that she had infected him. But Laurel neither heard nor cared.

There was a lump in her throat that refused to move. She couldn't even cry. It was only when Jean rubbed a cold nose against her hot face that Laurel came back to life.

The Light Within

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay, written by Mrs. L. Case Russell, produced by Petrova Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Laurel Carlisle, M. D...Madame Petrova
Clinton Durand.....Lumsden Hare
Doctor Leslie.....Thomas Holding
Donald Durand.....Freddie Verdi
Joe .....Fred C. Jones
Doctor Green.....Frank McDonald

There, in her lap, was Donald's little soldier cap—he wore it when he used to play he was her hero; when he would brandish a very fierce tin sword and ward off imaginary foes, and, at last, climbing up on her lap, would bury his face in her shoulder, and nod until sleep came. Laurel felt the stinging tears; and they brought her relief.

Now, it was work—nothing but work. Her only solace. The serum for infantile paralysis had proved efficacious in cases where it was administered within twenty-four hour's time; so she next devoted herself to the search for an effective anthrax serum. The media necessary for this, Laurel decided, was a rare specimen of the Mascarine turtle. She tried to secure the one specimen in the city Zoo; but the authorities refused either to sell it or to donate it to science. Several months passed before, with the help of Dr. Leslie, she managed to obtain two specimens from Tahiti. Shortly afterwards one was accidentally killed; but with the fluid from the remaining turtle, she was enabled to perfect the serum which, she felt sure, would spell freedom for victims of the disease.



"I want you to take Donald to the country, where he'll be out of danger," Durand told Laurel. "Here you're endangering the life of my son."

She was convinced, having made several successful experiments on animals, that the time had now come to test her discovery on a human being; and no patient being available at the moment who had not already received the usual treatment, Laurel decided to innoculate herself. But Dr. Leslie protested. He believed in her, and in her discovery; and he begged her to let him be the subject of this vital experiment, rather than herself. Laurel, besides being deeply moved by Richard's offer, thoroughly believed in the effectiveness of her serum—and accepted Leslie's offer. Arrangements were soon made for taking care of the doctor in her home; and several prominent physicians were invited to watch the progress, first of the infection, and later of the injections, when the anti-toxin was to be administered.

Durand was a perfect host. Cordiality itself—while all the time there was malice in his eyes, and hate behind his smile. The jealousy he had always felt for Laurel's work, was now at fever heat and directed towards her utter absorption in Richard Leslie. Ever since Donald's death, Durand had been drinking heavily; and now every glass he drained seemed to conjure up for him some new thought of revenge for his fancied wrongs. He revelled in hideous imaginings, each more terrible than the last. His obsession became a mania.

The night came when Dr. Leslie, having been infected with the germ, was to receive the first injection. Laurel was snatching an hour's sleep, preparing for the long night of work to come. Durand had retired to his den on the top floor, far from the scene of Laurel's work, from the room where Leslie lay. He fortified himself with alcohol; and it was then that the most hideous idea of all came to him. He would destroy the precious serum, the only thing that could save Leslie's life. "She killed my son with her neglect," he muttered; "now she can have the satisfaction of knowing that her wonderful knowledge has brought death to her lover, as well." And he smiled his hideous smile.

It seemed to him almost too easy. Once in the laboratory, he went to the refrigerator and examined the serum. Then he found the tube of germs in the rack on the table. His nervous fingers, slipping, dropped the test tube containing the germs, and it broke on the edge of the table. Muttering, he wound his handkerchief hastily about the slight cut on his thumb, and emptied the vial containing the priceless serum. Then, a cunning light playing in his eyes, he filled the tube with water and replaced it.

"That settles Leslie," he exclaimed. Returning to his

(Continued on page 116)



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Jacques A. Berst, executive head of Pathe.

The Daddy *of* Them All

Twenty-two years ago he was in the same business—selling moving pictures

By Paul Grant

TWENTY-TWO years ago.

What were the occupations, in that remote age, of Adolph Paramount Zukor, Charles Universal Laemmle, H. Mutual Freuler, R. Metro Rowland, Albert Vitagraph Smith, H. Triangle Davis, William World Brady, and all the other men who now rule the camera world? It is so long ago, most of them have themselves forgotten. Twenty-two years ago, if any of these gentlemen had asked you what business you were in and you had said "Moving pictures," they would have thought, and with reason, that you meant you were an expressman with a specialty. You couldn't have been in what is now known as the moving picture business twenty-two years ago, because there wasn't any such thing.

"Oh, there wasn't, wasn't there? Are you quite sure?"

Who is this that so rudely interrupts our retrospection?

Ladies and gentlemen, let me present Mr. Jacques A. Berst, vice president and general manager of the Pathe Exchange, Inc., New York City.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. Berst (who is still, as you will observe from the accompanying faithful likeness, a rather youngish middle-aged man) was in the same business as that in which he is now engaged—selling moving pictures. And he was working for the same firm—the Brothers Pathé. He was the first employe of the company, and while he did not—as is sometimes said—start as office boy, from what I have seen of him, and from what Pathé men have told me, I am quite sure that if the office needed sweeping or dusting, and there was no office boy about, Mr. Berst undoubtedly volunteered. There is a lot of common sense in that funny song from "Pinafore:"

I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished the handle so careful-ee
That they made me the ruler of the Queen's nav-ee.

In recognition of his long and successful service, the Brothers Pathé have given Mr. Berst the biggest job the company can offer—supreme authority in the American business of the corporation. And who can say but, if it had happened one of those days, twenty-two years ago, that some little task had seemed to young Berst too menial for his dignity, and had been left undone, and Charles or Emil Pathé had noticed this premature assumption of dignity, there might be some other genial gentleman sitting in the handsome office at 25 West 45th Street, New York City? Be that as it may, it is J. A. Berst who presides there, which answers the question, after all.

THERE were originally four of these Pathé brothers, but after three weeks, two of them, aghast at the chimerical ideas of Charles and Emil, withdrew and took their capital with them. Thus, with only about $2,000 as their total resources, the adventurers began operations. Today —or rather at the beginning of the war—not less than ten thousand men and women were drawing salary from the firm. They began by operating the old nickle-in-the-slot machines, the Edison invention or adaptation. Then, in 1895, Lumiere invented the projection machine, and the continuous celluloid strip replaced the pictures on a wheel. Emil Pathé became interested in the phonograph, and has since confined his activities to that branch of the business. Charles stood by his first love. He bought one of the first moving picture cameras made, and became a producer.

"In those days one did everything connected with the business," says Mr. Berst. "I was primarily a salesman, but I worked in the office, delivered films, and collected the money. We sold only for cash. We had to have the money or we would not deliver the film. We treated it as if it were the most precious stuff in the world. We sold outright, getting about 16 cents a foot for our pictures. Among our customers were some of the oldest and most responsible firms in Paris, but even if they could get credit for a carload of diamonds, they had to pay cash for our films.

"Those films were far from being the moving picture dramas of today. At first they were ten to fifteen feet in length. They showed such scenes as chickens feeding, a man running, cattle grazing. The mere novelty of seeing things move in a picture was sufficient for our public then. From this, of course, it was only a step to the producing of plays.

"Max Linder, an obscure actor, was engaged at $4 a day to make the first picture play ever projected. With the success of these Linder comedies, the increase of income and resources, came the creating of longer films, and better stories.

"And this is the most important development in the history of motion pictures—the constant increase in footage of pictures until now one film will serve for an entire evening's entertainment. The longer picture was what made not only possible, but absolutely necessary, the better story. The better story called for better actors, better directors, better scenery. And in no other direction has the moving picture improved. The photography is no better today than it was twenty years ago, and with the improved projection machines will run as steady on the screen. Many camera tricks and improvements have been developed, but only as decorations.

"In 1904 I came to America to open a branch of the business here. I brought with me a three-reel production of the 'Passion Play.' We had no distribution system then, and I tried to interest Mr. Rock of the Vitagraph in it. He wouldn't even bother looking at it. 'Who wants to see a picture that long?' he asked. But finally I persuaded him to take a look, and he then decided to take a chance. The result was that eventually five hundred prints of that picture were circulated. The old exhibitors will tell you today that this picture was what saved the industry from ruin at that time. The people were getting tired of the short, trivial films, and the American producers had not properly diagnosed the difficulty. We had been in business longer in France, and knew by experience that longer pictures were the only means of making the business permanent."

"If the longer picture has been the greatest aid to the industry, what has been its greatest drawback?" I asked.

"The fact that people are looking for beauty rather than talent," Mr. Berst replied promptly. "Screen acting is not developing as it should, because there is no use in trying to give the public a star who is not pretty, and it is seldom that the pretty girls are the cleverest. The handsome hero and the lovely heroine are always in demand, and the best actors are the villains. But after all, it is the public for whom we make the pictures, so we have no right to complain, I suppose. They want serials, so we give them serials. They want beauty and thrills, and we are going to do our best to supply the demand, just as any merchant tries to carry the stock that his customers want.

"When you scold a producer for turning out something that you consider trashy, first consider this—that if a good many thousands of people don't want that kind of a picture, the producer is going to lose money. And that will make him feel badly enough without your scolding. And if, on the other hand, a good many thousands of people do want that kind of a picture, you have no business to scold the producer. He didn't make the picture for you, but for these thousands. So if you don't like the picture, scold the public. You may have an aversion to eating rabbit, but you wouldn't, on that account, scold God for creating them, would you?"

Which, from this viewpoint, admits of but one answer, and is an irrefutable argument. And the other viewpoint has no place in this article anyhow. Besides, it is unfair to reply in print, because the other fellow has no chance of getting back at you, and you give yourself the last word, which is a woman's prerogative solely. (I make these observations parenthetically so you will understand that I have a perfectly good reply to Mr. Berst's argument up my sleeve, though, confidentially, I'm blessed if I know just this minute what it is.)

WHILE Mr. Berst is now with the same firm he was associated with twenty-two years ago, and has been in the picture business longer than any other man in America, he has not been with Pathé all the time. It is difficult to conceive of Mr. Berst apart from Pathé or Pathé apart from Berst. But it is a doubtful compliment either to a man or a corporation, to say that the man is indispensable. Mr. Berst is not indispensable to Pathé. This was proved by the fact that from December, 1913, to January, 1916, they struggled along without each other. Mr. Berst left Pathé in 1913 to become treasurer of General Film. In 1915 he left General to become vice president and general manager of Selig. A few months later he returned to General as president, but the Brothers Pathé decided that the interlocutory decree of divorce should not be made final, and persuaded him to return in 1916 as head of their American interests. He was not indispensable—but gosh, how they missed him!

Cockney Tenacity

MONTAGU LOVE, Emperor of raconteurs, tells this one:

An English soldier was captured by the Germans, and kept annoying his guards by shouting at them, "Any 'ow, we give you 'ell at the Marne." The guards ordered him to shut up, and threatened all manner of punishment, but he stubbornly kept up his chant, "You *know* we give you 'ell at the Marne." So they took him before the commanding officer, who was greeted with the same reminder of the great German disaster. In a rage he told the Englishman he could have five minutes to swear allegiance to the Kaiser or be shot. After four minutes had passed, the Englishman decided to take the oath. As soon as it was administered, and he was put into a German uniform, he was taken to the canteen, and the squad, with filled steins, with ironical cheers, drank the health of their new "kamarad." Then they demanded a speech. The little Cockney promptly mounted a chair, and remarked:

"Well lads, now that we're all comrades 'ere together, we've got to admit that them Hallies did give us 'ell at the Marne."



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' *Own* PAGE

'Doug' says:
"The man with a sense of humor has it all over the man who lacks that quality. . . . Troubles maybe laughed away which cannot be driven away by force."

THE American boy has changed since the days when I fought my way through school. In those days there was no attempt at self-analysis. If Johnny got licked by his hereditary enemy from " 'cross de tracks," he never sought to ascertain the psychological or underlying reason. All he knew was that the other kid was a better scrapper and, once licked, he seldom awaited another opportunity to settle the issue of physical superiority.

It's different now. When Willie gets "beat up" by Johnny on the way home from school, he surveys the situation and looks into the underlying conditions. If Johnny has had the better of the scrap through physical superiority, Willie looks forward to a later day—usually a pretty early one—when he will have put himself in better shape than his enemy. If Johnny won through superior strategy, Willie figures out a way to outmaneuver him in the subsequent encounter; because, if Willie is a real, American-spirited boy, he is no longer satisfied to be whipped by anyone. The result usually is that Willie gets the decision in the return match, because he goes into it with purpose, and confidence in the betterment of his condition since the initial scrap.

Recently I received a letter from a youngster in Pennsylvania which demonstrated the evolution of the American boy. He told me solemnly about a fight he had had with an older boy. He had been whipped soundly. Then, a week later, they fought again with a similar conclusion.

"I know I can lick him," he declared positively in the letter, "but I haven't got it figured out how I can do it. Won't you please tell me what's wrong? I am just as strong as he is, but somehow or other, he knows something about fighting that I don't know, and if I don't find out what it is, I'll never be able to lick him."

Now that's what I call a matter for grave consideration, so I sat down and thought it over. Being physical equals, the cause of Thomas' downfall must have been mental. He was either being outgeneraled or he lacked staying powers. It was probably the latter, so I wrote him the following advice: that the next time they mixed it, he should fight on for about two minutes after he had arrived at the conclusion that he was beaten—that his antagonist also was suffering and that the extra two minutes would be enough to bring about a reversal, as it were. Of course, I couched the advice in kid language so that there would be no misinterpretation. I knew that if Tommy got another licking after my advice, he'd be "off me for life." I haven't heard from him as yet, but I'll make anyone a bet that the other kid gets "his'n" in the third encounter.

It's that way in our daily trials and problems; and the advice is as good for the grown-ups as for the kiddies. The man who is ready to confess himself beaten usually is—he doesn't come back. But the man, or woman either, who takes a reverse as a matter of course and keeps plugging away, never is really beaten. A smile at the right time has won many a battle in the prize ring and in the warfare of life. There is nothing quite so disconcerting as a smile on the face of the guy you think you have whipped either in physical or mental combat.



"A smile has won many a battle," and here's Doug teaching Doug Jr. how to fight.

I once knew a professional boxer who told me he had been whipped by a smile which was in reality a grimace of pain. His opponent was one of those phlegmatic individuals without an atom of imagination—which by the way is the ideal soldier type. Every time he landed a blow on the gentleman opposite, the latter would merely smile. Finally, after the match had progressed to the point where both were mighty weary, my friend sent over a blow that he considered a finale to the battle. The recipient of the punch, however, merely shook his head and smiled. That was too much and the party of the first part just lost his head and also the decision. He learned afterward that his opponent was nearer exhausted than himself and that the smile which so discouraged and disconcerted him was a cross between habit and pain. But to him it was a smile of derision and confidence.

Modern business is chiefly a matter of psychology nowadays, and for that matter the ruling factor in world politics — diplomacy — has always dominated in the making of history. The man with a sense of humor has it all over the man who lacks that quality, and the same holds true of nations. Troubles may be laughed away which cannot be driven away by force.

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

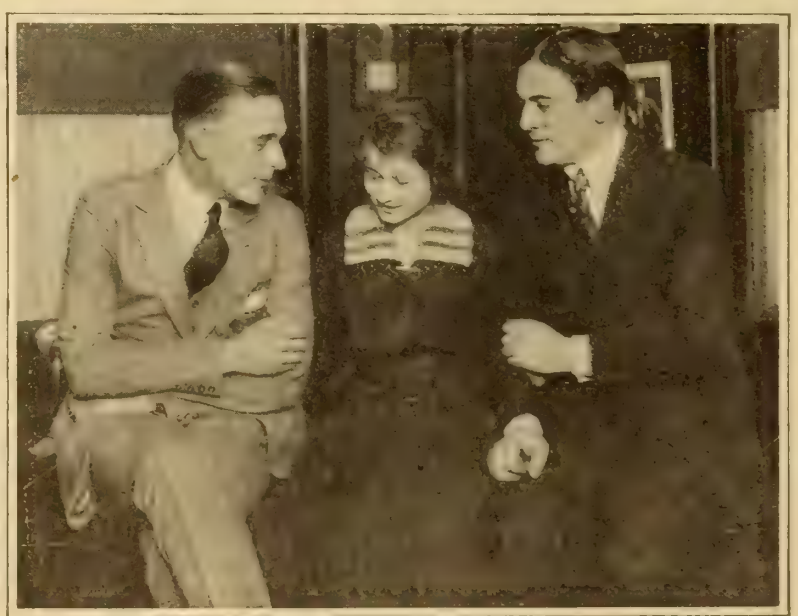
Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

I Was
Awfully Disappointed
In Thomas Meighan
And Wallace Reid.
I Know
You Can't Expect Much
Of Matinee Idols; but
Of All of them,
I Never Thought
I'd be Disappointed
In Thomas Meighan
And Wallace Reid.
Why,
Aren't they Supposed
To Swagger? To
Tilt Back their Heads, and
Half-close their Eyes,
And Talk About
"My Work?"
Of Course.
Well, *they* Didn't.
They're Real Persons,
Thomas Meighan
And Wallace Reid.
And You Know,
I Thought it would Be
Kind of Embarrassing
To Meet
Two of them,
At Once.
And,
When you Do,
You ought to Think about
it,
Before Hand; but—
Why,
I didn't Have time
To Powder my nose,
Even.

Thomas Meighan
Came In first; so
I'll Tell you
About Mr. Reid.
I
Wanted to Be Sure
To See them Both;—and
When Mr. Meighan
Filled Up the Doorway,
I Guess I Thought
I Might miss Mr. Reid.
When
You Look Up at Wallace
Reid,
He Looks Down at You,
Straight.
He Looks
Like That Boy you Used
to Know.
He Isn't Afraid to Smile—
He Often Grins—
And Sometimes, he Looks
Just like That Boy did
When he Gave You
Your First Valentine,—
And Ran.

Thomas Meighan
Is What Women Mean
When they Say,
"He's a Real Man."
And a Man,
When he Says,
"He's a Regular Guy."
Either One
Is Right.
Once
Someone Said
He was Six Feet Tall.
Well, he's Not.
He's Six Feet One—
And Don't You Forget It.
I Just About Forgot
They were Movie Actors, myself.
Wally Reid—
(I Can Call him
Wally, I guess)—
Wally Reid Forgot it, too;
And Mr. Meighan
Never Does Think Much about it,
Anyway.
So we Had
A Real Nice Time.
The Only Time Mr. Meighan remembered,
Was when he Said,
"In New York I worked
In a picture, 'Madame Jealousy'; and
We used a Four-weeks-old Baby in it.
Only
Four weeks old—
Isn't that the limit?"
He Turned to Wallace Reid:
"Isn't it?"
"Uh-huh," said Wallace Reid.
After that,
Mr. Meighan let it Go.
Other times, they'll talk—
Mr. Meighan'll Say Something; and
Wallace Reid will Answer—
You Know,
Just like Frank Tinney.
What? Oh yes—
His Hair is Just as Slick
As it Looks on the Screen;
And Tom Meighan
Is Just as Tall, and there's
That Smile;
And Wally's Eyebrows
Are Just the Same—
But
The Next Time I See
Wally Reid in that Stove-
pipe Suit
He Wore in "Joan";
Or Tom Meighan
Doing a Fifth-reel Grab—
I Won't Believe it.
They
Were on their Way Back
to California; and
They Had to Make their
Train; so
We All Shook Hands
Again—

I Wonder
When they're Going to
Release
"Madame Jealousy"?
"Nan of Music Mountain"
Is at our Theatre tonight;
I Think I'll go—
I've Only Seen it
Twice.



It was a busy day for Miss Evans when Wally Reid and Tom Meighan arrived all at once. This is going to make a lot of girls jealous.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Director Wakes. Directing moving pictures is a new profession. One might almost say that it is the only new profession the moving picture has called into being. The scenario writer is not fundamentally other than the playwright. The cameraman is just a photographer, taking a vast number of pictures very quickly. The actor is still the actor, with only a few essentials changed. But the director is not the stage director of the theatre, as several stage directors, hurling themselves into moving pictures, have discovered—or have been discovered. The director is the man who, taking the play, the camera, and the actor—the ingredients of the theatre plus photography—has created something new. He is not more important than the author, for the creator of the idea can never be put into second place. But the author is just the story writer of yesterday. The director—who was he yesterday? Where have the directors come from? Who were Griffith, Brenon, Tourneur, Emerson, Tucker?

At last the directors have recognized their own position. They have sensed their responsibility. They have organized the Motion Picture Directors Association, not as a union for offence and defence, and not as a club for entertainment. One of their members speaks of it as tending more toward the lodge idea. The one thing they insist upon is that they are organized, not against the producer, but for him. Eugene Presbrey, the veteran playwright, suggests that the organization eventually will be to the moving picture what the National Academy is to art, the institution which establishes standards. The Academy neither buys nor sells, but still it governs, in a great measure, general creative conditions, so far as creation can be governed or guided into definite channels. The individual takes his own course, but the Academy, as a central meeting ground, a clearing house, without any power but that of exchange and comparison, is the arbiter.

In a broad sense, the producer of moving pictures is not deeply concerned with quality, except in so far as quality is marketable. His first thought is of his responsibility to his stockholders. Otherwise he would be false to his trust. In a measure, the director, as he works, is concerned primarily with quality, if he be worthy the name of director. The individual director, working with the individual producer, is dominated by the selling organization. But the organized directors, working with the organized producers, should be able to make a good case for better pictures that produce greater profits. The manufacturer has no grudge against better pictures, and it is for the directors, in their powerful association, an association the influence of which can hardly be overestimated, to bring their power and intelligence to the aid of the industry as a whole. This is, in fact, their aim. The association will do little public talking. It may never be heard of, so far as the general public is concerned, but if it fulfills the destiny that its leaders have mapped out for it, the public will owe it a debt of deepest gratitude.

❦

This is an Easy One. Nashville policemen, it is reported, have protested against paying the war tax on passes to moving picture shows. These brilliant political economists, these Tennessee flat-feet, these common or harness bulls of the Sunny South, insist that the government intended to tax only moving picture revenue, and not moving picture audiences. The plea is unique. Let us hope no one will dispute the undivided right of the Nashville police to this high honor. But the solution is simple. Make the Nashville cop pay for his seat, and then he will have to pay the war tax just as if he were a human being. Why should policemen be admitted free to picture theatres anyhow, except in cases where the theatres are run in violation of some law? Of course, if the proprietor of the show has something to hide, he ought to pay the cop's tax as well as giving him the pass. Next thing we know, the Nashville aristocrats of the force will refuse to accept peanuts and bananas from the fruit stands, unless shelled, peeled, garnished with romaine and served with mayonnaise dressing.

❦

Another Town Gone Wrong. Meanwhile, the great metropolis of Cheney, Wash., has won a place in the sun, through its school regulations and municipal administration. There is a Normal School at Cheney, but the hicks that run the school are anything but normal. They have ordered the students to stay away from the town's picture house, on the ground that they should devote all their spare time to knitting, and their dimes to buying Liberty Bonds. If we know the spirit of youth—and we are probably less distantly removed from it than the Cheneyites who issued this mandate—we aver that there will be mighty little knitting and bond buying done among the students, as a result of this order. The prevalence of stupidity in Cheney is further evidenced by the fact that the town czars refuse to permit the picture theatre to open Sundays, notwithstanding the fact that the manager offered to give half his profits to the Red Cross. Yes, all this happened in the Twentieth Century, in the United States of America.

Joseph Kaufman. Joseph Kaufman is dead. The photoplay has lost one of its finest idealists. Yet, because he was an idealist, his influence will live on and inspire men and women who cannot know its source. To meet him was to realize, at his first word, that he was an embodiment of spiritual force. Nor was his the spirituality of the hushed voice, and downcast eye, but the driving, militant spirituality of vigorous manhood, upstanding and hungry for progress. He spoke, not in terms of his personal achievements and ambitions, but in the broad, sweeping language of a man who sees things in their totality. He was one of the moving spirits in the new organization of directors, and the comment upon that body which appears in this department, was written almost verbatim from his own words. He believed in the public, because he loved mankind. He looked upon humanity with a sympathetic eye, and believed that the future of the photoplay lay in the faithful transcription of life, rather than in the production of sensation. He was restless with the surging energy of creative will, but calm with the knowledge that only time and patience could bring about the ends he so clearly saw. And because these things were a passion with him, his ideas cannot end with his life, but because he has lived and worked and dreamed his chosen art has been, for all time, immeasurably enriched.

❦

The Film Triumphant. That remnant of intellectual aristocrats who have held their noses permanently aloof from the movies as a thing low, cheap and, worst of all, dull, might as well surrender, says *The New York Tribune*. Our theatrical stars have one by one signed the roll. Our institutions of education and uplift have yielded—your Penrod all too probably saw the Wise Men in Three Reels on the flickering film at his Sunday School this year.

And now, as a last straw, the leaders of the nations issue their greetings through the movies! The list runs all the way from David Lloyd George to Josephus Daniels. General Pershing answers "Present!" So does Nicholas Murray Butler. The mind runs back to that sacrilegious moment in British history not so long ago when rumor had it that Mr. Asquith proposed to have the British Cabinet in action, or, at at least, in such action as a cabinet can achieve, recorded on the film. The rumor was speedily contradicted and the moans of protest died down. Obviously the thing was unthinkable.

Yet now a British Premier joins in a message to be flashed on a thousand screens the world around! There is, perhaps, a fine distinction. The sacred persons of the British Cabinet are still inviolate. Yet the step left is a short one. Why haggle over it? And how can any citizen of to-day, however aloof his intellect and tastes, continue to ignore what generals and prime ministers are glad to ornament? We suspect the end has come. Will the movie rights of the peace conference be sold in advance, and will its sittings be ordered pursuant to scenario and directed by megaphone? We await to see. Meantime let no one longer mock the movie, the master of us all!

❦

How About Salaries? Speaking by and large, what moving picture companies pay their stars is none of our business. PHOTOPLAY and its readers are interested, not in the business but in the art of pictures. But the art cannot thrive when the business is unsound. So we may be permitted some interest in this phase of the industry, perhaps. It has come to our ears that certain stars are dissatisfied with salaries offered, and are refusing to renew contracts at old rates, or slight increases. We would respectfully call to their attention the incident of Walter Johnson, baseball pitcher extraordinary. Mr. Johnson formerly received a salary of $12,500 a year. He has consented to pitch for the coming season, for $8,000. Baseball, like pictures, is an amusement enterprise. The men in control of baseball are no more grasping than those who control pictures. And they have been in business a great deal longer. All branches of production have increased in cost. There are two kinds of war taxes to be considered. The public will pay as much as ever for pictures, but will not, except in isolated instances, pay more. There must be a reduction somewhere. We believe that a too grasping star at this time is working against his or her own interests.

❦

A Truce to Bickering. Let's have no more of this talk of enmity between stage and screen. The movies and the speakies are members of one family, and family rows are always distressing. Both aim at the same result—to express in actual scenes with actual people, both real and imaginary incidents. Each has its distinctive method, as different as the methods employed by painters and sculptors. The only logical and inevitable rivalry is their competition for public patronage. But this is business, and has nothing to do with art. The picture fan, witnessing such a performance on the stage as "Ben Hur," receives a thrill quite different from that enjoyed by witnessing such a picture as "Stella Maris." So in the mind of the public there is no conflict. The stage, perhaps, has been a little jealous of the photoplay's swift and phenomenal success. The screen, perhaps, has been a little jealous of the dignified traditions of the drama, which can come to any art only with age and experience. But these jealousies should have no deeper feeling than that of the schoolgirl who covets her debutante sister's coming-out gown. They are childish and unwarranted. In a household like this, where both members have such power to spread happiness among mankind, peace and harmony should reign.

Fazenda—Comic Venus

The heroine of a thousand pie-battles tells her ideas of heaven and hell

By Allen Corliss



Witzel

CUSTARD pies, a chase, a fall, mud, a fire hose, soup, a leak in the plumbing, innumerable lost garments, broken dishes, a slide on a cake of soap, mud in the hair, pie in the eyes, soup down the back, a fall into a lake, policemen, a cleaning up, a bucket of suds and a mop, a slavey with a round-eyed, utterly blank expression, a Mack Sennett comedy—Louise Fazenda.

"There aren't very many women doing 'nut' stuff, are there?" she remarked thoughtfully. "I think one reason must be that all women like attractive surroundings and pretty clothes and hate to be laughed at. After three years of this work, I'm still extremely sensitive to ridicule—I am, really. Of course, I don't mind my friends and relatives going to see my pictures, but I wouldn't have them come to the studio and watch me work for anything on earth!"

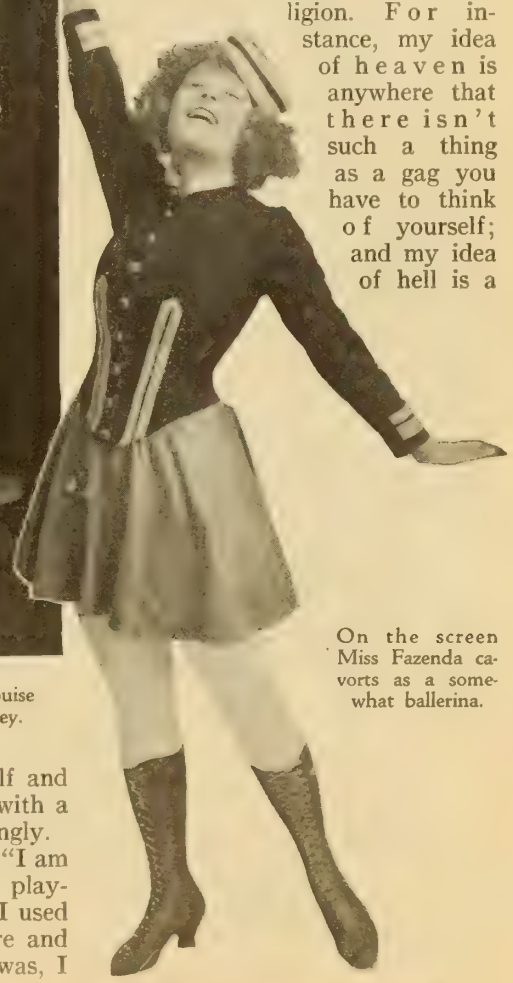


No two persons could be more utterly unlike than Louise Fazenda herself, and Louise Fazenda, the screen slavey.

No two persons could be more utterly unlike than Louise Fazenda herself and Louise as the slavey of the Mack Sennett comedies. She is a pretty girl with a mobile face, lively unround eyes, and a way of doing her hair very becomingly.

"I really was like that slavey when I was a little girl, though," she said. "I am an only child and we lived out in the country where I never had any playmates of my own age. That was before I was old enough to go to school. I used to just run wild, and when company would come to the house I'd sit there and look at them without ever understanding a word they said. Little as I was, I can remember exactly how I felt. Mother used to nudge me and urge me quite desperately to get some sense into my face, and my eyes were perfectly round—really, I think that's why I hate to have anyone come to the studio to watch me work.

"Slapstick comedy is made very differently from anything else," she went on. "We start a picture with only the thinnest frame-work of a plot. The gags—a gag is any bit of action that will make people laugh—are invented in consultation or happen by accident. The funniest are usually accidents. Sometimes the director sits with his arms folded on his chest and an I'm-from-Missouri-expression on his face and says, 'Well, be funny. Make me laugh, why don't you?' And you try all the gags you've thought of, and they don't look as funny as they might—I tell you, it's no joke! Even if I did go to a convent for a little while, this work has given me some very original ideas on religion. For instance, my idea of heaven is anywhere that there isn't such a thing as a gag you have to think of yourself; and my idea of hell is a



On the screen Miss Fazenda cavorts as a somewhat ballerina.

studio where you have to spend all eternity thinking up gags that nobody laughs at!"

Certainly, Louise Fazenda will never be condemned to such a hell. For one thing, she's a candidate for heaven, living simply and quietly at home with her parents in a little flat near the studio. Three nights a week, spent in training off the ever-dreaded fat, occasional dances, and once and awhile a theatre party, go to make up her amusements. Furthermore, everyone, from the highest high-brow to the lowest low-brow laughs at her pictures. For instance, say, for the sake of argument, that you don't like slapstick pictures. You probably look around you at all the people who are laughing themselves sick, and laugh at them for laughing. If you do like slapstick pictures, her work needs no analysis.

During a pause in the conversation, she picked up a Japanese moving picture magazine and turned its queer looking pages to a picture of herself.



"There aren't many women doing 'nut stuff'– women like pretty clothes and hate to be laughed at."



"Gags are invented in consultation or happen by accident. The funniest are usually accidents."

"You don't know how strange it seems to me," she remarked thoughtfully, "when something like this reminds me that my pictures are going all over the world. Personally, I've never been outside of Los Angeles county, except for two weeks in San Francisco during the Fair! I do want to travel, though—and I'm going to some day!"

Louise Fazenda is a graduate of the Los Angeles High School and she was preparing for college when the failure of her father's business made it impossible for her to go.

"We moved into an apartment house, and one day a neighbor who was working out at Universal, suggested that I go with her to the studio and try to get something to do. My first picture was 'A House Divided' with Wilfred Lucas. It was a Civil War story and there were quite a number of us, all dressed up in pretty ruffled d r e s s e s, and curls, and little lace mittens. I felt so nice and L i l l i a n Gishy! Then, at the last minute, it was found that someone had to black-up for a negro servant. Of course, none of the girls wanted to do it. I w o u l d n ' t have thought of it, if the director hadn't said that t h e g i r l who blacked up would be given five dollars for the day. Five dollars sounded like a lot of money for one day's work, so I took off all my pretty things and became a comedy coon. I've never done anything but slapstick since. I was with the U for a year and then went to Keystone."

She remarked that make-up counts for a great deal and then added, "but I wish I could find a time when it would count for everything; then I could use Killarney."

"Killarney" is a funny-looking, scraggy, putty-colored puppy with an overabundance of high spirits and a disposition so affectionate that it is almost impossible not to love him at first sight, even if he has been a very thorough and complete failure as an actor.

"He hasn't any screen sense," his mistress explained. "To look at him, you'd swear that he was made for slapstick. In fact, you can't look at him without smiling. He's got the funniest look I ever saw. I wanted him to work with me—that's what I got him for—but he'll never be a comedian or any other useful thing, and he's certainly not ornamental. He's just a nuisance, and yet I can't get rid of him!"

"I think that comedy should be, to some extent at least, spontaneous," said Miss Fazenda, returning to Art, "something inside of you that just bubbles out. And, too, it

(Continued on page ooo)

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By
Randolph Bartlett



In "Stella Maris" Mary Pickford, by a clever camera trick, is shown talking to herself.

IT is one of the axioms of the unthinking that pretty girls are not clever and clever girls not pretty. That is why, it is said, feminine loveliness is found principally in musical comedy. There are, it must be admitted, certain actresses whose appearance and art, or lack of art, seem to bear out the contention. As an example of a brilliant actress who is quite homely I might mention—I might, but I won't. And as an example of a beautiful actress who is a feminine vacuum I might mention—but no. It is not because I am afraid of their husbands, but because these are isolated instances. And although, as you will note, the persons I have not named are very eminent, they are, really, the exceptions and by no means represent a general rule. I don't believe in general rules. I don't believe in the law of compensation, or any other law, which condemns a woman to homeliness because she has brains, or to stupidity because she has charm.

This I do believe, however—that it is ten times as hard for a pretty woman to prove that she is clever as it is for a homely one. You expect so much more of her. And you are so likely to overlook her cleverness because you are not overlooking the glint of gold in her hair or the reflected May blossoms in her eyes. It is doubly so in moving pictures, where the quandary becomes almost terrible. If a young woman is not pretty, there is little chance for her to get in, in the first place. Once in, if she be exceptionally pretty, the producer wants to give her little more than a string of close-ups, in all of which she must smile, with any old threadbare yarn on which to string them. No possible chance of throttling her dramatic genius is overlooked. Nor is the producer to blame. He finds that is what the public wants, and not being in business solely for his health, he follows the demand. He doesn't care whether his actresses act or pose, so long as you buy seats for the show, and this puts it up to the critic to tell the truth, which is not always a good way to win popularity.

So it comes about that I get indignant letters from nice girls in Des Moines and elsewhere, scolding me because I don't always like the Mary Pickford plays, alternating with equally indignant letters from charming ladies in Plainfield, N. J., and elsewhere, scolding me because I don't always dislike the Mary Pickford plays. The Des Moines idea is that Mary is in herself all sufficient—that the star's the thing. The Plainfield idea is Shakespeare's, insisting that the play's the thing. My own poor little idea, hammered on both sides, has been that Mary Pickford has given frequent hints of dramatic genius of a high order, despite the fact that the sort of plays in which she has been presented has allowed her little opportunity of proving it. This month I have a text to my liking, and braving the wrath of both Des Moines and Plainfield I propose to show that Mary Pickford is both clever and pretty.



Warner Oland, in "The Naulahka," plays the part of a man of putty concealing a steel spring; Fitzmaurice shows the real Orient.

STELLA MARIS—
Artcraft

"Stella Maris" is a photodrama based upon the novel by William J. Locke. One little girl is an invalid



Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien do magnificent work in "Ghosts of Yesterday."



Fannie Ward, the perennial ingenue, makes her Pathe debut in "Innocent," Fitzmaurice directing.



In "Jules of the Strong Heart," George Beban is again the "beloved vagabond" of the screen.

from childhood, but all the resources of wealth and kindness are centered upon her life and she is happy. She knows nothing of the cruelties of existence. Another little girl is a drudge in an orphanage, and has never known what it is to be loved. A journalist is one of the friends of the little invalid. His dissipated wife takes the drudge from the asylum to be her private slave. In a moment of rage the woman nearly kills the drudge, and is sent to prison. The journalist, pitying the little victim, adopts her, and for the first time in her life she learns the taste of kindness. As the years go by, the little invalid is cured, and she and the journalist love each other. The dissipated wife, her sentence expired, discovers this and gloats over the fact that she can keep them apart. The drudge, understanding that the happiness of the one being in the world who has been kind to her, is at stake, cuts the knot with a tremendous deed of self sacrifice.

Mary Pickford plays both roles—the happy invalid and the drudge. Prettiness was required for the one, cleverness for the other. You may find it difficult to believe that the hungry looking creature, with stooped shoulders, plastered hair, crooked mouth, and awkward manner, is Your Own Mary. Only in rare moments does she relax into a certain curious semblance of her own lovely self. The fact remains. There are cleverly photographed scenes in which the drudge and the invalid both appear, and talk to each other. Then the contrast is brought out in all its tremendous force. Miss Pickford's drudge is no mere matter of makeup, though the physical difficulties of the role are obvious. But she realizes the character with all her mentality, and sustains it without the slightest lapse.

Marshall Neilan directed the production, and made it exquisitely beautiful when opportunity offered, as well as sordid and relentlessly gripping when the theme was in minor key. The supporting cast is in perfect tune. Conway Tearle plays the journalist and Camille Ankewich the besotted wife.

"Stella Maris" should prove a turning point in the history of America's favorite star. The public will never again be satisfied with plays in which Miss Pickford is not given an opportunity to act.

THAIS—Goldwyn

"Thais," which should have been a moving picture triumph, is a moving picture misfortune. As produced by Goldwyn, it is one of the severest blows the art has ever received, for this reason—it will bring to the picture theatres, by reason of the presence in the title role of Mary Garden, thousands who have scorned the movies. Had the picture been well done, it would have made thousands of converts for the screen. Done as it was, it will still further alienate the scoffers. "Thais," one of the most purely spiritual stories in all literature, in the hands of Goldwyn, comes out as an orgy of unlovely flesh. It is so tawdry, so crude, so vulgar, that it reminds one of one of those sucker-catching advertisements, "Send ten cents and get ten snappy pictures." Mary Garden brings to the screen the tedious and dismal technique of operatic acting, which is not acting at all, but slow motions made while waiting for the music to catch up with the drama. Moreover—and this may seem brutal, but if stars will trade upon reputations, the truth must be told—Miss Garden is no longer the lovely creature of "Louise." Careful study of effects in draping might have done much for her, but that, seemingly, is not the Goldwyn way. With producers frantic for good stories, one of the best in the world has been ruined to snatch a few dollars by trading upon the international reputation of a star.

WOLVES OF THE RAIL—Artcraft

William S. Hart as a reformed bandit is not an unfamiliar figure, but neither is he an unwelcome one. In

"Wolves of the Rail," after a career as chief of a band of train-robbers, he changes heart and becomes an exterminator of the men he had formerly led. He does a helen-holmes from his horse to a locomotive, and breaks the durn thing as easy as if it were a spavined colt. And at the end he lochinvars off with the girl, to prospective happiness and freedom from the detective who refused to give him an immunity bath merely because he killed off a few of his old partners in crime. It is a lively story, and will be welcomed by the devotees of gun drama. Aside from this, like all Hart pictures, its scenery is magnificent, and the mountain vistas alone are worth the price of admission.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS—World

"Diamonds and Pearls" is a footless, meandering story of marriage for money, intrigue, extravagance and flimsy romance, starting nowhere and ending in the same place, having gone nowhere in particular. Kitty Gordon is starred, but for no apparent reason except that she is in nearly every scene.

THE NAULAHKA—Pathe

"The Naulahka" is a story in which Rudyard Kipling collaborated with Wolcot Balestier. It relates the adventures of an American who goes to India to get possession of a famous jewel, to please the fancy of the wife of a railroad president, and so win her influence to get a railroad built into the town where the young man lives. The main incidents transpire in the Orient. Director Fitzmaurice has created a remarkable picture of the real India—not with the glitter and tinsel of cardboard palaces, but by showing the life of the people, their superstitions and their suspicion of Occidental ideas. His types are marvelous, living pages from Kipling's works. And the cast is brilliant. Antonio Moreno plays the part of the American adventurer with his customary grace and strength. Warner Oland portrays a drug-sodden maharajah with brilliant insight into the character of the prince, at once weak through constant pandering to the senses, and strong with pride of lineage—a lump of putty concealing a steel spring. Mary Alden, Doraldina, the dancer, and Helene Chadwick complete a remarkable roster of principals.

THE AVENGING TRAIL—Metro

Harold Lockwood's latest, "The Avenging Trail," is a drama of the Maine lumber camps. Naturally, therefore, it contains a generous flavoring of physical clashes. Lockwood is one of the actors who do not cease to be actors when called upon to be pugilists. There is a geniality about him that does not subside when the general motive is stern. There is no brutality about his conquests by force. So "The Avenging Trail" is not simply a love story punctuated by fights, but a romance in which the battles are merely incidental. Joe Dailey, as a smiling satellite, is a delightful study. Sally Crute is pretty and alluring, but seems never quite to forget that the "r" might be left out of her name.

DAYBREAK—Metro

If anyone is tired of hearing me repeat each month that Emily Stevens is a great actress, write in and say so. It may relieve you and it won't alter my opinion. In "Daybreak" she scores even more emphatically than in her previous Metro pictures, because she has a better story. A wife, despairing of winning her husband from his bibulous habits, leaves him and goes to Paris. When she returns, her actions are mysterious. She refuses to recognize her husband's right to question her. He has her trailed on her nocturnal trips, and discovers that she has a child which



Gladys Leslie bears a striking resemblance to Mary Pickford in "His Own People."



Elsie Ferguson, in "Rose of the World," makes a whirling melodrama live beautifully.



Roy Stewart's westerners as in "Law's Outlaw," are more human than most pictured gunmen.



"The Cross Bearer" could not lack interest, for Montagu Love is in it.



"Her American Husband," a Triangle Play, brings the odor of spring blossoms and Japan.



"The Winding Trail" indicates that Viola Dana is now to be listed as an emotional ingenue.

she is secretly visiting. It is a gripping situation. Love and jealousy are the motives, woven masterfully by Director Albert Capellani. Miss Stevens carries the full weight of the drama, which sweeps to a breathless, but entirely satisfying conclusion. It is a story for men and women who understand life.

JULES OF THE STRONG HEART—Paramount

George Beban is the beloved vagabond of pictures. In "Jules of the Strong Heart" he has another of those roles in which he is constantly getting into trouble through befriending others. He arrives at a lumber camp with a young baby, his solicitude for which occasions most of the comedy. The boss of the camp faces mutiny and lynching because the men believe the company is "broke" and they will not get their money. Jules volunteers to go through the storm to get the money, and is attacked by the camp bully. Through thrilling adventures he saves the day. Beban's comedy is the core of the picture. Helen Eddy, that versatile young woman, plays a melodious second fiddle. And the baby who impersonates "Napoleon Goo-goo" deserves to have its name on the program. Donald Crisp directed with his habitual acumen.

THE SPIRIT OF '17—Paramount

Boy Scouts and G. A. R. men are the heroes of a patriotic story called "The Spirit of '17," in which Jack Pickford unearths and foils a German spy plot. The spirit in question is that none is too old and none too young to serve his country, even if not qualified for enlistment. The story lacks distinction and the romance is rather calf-like; yet there is a certain nimble quality about this boy Pickford that keeps the fable from descending to a commonplace level. His agility is not merely physical, but of a sort that bespeaks a lively mind as well. His heroics would be a little banal, if there were not in them something of the eternal boy that he represented in Tom Sawyer. A large but rather ordinary cast surrounds the star. Helen Eddy, in the thankless role of a girl with a grouch against the world in general, wins the sole distinction in her small but effective bit.

INNOCENT—Pathe

Fannie Ward, the perennial ingenue, makes her first Pathe appearance in "Innocent," created by George Fitzmaurice from George Broadhurst's drama. John Miltern has the other principal part, which he played in the stage production wherein Pauline Frederick was starred, and he is a real actor. It is not a nursery tale, though free from the dregs of sensationalism that could easily have marred it. It hinges upon a favorite theme of Mr. Broadhurst's—the innate love of finery and display latent in all women, even those who have been purposely shielded from its lure. Part of the action transpires in China, part in France. Director Fitzmaurice is a Frenchman who has lived in China. It is natural, therefore, that the atmosphere breathes a spirit of fidelity to fact. All who care for tragedy and romance artistically interwoven, will find "Innocent" one of the unique pictures of the season.

STOLEN HONOR—Fox

There is no reason why Virginia Pearson's latest should not be called "Stolen Honor," nor is there any reason why it should not be called "Her Writhing Soul," or "A Crumpled Heart,"—no reason, that is, except that none of these titles has anything to do with the story. But it seems, we are told by the producers, that the exhibitors have learned that you who pay the freight, pay it in larger sums when the words "heart," or "soul," or "honor," appear in the title. Do you? Be that as it may—Miss Pear-

son plays the part of Virginia Lake, an artist, who makes a copy of a painting, the original of which is to be presented to a foreign ambassador. Her copy and the original are stolen, and Virginia has a heap of trouble on her hands, from which she extricates herself with the aid of a clever dog. In such a story, one would think the producer would hardly be so dull as to use for the core of his story a picture so famous as Reynolds' "The Age of Innocence." It is stretching things a bit to show this historical canvas as the center of an international disturbance. It's just another case of, "Oh, the public won't know the difference." Miss Pearson has informed us privately that she likes this picture better than some of her recent ones, but I don't. She does too much brow-wrinkling, mistaking it for acting. Walter Law comes out of his caverns of vice, discards his villainies, and lends dignity to the story as a senator—a virtuous senator! It isn't speedy enough for melodrama, nor logical enough for drama.

HER AMERICAN HUSBAND—Triangle

"Her American Husband" is "Madam Butterfly" with variations. First, the Japanese girl marries the American, not for love, but in obedience to her father's order. Second, they go to America. Third, when the American tires of his toy, the story ends the way I always thought "Madam Butterfly" should have ended—and you'll have to go to see the picture to find what it is, for I'm not going to tell. I promise you excellent entertainment. Thomas Kurihara as the stern Japanese parent, and Jack Abbe as his secretary, win real laurels with two intensely dramatic studies. The story brings the flavor of springtime and Japan, with all its blossoms. But the final thrill, and the sense of logical conclusion, make the story big.

THE GUN WOMAN—Triangle

"The Gun Woman" is a drama of the ancient west, when women owned saloons, and ran gambling joints, and yet fell in love with the wrong men just like regular, normal women of today. Texas Guinan makes her Triangle debut as The Tigress—albeit a rather round-faced, cheerful tigress, inclined to purr rather than snarl. Yet if these characters are to be perpetuated it is well that they should be humanized. Ed Brady, as a loose-talking youth who is more observant than most talkative men, comes to the front successfully after numerous not-so-successful efforts. "The Gun Woman" is adventure with a minimum of vampishness.

A PETTICOAT PILOT—Paramount

"Mary 'Gusta" was the name of "A Petticoat Pilot" when it was between covers. Vivian Martin is starred in the picture version. But the real interest in the play, unless you have an insatiable appetite for calf love and sugar romance, is in the two old self-made "uncles," played by Theodore Roberts and James Neill. Roberts is even greater in his kindly humor than in former deviltries, and Neill is a master of any sort of character study. The story of the penniless waif who takes charge of her bachelor guardians, and finally works out their worldly salvation, is not unfamiliar nor original. But Roberts and Neill give it a new twist.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT—Paramount

Julian Eltinge demonstrates better than ever before the possibilities of contrast between his male and female impersonations, as offered by the screen, and in "The Widow's Might" he is a rancher, something of a roughneck, in his pants episodes, and a lady of rank in the skirt sequences.

(Continued on page 107)



Alice Brady wears 1918 gowns as Jane Eyre in "Woman and Wife," but keeps to the Bronte story.



In "The Spirit of '17" Boy Scouts and G. A. R. Men help Jack Pickford entertain.



Julian Eltinge has his usual troubles in "The Widow's Might," but camouflage saves him.

Tom Sawyer



"Tom was not the best boy in the village" was Twain's only description of the great boy character he created.

WHAT did Tom Sawyer look like? Every one of the multiplied thousands who have read Mark Twain's great stories of Tom and Huck, has some sort of mental picture of this one-hundred-per-cent boy. Yet, strangely enough, the only clue his creator gives to his appearance is a single sentence—"Tom was not the best boy in the village." It was so with many of the characters surrounding Tom as well. Thus when it came to imprisoning in celluloid the adventures and escapades of the boys of this community, the Paramount artists were permitted the widest latitude.

Only concerning Huck Finn was Mark Twain generous with his graphic phrases. "The juvenile pariah of the village, Huckelberry Finn was cordially hated by all the mothers of the town, because he was idle and lawless and vulgar and bad and because all their children admired him and wished they dared be like him. Huckleberry was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full grown men, and they were in perennial bloom and fluttering with rags. His hat was a vast ruin with a wide crescent lopped out of the brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels and had the rearward buttons far down the back; but one suspender supported his trousers."

The other characters are etched in with free-hand strokes. The strange boy, with whom Tom fought, was "well dressed on a week day . . . his cap a dainty thing . . . he had shoes on and it was only Friday . . . he even wore a necktie." And Joe Harper, "Tom's bosom friend during the week and sworn enemy on Saturday, when the two engaged in military and piratical maneuvers of every character." And Becky, "a lovely little blue-eyed creature, with yellow hair plaited into two

"The strange boy—well dressed on a week day—he even wore a necktie."



Every boy has an Aunt Polly "stern but affectionate."



Joe Harper was "Tom's bosom friend during the week and sworn enemy on Saturday."

Comes to Life

long tails, white summer frock and embroidered pantalets."

The characters, however, give vivid portraits. The classic tale of the whitewashing of the fence tells volumes. The romance of Tom and Becky, the boy's nonchalant ardor and the girl's pert provocativeness, is a living episode of childhood. The stern but affectionate Aunt Polly we see in glimpses. Mary, Tom's sister and official conscience, is said to have been a portrait of Mark Twain's own sister.

Now the moving picture enhances the pages of this greatest of American classics—greatest because universal in its reflection of human experiences. Today the reader of "Tom Sawyer" can experience a double joy, stimulating his imagination by watching the living version—an animated supplement to Mark Twain's volumes.

The characters shown on these pages and the players in the picture are: Tom Sawyer—Jack Pickford; Huckleberry Finn—Robert Gordon; Becky—Clara Horton; Sister Mary—Alice Marvin; Joe Harper—Antrim Short; Aunt Polly—Edythe Chapman.



At right. The classic tale of the whitewashing of the fence was an index to Tom's character.

In circle, Becky, "a lovely little blue-eyed creature."

"Mary, Tom's sister, was his official conscience."

"Huckleberry Finn was cordially hated by all the mothers of the town—all the children admired him and wished they dared be like him."

Rhea—*the* Lovely

Miss Mitchell — but everybody calls her "Ginger" —

By Grace



IT'S exactly like a fairy-tale or a moving picture plot—just exactly.

You know how it is in the pictures. First she's a pink-gingham heroine, swinging a sunbonnet by one string—(she never wears it because if she did the sunshine couldn't light up her hair)—and then her father or uncle makes a fortune with his invention canning icebergs to send to the equator or something; and in the third reel she's all dolled up, and lives in a millionaire's house that's been furnished with trading stamps.

That's just the way it was with Rhea Mitchell, Paralta star. Professionally, of course. They called her "Ginger" Mitchell then, when she played the pink-gingham heroines, and they threw her into the ocean and over precipices and they used her to stop trains with; and Bill Hart was her lover and treated her rough.

Well, any little girl who's been used to romping around in the open naturally finds it a little cramping to her style to have to dress up and look pretty all day, playing those heavy things—dramatic roles and psychologically intellectual roles. Rhea wasn't used to it. She was fond of taking a plunge into the Pacific whenever the fancy happened to hit her or her director; she rode, too—they called her "the stunt girl."



As a vamp, Ginger makes a mighty sweet ingenue. From "The Overcoat," an old American picture.

"But no more black-and-blue drama for me," said Rhea the other day, as she sat knitting, on the back porch of her Hollywood bungalow, where the sunlight fell in brilliant splotches on her golden hair, just as sunlight has a way of falling.

"Down at Inceville, you know, there was so much room to throw a person about. Any bright idea they happened to get about you could at once be put into execution. They painted you with red blood as a matter of course and tradition; but it wasn't at all necessary as a rule. Why, the first day I came home from work, I said to mother: 'I'm not an actress any more; I'm an acrobat.' I just can't get used to being all painted up white instead of covered with alkali dust."

Dave Warfield, they say, wants to do "Hamlet."

Rhea has just seen someone she knows down the street, and she's waiting for him at the approach to her Hollywood bungalow. (Note: the pronoun for "one" is always "he." That's grammar.)

Riddle

says no more black and blue drama for her

Kingsley

Rhea Mitchell, she says, longs to indulge in the bright, sunshiny stuff.

"Just for once, I wish they'd let me romp around in comedy and curls—not brick-in-the-hat and pie-in-the-eye comedy, but bright, sunshiny roles—"

There you are!

"But," she continued, "they never will. Sometimes in the Inceville days they used to let me start out happily; though of course something desperate always happened to me before the end of the first reel—

"Do I weep naturally in my sob scenes? Yes, I do—that is, I either can't weep at all, or I have to swim out. Music helps. Just let the studio musicians begin playing 'Somewhere a Voice Is Calling,'—I don't know whose voice it is, maybe the laundryman's or somebody I owe money to—anyway, I go right to it.



How Miss Mitchell can look-up-at-one! She's doing it in this scene from "The Phantom Extra."

"I'll tell you something. I miss all that daredevil horseback riding and swimming and romping about; and sometimes I revert to type, put on my old riding habit, send down to the riding stables for a horse, and have a nice mad gallop to the foot-hills. Why, I never was out of California in all my life until I went to New York last year. Did I gaze up at the tall buildings? Maybe;—but I was mighty careful to brace myself, because I had a friend who didn't, and she fell right over backwards.

Miss Mitchell's hair isn't red—that is, not exactly. We've just said it's gold. But Miss Mitchell herself tells you that they never call her "Rhea"; she is "Ginger" Mitchell to anyone who knows her at all. As there is nothing in her disposition to warrant such a name, it must be the hair. It's pretty hair, anyway; and it does look golden in the sunlight.

If it was any other girl who'd been born in Portland, Oregon, and you were writing about her, you'd say: "And she is as lovely as the most prized flowers of the Rose City"

(Continued on page 106)



Rhea got into her riding habit and posed especially with the animals. Why? To give us a chance for a clever caption. But we're not going to do it.

Stagg

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

WHILE Francis X. Bushman was taking scenes on the snow-covered hills around Baltimore, February fifth, his wife, Mrs. Josephine Bushman, who lives near Baltimore in the Green Spring Valley, was filing a suit for partial divorce. With her are their five children. According to Mrs. Bushman's statement, the star is earning $60,000 a year. Recently, she declares, he agreed to pay her $100 a week in addition to defraying her expenses; but he is now more than $1,000 in arrears on his payments. Mrs. Bushman asks for the custody of their children and that she be allowed to make her home with the children at the Riderwood, Green Spring Valley, home. At the same time she asked the court that Bushman be restrained from disposing of any of his property. The Bushmans were married at Wilmington, Delaware, June 2, 1902. Unless the defendant shows cause by February 18 why such action should not be taken, Mrs. Bushman will receive $200 a week alimony.

SERGEANT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, whose book, "Over the Top," has been one of the most successful stories on the war, has been engaged by Vitagraph to appear in a film version. Empey volunteered for service with the British expeditionary forces in France immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania, serving eighteen months in the trenches. He was wounded three times, and won his promotion for bravery in action. His book, "Over the Top," in six months has been read by more than 2,500,000 people in the U. S. alone. Empey is going to appear on the screen "because," he says, "I believe that a motion picture adequately depicting conditions on the other side may serve further to awaken America to a realization of what we are up against."

BILLIE BURKE is suing Arthur Hopkins for $34,500. The amount is due her, she says, on "The Rescuing Angel"—which was one of this season's plentiful sprinkling of "legitimate" failures. Billie says she was given only one week's notice. And she thinks she will continue in pictures. We think so, too.

MOVING pictures are soon to be turned out at Harvard. That is, not turned out; but turned out. They will be used to popularize the war. Professor George P. Baker of Boston, who for a number of years has conducted a course in dramatic literature at Harvard, has been placed in charge by the National Committee of Public Information, which has established a division of films. The committee's work will be to assemble and select the best scenarios which will later spread through the country war intelligence and propaganda.

GERALDINE FARRAR has been annually reported retired from the Metropolitan Opera Company, because the directors of that institution have decided that no artiste may sing within the classic walls of the M. and also appear on the screen. And once again the Metropolitan has denied the rumor. "We wish," they say, quite thoughtfully, "we wish and we hope to keep Miss Farrar with us for many years to come. The only thing is that we naturally feel we have some claim on the services of our artistes, and must give our consent before any other appearances are made or contracts signed." Well, well—that's over and done with for another year.

ENID BENNETT has married Fred Niblo, the well-known actor from the legitimate. He has been playing in Los Angeles and Miss Bennett has, until recently, been active before the cameras. Niblo was the husband of Josephine Cohan—George M.'s sister, who died a year or more ago. They had one son, now attaining manhood. Mr. Niblo is 44; Miss Bennett, 25. She is the Australian actress whom Triangle brought to America.

PHOTOPLAY is exceedingly popular with "The Boys" over there. Here is a letter from France, which is illustrated on this page:

"December 8, 1917: While reading over my October copy of PHOTOPLAY a thought came to me that you might be interested in the enclosed photo. Coming off duty at Battalion Signal Station, I had PHOTOPLAY and The Saturday Evening Post under my arm,—and a 'Poilu' who stayed at the Billet was to get a 'snap' of some of us. The picture came out fairly good, and I



This snapshot comes from Somewhere in France. From left to right: Hal Collins; Percy Smith; S. MacDonald; Ralph Johnson; Wm. Breckenridge, all with the 42nd. Highlanders. Mr. Breckenridge has the October PHOTOPLAY. No, Cynthia, they are not actors, just fans, even as you and I.



Mrs. Augustus Phillips says we should call this, "Who's Whose and What They Have." She is Mildred Manning, Vitagraph's O. Henry Girl.

thought it would be of interest to you.

"I have been getting PHOTOPLAY regularly since I came to France and enjoy the contents immensely.

"It will probably be of interest to you to know that two weeks after we took Vimy Ridge I was watching 'movies' there and the show was interrupted by an aeroplane falling and landing about twelve feet from the tent.

"Wishing your magazine every success.

"Yours very truly,
"WM. BRECKENRIDGE,
"42nd Canadians.
"France."

DAVID POWELL, who is popular with the followers of the flicker-drama, has added Miss Elsie Ferguson to his list of famous leading women. The others are: Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Clara K. Young, Ann Murdock, and Olive Tell. Mr. Powell made seven pictures for Empire All-Star. He and Miss Ferguson played in "Outcast" together when that drama was on tour.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD, following the lead of Fairbanks and other awfully-popular stars, has an alternating director, now,—Francis Ford.

JACK SHERRILL, who popularized himself in "The Witching Hour" and other Frohman photoplays, recently married Miss Lillian Forbes, an actress, of New York. The ceremony was performed in Tampa, Florida, where the Frohman company went for scenes in "The Birth of a Race." Theirs was an acquaintance of less than forty-eight hours.



Comedy King Charles Chaplin and Welterweight King Ted Lewis. As a boxer, Charles always was a good comedian—Kid Lewis didn't even remove his watch. But he visited the studio, and they had to pose a bit.

THE Lubin Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, where all those old "Liberty Bell" movies used to be made, has been taken over by the Wright Roller Bearing Company, The property is valued at $110,000.

ROWLAND LEE, former leading man at the Triangle Culver City studios, is now with Uncle Sam at Camp Gordon, Atlanta. He wrote a letter to Triangle: "'They're Off,' a Triangle picture I did while with you, was shown here in camp last night in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. After the running I gave a short talk to the men on picture-making. The photoplay was a big success, and the boys seemed to like my talk. It seems funny, now that I'm a soldier, to sit and see myself as an actor back at the Triangle studios."



Who is it and where is he going? That's easy; note the venerable handbag, the detachable cuffs, and the general air of determination. Right—it's our old friend, Charles Ray, in another Clodhopper characterization.



Bessie Barriscale's nemesis must be all a myth. Anyway, she needn't worry about it as long as she can cameraflage herself into a skeleton. Howard Hickman assists; and it's all for "Within the Cup," a new Paralta production.

FLORENCE DESHON, whose work in "Audrey," a Frohman picture starring C. Aubrey Smith, will perhaps be remembered, has signed with Vitagraph, to play opposite the Flatbush company's man-star, Harry Morey. Miss Deshon lately had the unsympathetic role of "Lilas Lynn" in Beach's novel, "The Auction Block," and did very well with it.

PEGGY HYLAND is now a William Fox star, with her own company. After leaving Vitagraph, the pretty little English girl made one picture called "Persuasive Peggy," which has not yet been viewed by the greater portion of the public—although it is said that "Peggy" is a sweet picture, a clean picture, and a picture at which the censors need not cast even a surreptitious glance. Miss Hyland then did "The Other Woman" for Pathe, before entering into her present agreement. It is given out that she will make one picture a week. It is to be hoped that this was a mistake. However, one cannot blame everything on the printer, can one?

EUGENE PALLETTE, actor for various west-coast companies, was to have played with Mary Pickford in her

next production. But Pallette has earned and won a commission as lieutenant in the aviation branch of the service, and his duties will call him from Los Angeles at an early date.

WALLACE McDONALD, who has been a leading man at Vitagraph's Flatbush studios for the past year, has gone to Culver City to become a member of the Triangle forces.

INADVERTENTLY, the name of the author of the scenario of the World Production, "The Good-for-Nothing," was omitted from the fictionized version which appeared in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. The original story was by A. Alexander Thomas of New York City, and only the fiction version which appeared in PHOTOPLAY was by Felix Baird, who merely rewrote Mr. Thomas' film synopsis.

THE Biograph Studio is upholding its traditions. It still stands, you know, and has been used frequently by various well-known companies. Among them: Emily Stevens in "Daybreak;" Eva Tanguay in "The Wild Girl;" Clara Young in "The Easiest Way," "The Price She Paid," and "The Foolish Virgin;" Constance Talmadge in "The Honeymoon" and "Scandal;" "Lest We Forget," with Rita Jolivet; "Runaway Romany," Marion Davies' film debut; "Over There," with Charles Richman; "The Struggle Everlasting," with Florence Reed; the Robert Warwick features; several Fatty Arbuckle comedies; and now Madame Petrova is busy with her Petrova Pictures and has already finished two at the cradle-of-the-movies.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, the artist, is making a series of twelve single-reelers for Edison under the title, "Girls You Know." They are "social satires" and each picture features a type of attractive American girl, in a series of amusing situations with humorous subtitles done in J. M. F.'s best style. The first three releases are: "The Screen Fan," "The Bride," and "The Superstitious Girl." They are real girls, not pen-and-inks.

MONROE SALISBURY is a modest man. Yes, we *are* speaking of Monroe Salisbury, the actor. Why, nobody knew he could play—music—but recently when taking scenes for a new picture at Seven Oaks under Rupert Julian's direction, a benefit entertainment was held and Mr. Salisbury gave two piano solos, which were much appreciated by Seven Oaks. And he writes, too—photoplays. What's more, he gets 'em accepted.

WHAT are Rana Esculenti? Miss Helen Holmes says they constitute the best-paying crop produced this year on her big farm in the foot-hills of the San Gabriel Mountains, near Los Angeles. Miss Holmes' Japanese superintendent, who is called Ito, is one of the best little Hooverizers there is; and he manages to produce edibles which permit luxurious feeding of the star's numerous visitors without violating any of Mr. Hoover's laws. Well, at a dinner-party given by Helen on her farm, Ito served a wonderful stew which he labeled, learnedly, "Rana Esculenti." Those who could pronounce it, did so; the others merely wondered. Then Helen admitted that it was made of frog's legs. The scientific name of the frog was applied merely as a bit of culinary camouflage. Oh, well, any story that has a "Hoover" in it gets across nowadays.



Joseph Kaufman.

JOSEPH KAUFMAN, the director, died of pneumonia February first. He had been ill but a short time and while it was known that his condition was critical, hope was entertained that he would recover. Mr. Kaufman and his wife, Ethel Clayton, recently signed contracts with Paramount, to work together as star and director. Mr. Kaufman's last picture was "The Song of Songs," with Elsie Ferguson. He has directed such successful film plays as "Broadway Jones," "Ashes of Embers," "Dollars and the Woman," one of Ethel Clayton's most popular subjects, besides acting in many photoplays during his affiliation with the Lubin company. When Paramount signed Mr. Kaufman to direct his wife, it was hoped that the result would be some "domestic dramas," such as "The Blessed Miracle," which presented Miss Clayton so satisfactorily and which was, moreover, Mr. Kaufman's forte.

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos are with Famous Players-Lasky. Their pictures will be distinctly individual, it is said, and will be known as the John Emerson and Anita Loos Productions for Paramount. The famous director-writer team will be given free rein in their new association and are now enabled to continue to put forth the result of their best combined effort in their new productions. Their first photoplay has been written for Fred Stone; but Donald Crisp, not Emerson, will direct the comedian when he comes to California early next summer.

MOLLIE KING has gone back to the stage, via the two-a-day. Also, she is calling herself, as a special inducement to wary theatre-goers in these chastened war-times, "Mollie King—the Reel Star in Real Life." She dances and sings and gives imitations and things.

NORWORTH and Shannon are theatrical producers. Jack Norworth is also known as an actor who talks and sings and has never been in the movies. They wanted to head the cast of their next production with a name of great distinction. So what was more natural than that they should ask Mary Pickford? They wired her about it; and this is Mary's answer: "Mary Pickford would consider $10,000 a week. Salary for her personal staff. Managers to provide all costumes and guarantee fifty-two weeks. Cannot begin engagement until conclusion of contract here in June. Two hundred thousand dollars to be placed in escrow as guarantee of good faith." It is possible that Norworth and Shannon will have to sign somebody like Maude Adams or David Warfield. Mary's much too busy.

"OH, the movies won't last long!" they used to say. Now the movies are paying higher salaries than ever before, producing more lavishly—and we don't hear of very many long-established concerns "failing." Yet the Century Show, "Miss 1917," has gone under. Elsie Janis, queen of mimics, was called in at the eleventh hour in a vain attempt to save it; but even Elsie couldn't do it. Then Morris Gest brought his highly successful play, "Chu Chin Chow," from the Manhattan to the Century; and Charles Dillingham, who with Florenz Ziegfeld put on "Miss 1917," wired him: "You don't know the half of it, dearie; you don't know the half of it." Mrs. Castle, you know, left the show sometime ago because her stage appearances conflicted with her picture work. Now it's Irene Castle, movie star.

MAJOR CUSHMAN HARTWELL of "Mary's Flying Squadron," flying from the aviation base at San Diego over the city of Los Angeles, couldn't get down to see Mary Pickford personally, so he did the next best thing: he dropped a letter from his airplane addressed to "America's Sweetheart," somewhere in Hollywood. There was a newsboy standing at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, just a block from the Lasky studio. Unlike other boys, this youngster greatly admires Little Mary. So when he saw the bit of white paper fluttering down from the sky in the wake of the disappearing plane, he rubbed his eyes, picked it up, and made for the studio. The studio gate-man admitted him to the lot, after the newsy had insisted that he had very important personal business with Mary, that required prompt attention. Breaking into the stages, the youngster wouldn't be satisfied until he'd delivered the letter personally into the hands of "America's Sweetheart." That newsy is still telling about "Me an' Mary Pickford."

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PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Third of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art



By
John Emerson
and
Anita Loos

THE play of theme is, no doubt, growing to have a greater and greater place in moving picturedom. In fact, the popularity of such plays is a most encouraging sign, as indicating a more thoughtful attitude on the part of movie audiences. In the old days all that was required in a motion picture was action, and for a long time it was considered impossible to produce a story in which the conflict was mental. These times, however, are happily past. Today the play which is built on a theme or idea which points out and illustrates a general condition is becoming the most diligently sought after of all motion picture material.

We would say, therefore, to the writer of scenarios, wherever possible build your story about a theme; make your climax the outcome of some great universal truth. The old truths, of course, are pretty well worn, but every day of our civilization finds a new truth born, that the searching and thinking mind may discover if it will take the time and patience to hunt it down.

The ambitious amateur may ask, "What *is* a theme?" "How can I find a new theme?" "How may I study pictures to learn the value of a theme?" In answer we would say, a theme is a great universal truth. Social themes grow naturally out of the development of our civilization, and each step that our civilization and social conditions take, whether backward or forward, creates hundreds of themes which we may discover by a careful study of these same conditions. A splendid example of a theme well used occurred in "Skinner's Dress Suit." The theme, in brief, was that people take you at your own valuation, and if you put up a good bluff, you are pretty sure to "get by" with it. Now this theme is essentially the outcome of modern business and social conditions in America. "Skinner's Dress Suit" was timely and new. Given a theme as novel and interesting as this one, the story almost develops itself. The advantage of a theme so universal and timely is that almost every member of an audience will have at one time or another come in contact with experiences such as the hero in the story goes through. This, of course, is a tremendous advantage in favor of the success of a play. To have his audience with him is the aim of every experienced playwright, and novelist too for that matter.

Today the play which is built on a theme or idea or which points and illustrates a general condition is becoming the most diligently sought-after of all motion picture material.

As to learning the value of a theme, it is well for the prospective writer to study pictures with the theme in view. The greatest thing a theme can do is to make the spectator say to himself: "I have had experiences that dealt with this same thing!" This, of course, puts the spectator immediately *en rapport* with the story. When you are watching a picture, pick out the theme and ask yourself if it interests you personally; if you have ever had experiences that dealt with it, or if you have ever come in contact with such experiences. If you have you will generally notice that you are much more interested in the story than you would be if it were merely a detached drama of peculiar instead of general interest.

In our own stories we have endeavored to deal with themes of as wide universal interest as possible and have met with a fair degree of success. In "His Picture in the Papers," done by Mr. Fairbanks, our theme was the great American love of publicity, and we banked on the personal interest of anyone who ever tried to get his name in the papers or who ever thrilled at *seeing* his name in the papers, or who ever had friends addicted to this little human weakness.

In "In Again—Out Again," we used the humorous theme to the effect that it is easy enough to get into trouble when you don't want to but when you do want to it is altogether a different matter. This is not so universal, hence not so good a theme as the former, but as the story was of a farcical nature the theme answered its purpose.

"American Aristocracy" poked fun at the type of American millionaire whose wealth and social position is based on the manufacture of talcum powder, pickles or safety razors. But back of this was the comparatively serious theme that to be a success in America one must *do* something, even if it is only the canning of beans.

In "The Social Secretary," played by Norma Talmadge, we tried to explode the theory that the girl who comes to New York to make her own way has to sell herself in order to succeed.

In "Wild and Woolly" we again used a humorous

theme, that sometimes the practical joker finds his own joke turned against himself with dire results. In this picture we also satirized the more or less common idea of the easterner regarding the West.

In "Down to Earth" our theme concerned the preservation of health, and was to the effect that if we were forced to do without luxuries and medicine and to get down to first principles and dig our own living out of the earth, we should probably lose a lot of our bodily ills.

"Reaching for the Moon" we shall deal with at length later on.

"The Americano" was the one play we have done in which a theme was lacking and which depended for its success on the dramatic strength of the story alone. Such a play is very difficult to construct, and we would advise the novice not to attempt one until he has acquired some technical skill in construction.

Once one has caught his theme, the natural question is how best to develop it and how to make the conflict grow logically out of it. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this process will be to take a story and show how it was developed step by step, giving our reasons for each step as it was taken. We have selected our last story for Mr. Fairbanks, "Reaching for the Moon," not because we consider it perfect by any means, but because it is comparatively recent and the reader may find a chance to study it in conjunction with this article. The play illustrates perfectly the logical development of a theme.

The ideal incident develops character, advances plot, and is the outgrowth of theme. The writer should test every incident and see that it lives up to at least two of these requirements.

The first conference concerning "Reaching for the Moon" was held in the Fairbanks dressing-room in Hollywood, and began something like this:

Mr. Fairbanks—"You know, folks, I have always wanted to play the type of young chap who has tremendous ambitions; who wants to go out and conquer the world overnight."

Mr. Emerson—"We ought to be able to find a theme that will fit that character, but let's have one that we can satirize."

Miss Loos—"I know! Poke fun at New Thought. That's not been done yet!"

Mr. Emerson—"That's all right, but we must be careful how we handle it, for after all there is something real in this New Thought idea."

Miss Loos—"Well, suppose we give this young man a false idea of New Thought and then poke fun at *him!*"

Mr. Fairbanks—"I can see this young chap as a typical American, full of energy and with boundless ambition. I like to see a chap like that put right into the midst of a whirlpool of excitement! Go to it! I've got a couple of broncs that have to be broken by lunchtime." Exit Mr. Fairbanks.

Mr. Emerson—"Suppose we start with this young American and make him a rabid believer in New Thought. Let him think that anything on earth he wants (no matter whether he is entitled to it or not) he can get simply by concentrating on it."

Miss Loos—"Yes, and our lesson can be 'Be careful what you wish for, because you are likely to get it.' Then we can have Doug wish for more than he can handle, and when he gets it, find himself in a peck of trouble."

Mr. Emerson—"That's the idea! We'll start him off as a young American of humble position and make him, through the channel of his ambitions, reach a place in the world where he shall be hob-nobbing with kings and potentates and find himself up against problems with which he is not able to cope at all."

With this beginning we started work on "Reaching for the Moon." The first thing to do was to establish our theme, "Be careful what you wish for because you are likely to get it," and to establish our main character, planting thoroughly his belief in New Thought and concentration, his high ambitions and also his lowly place in the world. This all had to be done before we started our plot itself. To establish our hero's character it was necessary to give two or three little characteristic incidents which would show just what type of man he was and plant thoroughly in the audience's mind the hero's position in life, his outlook on life and his mental attitude. These incidents were as follows:

1. His interest in a book on Concentration caused him to be late to work at the button factory, where he worked as clerk.

2. Instead of keeping his mind on the work in front of him, Alexis dreamed of making solid gold buttons for the nobility of China, and proposed this wild idea to his boss.

3. Alexis hung around a rich man's house for hours just for the sake of catching a glimpse of some great personage.

These three incidents we used in the picture to establish thoroughly his character. Each incident, however, was so tied up to the plot that it not only served to establish character but also had the purpose of advancing the story. Thus the episode of his reading the book on Concentration showed a phase of his character and also started the thread of the story by introducing the subject of concentration which played so important a part in the plot. The incident of his neglecting his work to let his mind wander over to the potentates of China showed his desire for adventure and also served to make his boss angry at him, thereby giving him a reason for firing him later in the story. The episode which showed him hanging around a magnificent home in order to catch a glimpse of the Prince of Contraria gave us an opportunity to show his propensity for hero-worship, and, coming after the introduction of the love interest, Alexis' wild dreams of power formed a fine contrast to the girl's dreams of a simple, wholesome married life. In this way every incident is given at least two reasons for being. The ideal incident is one which develops character, advances plot and is the outgrowth of theme. To the scenario writer we would suggest that he test every incident of his story and see that it lives up to at least two of these requirements.

Once the main character is thoroughly established it is time to see the plot itself well started on its way. In "Reaching for the Moon," the plot was prepared for in the very first scenes, where Alexis' mother was shown as a lady of mystery who had been a refugee from the Kingdom of Vulgaria. Then with the coming of the Minister of Vulgaria to the United States the plot started in full swing. We chose the "dream" idea because it best suited our desire for satire and for melodramatic farce, in which Mr. Fairbanks so splendidly excels. The story could have been written with the incidents real, but in that case the main role would have best suited a straight dramatic actor. We were looking for the extreme in melodrama and we chose the "dream" because it would allow us to go the limit in this direction. The dream could just as well be an outcome of Alexis' belief in concentration as could a genuine happening. The theme was carried along just as easily and Alexis learned his lesson just as thoroughly.

In the main body of a plot one must always be careful to have the interest well sustained and the complications grow in a steady crescendo. Any time there is a sag in the interest your story is cold, whether the action increases in speed or not. The interest in the main characters must be steadily held and increased up to the point of the

(Continued on page 122)

REAL FOLKS

In which Father Dugan discovers that one is never too old to learn

By Frances Denton, from the scenario of the original story

By Kate Corbaley

THE sunlight streamed through the diamond-shaped panes of the casement window, and caught Father Dugan sharply in the eyes. He yawned, blinked and turned over. His valet stepped quickly forward with a deferential: "Your bath is ready, sir."

Being a multi-millionaire has its drawbacks. This confounded daily bath business, for instance. In the good old days when he had been a common laborer in the oil fields, Pat Dugan had considered a weekly tubbing a more than adequate concession to his wife's finicky ideas of cleanliness. But when one has struck oil and reached a station in life that calls for a valet, there's nothing to do but live up to it. So presently Father Dugan emerged purified, pink and speckless, had his breakfast, and went to search for his much better half, Mother Dugan.

He found her in her beloved rose garden, and although her rising had antedated his by a good two hours, Mother Dugan was far from sartorially perfect. She was in the act of transferring the earth-covered roots of a baby Marechal Niel to a more advantageous location, and she wore old gloves, and a gingham dress with a drabbled hem, her gray hair was wadded tightly up under a sunbonnet and there was a smudge of earth across one cheek.

She was so intent upon her occupation that she failed to observe Father Dugan's strong disapproval.

"Four Japs do I hire to do this work, and yet you spend your spare time diggin' like a Portugee truck farmer's wife," said he.

Mother Dugan rose to her feet, and pushing back a lock of straying hair, added another smudge.

"But roses are like children, Pat. They need love in their handlin'. And why should I leave to the Japs what I like best of all to do?"

"We must try to live up to our position in life," said Pat, grumpily. " 'Tis strange that you and Jimmy do not appreciate the change that's come to us, at all. Sure a body would take you for the cook."

Mother Dugan gave a little sigh. She was reluctant to leave her garden and it was evident that she had no relish for the burdens of state.

However, she laid down her trowel and sauntered up the path toward the house, or rather mansion, for it was no less. Since Pat had struck it rich, there had been nothing too good for the Dugans. Fortunately his home had been built originally by those who possessed more discrimination than himself, so it was not the nightmare that it might have been. For Pat bought indiscriminately and irrationally. Inside of the mansion was a wealth of costly but irrelevant things, jumbled together without regard to fitness or harmony. Mother Dugan would have liked simplicity, but Pat was determined to have lavish furnishings.

"I'm glad of one thing," stated Father Dugan, as they walked along. "I'm glad we've got Jimmy started on the right road. At an eastern college he'll meet real folks. No second-raters for Pat Dugan's boy. He's got the looks, and with my money he can mix with the best of them. It's glad I am that I got that fellow Quiggs to valet him. He'll know the proper thing for Jimmy to do, and to wear, at all times."

Dugan sat down in a rustic chair and stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, beaming with satisfaction. Then he hastily removed them. He had happened to think that probably genuine aristocrats didn't stick their thumbs in the armholes of their vests. In fact, he was uneasily conscious that probably the aforesaid aristocrats didn't remove their coats when taking a siesta in their gardens—but then, a man must have some liberty. There was no use being an utter *slave* to conventions.

"And in a couple of years, when Jimmy gets solid with society, we'll go East ourselves and put up a big house so we can entertain and do things up in style. What's the use of havin' money, Mother, if it's not a bit of good to you?"

Mother Dugan said never a word. She hadn't wanted Jimmy to go East, she didn't care a rap whether he got into society. She wanted him to go to school where he could run home for holidays and over Sunday, and she could feast her eyes on him. She had hoped that he would marry some sweet girl, with plain, simple ideas like her own; and she had looked forward to the day when little laughing children should play around her, in her rose garden, children with Jimmy's blue eyes. You see, Mother Dugan's ideas of who's who and what's what didn't coincide with Father's, at all. It is quite possible that in the past the sweat of all the honest toil that Father Dugan had performed had run into his eyes and dimmed his vision. Or maybe Mother Dugan was wrong. We'll see.

As they walked toward the house a servant met them, carrying a telegram on a tray. Pat took it and dismissed the bearer with a wave of his hand—as he had seen lords and dukes do in the movies. He tore open the envelope, Mother Dugan, on tiptoe with eagerness,



Mrs. Kate Corbaley, winner of the first prize ($1000) of the Photoplay Magazine-Triangle Film Corp. scenario contest meets Mr. Barney Sherry, who plays the part of Dugan in her picture.

The $1,000-Prize Winner

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name by Mrs. Kate Corbaley. Produced by Triangle with the following cast:

Jimmy Dugan..... Francis Mac Donald
Mrs. Dugan .....Alberta Lee
Pat Dugan.....J. Barney Sherry
Joyce Clifton.....Fritzie Ridgeway
Lady Blessington.....Marion Skinner
Margaret Van Arsden.....Betty Pearce
Van Arsden .....George Pearce



"We start for the East tonight, Pat. Almost anything might have happened to Jimmy."

beside him. "Is it from Jimmy?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

He did not answer. Astonishment, perplexity, dismay and finally apprehension mirrored themselves in his weatherbeaten countenance. Again he looked at the telegram, then crumpled it in his hand. "We start for the East to-morrow," he exclaimed.

Mother Dugan snatched the bit of paper from him. She read it and her eyes grew wide with astonishment. It ran like this:

"The young man kicked me from his room, sir, and has been expelled from school. What shall I do?

"QUIGGS."

Mother Dugan stared at Father Dugan. He stared back. Then she dropped her gardening tools in a heap, roots, flowers and all, and started precipitately for the house, saying, over her shoulder:

"We start for the East *tonight*, Pat. Almost anything might have happened to Jimmy."

* * * * *

From a parlor window, high up in a New York hotel, Mother Dugan gazed down to the street below. For two weeks now she had watched the ebb and flow of the tide of jostling black pygmies far below her, and with a sore heart had wondered over and over again which bit of flotsam in it was her Jimmy. For the search had been fruitless. Jimmy's father and mother had learned all the details of his snubbing at the hands of some college students, with whom in his breezy western way he had tried to be friends; had learned of the historic battle that followed; of his resisting, in blind anger, an officer who had attempted to take him into custody; of his fury against Quiggs, his valet, whom he blamed for his humiliation; and finally, of his shocking behavior when the Dean of his college had come to remonstrate with him. And then he had disappeared like a soap bubble in a breeze.

It was plain that Jimmy's Irish temper, added to his ignorance of college traditions, and his contempt for snobs had been his undoing. Mother Dugan was thinking, mournfully, how all this might have been avoided had Pat been amenable to reason and had Jimmy gone to a college near home. There came a knock at the door. A maid entered with a letter addressed to her, Mother Dugan, which had been forwarded all the way from California. It was Jimmy's handwriting! With thankful tears welling to her eyes, Mother Dugan opened it and read:

"Dearest Mother: Don't worry about me. I'm all right. Don't tell Dad you heard from me, please. With love,

JIMMY."

Mother Dugan dropped into a chair and sobbed with relief and thankfulness. There were steps at the door. Quickly she tucked the note into her bosom and dried her eyes. Then Pat entered accompanied by a gentleman faultlessly tailored and mannered. This was Philip Van Arsden, a former investor in Dugan properties, hence a New York acquaintance. However, Van Arsden aspired to more than mere acquaintance—the Dugans were people worth befriending. He had added his efforts to theirs in endeavoring to trace Jimmy, but he had been equally unsuccessful.

"I have seen the detective people, Mother," said Pat, "but there's still no trace. But I've one of their picked men on the job and I've made it worth his while. If he finds Jimmy he can go right out to California and take over my old oil fields. It's a bargain."

Mother Dugan's face brightened. "And we'll stay here until we find him," added Father Dugan.

"But not in this hotel," said Mother Dugan. "I must have a place to live where there's a garden, Pat."

Van Arsden moved forward with as much eagerness as his caste permitted. "I think I know of a place that would suit you—the Clifton place, out on Long Island. If you wish, I will try to get it for you."

Mother Dugan looked at him gratefully. "That will be fine. If I have roses and flowers to keep me busy, it will make it a bit easier, and the waitin' less hard."

So, through the good offices of Van Arsden, who would

have been very glad to exchange some of his perfectly good social position for a little of Father Dugan's Bradstreet rating, the Clifton home was rented for the season, and the Dugans comfortably installed in it. That is, as comfortably as might have been expected, with the loss of their beloved Jimmy weighing down their minds. Nevertheless, Mother Dugan managed to extract a good deal of pleasure out of her roses, and in the companionship of her next-door neighbor, a Mrs. Omixen, an elderly woman, who had the same hobby as herself. With Mrs. Omixen was staying a pretty and sensible young woman, Joyce Clifton. Her family had at one time been wealthy and influential,



By this time Jimmy was head over heels in love with Joyce Clifton.

but death and reverses had reduced Joyce's inheritance to a mere equity in the Clifton place, and as a means of livelihood she taught dancing to the little children of the wealthy.

Joyce Clifton was more than ordinarily good to look at; so good, in fact, that one bright morning soon after the Dugans' arrival, when the greenhouse man's assistant drove up with some plants and Joyce received them, the fellow volunteered to set them out. He not only volunteered, after a second look at Joyce, he insisted, so Joyce sat down on the grass to watch him. Mrs. Omixen was in another part of the garden, talking across the fence to her new neighbor, Mother Dugan.

It struck Joyce that the greenhouse man's assistant was unnecessarily slow, and her friendly smile froze a little as she watched him. Across the fence, Mrs. Omixen and Mother Dugan were still in animated conversation. "Just come around through the gate," said Mrs. Omixen, "and I'll show you what I mean. And I want you to meet my godchild, Joyce Clifton."

Mother Dugan paused at the gate, with a smile acknowledging the introduction. The gardener's assistant was still stooping with his back to her. The last trowelful of earth had been patted into place, and he was obliged to rise to his feet, which he did regretfully, and he almost bumped into Mother Dugan who had come inside.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—" but he got no further, for Mother Dugan, with something between a sob and a laugh, cried "Jimmy!" and flung her arms around the greenhouse man's assistant. Laughing and crying, she explained, "This is my son that we've hunted all over the East to find."

Presently, after more broken explanation and a great many hugs, the situation was made plain to the wondering Mrs. Omixen and Joyce, and then there were felicitations all around. "You see," exclaimed Mother Dugan, "the poor boy's father wants to make a gentleman of him, and Jimmy wants to be just a plain man. You'll excuse us, while I take him to Pat, who'll be wild with joy."

Well, of course Father Dugan was overjoyed to find his son and to learn that he had suffered no harm. However, he was greatly chagrined to discover that Jimmy had been working as a common gardener and he was still further put out to find that his son was just as pigheaded as ever and had no intention of trying to get into society, or to become a "gentleman." Jimmy insisted on grubbing around in his mother's garden, or in his neighbor's—quite frequently the latter.

Pat had paid little attention to Mrs. Omixen; it was like Mother Dugan to hobnob with servants and the like, and undoubtedly the middle-aged woman in a dowdy hat, who tended the roses next door, was the housekeeper. Mother Dugan could have told him differently, but it never occurred to her to do so. She had learned that Mrs. Omixen was none other than Lady Blessington, who owned an estate in Surrey, and one of the most famous rose gardens in England. But this didn't make the least particle of difference in Mother Dugan's feelings toward Mrs. Omixen.

By this time, of course, Jimmy was head over heels in love with Joyce Clifton. But by this time, Father Dugan had made up his mind that the only way to get Jimmy into society was to marry him to someone socially prominent, such as Miss Margaret Van Arsden, daughter of

Van Arsden, the Dugans' friend. In fact, Father Dugan had gone so far as to come to a tacit agreement with Van Arsden, an agreement mentioning,—Oh, well, shares of stock and real estate and kindred things. You see, Margaret Van Arsden's social position was impregnable, and if Jimmy married her he would *have* to be somebody whether he wanted to or not.

Well, the upshot was that when Jimmy's father acquainted him with the nice little future already mapped out for him, Jimmy balked. And he would not budge, either for argument or intimidation. "I'll pick out my own wife, Father, thank you," said he. "For that matter, I've picked her already—the dearest, prettiest girl a fresh start. "I—er—I wanted to ask you— You see, I'm a poor man, now. Do you—do you think Joyce could ever care for a poor man?"

Lady Blessington smiled. "I really can't give you Joyce's ideas on marriage, but I'll give you her address and you can find out."

Jimmy was red to the roots of his hair, now, but on his face was a smile that shamed the sun. Eagerly he fumbled for a pencil, and wrote down the address she gave him. Then, in two strides he reached the gate. Lady Blessington was standing, smiling at him. He dropped his suitcase, came back and threw his arms around her, giving her a hearty kiss. Then he was gone.



Mother Dugan cried "Jimmy!" and flung her arms around the greenhouse man's assistant.

in the world—Joyce Clifton."

Pat rose to his feet, purple with anger. "A dancing teacher! Earns her own living—Van Arsden told me so. You'll marry the girl I pick out for you or you'll never tuck a napkin under your chin at my table again. A dancing teacher to spend my millions!"

"All right, Father, I can earn my own living. Tony Spontini will be glad to take me into partnership in the nursery business. I'll marry the girl I love."

His father stood watching him as he walked away, while his mother cried softly into her handkerchief. "Oh, Pat," she murmured to herself, "what's got into you at all? That you should turn out your son when he but acts the man. It's glad I'd be if the oil would turn to water in your wells!"

Jimmy strode over to Mrs. Omixen, whom we will call Lady Blessington, after this. "I am going into the nursery business again," he informed her. "I thought I'd stop to see if there was anything you wanted in our line."

As he spoke his eyes searched the garden. Lady Blessington understood. "Why, no; I thank you; not just now. Er—Joyce has gone back to her classes in the city."

A dismayed look came into Jimmy's face. He started to speak, then stopped. Lady Blessington, digging away at a root, looked up questioningly. Jimmy grew red and made

The Englishwoman stood still a minute in amazement. "Bless the boy!" she ejaculated. "Joyce will be safe with him."

The very next day, in her New York studio of dancing, Joyce Clifton had a caller. She had been interrupted twice that morning, and somewhat impatiently she greeted her visitor. She was surprised to find that it was Father Dugan, whom she had seen but had never met.

He did not waste any time in preliminaries. "I've come to see you about my son, Jimmy Dugan," he said.

His manner aroused Joyce's combativeness. "Yes?"

Dugan looked a bit uncomfortable. He had not expected such self possession from a mere dancing teacher.

"He tells me he is going to marry you."

Joyce looked straight at him. "I do not see that such a thing has anything to do with a call from you, sir."

"You don't! Well, I wish to tell you, young lady, that if he marries without my consent, I will disinherit him."

Joyce faced him squarely, a scornful curl on her lips. "If that is so, I think it would be the very best thing that could happen to Jimmy, and I am going to marry him."

As Dugan passed a corner on his way home, he met his son, carrying a bunch of flowers wrapped in a paper. But he did not recognize him; he was too busy with his own bitter thoughts. *(Continued on page 121)*



The Knothole Astronomer

Ruth Clifford peeked at Fame through a hole in the fence. It looked good to her; so she went around on the other side



"WHERE shall I begin, Your Majesty?" asked a certain white rabbit that Lewis S. Carroll wrote about.

"Begin at the beginning," the king said, gravely, "and go on until you come to the end; then stop."

The king's advice is very good, but in this case it is unnecessary. In telling about Ruth Clifford, it is impossible to begin any other place than at the beginning, because everything about her is just beginning. It is equally impossible to "go on until you come to the end" for the same reason: there isn't any end. And there's an end to that.

At seventeen, Ruth Clifford has been in pictures a scant two years, part of that time as an extra girl, and has never been on the stage, yet, today, she is a Bluebird star and every picture she appears in adds to her success.

One of the most interesting things about this notable beginning is that it would never have taken place but for a crack in a fence.

"I would never have had the courage to go up to anyone and ask for work," she said. "So I never would have gotten started if it hadn't been for that crack." She is of a very feminine type and painfully sensitive.

"I was twelve years old," she went on, "when, with my older sister and little brother, I left Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and went to live in New York City with my aunts, Katherine and Gertrude Valerie. It was right after my mother died. They were her younger sisters and they took the three of us and cared for us and saw that we got an education.

"I had finished grammar school and started into high, when we moved to the Edison Apartments, just around the corner from the Edison studio. Whenever I passed the studio, I always walked very slowly, perhaps on the theory that if I looked at the fence long enough and hard enough, I'd be able to see through it. The theory was a good one, too. I looked at that fence so long and so hard that I discovered a crack. It was not a particularly large crack, but it was big enough to see through and that was all I wanted. From that time on, every moment I had to myself was spent with one eye glued to that crack. A dozen times I thought of asking the man at the door to let me go in, but I didn't have the nerve. Then, one day, he came up and put his hand on my shoulder—I was scared to death! He wasn't a bit angry, though, which was another good thing for me. He might have been an old crank and if he had been my dramatic career would have ended right there.



From "A Kentucky Cinderella." But Ruth doesn't need a fairy-godmother.

" 'Little Girl,' he said, 'if you want to watch that badly I guess I'll have to let you in, but you must promise not to get in anyone's way.'

"Of course I promised! I was in heaven—("Curiously enough," she interrupted herself to say, "my first part was that of an angel")—"Anyway," she went on, "I stood around and watched and the first time a director asked me if I wanted to be in a picture, I was so excited that I said no, but the second time I said yes, so it turned out all right. The picture was 'The Birth of Our Savior.' I was to be let down on wires and had a close-up which showed me saying, 'I am come from heaven to bring you tidings of great joy.'

"Oh, that close-up! I couldn't say my line! I opened my mouth, said 'I' and closed it again, opened it again, and closed it again, opened it again and closed it again—the director yelled at me and

that only made me more nervous and my stuttering grew worse—it sounds funny now but it was like the end of the world to me, then. They didn't think anything of it at all, though, because I was given a great deal of extra work until I left to come here to Universal City (California)."

As unaffected and as pretty off the screen as she looks to be in her pictures, she has dark blue eyes, burnished-gold hair and talks in a low, soft voice. She speaks very impulsively and sometimes, when she wants to say something in a hurry, stutters just a little bit, and stops her sentence to murmur, with a laugh, "Oh, come, come, calm yourself!"

Her extra girl experience with Edison lasted five months. At the "U" she started in with Carter De Haven in comedies—"Just wearing pretty clothes and walking around," as she puts it. Her first dramatic work was done under the direction of Douglas Girard. At present she is with Rupert Julian.

She keenly enjoys a practical joke.

"We have spent about two-thirds of the last year making pictures up in the mountains—most of the time at Seven Oaks (California). We lived in little log cabins and used lamps and oil heaters. One nice, cold night, Colleen Moore and I gathered a bunch of wet leaves and put them in everybody's bed just about where one's feet would naturally come, and where they wouldn't be seen when the covers were thrown back.

"One member of the company was always very serious and correct, so instead of putting leaves in his bed, we made a dummy figure and dressed it up in one of my costumes. Then we pushed his bed-room slippers as far back as they would go, and put the figure under his bed. The joke never would have worked if he had had electricity in the room, but the light from his lamp was so dim that it must have been very effective. The funniest thing about it, though, was that the next morning he never said a word about it to anybody, but all the same I believe he suspected that we did it. Another time, we sewed up his gloves and made him late—but that was really mean."

Her aunts, the Valerie sisters, are in vaudeville, her brother in a military academy, and her sister studying music in New York. "I miss not having a home. Our little family is all broken up."

Some of the pictures she has appeared in are, "A Kentucky Cinderella," "Mother o' Mine," "The Mysterious Mr. Tiller," "The Desire of the Moth," "The Savage," and "The Door Between."

She is not in any way related to Kathleen Clifford.

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars *in* the Sky

By Ellen Woods



Nativity of Jack Pickford, Born, Aug. 18th.

AT this gentleman's birth, the royal sign Leo, the fifth sign of the Zodiac receives the Sun. Ptolemy, of Pelusa, surnamed the King of Astrologers, said that the subjects born under this beneficent influence will reach positions of honor and trust. From my experience in the study of the science I have found that the Leo children always rise to power and dignity according to their birth. From the 24th of July to Aug. 22, the Sun is in Leo, and gives to him born under its influence a lofty mind, a spirit of fair play, unbending dignity and a warm and generous heart. Good, will generally be returned for evil, and this will be the only revenge practiced by the native. This is a fixed sign and anything he does will be lasting. He will love steadfastly and will not like to change when once established in one place. He will not change ideas readily and will be quite successful in all open air sports, patient in all kinds of labor and admirably adapted to command. Those born under this sign have nothing but disdain for the honors they are destined to reap almost without effort. They acquire by their own merit, a good deal of property, besides what will come to them through relatives or influential friends. They should not make any bets, or speculate. I would say that Mr. Pickford should never leave these United States, if the year of his birth was given to me correctly. If he does he will be in danger of being held in bondage and of being mistreated, starved and placed where it is damp or cold. But if he remains in this country and keeps away from large bodies of fresh water he will prosper.



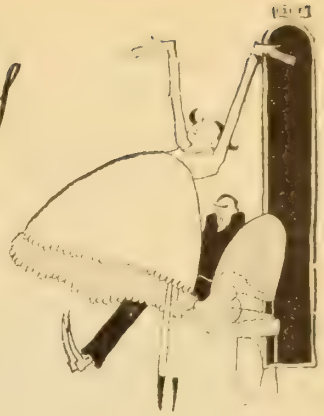
White photo

Nativity of Miss Lillian Gish, Born Oct. 14th.

MISS GISH was fortunate in having had the seventeenth degree of the Zodiacal sign Libra on the eastern horizon at her birth. I will quote Dr. Siminite in his Arcana of Astral Philosophy, page 35: "From fifteen to twenty degrees of Libra ascending, shows a very comely creature, inclined to tallness, slender in the waist, roundish visage, clean white complexion, neat lips and nose, grey eyes, light or flaxon hair, long arms, hands and fingers, white soft skin, a most complete and lasting beauty." I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Gish and can verify the quotation in every respect. Libra not only gives her children beauty, but endows them with great gentleness, straightforwardness, and pure moral principles; it renders the soul merciful and the heart affectionate and constant. The disposition is frank, open, confiding, slightly melancholy; anger is easily aroused and rapidly quieted down again. The will-power, although plentiful, knows not how to bring about final results. This lady will have three moods, each one trying to dominate the other: First, Venus ascending causes her to love bright and joyous people around, while the Sun conjoined gives her a great desire to be at the head, and command others in a stately way, and Saturn ascending with the others will incline her to solitude, deeper reading and to meet people who are many years older than she. She should not remain long under the hot Sun, as it will draw out the vitality and weaken the constitution. She should avoid large bodies of fresh water such as the Great Lakes, while the salt water is most beneficial to her.



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

To Be Quite Honest With You, No, Both Times

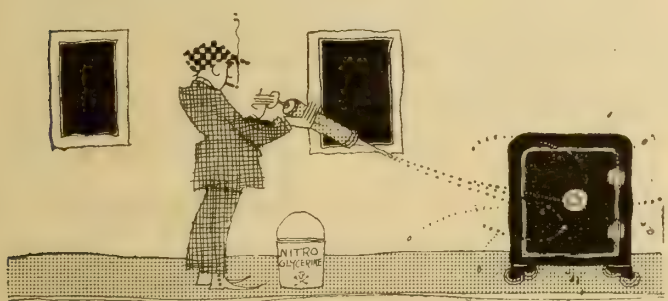
IN the Motion Picture News there was an advertisement of "Thais," printed before the picture was shown publicly, in which Anatole France, author of the story, was quoted as congratulating the Goldwyn company upon its achievement in filming his creation. Do you think Mr. France saw the picture? If so, how did they get it to him so soon? And if he had seen it, do you think he would have congratulated Goldwyn?

C. L., New York City.

We've Tried It, but It Never Worked

IN a recent picture, featuring Billie Rhodes, she trips into a telephone booth, and although one can easily see that it is a coin box telephone, she takes off the receiver and gets her number, without going to the troublesome detail of dropping her money in the slot.

MARY STOUT, New York City.



Daring Fellows, These Spies

IN "The Spy" Dustin Farnum doesn't seem to give a rip how he handles nitro-glycerin, for when he pours it into the safe-combination most of it is seen dripping in a little stream to the floor. It's the first time I knew it could be handled thus.

In "Wild Sumac," one of the actors keeps his antagonist back with an empty, half-open revolver. Although possible, it is queer that the same automobile with the same two spare tires behind, should be left standing in front of the same tailor shop for days and weeks; yes, and is seen still standing there, one year later.

BYRON E. THOMAS, Igile, Wis.

Where Was Her Knitting Bag?

IN "Pidgin Island" the heroine leaves shore for the island wearing a sweater, sport skirt, and raincoat. She is pursued by the hero and both are washed up on the island in a terrific storm. The following day when the sun shines forth our heroine appears in a spotlessly clean, white polo coat and stunning dress! It seems clothes grow on bushes in this mysterious spot. The person sitting behind me exclaimed "Where did she get the clothes?" This same heroine carried important documents in the pocket of her sweater. Great stuff for a secret service agent, eh?

V. E. K., Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Time Vaudeville Stuff

HERE'S an inconsistency in the Fox production, "Cleopatra." When Theda Bara is first rolled up in that rug—a little Egyptian camouflage, doncherno—she wears a rather "darkish" costume—I can't describe it otherwise. But when she is carried in before Caesar and the rug is unrolled, Theda is wearing a costume of ropes of pearls. How did she work it, anyway?

K. K., Newtonville, Mass.

The "Croolest" Parent on the Screen

IN "The Law of the Land," the Hardings have been married only five years when we see the genial Mr. Harding walloping his presumably four-year-old son with a "black snake" for not showing him last month's school report. The "black snake" was bad enough; but don't you think it's worse to be sending a four-year-old to school?

MRS. E. W. MARTIN, Milwaukee, Wis.

Further Proof of Freight Congestion

IN "The Killjoy," starring Little Mary McAlister, all the freight for the town of "Contentment—No Women Allowed" was hauled by a team—although through the center of the town a railroad track was in plain view and once a switch engine with freight cars appeared.

L. M. MILLER, New York.

Marguerite Is Growing

IN "Seven Swans," when Marguerite Clark first appeared with the sand man they were both the same size. But on the following morning she was fully a head taller.

BERTHA NATION, St. Louis, Mo.

Wasn't It Killing?

IN "Barbary Sheep," the lead carries the same gun to shoot pheasants which he later uses to shoot wild sheep at a distance of 1,000 yards and which he also uses to kill a man—a bird gun and a rifle are quite different, and the difference is apparent in a close-up.

W. E., Chicago.

Same Old Grievance

IN "The Primal Lure" Bill Hart fights with an Indian in the water, being under most of the time. At the finish he crawls out of the water and mud, runs for camp, and arrives as dry as a bone, his hair brushed, and with creases in his shirt and trousers. I can't understand why directors are so careless. Yours for perfect pictures,

DR. FRANCES MARSHALL, Garden Grove, Cal.

By Jove, They Ought to Tip a Fellow Off

IN "A Man's Man," with J. Warren Kerrigan, I noticed this: Kerrigan, in a fight, receives a black eye, and say, it was a beaut! An hour later he makes his appearance at the Engineers' Club of Los Angeles and there isn't the slightest discoloration. Great, eh?

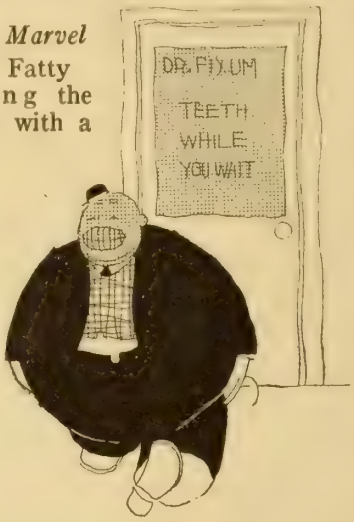
HAROLD STAFFORD, Toronto, Can.

Sam Houston and the Mexicans

WHAT do you suppose would have been left of the Alamo if the Mexicans had had as many cannon as was used in "The Conqueror"? Not to mention explosive shells! And would Sam Houston, who is supposed to have been a regular fellow, stand and wave a sword while women served the guns? Why will producers shout realism and then insult our intelligence? E. D. Y., Norwalk, Ohio.

Fatty's Dentist Must Be a Marvel

IN "The Rough House," Fatty Arbuckle, on entering the kitchen, is hit in the face with a broom and has all his teeth knocked out. He gives us a toothless grin but, behold the next time he grins he has all his teeth again. Surely if he was supposed to have had them knocked out he should continue to be toothless through the rest of the picture?



MADGE.
Greensburg, Pa.

Righto

I WOULD like to know how Doug Fairbanks so easily dispenses with his beard when necessity arises. Cast upon a desert island, and forced to remain two months, Doug and the other male members of the party depart as clean shaven as they arrived. This occurs in "Down to Earth"

Mystery No. 2.

The "art" of building substantial tables, chairs, houses, etc., without the aid of such necessary articles as saws, hammers, nails, etc.

And also,—can you picture a group of imaginative people, such as they were, sleeping soundly, all night, scattered over acres of ground, on an unknown uninhabited South Sea island, with the probability of wild beasts, natives, etc., roaming at large.

It is such details as these that make otherwise fine plays practically absurd. C. J., Tacoma, Wash.

Have a Heart, Martha

IT was in "Fighting Mad," with William Russell. Did you observe in one scene that mysterious aura above the head of the minister? It was neither the remnant of his one-time halo of divinity, nor yet smoke from the kitchen stove; but a cloud of powder from his snowy poll disturbed by the removal of his cap. Would that the snows of wintry age would always depart from our crowns so lightly!

In "Sunshine Alley," Mae Marsh's film father, struck down apparently within sight of his own door-step, must be fetched home in Bobby Harron's automobile.

And are all real Indians dead? I object to scrubby, nondescript creatures such as the specimen displayed in "The Scarlet Letter" (Fox). Fortunately we didn't have to look at him long.

MARTHA MILROY, Boone, Iowa.

Oh, These Shop Girls

IN the picture, "A Sleeping Memory," Emily Stevens as Eleanor Marston wears a large hat when she leaves the store where she is employed. In the next scene she arrives at home, and lo and behold, Eleanor is wearing a different hat.

T. C. F., Harrisburg, Pa.

The Real Trick Stuff

JUST saw Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Stranded in Arcady." Irene is clever, all right, but we'll have to hand it to Dame Nature, or old man Neptune, for pulling off the real trick-stuff.

While canoeing down some rapids, Mrs. Castle and Elliott Dexter were upset. Since the hero couldn't swim, she pulled him to shore, and, spying the water-filled canoe drifting down-stream, resolved to go after it. Presently we see the canoe gliding swiftly along, with our heroine in pursuit, and now the little craft is dry.

W. H., Jr., Ithaca, N. Y.

Too Sudden Loss of Memory

IN the picture, "His Brother's Wife," in which Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell starred, Carlyle living in Australia wrote to his brother in New York that he was coming home and arriving engaged a detective to hunt him up. KATHRYN C. WILLIAMS, Salisbury, Md.

A Phenomenal Sunset

WHY in the name of common sense did the chief of the Secret Service in Metro's "The Diplomatic Service," make such a fuss when he learned of the disappearance of the plans? I had always imagined a Secret Service man was very self-contained and unemotional, but not this one. And why did "The Master Mind," otherwise Doctor Montell, forget himself so entirely as to pass over important papers to a confederate in a crowded room? In the same picture, Beverly Bayne takes F. X. B. out on horseback to show him a Virginia sunset, then rides back to the house, where the sun is shining brightly. How is this freak of nature explained?

H. L. M., Fall River, Mass.

Wasn't Signed "Hastily Yours" Either

IN "Betrayed," Miriam Cooper sits down and makes two dashes across the paper and leaves the room. Then Hobart Bosworth shows us the letter and she has written the full length of the page.

MIRIAM WALSH, Newark, N. Y.



Send a Stamped, Addressed Envelope

PLEASE, oh, please, tell two young men where the cabaret and other fixings used in the Triangle picture, "Because of a Woman," starring Belle Bennett, may be found. We have both visited every town of any size in the State of West Virginia, but no fancy cafe has met our eager gaze. One slight reason may be that the State has been dry for almost five years! And yet the autos had West Virginia licenses, and the action was supposed to be somewhere hereabout. And those mint juleps —shades of Dan'l Webster! And both Virginias dry!

Once again—when will the wise and just directors stop dressing everybody up in "soup and fish" for informal dinners? It is not done in West Virginia—or any place else for that matter. The photography in this picture was excellent; but the plot—hellup!

We will forgive all, however, to find out where that cabaret is, for we yearn for the fleshpots—yea, verily!

N. W. F., M. W. B., Charleston, W. Va.

PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE $10.00 SECOND PRIZE $5.00 THIRD PRIZE $3.00 FOURTH PRIZE $2.00 TEN PRIZES EACH $1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a

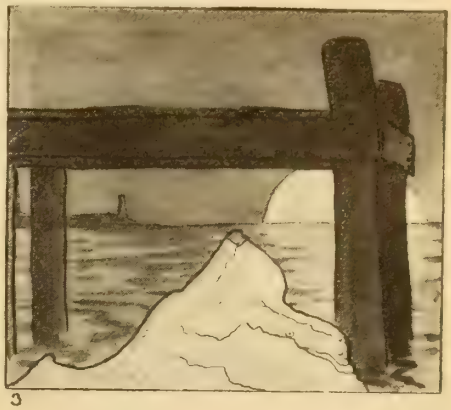
Suggestion from You for Similarly Picturizing Some Popular Photoplayer's Names.

This being our readers, remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.



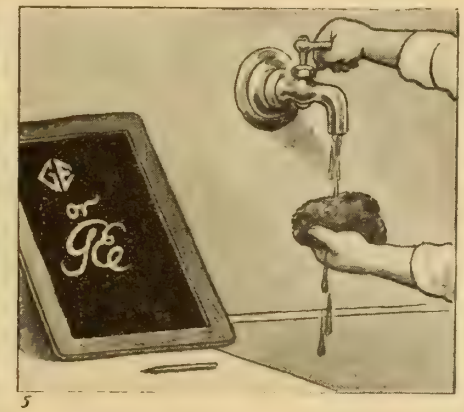
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DIRECTIONS

SEND your suggestion on a separate sheet when you answer these pictures, each of which represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. This novel contest is a special feature department of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

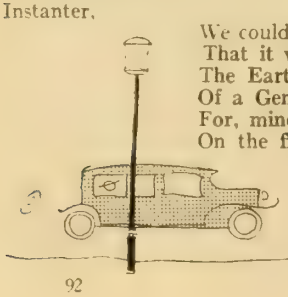
All answers to this set must be mailed before April 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.



IMAGINARY

Not a real interview, you know; "Imogene just as sad, and inter

WHEN Ye Editor—
Oh, such
A Stern and Frowning
Editor—he
Made Poor Little We
Quake in Our Shoes—
Well, when
Ye Editor
Told We
To Go to See
Imogene Awful, we
Hurried to the Door
Of Ye Editorial Sanctum—
And
Opened the Door
With the
Dexterous Movements
Of One long accustomed
To Opening Doors and
Passing Through them—
And Trembled as We thought
Of Interviewing—
Actually!—
Imogene, and
Finished Trembling, and
Finally found Ourselves
Ringing the Door-bell
Of her Perfectly Wonderful Apartment—
Exactly like Three hundred and sixty-five
others on the same street—
And Waiting
For an answering ring which would summon
We—
With fast-beating heart and panting breath
and flying—albeit trembling feet—
Into her very Ownest Own Room!
Oh Girls!
"Is Miss Imogene
In?" We asked the Maid.
(Imogene's Manager
Had 'Phoned
Three successive days
To Ye Editor, begging him,
For Gawd's sake,
To send someone down
To Interview Imogene)—.
"I think," Froze the Maid,
"That Mademwaselle
Is Out."
"Lizzie!" A Voice
Pierced our Consciousness,
A Voice, thrilling,—
With
The Very Dearest
Little Edge to it—
"Lizzie,
Bring her in,
And Hurry Up!"
Almost at Once
We Found Ourselves
Standing
In a Room—
Ah, That Room!
Instanter,



We could perceive
That it was
The Earthly Habitat
Of a Genius!
For, mind you,
On the floor
There was a Rug—
A Green Rug, with
A Blue Border.
In the
Room—we never would have thought of it,
ourselves—
Were the following Articles of Furniture:
One Table—
A Perfectly Interesting Table, with
Books scattered
About—you know—
And a Large Framed Photograph
Of Imogene Herself—
Truly-uly, Girls—
And
There were
A Multitude of Chairs,
Those Perfectly Fascinating Chairs
With Dragons, and
Queer Elfin-Things
Carven thereon—
And, in
Another Corner—
No, in *A* Corner—
Was
A Victrola—
We always Imagined
Dear Imogene were Musical
We
Hadn't Time to Count, but,
Including the
Beach-pictures
Scattered
About the
Records; and
The Oil-painting
On the wall, and
A Little Photograph—
Ten by twelve—
On the Mantel-piece—
There were
About Fifty
Perfectly Lovely Likenesses
Of Dear Imogene, in that Room.
We
Approached
The Divan where was
Imogene,
In Exactly Four Steps.
We
Stammered our Unwillingness
To Bother Her;
But,
Do you Know,
That Dear creature simply said,
"This's no bother.
Only, I
Have had
So Awfully Many Interviews,
Of Late.
I am Sure
I'll Be
An Awfully Poor Subject for such
An Awfully Popular Magazine
As Yours.
But,
If you'll just Forgive Me,—
—I say such awfully silly, girlish things, you
know—
—I just can't seem to grow up somehow—I
don't know why—
—although I really have
plenty of time. I'm not so awfully
—old; you wouldn't call seventeen so awfully
old, would
—you?"

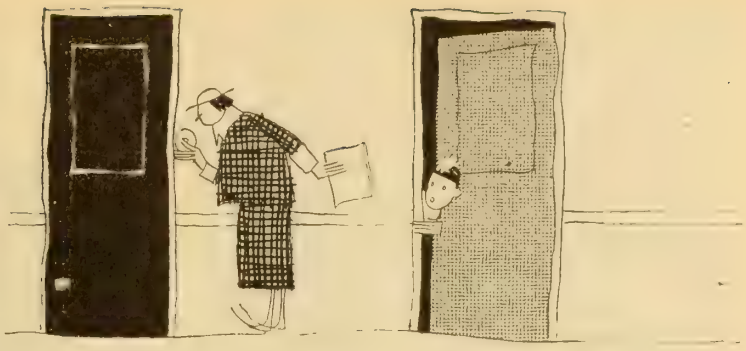


(Girls, if you could but have heard, as did
We, that sweet, sweet voice trilling its
Message to the great Motion Picture
Public of America—)—
—"So if I can't think of anything to say—
—I'm always a bit, just a teeny little bit shy
with
—strangers although of course the representa-
tive of such an awfully Dear Magazine
could never be a total stranger to me—
why please forgive me, as you would
forgive your bestest girl-chum—and
oblige, yourlittlemoviefriend, Imo—"
"Pardon me," We Dared;
"But what is
Your favorite color?"
"Ah!
My favorite color!
Ah yes, my favorite color!
Well, what color
Do *you* like best? And
What Seems to Be
The Favorite Color this Year
With your Dear Readers?"
Thus it is
That Imogene Awful
Strives always
To Please her Public.
"And,
How Old did you say you—
Pardon! We should say,
How *Young* are you?"
Imogene
Pushed Us
Into the Victrola—beside which
We were now Standing—
And gave We
The most delicious little
Huglet. When we
Regained Consciousness, we

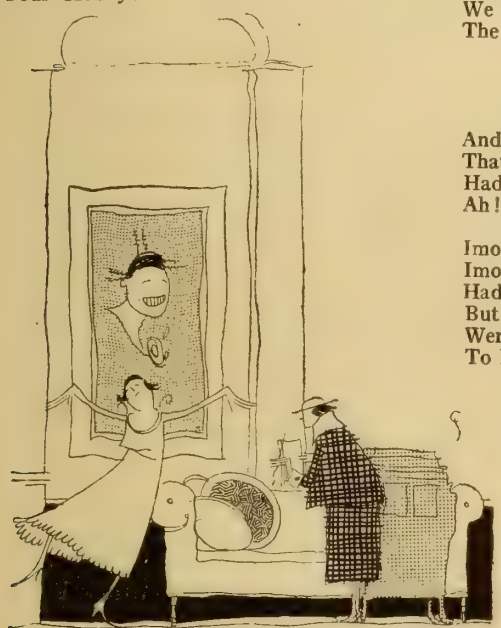
INTERVIEWS

Delight Evans

Awful" isn't. But we've known screen stars viewers twice as bad.



Heard her saying:
"Just a moment, please!"
Then,
"Oh Ma!
How Old am I
Today?" Shrieked Imogene.
"Sixteen years Young," she
Chirruped, coming for We
Again.
Hastily we asked,
"What is
Your Hobby?"

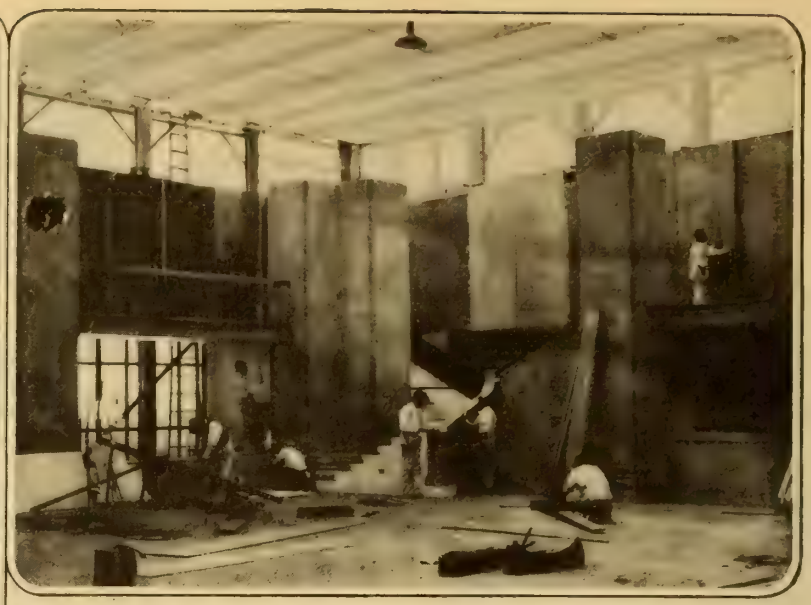


"Ah!" she Swooned;
"Malthusianism—can you spell it?—
Neo-classicism in Art—large A, if you please—
Tennis, golf, and all those out-door sports—
And Mimosa,
My Marmoset.
The little Love
Is too Utterly Clever
For Words.
Every night
The Darling
Meets me at the Door;
And when I return
From a Little Party—
That is, one
Of the Little Teas my Little Friends give—
I always Save
A Bit of this, and a piece of that, for
Mimosa."
We Stared; vague Memories stirred within Us
At Imogene's Words.
And then, *We Knew!*
This Famous Movie Star—
This Imogene,
Was None Other
Than our Friend of Childhood—
Whose Father Owned
The Coal-Mine next to *My* Father's,
Down—or Back, in Pennsylvania.

Many and Many
Were our Good-Times—
We
Have never Forgotten
How Imogene,
In a Playful Mood,
Pounded my Head
With her Little Red Chair;
And we Remembered Especially
The Dear Little Birthday-Party
We Had,
When
We Couldn't Find
The Birthday-Cake—which—(for we were then only a little freckled-faced, snub-nosed, red-haired school-girl—and indeed, our hair is still Red)—had fifteen candles—
And we Discovered Afterwards
That Little Imogene
Had Run Off With it—
Ah! Just as Playful, just as Sweet, just as Innocent an
Imogene then, as Now!
Imogene
Hadn't been Invited, and—
But the Memories
Were too Painful; and we Forebore
To Mention them
To our Hostess.
"Here," transcended Imogene,
"Are
A Few Little Pictures
Of Myself, with which you might
Or might not, of course,
Care to Illustrate your Story
In that Awfully Nice Magazine.
Of course, such
A Very little Girl, such as
Myself, would scarcely be expected
To Know which to Choose; but
I should like to Recommend
This one,
In my Little Pyjamas, and
This one, in
My little Lucilette evening frock; and
This one, in
Riding clothes; and
That one, with Mimosa, snapped
At my Beach—
We *didn't* know we were having our pictures taken,
Mimosa and I!
And then,
There's this pose, by
Goldmeyer, taken
In Central Park, where
I Practice
My Glad-Movements,
Every Morning.
Ah, so Interesting! The
Tremors of Joy
Just Tremor through One,
When one dances
The Glad-Dances.
And there is
This little Picture—
I'll have mother
Pack it for you—
Taken in my Library, at
My Country-place,—
'Sycamore-tree-drooping-over-Hudson',—
Surrounded by
My Books."
"What
Do you Read?" we
Ventured, heart and head
A-whirl.
"Ah! I Love
Ibsen's 'Gray Ghost' stories; and
Pelham Grenville Wodehouse's Essays on the Modern Drama.
And there is a Something—a Vague Something, an
Indeterminate Something, but Still a
Something about Owen Johnson
That I simply cannot resist!
And—oh yes! More than
Anything, I love
To seek a Quiet Spot
With Gwendolyn, my Favorite Doll,
And
Read Fairy-tales.
I
Have already read
'The Green Fairy-Book',
'The Red Fairy-Book',
And
I am just Beginning
'The Blue Fairy-Book.' Oh, how
I Perfectly Love
Those Fairy-tales
By Rupert Hughes!
Before you go, I
Shall tell Mother
To Bring In
Some of my Very Newest Pictures—
You have Enough? Well——
Must you go? Well, I'm awfully Afraid
You've not
A Very good interview about me—I'm so
Hopelessly Girlish, and
Well,—may I say—just a teeny little bit
Unspoiled—I'm not
Good-bye, Dear!
And don't Forget
To Give my Love
To Every Single One of my little Screen-Friends—
I have such heaps
Of Darling Girl Friends
All Over the Country; and yet
I can't just know them as I would like to—
But tell them, please,
Through that Awfully Clever Magazine of Yours,—
That I just Love all of them, and that I hope they all love me, foreverand-ever————"
We
Brought our Story
To Ye Editor.
And we are Still Wondering
Why he Almost
Died A-laffin'.







To the left—the forest primeval from which Paramount gets its lordly palaces and modest huts. Above—one of the big sets that use up a large amount of lumber.

From Forest to Film

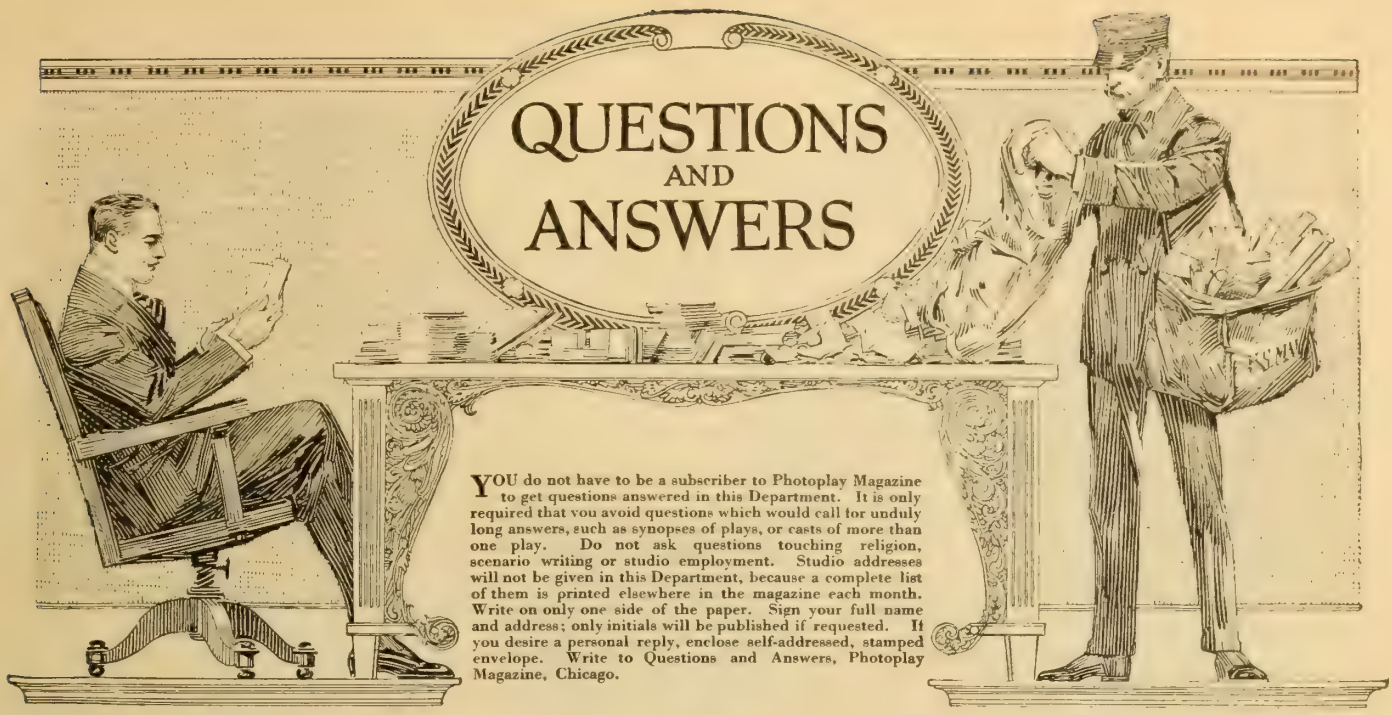
SO much lumber is used by the Paramount and Artcraft companies working at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, that the company bought a big tract of timber land in Oregon, and conducts a complete lumber business to fill its own requirements, with a private sawmill and steamers to carry the material to San Pedro harbor. The carpenter shop, planing mill, and other equipment for making the timber into scenery are organized on a scientifically economical basis, so that not a splinter is wasted. Every stick is taken care of, after a set has been dismantled; sawdust and shavings are stored for various uses. And when a piece of wood has done its bit, it goes to the furnace room and serves its purpose even in death.



The scrap heap, where lumber goes when the scenic artists have no more use for it.



Scaffolding constructed from material salvaged from the scrap heap.



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

BILLY B., PORTLAND, ME.—As a rule we do not follow the careers of mere children of stars, but seeing that you are so "most awfully anxious" to know about Francis Ford's son, we may assuage your anxiety by stating that the young man is now living with his parents and going to school regularly.

BOBBIE D., MUSKEGON, MICH.—Mary Pickford gets the biggest salary of any girl, not only in the motion pictures but in any other vocation in the world. The "kiddie" players get from about $25 a week to $500 a week salaries. Sessue Hayakawa was educated in this country. He attended the University of Chicago for a time. Niles Welch played with Norma Talmadge in "The Secret of the Storm Country." Milton Sills is uncommunicative concerning his vital statistics. Theda Bara pronounces it as in "bar." Glad you left the rest of your questions for another time. Too much knowledge at one time is a dangerous thing.

MAURICE, QUEBEC, CANADA.—Sorry, old man, but we have no record of the names of the two blonde extra girls in that Keystone comedy with the luncheon scene. Ethel Teare is single. Katherine MacDonald, sister of Mary MacLaren, is now playing with Douglas Fairbanks in California.

MILLS LOVER, DEDHAM, MASS.—Gee, but that would be a good town for some of our erstwhile stars to retire to. Wot? Frank Mills has dark hair, blue eyes, is five eleven and weighs 180. If he has any secrets in his private life, he has not divulged them. We'll say something to the editor about his picture.

J. H., CHICAGO.—How does it come that Wally Reid had curly hair and was a husky fellow in "Silver Spurs" and was a "tall, slim fellow with hair plastered down" when you saw him in Chicago? Well, maybe he's a little thinner than he was two years ago and we believe styles have changed in male hair dress since then. But there's no particular mystery about it.

M. C., POTTSTOWN, PA.—You're right; we were mistaken. Mr. Hoey was Miss Ferguson's first husband and her present one is a New York banker. Just blame it on the Answer Man; everyone else does.

W. R., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—If Eileen Percy has a husband, they've kept the news from her, so we don't think he's in pictures.

K. W., GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—Right at this moment Harry Hilliard is with no company. Hope it won't be your last request.

MAVIS, FREEPORT, L. I.—We never did find out the names of those two Black Diamond comedians. Guess they're just anonomouses. Richard Barthelmess is 21. Hope the Minter story in the February issue suited you. Ethel Clayton usually sends photos to her admirers.

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

All letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.

H. W., DENVER, COLO.—"The Pride of the Clan" was filmed at Marblehead, Mass.

DOROTHY, PHILADELPHIA.—Thanks for your good wishes. Wheeler Oakman is now playing with Edith Storey; Charles Clary is with Fox; George LeGuere with Brenon and the Gish sisters with Griffith. Les Miserables has been on exhibition for several months. Gladys Hulette is engaged to wed William Parke, Jr. Write Gladden James at Select; Sallie Crute, Metro; Antonio Moreno, Pathe; Mrs. Vernon Castle, ditto; Howard Hickman, Paralta; Mollie King, care United Booking Office, New York, and H. B. Warner, Lambs Club, New York City.

GEORGETTE, CATTARAUGUS, N. Y.—Yes, Francis Bushman is still posing. You can reach him at the Metro studio. Anita Stewart sends photos to her friends. Frank Mayo was last with World.

F. B., WESTMOUNT, CANADA.—Alma Tell has been in pictures about a year. Joe Moore, Grace Cunard's husband, has gone to war.

BOBBY, DENVER, COLO.—Sylvia Bremer is not married. Earle Williams will supply you with a photograph of himself.

JEAN, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—So you liked the Eltinge pictures? Well, that's nice. Mr. Eltinge is single and in his middle thirties; is about five eleven and weighs, when in luck, about 150. His hair is brown and his eyes a blue-gray. It must be great to see movie stars whenever you stick your head outa the window.

MRS. M., OMAHA, NEB.—It's all a matter of taste anyhow. What some folks likes, other folks hates, etc., etc., and the same applies to picture players. Arthur Ashley, we understand, is undergoing the transformation to a state of single so-called blessedness. Ethel Clayton has copper-red hair, is 26 years old and lives on Riverside Drive, N'Yawk. PHOTOPLAY is $2 a year, payable in advance.

PINK, REDWOOD FALLS, MINN.—Helen Holmes was last seen in "The Lost Express." Don't know her first photoplay—some Keystone comedy. Edna Purviance is Charley Chaplin's leading lady. Mabel Normand with Goldwyn.

L. K., NEW YORK CITY.—Sorry to disappoint you, but we couldn't find a bit of room to print that letter you wrote us. It certainly should be printed too, by all means. Don't know how to advise you about going into the movies, but if your imagination is all you say it is, just try to get along by imagining you're a movie star. If all the boys of your age who want to be actors had their wish gratified, there wouldn't be anyone to see the pictures and those who remained, wouldn't want to.

M. C., COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.—"Fatty" Voss was the man to whom you referred, who died suddenly in Los Angeles last year. Gale Henry is with the L-Ko Comedy Company, Hollywood, Cal. Mildred Harris was Louise Glaum's sister in "Golden Rule Kate."

N. C., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The only way we know of to obtain a picture of Maciste is to write the Kleine Company, 166 North State St., Chicago.

Photoplay Magazine Questions and Answers

(Continued)

B. AND L., CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Just use any old paper that's handy when writing to us, because if you're not careful we'll soon have a paperless day and the Answer Man would have a rest. Marguerite Clark's salary is not contained in any public document, but we are assured that she draws a bigger check every week than we do. Doug Fairbanks is five ten tall and weighs 155. He has one child. How much money would it take to start a picture company? Well, children, some folks have started with nothing and made millions and others have started with millions and wound up with nothing.

HICKY, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—All players like to get letters from their screen admirers. They wouldn't be human if they didn't. Mary Pickford is four feet, eleven and a half inches tall in Mary Janes and weighs 105 pounds. "Daddy Long Legs," we understand, is not available for the screen. So you'd like to see "Tess of the Storm Country" done over by Mary. Well, we'll speak to her about it.

MIRIAM, PEORIA, ILL.—Roscoe Arbuckle is still within the draft age, about 29. He is thinking seriously of becoming an aviator. Geraldine Farrar is 35. Dorothy Davenport's right name is Mrs. William Wallace Reid.

R. D., NEW ULM, MINN.—Jack and Lottie Pickford are Mary's brother and sister and both have been playing in pictures about the same length of time as their famous sister. Jack can be reached, care Lasky studio. His recent Mark Twain pictures are regarded as his best work. His wife, Olive Thomas, has been in the movies about a year. All of the Pickford children were born in Toronto, Canada.

C. S., PIQUA, O.—Marguerite Courtot is with Edison. Cleo Ridgely and Lottie Briscoe have retired to private life. The rainy season in Los Angeles usually begins in November, but this winter there was no rain until the middle of January. However, the rainy season no longer seriously affects the production of photoplays, as all of the large companies are provided with glass-roofed studios.

C. T., HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—Just tell us one issue of PHOTOPLAY in which Our Mary hasn't appeared, but your other request is forwarded to the editor.

VIRGINIA, MT. CLEMENS, MICH.—There are 21 episodes in "The Fatal Ring." We can't furnish you the "dimensions" of the stars you are interested in, but we can give you the height of most of them. Earle Foxe is a six-footer, Henry Gsell is five, three and a half and Anita Stewart, five-five.

E. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Viola Dana has no twin sister, but two reg'lar sisters are also in the movies, Shirley Mason being the best known of the sisters. Theda Bara was 27 on July 20th last.

M. J., DETROIT, MICH.—Edna Mayo has played in nothing since "The Chaperon" made more than a year ago. Mme. Petrova's husband is Dr. Stewart of Indianapolis.

L., ITHACA, N. Y.—Naughty, naughty, Louie! We haven't any, but write the Mack Sennett Company, Los Angeles, Cal., and maybe they'll tell you where you can get actual photos of those beach dears.

G. S., NORFOLK, VA.—Montagu Love's wife is not a player. As a matter of fact, he has no wife.

J. L., NEW YORK CITY.—What's a D. F. tan; some sort of secret code? The dream scenes in "Reaching for the Moon" were taken in various places, but the Venetian exteriors were made at Venice, Cal., the entire location having been built for that purpose.

BROWN EYES, MINNEAPOLIS.—Billie Rhodes was married once, but it didn't take. Requests for photos are perfectly *au fait*, as it were.

HAZELNUT, BRAZIL, ONT., CANADA.—Neither Mr. Bushman nor Mr. Lockwood, we assume, will register serious objections to the gift of a pennant. Wallace Reid is at the Lasky studio, California. Write Billie Burke, care Paramount, New York City. Mrs. Bushman is not an actress.

C. E. D., RICHMOND, VA.—If a star like Mary Pickford or Bill Hart or Douglas Fairbanks were to attend personally to their correspondence you'd never see them on the screen—they wouldn't have any time left for their reel work. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. He's about 31. Nazimova is with Metro. The Dolly sisters are not going into the movies.

T. S., EPSOM, ENGLAND.—No trouble at all; glad to be of service. Any letters sent to us will be forwarded at once. You'd be taking a chance of losing your autograph album if you sent it over, unless we wrote the autographs ourselves, and we wouldn't do anything like that. The album would have to do quite a bit of traveling in order to collect the signatures of all the big stars.

JEANETTE, TOLEDO, O.—Gee, but that must have been a thrill when Wallie looked right down at you from the stage. You musta been the girl he mentioned to us, if you are the one with light hair and blue eyes who sat at the right hand side of the theater as you go in. No, it wasn't a wrist watch. Harold Lockwood is married. And Eugene O'Brien can be reached, care Select. My, but you're fickle!

M. A., NEW YORK.—If you write Roland Bottomley at Westover Court, 210 West 44th Street, your city, he'll probably send you a photo. He isn't married.

MABEL, HARRISBURG, PA.—Mahlon Hamilton played opposite Gail Kane in "The Red Woman." There was no *Maggie* in "An Alabaster Box."

CRACKER, MACON, GA.—Oh no; we've had letters from there before. We get our information from the players themselves usually. Didn't you sorta forget the questions?

R. R., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—The fact that you won a prize in a baby show when you were young ought to help you get into the movies, though they do say that the reverse is true of the saying that homely babies make pretty grownups, or words to that effect. Don't think Elsie Janis plans to resume her photoplay activities.

R. G., WEST END, N. J.—Constance Collier was starred in "The Code of Marcia Gray" and "Tongues of Men." William Collier, who, by the way, is no relative of Constance, played in several film comedies. "The Bugle Call" was filmed in California in 1915.

E. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Virginia Lee Corbin and Baby Virginia Corbin are the same kid. Kittens Reichart lives in New York. Fannie Ward is with Pathe now.

ROMANTIC, HAVEN, PA.—Why should Earle Williams acknowledge receipt, of your photograph? He didn't write for it did he? Roland Bottomley, we think, has gone to war.

BERTSINA, NEW YORK CITY.—Antonio Moreno is a native of Spain, unmarried, 29, five ten. He was starred in "The Magnificent Meddler" and co-starred with Edith Storey in a number of pictures.

SMILES, U. S. S. HUNTINGTON.—Write Blanche Sweet care the Lasky studio, Los Angeles, Cal.

LILACS, HARTFORD, CONN.—Geraldine Farrar's next is "The Devil Stone." Also it is her remaining Paramount picture. Her hair is black. Although advertised as a million dollar picture, "Cleopatra" cost in the neighborhood of a quarter of that amount. Thus far no photoplay has cost a million. Madge Kennedy is so new to the screen that we haven't had a chance to get her age.

R. M., PULLMAN, ILL.—Clara Kimball Young is 27 and a native of your city—Chicago. Her husband James Young played opposite her in "Lola" and other photoplays. They are not divorced. Mr. Kimball, who plays with her, is her father. Her sister in "Magda" was Valkyrien. Write her care Select Pictures, New York City.

M. E., LAWRENCE, KAN.—Mildred Harris played with Bobby Harron in "The Bad Boy." Mary Pickford is 24. Golda Madden played with Desmond in "Flying Colors." No more Skinner stories for Washburn unless some new ones are written. Max Linder has returned to France. His visit could not be regarded as a success.

W. C., UNITED STATES NAVY.—Hazel Dawn is now on the stage. Theda Bara is still with Fox Film Corporation. Glad the boys in the Navy like PHOTOPLAY. We had your favorite, Norma Talmadge, on the cover less than a year ago.

S. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Charles Clary is not married and 43 years old. He lives in Hollywood. William Farnum is 41 and divides his time between New York and Hollywood.

M. D., NACOGDOCHES, TEX.—Your guess is right; Grace Cunard's hair is red. Fannie Ward's official age is 44. Mary Thurman's address, Sennett Studio, Los Angeles. Dorothy Dalton's, Ince studio, same city.

M. L. W., OAKDALE, TENN.—All of your questions are leading, immaterial and irrelevant, and call for a conclusion by the witness. We could tell you whom we thought the most beautiful and the cleverest but—well, maybe we will just before we start for the war.

JESSIE, NEWARK, N. J.—We went up to see Earle Williams to find out why he wears button shoes and learned that he had gone to California. But maybe that's why they called it "The Transgression." Niles Welch is 30.

DINA, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Thought we explained once what a gink was. Well, anyhow, a gink is a guy who has just a little more goo in his noodle than a goofer. Now we hope that's clear. No, that wasn't a real mine that was flooded in "Master of His Home." Florence Turner seems to be in retirement. Bill Hart is also quite popular on this side of the globe. You're posolutely right about American originality—absotively.

Cuticle-cutting is ruinous

Specialists and doctors everywhere say: "On no account trim the cuticle." Why cutting ruins the cuticle

WHEN the cuticle is trimmed or cut away the skin about the base of the nail becomes dry and ragged. It constantly roughs up, forms hangnails and makes your whole hand unattractive.

Dr. Murray, the famous specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw bleeding edge, which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen." Everywhere skin specialists and doctors say that cuticle cutting is ruinous.

Cutex makes it possible for you to have shapely, symmetrical nails without clipping or cutting. It was formulated especially to meet the need for a *safe* cuticle remover. Absolutely harmless. The moment you use Cutex you realize you have at last found the one simple successful way to take care of the cuticle.

Over and over, people who have been cutting the cuticle find that no matter how much they have abused it, Cutex soon smooths away the rough, ragged skin around the base of the nail; does away with hangnails—all your nail troubles quickly disappear. Try it today.

How to use Cutex

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you can wipe off the dead, surplus cuticle. Then rinse the fingers in clear water. Finish with Cutex Nail White and Cutex Polish.

Send for the trial manicure set offered below and see what an improvement the very first manicure makes. Until you have used Cutex, you cannot realize how attractive your nails *can* be made to look. You will find the Cutex manicure preparations in any high-class drug store or at the toilet goods counters of department stores. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c, and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste powder, liquid or stick form, is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle is also 30c.



Even where the cuticle has been mutilated and broken by cutting, Cutex quickly restores the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail; it quickly gives your nails the lovely shapeliness that everyone admires.



(PHOTO H. TARR)

Lillian Walker, known as the girl with the bewitching dimples, says: "Now that I know how good Cutex is, I never allow my maid to cut the cuticle. Cutex gives my nails such a shapely look."



A little Cutex Nail White, applied directly underneath the nails from its convenient tube, removes all stains and leaves nail tips snowy-white.



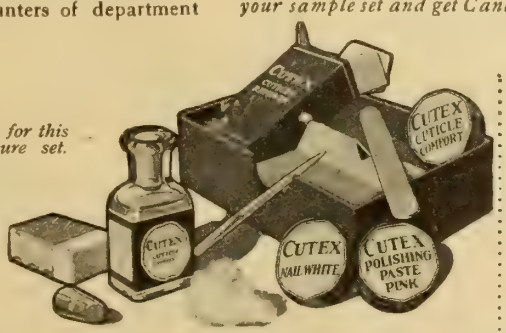
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Photoplay Magazine Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. T., Corpus Christi, Tex.—Valeska Suratt's first was "The Soul of Broadway." Then she went to Lasky and did "The Immigrant." Her recent pictures were all made by Fox. Lurline Lyons was the dancer in "The Eyes of the World." Mary Pickford has been on the screen about nine years.

H. L., South Bethlehem, Pa.—Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1892. He played in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" on the speaking stage. Married. No trouble atall.

J. P., Park Ridge, Ill.—Alma Rubens is five seven tall and Jewel Carmen five five; Mabel Taliaferro is five three and Doug Fairbanks five ten.

Sylvia, Schenectady, N. Y.—We have no information concerning the genealogy of the Adairs. William and Mae Desmond are not related. Mary Pickford's picture will be on the cover in the near future.

E. R., Spring Lake, N. J.—Owen Moore is 29 and Creighton Hale is 25. Miss Clark has never been married to Mr. Hopper or anyone else.

R. B., Detroit, Mich.—Francelia Billington was the girl with Bill Russell in "Pride and the Man." Mary Pickford does not contemplate deserting the screen. Mary Miles Minter's sister, Margaret Shelby is also an actress. She is two years older than Mary. Photoplay buys suitable contributions but they must pertain to motion pictures. Warren Kerrigan's address is Hollywood, Cal.

Naomi, St. Louis.—Thanks awfully for the condolences, etc., and advice, etc. There's one thing you don't consider, child, which is viz. and to wit: If they quit asking those old reliable questions, there wouldn't be no job for any Answer Man. As for squelching 'em, what's the use; let 'em suffer. Al Whitman, *nee* Vosburgh is married and medium blonde. *Do* write again.

C. P., Palo Alto, Cal.—Movie stars are not "insulted" when asked for photographs. Quite the reverse. Jack Pickford is the husband of Olive Thomas. Those fights are pretty nearly the real thing. "The Varmint" wasn't filmed at Lawrenceville and those weren't real students. Louise Huff is 23 and Vivian Martin is about the same. The latter is married to William Jefferson.

Elizabeth, Minneapolis, Minn.—No wonder you're mad if you went wild over Emily Stevens. She hasn't an unpleasant voice but quite the contrary. Can't tell you whether the tears were real or glycerine but probably the former.

Edith, Bronx, N. Y.—True Boardman was *Stingaree*. He played last with Lois Weber's company. Alice Joyce is 27, Fairbanks 34, Tom Forman 24, Earle Williams 38 and the others are silent on the subject of birthdays. Douglas MacLean was the man with Gail Kane in "Souls in Pawn."

Dan, Savannah, Ga.—Your plea for more bathing girls has been received and filed with the bathing girl editor who holds that it is in line with the government's clothing conservation policy.

Miss Indianapolis, Ditto, Ind.—Your wail about the reviewer's treatment of Earle Williams unfortunately got into this department. The star of today has quite some say about the photoplays he, or she, is expected to play in, so must share the blame for a bad story, when there is one.

J. B., Woodland, Cal.—Ralph Kellard can be reached by mail care Pathe Company, New York City. Pearl White is not married.

Glory, Minneapolis, Minn.—The following players were born in Scotland: David Powell, Spottiswoode Aitken, William Duncan, Robert Mantell, Billie Ritchie, Goldie Colwell and the late Eric Campbell. So you think we talk like an actor? Just goes to show how difficult it is to live down an early indiscretion.

Ethel, Plainfield, N. J.—Enjoyed your letter very much but failed to find a question in all those eight pages. Oh, yes, that one about Pearl White's hair. It's gold, rather than auburn and she works in the same studio with Irene Castle and Antonio Moreno.

R. S., Seal Harbor, Me.—Dorothy Green's address is 828 Seventh Ave., New York. Since "Diane of the Follies," Lillian Gish has played in "The Children Pay," "A House Built Upon the Sand" and Griffith's great war picture about to be released.

D. D., Victoria, Australia.—Your letter has been forwarded to Miss King who by now has answered it. She is at present with Balboa.

H. C. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—"Are Blanche Sweet married?" No, she are not. Mollie King is 19 and she's now in vodeville.

D. S., New Straitsville, O.—Dave Powell was the handsome fellow in "The Beautiful Adventure." Julian Eltinge gets his mail care Lasky. Well, if you must go crazy, we'd sooner have you go crazy about Photoplay than anything we know of. Thanks for the good wishes.

S., Toccoa, Ga.—There ain't no "particulars" about becoming a movie star, dearie. Some day you'll be willing to admit that your father knew more than you thought he did. It's that way with all of us at your age.

Emil H., Everett, Mass.—That's a good one on you, all right. Here you go and bawl us out fitter to kill for saying that Creighton Hale played with Pearl in "The Perils of Pauline" when all the time it was Crane Wilbur instead who played the lead opposite the redoubtable Pearl but—we didn't say he played the lead, merely that Creighton played in "The Perils" and he *did*. (Encyc. Brit. Vol. XXXVIII, page 632.) Anyhow, thanks for your good intentions. Infernal vigilance is the price of correct answers.

E. F., Germantown, Pa.—We quite agree with you that it's frightfully poor taste for screen idols to have their hair cut a la motorman. But you know some of 'em weren't always screen idols.

M. P., Sewickley, Pa.—Harrison Ford was the man with Vivian Martin in "The Sunset Trail." He played with Universal in "Saving the Family Name," "The Mysterious Mrs. M." and in a number of Lasky pictures. He is now with the latter company. Elliott Dexter played opposite Miss Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods," with Lina Cavalieri in "The Eternal Temptress" and more recently in "The Whispering Chorus."

Sarah, Mound City, Ill.—Paul Hurst lives at Glendale, Cal.

E. C., Leesburg, Va.—William S. Hart is uncommunicative on the subject of the letter "S" in the center of his name. Wally Reid and Dorothy Davenport have been married about four years. They have a son.

H. H., Chicago.—The young man in "Seventeen" who looked like Doug Fairbanks was no relative of the latter. The sinking of the ship in "The Little American" was one of those effects which cannot be described in the limited space devoted to this department.

Olive, Dorchester, Mass.—No more numbers of February, 1916, containing the Pickford story. Sorry. Ben Alexander was Mary's brother in "The Little American." Doris Grey is still with Thanhouser.

V. H., Chula Vista, Cal.—"The Sea Ghost" was produced by Ince in 1915, a Broncho picture. Of those you mention "The Bar Sinister" was the only one to appear in book form. Write Edna Purviance, care of the Chaplin studio, Hollywood, Cal., for a photograph.

H. A. D., Montreal, Canada.—If you like to think so, just keep on doing so, that the picture in the sketch at the beginning of this department is the Answer Man. George Walsh hasn't been drafted yet. Nor Wally. Eddie Polo is at Universal City. Married and a former circus performer. He has been playing in Universal pictures for some years. Seeing that you've changed your mind, no that ain't us in that sketch. Never had clothes that good. Henry Gsell has been in pictures about three years.

J. C., Hammond, Ind.—Yes there is a Pearl White in pictures, but a complete list of the picture plays in which she has appeared would take up half the space in this magazine.

Michael, Douglas, Ariz.—Just crazy about the man aren't you! Well, it takes all kinds of girls to make women. Here's your information: Carlyle Blackwell is thirty-one. He's separated from his wife, Ruth Hartmann (a sister of Sonia Markova). He was born in Troy, Pa., and educated at Cornell. Six long weary years he spent on the stage before he saw the light of day through the shadow stage. He's been in pictures since 1910 and has played with almost every film company.

M. M., Quebec.—The name of the girl not given in that cast. Jane Novak is married. Eve doesn't say yes or no. Here is the cast of "American Maid:" *Virginia Lee*, Edna Goodrich; *Senator Lee*, George Henery; *David Starr*, William B. Davidson; *Sam Benson*, John Hopkins. Thanks for the greetings. The same to you.

Answer Man Admirer, Milford, Conn.—Are thy contemplating starting a kindergarten? You refer to Kittens Reichert in "The Peddler." Billy Jacobs in "The Primrose Ring" and Jane and Katherine Lee in "Two Little Imps." No we can't recall the play where there is something mysterious about the house. The people need a governess for the little boy, who takes an important part in the play. A lady detective applies for the governess. Later she is trapped into a room and she sends the little boy out through a secret passage with a note. Everything is all right at the end. The lady detective has blonde curly hair—medium height. Little boy, dark hair. Surely from your description we should be able to tell immediately to which play you refer, but our memory is failing us—it's getting old and clogged.

M. S., New Richmond, Ind.—Address Pauline Frederick in care of Famous Players, ditto Marguerite Clark. Norma Talmadge in care of Select. Paul Willis at Morosco studio. Wallace Reid at Lasky, N. Y., and Doris Pawn, Fox on the coast.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

V. A., Denver, Colo.—We would break it gently to Wilfred Lucas if we were you. You see Wilfred is past twenty-one and any sudden shock such as a girl having a crush on him that uses as beautiful stationery as you do all perfumed up and everything, might ruffle him a bit. Address Mr. Lucas at Universal City, Cal. Sure he'll write. You and we have something in common—PHOTOPLAY we both agree is the best ever. Seriously, we liked your letter lots, and hope you'll come again.

Hippo, Greenwich, Conn.—House Peters left Morosco in the early part of 1917. Rumors of "The Return of our House" have often been afloat, but to date he has signed no contract.

C. P., Camp Lewis, Wash.—Did we say Joe Moore wasn't in training! We were surely asleep when we wrote that for we've known it all the time. Thanks for the reminder.

Gray Eyes, Fonda, Iowa.—In "The Two Little Imps" Leslie Austen was *Uncle Billy;* Stuart Sage, *Bobby;* Edna Hunter, *Betty,* and Katherine and Jane Lee, *the two little imps.* Gladden James is thirty. His hair is light and his eyes blue. That is his very own name, he tells us.

Dolores, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Theda Bara is five, six; Anita Stewart, five, five; Norma Talmadge, five, three; Constance Talmadge, five, six; Olive Thomas, five, three; Pauline Frederick, five, three and one-half; Edna Purviance, five, five; Enid Bennett, five, three; Dorothy Gish, five, two and one-half; Lillian Gish, five, four; Dorothy Dalton, five, three; Clara Young, five, five; Billie Burke, five, four; Alice Joyce, five, six; June Elvidge, five, nine; Alma Rueben, five, four; Louise Glaum, five, three; Ethel Clayton, five, five; Marjory Wilson, five, three; Margaret Thompson, five, one; Violet Mersereau, five, three and one-half; Gladys Brockwell, five, three; Ann Murdock, five, four; Mary Thurman, five, three; Fanny Ward, five, one, and Beverly Bayne, five feet. Dolores, you surely are in luck. Just think of having shooken the hand of Wallace Reid and Earle Williams and King Baggot and having sawn Fatty Arbuckle and Crane Wilbur and Edith Storey at a distance. And being brung up in the same town as Olive Thomas. Well, some people just have everything. We like both short and tall girls. Which do you prefer?

E. C. O., Salem, N. C.—Harold Lockwood dropped from the stage to the screen. We mean he climbed from the stage to the screen. You see that was a step in advancement for him. He is thirty. Address him in care of Metro, New York. February number had gone to press before your letter arrived.

R. N. O., Augusta, Me.—No, we only answer by mail when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed and we should have been very glad to for you. Otherwise we answer in these columns. Ask us another question and see. A package of thanks for your liking the magazine as "the best ever." Every ounce of frank praise spurs us on to do better things.

W. J. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—Write to the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, in regard to "The Dream Doll." Mabel Normand is working at the Goldwyn studio in the East. A number of her pictures are going to be released in a bunch. "Mickey," we believe, comes first.

L. N., Santa Fe, New Mexico.—These are the addresses you asked for: Wallace Reid, in care of Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.; Earle Williams, Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal.; Edward Earle and Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Jack Pickford, Lasky, Hollywood; Charles Gunn, Triangle, Culver City, Cal.; Carmel Myers, Universal City, Cal.; Marguerite Courtot, Edison; Bessie Love and Antonio Moreno, Pathe, Jersey City, N. J. William Russell is married.

Grace, Nashville, Tenn.—Aren't you just a wee bit breathless? Questions seem to pop out of your mouth unceasingly, don't they? Address Grace Cunard at Universal City, Cal. Creighton Hale is married; his address is in care of Pathe. Earle Williams is unmarried; his address is in care of Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal. Winifred Kingston played opposite Dustin Farnum in "Ben Blair," likewise in "Davy Crockett." Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. David Powell played *Richard Freneau* in "Gloria's Romance." John Cumberland in "Baby Mine." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." Ethel Clayton is married to Joseph Kaufman; Pauline Bush to Allan Dwan; Gertrude Robinson to James Kirkwood and Louise Huff to Edgar Jones. That all?

R. C., Downers Grove, Ill.—Cleo Ridgely has been out of pictures for over a year. Haven't heard of her returning to the screen. The man you have reference to was simply a mechanic—an extra one—and we cannot secure his name for you. Sorry.

L. R., Wilkinsburg, Pa.—We would suggest your writing Ethel Clayton again. Your letter may have been lost, you know.

M. R. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—George Chesebro with Olive Thomas in "Broadway Arizona." Olive is nineteen. Edward Earle is mum on the subject of his matrimonial attachments. We suspect there is a Mrs. Edward Earle. He's thirty-four. Write to Olga and ask her that very, very personal question your own self. We're a friend of Olga's and are afraid to. Mme. Petrova is the wife of Doctor Stewart. Marguerite Clark says her really truly age is thirty-one. She should know, don't you think? Evelyn Greeley has been playing with Carlyle Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell is thirty-one. Elliott Dexter doesn't give his age. He played with Elsie Ferguson. Didn't you see Dorothy Davenport in "The Squaw Man's Son" and "The Explorer," both Lasky productions? Write to Wally and ask him for the photo. We'd almost consent to send you a likeness of ourself if you asked for it as prettily as you say you are going to ask for Wally's.

M. F., Toronto.—Mildred Manning in "Mary Jane's Pa." He isn't known as Mr. Grace Cunard any more. It's Private Joseph Moore. Grace Cunard is twenty-seven. She has light brownish red hair and blue eyes. Write her at Universal City, Cal. Marguerite Clark was born on the 22nd of February, 1887, Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893; Grace Cunard, April 8, 1891, and Alice Joyce, October 1, 1890. We shall never tell your secret so long as we live and remember we're in our second childhood now.

I. L. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—When we told you two years ago that Pauline Frederick was not the wife of Willard Mack we told you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Their marriage occurred recently. Miss Frederick is not in the production of "Tiger Rose," now running in New York. Lenore Ulric (formerly Ulrich) is playing the lead.

Rita, Chicago, Ill.—Florence La Badie was not married at the time of her death. You are very welcome.

S. M. F., Portland, Conn.—Don't pull that city stuff on us. We know that if you were really a product of the metropolis and a stenog and all that, that you would know about putting a stamped addressed envelope in when a personal reply is requested. Getting into the movies is the easiest thing in the world next to carrying a ton of ice when it's twenty below and hauling tons of coal when it's a hundred above.

K. P., Dayton, Ohio.—Don't know about that book. By whom is it published? Marion Leonard hasn't "done" a picture for about two years. Montague Love isn't married.

Pom Pom, New York City.—Of course if you are positive we won't try to argue with you, but it sure is going to be a shock to Mary Miles Minter if she is told she possesses a husband. Alan Forrest played in "Charity Castle" with Miss Minter. Mr. Forrest is married to Ann Little.

F. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Herbert Rawlinson charge twenty-five cents for his photos. Address him at Universal City, Cal. Geraldine Farrar may be reached at the Goldwyn studio, Fort Lee, N. J., and Wallace Reid at the Lasky studio, Hollywood. Hazel Dawn is under contract to no company at present, but we may give you this much encouragement; she'll undoubtedly be working under the Cooper-Hewitts again within a short time. Jack Kerrigan is Paraltaing.

F. R. W., Wartrose, Tenn.—The only reason we have for thinking there is a Mrs. Harold Lockwood is because we had a letter from said lady. She is a non-professional. Pearl White is a Pathe maid.

Billy, Bridgeville, Pa.—You are some letter writer Billy. Yes we will be mighty glad to have that account of your trip to Europe. That was Frank Borzage in "Fear Not." He is the husband of Rene Rogers. All those given in your list are married with the exception of Antonio Moreno. Couldn't jot down all those wives for you. It would take too much time. We couldn't deceive you. That's why we won't tell our age.

Jam, Detroit, Mich.—It is impossible for us to imagine Bill Hart with a pair of knitting needles working industrially or Theodore Roberts winding a hank of yarn for his own use or "Doug" plying the needles and murmuring purl two, knit two, but of course if you saw them doing it there is no use in our arguing, so we won't.

C. A. H., Luverne, Minn.—Haven't heard of the death of Miss Peacocke. Address Gale Henry, William Franey and Lillian in care of Universal.

Oh Boy, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Tom Moore and Hazel Daly in "Brown of Harvard." Some of the exteriors of that production were filmed in Cambridge. The majority of the interior settings were "shot" in the Chicago Selig studio. Harry Beaumont was the director. Ask your theater manager to show "Men Who Have Made Love to Me."

D. J. H., New Orleans, La.—William Hart's address is in care of Ince studio, Hollywood. Warren Kerrigan's home is located at 1765 Gower St., Hollywood. He is perfectly willing to have his mail sent to that address.

(Continued on page 123)

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)

MISS ALATIA MARTON, whose beauty and brains were boosting her to a high place in picturedom, has left it all to become a Mrs. Marcus Plowman. Hereafter she will make Dallas, Texas, her home; and the cameras will know her no more.

ALL the producers have sent out lovely little dissertations on—"1918 will be the greatest year—the biggest year, the most profitable year, the most highly significant year, in the history of My Company." Also, that the photoplay is neither in its infancy nor on its death-bed; but is of course suffering from bad direction, bad judgment, bad management—but now My Company expects during the coming year to pursue its policy of giving the public the best direction, the best acting, the best management—ho hum.

R. A. WALSH, who left Fox in California to direct for Goldwyn in New York, has gone back to California. He wasn't in New York very long when he discovered in some papers of his that he was bound to the Fox interests—Willum having an option on his services. Mr. Walsh made the arrangements with Goldwyn in good faith, never dreaming that he was not free to deal with whomsoever he pleased in regard to his directorial services. When he discovered his mistake, he asked Goldwyn to release him from his agreement, which Goldwyn promptly did. Kind of embarrassing, wasn't it?

JAMES KIRKWOOD, upon the completion of a Billie Burke picture, "Eve's Daughter," for Paramount, has signed a year's contract with a company of which Miss Catherine Calvert is the star. Mr. Kirkwood has directed Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, and Florence Reed at various periods of activity.

ONE day Harry Morey, on his way to the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, saw an unattached, common or brindle purp, of hazy lineage, and on the principle that you never know what's going to come in handy in a picture, took the thing along with him. It did come in handy soon in "His Own People," a curious fact being that the cayoodle would not work until it saw the red shirt Harry wore as the blacksmith. Gladys Leslie saw and desired the pup for a picture in which she was working, but the director ruled that the animal was too young to be placed under the strain of doing two parts at one time. Gladys, annoyed, made certain disparaging remarks about the purp's ancestry, and took on a cat instead. Later the Morey doglet, by now a studio fixture, was assigned to one of Miss Leslie's pictures, but the actress, still remembering her pique at not getting him when she wanted him, showed resentment, and the dog reciprocated. One day, after the pup had appeared in several scenes, the actress referred to him audibly as "That cur." The insulted pup promptly disappeared, and has not been seen since. As a result a whole scene had to be rebuilt and rephotographed, as it showed the dog dashing madly out of a door, and when the companion scene was to be taken, which should have shown the dog dashing just as madly in, there was no dog. It is little things like this that give directors their gray hair and hunted look.

YOU remember Lottie Briscoe? The former Lubin star, whose team-work with the late Arthur Johnson is a delightful memory to those who recall "the good old days," comes back in support of Emmy Wehlen in a Metro presentation of "The House of Mirth," from Edith Wharton's famous novel. Miss Briscoe has just fully recovered from a serious illness and operation; and in her reappearance will have the role of "Gertie Farrish," the self-respecting young woman who lives within her income, in contrast to "Lily Bart"—(Emmy Wehlen), who is unable to make an income of the same proportions pay for the luxuries she demands.



Jack Pickford is doing "His Majesty Bunker Bean" for the silversheet. This is the first time in months that he's had a chance to carry a cane—what with "Varmints" and "Tom Sawyers."

MARGUERITE COURTOT returns to the screen in the appealing part of a Belgian refugee in Edison's "The Unbeliever." The pretty little screen star is in constant communication with many friends and admirers in the United States army now in France, and recently received an urgent letter with many signatures affixed; and she is now the adopted sister of that regiment. Her pet corporal sent her a paper knife ingeniously wrought from a portion of a shell, a spent bullet, and two Tommy buttons, all of which were picked up after the Battle of the Somme.

MORE or less interest was attached to the return of D. W. Griffith, late in December, to his old studio, which had passed to Triangle after Griffith's withdrawal from that concern. The Griffith studio, as it has always been known, is perhaps the most famous of all Hollywood picture plants. Originally it was built by the long defunct Kinemacolor. Then it became the Majestic-Reliance with Griffith in charge making two and four reelers for Mutual. Then when Triangle was founded the name was changed to Fine Arts. When the latter name was discontinued a sign with the legend, "Triangle-Keystone" was put up and it became the home of pie comedy. Then Griffith came back from the wars, Keystone was moved to Triangle's Culver City lot and the old boss moved back into the old homestead.

MAE MURRAY, our "bee stung lip" girl, also had a session in the Los Angeles divorce court devoted to her affairs. And the funny part of it was that the Los Angeles papers did not tumble to the fact that Mrs. Maria O'-Brien was Mae Murray, of film and Folly fame. The "opposite" in the case, Jay O'Brien, was not present. Cruelty was alleged but a decree was denied because of insufficient evidence. Miss Murray and her husband separated the day after their marriage in California.

HOBART BOSWORTH of the Lasky forces, went to New York in December with the intention of deserting the screen for a considerable time and appearing in vaudeville in a one-act version of "The Sea Wolf."

TOM FORMAN is now a Captain. The former Lasky player enlisted as a private and has been promoted rapidly, and has now won his commission at his training camp. He is stationed at Camp Kearney, California.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA has left Lasky. The famous Jap will act for his own company under the auspices of a newly-formed organization.

MYRTLE LIND, formerly a Keystoness, will go in for drama. She is working at Triangle's Culver City studios on "Betty Comes Home."

ABOUT the best thing that has been done yet in the great indoor sport of changing the names of well known stories after transferrence to the screen was the fate which befell Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous "K." After what is said to have been a splendid photoplay was made of it by Lois Weber, it was cut down and the name changed to "The Woman and the Doctor," or something equally original, despite the fact that the original novel had enjoyed publicity seldom given a book and that its advertising value as "K" meant thousands of dollars to the photoplay. But after its emasculation, Mrs. Rinehart was probably well satisfied with the ditching of the original title.

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PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL





BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing"

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"I have, for some time, been a constant user of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL, and like it better than anything I have ever used."

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL always keeps my hair looking its best"



LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is so easy to use."



MAY ALLISON
"Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL, is by far the superior"



GAIL KANE
"I find WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL indispensable."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE latest in questionable—or rather question mark photoplays bears the title "Who's to Blame?" It was produced by an independent concern with Anna Luther and Billy Garwood playing the chief roles. Frank Beal did the directing. About the time of its completion Miss Luther surprised her friends by obtaining a divorce from her husband, Samuel Dribben, the surprise being caused by the fact that she had been married.

"MICKEY," that mysteriously delayed feature comedy in the making of which Mabel Normand was employed for nearly a year, has passed into new hands again and remains unreleased, unless it has been turned loose since this was written. When Mack Sennett withdrew from Triangle, "Mickey" was thrown in with the effects that were turned over by Sennett. It was said at the time that he had expended the sum of $250,000 in making the production. Then H. O. Davis, of Triangle, took "Mickey" back to New York and found a purchaser in an independent distributor whose activities have been confined largely to Great Britain and Europe.

IF you saw Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," you will remember the little girl who played *Becky*. Well, her name is Zasu Pitts and she was discovered by Mary Pickford herself and Mary told Charley Chaplin about her one day and now little Miss Pitts is to be seen with the great comedian in some big comedy roles.

WHAT is said to be the first two-reel photoplay ever filmed was shown at the opening of a new theater, the Kinema, in Los Angeles. It bears the patriotic title of "Washington at Valley Forge" and it was made by Edison in 1907. Its incongruities were accentuated—if emphasis was necessary—by having it run immediately before "The Woman God Forgot." The film was obtained after a long search of the old exchanges.

A. H. WOODS, the well known stage producer, made a warm debut into the film game when he placed on exhibition in Los Angeles, a photoplay entitled "Free and Equal." It was produced last summer at the Triangle studio under the Ince regime, but because it dealt with the negro question in a manner not at all complimentary to the African race, the producer did not care to release it himself. So he let Al do it. Well, the first shot out of the box, the city authorities of Los Angeles swooped down on "Free and Equal" and the usual litigation ensued. Worse than that, however, the city council met and decided that Los Angeles should again have a film censor.

THEY used to say that the burned child dreads the fire—but, then Eddie Foy is not a child exactly. Yes, Eddie has decided to go back into those awful pictures. Perhaps you recall the debut of the renowned father of seven as a film comedian about two years ago when he signed a contract with Keystone and then broke it after dodging pies and a garden hose in active eruption for about two reels. He sued Mack Sennett and Mack sued him and Eddie vowed that the pictures were "the bunk" and that no self respecting stage comic would have anything to do with them. But now he says he is going to make 'em himself, so he'll probably do all the pie hurling and garden hosing on the other guy.

ANITA STEWART and Rudolph Cameron are married, it developed in the Supreme Court in the course of Vitagraph's suit to restrain the popular actress from acting for any other concern. "Are you married or single?" asked the Judge. "I would rather not answer that question," Miss Stewart replied. It later came out that she has been married for some time but, for business reasons and her recent illness, preferred to keep it secret, although her engagement had been announced.

THE Dolly Sisters, dancers, will appear in a photoplay under the direction of Leonce Perret, who directed "Lest We Forget" and several Robert Warwick features. This is not the Dollys' debut on the shadow stage—long ago Miss Yansci appeared in a Kalem film, and Roszika more recently in a Fine Arts called "The Lily and the Rose."

DOUGLAS McLEAN, formerly with the Morosco Stock Co. in Los Angeles, will be leading man for Dorothy Gish in a new picture now being rehearsed in the Griffith studios. It will be made under the direction of Chester Withey. In the cast will appear the name of George Fawcett, the character actor. McLean was Gail Kane's leading man in a few Mutual pictures.

MAX LINDER is coming back. Now fully recovered, he cables that he expected to sail for this country in April. After making a few pictures at his own studio in Paris, the comedian went to Switzerland where he rested and renewed his strength. He will bring over here with him his own production staff, he says.

ANTONIO MORENO will appear opposite Pearl White in a serial. It will be Tony's first. Pathe, of course, is doing it; and Arthur B. Reeve, of course, wrote it.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Harry Lauder are working together. Yes, in a picture. Well, it's for Harry Lauder's $5,000,000 war relief fund, in which Chaplin is co-operating. For two hours they performed before the camera at Chaplin's studio, making the picture which will be shown on every screen in the world. The subject is only 500 feet in length; but in amusement value it far exceeds any film produced; for the famous Scotchman assays Chaplin's tricks, and Charles Spencer attempts Lauder's methods. They are the only two in the cast. After the completion of the picture Chaplin presented Lauder with his personal check for $1,000 for the relief fund.

THERE was a rumor that Universal City was to close for good. It had its foundation in the 1,500 employees who were let out during January. The City has issued a statement saying the plant would not stop entirely. The Rupert Julian company and the serial players are the only ones to be retained. "U" City normally employs some 2,100 players, directors, extras, etc. Eastern producers are being flooded with wires from stars, directors and players now "At liberty." The closing is said to be the latest move in a general retrenchment policy. Triangle has let out half a hundred people, among them two or three directors of comedy. They are reported to be undertaking a reorganization of their comedy department.

CHARLES CHAPLIN is now at work on his first new comedy in his new studio. It's in Hollywood, of course; and the buildings are cleverly camouflaged into a bit of old English village. The effect is quite restful, and pretty; but once you're inside, it's all very business-like. There's a lemon-tree right back of Charlie's dressing-rooms—but then he says lemons are his lucky fruit. He has been doing some new stunts, climbing about on the steel girders of the new stages—until Syd Chaplin, his brother, found out about it: and called him down.

HOWARD HICKMAN is back on the stage. He will have one of the leading roles in "Mary's Way Out," a new Morosco piece. Never mind—he's not giving up his screen work; he'll report every morning at the Paralta gate as usual. Belle Bennett, of Triangle, has a part in the new production.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND makes his film debut in "Pay Day." This is a five-reel comedy-drama with the Sidney Drews, adapted from the stage play of the same name. Mrs. Drew says Rowland is the best leading juvenile she has ever directed. He is the president of the Metro Pictures Corporation; and they do say he's always wanted to be an actor.

EARLE WILLIAMS likes the West. "I much prefer picking oranges to throwing snow-balls," he says; "I'm going to rent one of those delightful bungalows, with a Jap cook and garden attachment, very near a golf course and not too far from the studio. I'm going to live in the sunshine." He is working on a film version of O. Henry's "Lotus and the Bottle," which will be released under the title, "An American Live Wire."

YOU know about the coal shortage if you live east of the Rockies; and you know about it if you live west of 'em. California is crowing all over New York because, obeying the shut-down orders, the eastern studios have been obliged to suspend operations. Many pictures have been held up and the stars rushed westward to finish them there. California has the chance of a lifetime to talk about its balmy climate—and they're doing it, they're doing it.



Pompeian Night Cream

Brings Beauty while you Sleep

JUST leave pure, snow-white Pompeian NIGHT Cream with its delicate perfume on your face as you fall asleep. Then in the morning see how soft and smooth is your skin! But you must be faithful—every night—for time and weather are daily stealing beauty and youth from your face. Jars, 40c and 80c at the stores.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream

Is anybody in your family troubled with Dandruff? If so, don't let the matter be neglected, as Dandruff often causes the hair to fall out. Our new product, Pompeian HAIR Massage, has already won thousands of friends all over the country because it has stopped their dandruff. It is a liquid (not a cream) and is not oily or sticky. Delightful to use. 60c and $1.10 bottles at the stores.

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream

is an entirely different cream. It's pink. It is rubbed in and out of the skin, cleansing the pores and bringing the glow of health to tired, sallow cheeks. Especially good for oily skins. 55c, 80c, and $1.05 at the stores.



Mary Pickford Art Panel

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Miss Pickford, the world's most popular woman, has again honored Pompeian by posing exclusively for the 1918 panel. Size 7¼x 28 inches. Daintily colored. Please clip the coupon for panel and sample of Pompeian NIGHT cream.



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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM CO., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 24 W. 44th St., New York City; 807 E. 175th St., New York City (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Plays and Players

(Continued)

FRANKLIN RITCHIE, at one time regarded one of the best leading men in motion pictures, was instantly killed in an automobile accident near Santa Barbara, Cal., in January. Mr. Ritchie began with the Biograph company and for a long time he was with the Ince company. Later he went to Santa Barbara, where he played with the American and while in that city he retired from the screen to go into the automobile business. He married about two years ago.

MARY PICKFORD was accorded an honor last month that was never before conferred upon any American woman when she officially reviewed the troops stationed at Camp Kearny, near San Diego, Cal. The affair was arranged by the officers of the 143d Field Artillery and signalized the adoption of the entire regiment by the little film star. Before that she had adopted only half the regiment, the first battalion. After the regiment had passed in review before Little Mary, who, by the way, was seated on a horse with all the big officers, there was a lunch with the officers, a football game between Mary's regiment and the Grizzlies' regiment of artillery, a dinner complimentary to the star in the evening and the regimental ball at Coronado, where Mary and Colonel Faneuf, of her regiment, led the grand march. Major General Strong, commanding the Fortieth Division of the United States Army, was present during the ceremonies.

UNIVERSAL'S usual midwinter shake-up came as per schedule with its usual casualties. Among the prominent ones who are seeking pastures new are Herb Rawlinson and Louise Lovely, both of whom have appeared in Bluebird productions. A large number of minor players also succumbed when contracts expired and others went despite contracts, the company blaming the government fuel conservation order for the drastic action. Universal claims to have enough film "on the shelf" to provide a regular release up till next August.

THE coal situation in the East caused a veritable exodus of film companies to the Coast, where they can get along without coal forever, as oil is used almost exclusively for fuel. Besides, no fuel is required to keep warm in Los Angeles. Theda Bara was one of the first to depart Sunsetwards.

"M'LISS," Bret Harte's story of early California days, is to be Mary Pickford's next. The story was done once several years ago by the World and to prevent the usual performance, Artcraft bought up the World film before starting on the picture. Frances Marion adapted the story to the screen and Marshall Neilan directed it.

RICHARD TRAVERS, who won a captaincy at Fort Sheridan, Ill., has seen service before, under the Union Jack in the Boer War in South Africa. On one occasion as a sharp-shooter Travers had a narrow escape which will bear retelling. He had been lying full-length for some time, behind a small hillock of sand, awaiting his chance to draw a bead on one of the enemy; and his cramped position finally became so intolerable that he moved his head and shoulders a little way in order to get relief. And in that second a bullet struck the sand where his head had been. "Dick" heard the shot and looking up saw the body of a Boer sharp-shooter falling from a scrubby tree several hundred yards away. Some British sharp-shooter had shot the Boer just as he fired at Travers.

Rhea — the Lovely Riddle

(Continued from page 77)

—or something like that. But if you're talking about Rhea Mitchell, you don't. It isn't necessary; and besides, what wouldn't she say to you the next time she met you!

She has a freckle under one eye—just one freckle. If you have never seen one freckle under one eye, you can't begin to appreciate Gin—Rhea. Because, although she herself hates it, has employed every known and unknown remedy and every advertised freckle lotion, it won't come off. Everybody hopes it never will. Not that everybody is mean about it. But Ginger Mitchell wouldn't be Ginger without that freckle.

She has had all kinds of stage experience. Started in stock in Portland, then filled engagements in every city on the Pacific coast excepting Los Angeles. For one season she played the Orpheum circuit with the late Sydney Ayres in a dramatic sketch. Later she became ingenue lead with the Alcazar stock in San Francisco, and then came her screen debut with the New York Motion Picture Corporation. She appeared in many of the old Broncho, Domino, and Kay-Bee films before she really won wide recognition in "On the Night Stage," in support of Hart and Robert Edeson.

In 1916 Miss Mitchell was with American. Now,—a star, for Paralta.

"Date of birth, Miss Mitchell,—day, month, and year?"

"December 10th," said Miss Mitchell. *Ginger.*

Her eyes dance so, you can't fix the color of them to your satisfaction. If we said they were blue, and they happened to be grey,—well, you know how you'd feel about a thing like that, yourself.

She doesn't cook nor sew nor garden. She hasn't a single Belgian orphan to her credit. But she has adopted two Sammies, and she sends them cigarettes and candy and sweaters and socks and scarfs and wristlets. Right now it's another scarf she's working on; her socks are fit for a king—only of course she doesn't believe in kings—and you should just hear her chatter in technical language about the different kinds of bandages and surgical sponges and things that they need "over there."

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

He has to look his best, for Florence Vidor is his leading woman. This girl has traveled far since her first little gem in "A Tale of Two Cities," when she had only about twenty feet of celluloid.

THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY—Backer

Every now and then one of the evangelists of Times Square discovers some flaw in social conditions and gets all het up. George Backer has learned that society folks are addicted to liquor, and proceeds to expose the condition in "The Fringe of Society." The money it cost would have been of much greater aid to the morals of the world if it had been spent giving decent elevator service to the film corporations in Mr. Backer's building at Forty-Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York. The cause of prohibition is only mocked by such flimsy stuff as this. Only the presence of Milton Sills as a newspaper owner constantly fighting his appetites, saves it from utter banality. Ruth Roland, as the journalist's imperilled wife, seems not quite happy.

LOVE LETTERS—Paramount

"When lovely woman stoops to folly" you have the theme for a Dorothy Dalton photo-scandal. The folly in "Love Letters" was a reversal of the customary perjury. Instead of the husband saying that the wife was the "first and only," the wife tacitly so pretended by declaring she had never met a certain man to whom she had written curious, though innocently meant, love letters. The husband learns the truth, suspects more, etc., etc. Of its kind, it is a good enough story, and provides a better runabout for Miss Dalton than did her previous debauch, "The Price Mark." And much can be forgiven for the manner in which the piece is staged. It is, however, for admirers of The Duchess or the immortal Laura Jean.

OUT WEST—Paramount

"Out West" is a Fatty Arbuckle travesty on a Bill Hart-Doug Fairbanks western thriller. It is full of fights and liquor and riding—ever see Roscoe punish a horse by riding on it? Buster Keaton, Al St. John and Alice Lake are among those present most of the time.

EYES OF MYSTERY—Metro

Edith Storey's first announced picture after her enlistment with Metro was "The Legion of Death." For some reason not yet told, this picture is held back for the present, and Miss Storey makes her first appearance on the silversheet in almost a year, in "Eyes of Mystery." This is a rather inconsequential melodrama, and for the life of me I can't see any sense in advertising this clever girl as "the Bernhardt of the screen" and then giving her little to do but go back and forth across a shallow stream, rowing, swimming, and horseback. "Eyes of Mystery" is a distinct disappointment. Hurry along "The Legion of Death" and let's forget this one.



What It Costs To Feed a Man

A big man at average work can be well fed on 3000 calories per day. The calory is the standard ration unit.

In Quaker Oats those 3000 calories would cost just 14 cents. In other foods the cost would be as follows:

In Eggs,	**$1.33**	**In Halibut,**	**$1.00**
In Round Steak,	**.81**	**In Potatoes,**	**.70**
Broiled Chicken,	**3.40**	**In Bread,**	**.24**

So eggs—for the same food units costs nearly ten times what Quaker Oats costs. Meats, on the average, cost eight times as much. The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one bacon-and-egg breakfast.

Then in Quaker Oats you serve complete nutrition. Every needed element is there. You serve the greatest of the grain foods, measured by every standard. You serve the most flavory, most delightful cereal which Nature has created.

Serve in big dishes. Make it the entire breakfast. A multiplied cost can buy nothing comparable,

Then see what flavor it adds to your flour foods. Every pound thus used saves a pound of wheat, and it makes the foods more inviting. See the recipes in each package.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats because of its wondrous flavor. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the rich plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These luscious flakes cost no extra price.

And they have made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over.

12c and 30c per package in the United States, except in far West and South where high freights may prohibit

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What One Dollar Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth,* and nothing but the *truth,* about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most surperbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazine published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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(April)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

CONVICT 993—Pathe

"Convict 993"—renamed "Miss Mystery" for certain censor-infested districts—is a story concerning which it would be unfair to you to give a hint of the plot. Irene Castle, the slim princess, is the central figure, and varies from prison to palace, from cell to sables. She has many adventures, and a surprise is saved for the conclusion. Warner Oland, as central operator of a criminal organization, is the same thorough artist as always. If he had only to open a door and take in the morning paper, that scene would come pretty near being the one most remembered. However, Princess Irene is becoming a keener actress with each picture, and in "Convict 993" she is at her best. Helene Chadwick as a member of the gang, gives a suggestion of latent forces hitherto unsuspected.

STOLEN HOURS—World

Combining a natural instinct for innocence with a love for adventure, a young woman finds herself practically alone in the world. She is befriended by an aristocratic young man whom she had shown a way out when a gambling house was raided. The situation calls for the nicest sense of social values, as it occurs in "Stolen Hours." Ethel Clayton's instinct for fine distinctions is as subtle as that of any actress I have ever seen. The quick tremulousness of her chin is unique. It is more than a trick or mannerism. It seems to focus her entire meaning. By such subtlety of expression does Miss Clayton make this interesting character in "Stolen Hours" real. John Bowers is a great help.

MY OWN UNITED STATES—Frohman

It is unfortunate that the title, "The Man Without a Country," used for a picture which proved a mere travesty upon the theme, could not have been protected and saved for "My Own United States." This picture, made by the Frohman company from a scenario by Anthony P. Kelly, is one of the most important, from the viewpoint of nationalism, since "The Birth of a Nation." It begins with the Hamilton-Burr antagonism, introduces Philip Nolan as a friend of Burr, shows the death of Hamilton in the duel, and makes Nolan a half-hearted confederate in Burr's monarchical plot. Then the trial, the sentence, and the picture follows the Hale classic. Arnold Daly plays the part of Nolan—the headstrong, impulsive, yet clean-hearted victim of his own impetuosity. Daly is often spoken of by the literary critics of the indoor stage as America's greatest actor. He wins, upon the screen, almost the same honor. Anna Lehr, as the faithful sweetheart of Nolan, gives one of those strong impersonations that remain long in the memory. Her beauty is dramatic, her drama beautiful. And the whole production is made with the utmost fidelity to historical fact. It deserves a run in every picture house in America.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

IN BAD—Mutual

The Hon. Bill Russell told me, one day in the Lambs' Club, that "In Bad" was a better picture than "The Sea Master," which preceded it. That same day he told a friend of mine that he (my friend) would never get a certain $5 that the Hon. Bill borrowed the night before. If the second statement is not more accurate than the first, my friend will get his $5 all right. "In Bad," however, as the Hon. Bill may be for his financial operations, it is only fair to say that this later picture is light comedy, and so necessarily lacks the grip of the stern tale of the sea, which dealt with one hundred percent men in the raw. "In Bad" is fluent, pleasing, but not of the sort to linger in the memory. And Bill had bad support except for the "trainer."

THE STRONG WAY—World

Again the girl who marries a rich man whom she does not love, to satisfy her mother's desire for wealth; again the roue; again the former sweetheart of the unhappy wife, accused unjustly of a crime. Then the tune changes slightly, in "The Strong Way." The wife, to save her sweetheart, explains his presence in a guilt-suggesting predicament, by declaring that he is her lover. Whereupon her husband gets the divorce that solves the problem. June Elvidge is the principal reason for the existence of this picture.

MOLLY GO GET 'EM—Mutual

"Molly Go Get 'Em" is the luring title of a hilarious comedy with a melodramatic finish, starring Margarita Fischer. Margarita plays the part of a tomboy, whose principal object in life is to have fun. If other people get in her way while she is having it, who is to blame her? So she kidnaps her sister's young man, preys upon her father's finances, captures a bogus count, and lives happily ever after. Miss Fischer is a romping joy.

NUT STUFF—Essanay

One of the hilarities of January was "Nut Stuff," an Essanay comedy. It is a travesty upon the stupidities of careless picture directors, showing the making of a "feature" and then the finished product. A typical incident is the entrance of a visitor into a house, giving his hat and stick to three different persons as he passes through the rooms, and still having both when he enters the last one. Certain producers, whose names we decline to mention until we buy a suit of iron B. V. D's., may not see the joke.

THE CLOVEN TONGUE—Pathe

It is seldom that the Russian pictures, now being distributed by Pathe, have a pleasant ending. These Slavs love tragedy. But even in "The Cloven Tongue" there is little trace of what an American producer would regard as a safe picture to offer the tender public which he is careful to shield from unhappy thoughts. A prince loves the daughter of a country gentleman, but the district troublemaker, a Circassian woman who keeps house for the girl's father, indulges in various sorts of villainy to keep them apart. There is a killing, and danger of another, but happiness comes at the end. As usual with these films, the best player is given the most villainous role. Nadya Lesienka, as the Circassian beauty, should become an American favorite for her beauty no less than for her dramatic talent.

BROWN OF HARVARD—Selig

All that was needed to make "Brown of Harvard" a sure success was the right sort of young man to play Brown himself, and so Selig seemed to understand, for he selected Tom Moore. This likable leading man does not have to skip around all the time to remind you that he is enacting the role of a college boy, because he has a youthful point of view. He thinks in terms of youth, and that serves the purpose much better than all the acrobatics he could pack into a half day at a gym. It is the best thing he has done in a long time.

THE KITCHEN LADY—Paramount

Ever see a trained fish? Or a man wrestle with a bear and roll all over the house with him? These are just two of the minor incidents of one of the funniest Paramount farces ever concocted. It is "The Kitchen Lady," and is indescribable. Children may take their grandparents to see this picture without fear of consequences upon their morals.

THE WINDING TRAIL—Metro

We have had Hart's "Narrow Trail," Lockwood's "Avenging Trail," Vitagraph's "Fighting Trail," and now comes Viola Dana down "The Winding Trail." If this keeps up we shall need a chart and compass, in this maze of trails. The Dana tale, however, is the best of the lot, though not the best in production, nor yet the worst. The story is by Katherine Kavanaugh, whose "Betty Takes a Hand" won second prize in the PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Triangle scenario contest. Viola Dana plays the part of a dancer whose sister died after an unfortunate love affair. The betrayer has gone to a desert mining camp, and the dancer follows for revenge. Her trail crosses that of Zachary Wando, a bandit whose heart had been hardened against mankind by the duplicity of a woman, another of the victims of the man the dancer is hunting. The moments of dramatic tension and physical danger are numerous, but it beats all the way this girl Viola Dana can keep her face all clean and powdered no matter in what part of the dusty desert she happens to be roaming.

THE LAMB—Pathe

It seems incredible that any producing company should be unaware that "The Lamb" was the name of the first Douglas Fairbanks success. It is selected for the name of a Harold Lloyd comedy, but probably being an unwitting infringement, the name may be changed later. Lloyd is



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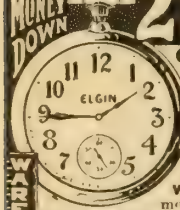
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

getting farther and farther away from his previous line of work, and the few suspicions that he aspires to imitate Chaplin are being dispelled.

REVELATION—Metro

In "War Brides" (at present suppressed for the duration of the war) Nazimova was a tremendous tragedienne. Her second appearance on the screen is in "Revelation," a Metro production. Here she runs the well known gamut of human emotions. She is a wanton and flirts, she is a fury and fights, she is a tigress and claws, she is in love and purrs, she is a madonna and dreams. She has the role of a wild girl of the cabarets who falls in love with an artist. He takes her as simply as she gives herself, and inspired by her personality he achieves fame. Suddenly she is revealed to herself as a human soul, and flies from her life, which now seems sordid and debased. The final revelation brings a happy, though not illogical, denouement. Nazimova is superb throughout. In this one picture she is everything that she has ever been in all her stage career, so far as the art of acting is concerned.

THE WORLD FOR SALE—Paramount

Not knowing what Sir Gilbert Parker wrote in his book, it is impossible to say what was the source of the title, "The World For Sale," which is borne by J. Stuart Blackton's production. The story of the rival towns ruled respectively by debauchery and honor, is badly told. But for several characterizations, it would be an utter failure. Conway Tearle as the idealist; Ann Little as the untamed gypsy; W. W. Bittner as the ancient ruler of the clan; Norbert Wicki as a vagabond Romany—these are interesting contributions to celluloid acting.

DODGING A MILLION—Goldwyn

Mabel Normand has returned to the screen, after an absence of nearly a year, coming to the rescue of the inept Goldwyns in a picture called "Dodging a Million." This is by far the best production which Goldwyn has yet offered. The story is unusual, the star is charming.

A HEART'S REVENGE—Fox

Again the title problem—why "A *Heart's* Revenge"? This seems to be the season for hearts. Last season it was souls. Honor has its inning every so often. The theory is that you are lured to the theatre by the palpitating word "heart," whether it has anything to do with the play or not. The picture introduces the Fox star, Sonia Markova, the eminent Russian actress from Chicago, born Gretchen Hartman. It is a story of Chinese deviltry, the destruction of a man's memory and his sweetheart's bravery in rescuing him. There is one bit that is touched with genuis. A Chinese girl, confused between her ancestral deities and the American idea of God, calmly leaves the decision as to which she shall worship to a turn of the dice, and at once becomes a devout Christian with all the stoic fatalism of her race. This is the Orient in a word. Helen Long as the Chinese girl is fascinating. Miss Markova Hartman suffers from having to do melodramatic things. Her undeniable cleverness is spent in an unworthy cause.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. REYNOLDS—World

In "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds" we have an example of the execrable taste of the penny-chasing grub street author, selling the reputations of his country's heroes. Samuel Weller would have us believe that Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr were enemies, not because the one was trying to maintain his country's integrity, and the other selfishly seeking personal advancement, but because of a chit of a girl and a scandal.

THE IMPOSTOR—Mutual

"The Impostor" is a delightfully told story of mistaken identity. A girl, hungry and penniless, permits herself to be mistaken for a young woman of great wealth, and has the time of her life until she is found out. One of the charming things about it is the comfortable surroundings in which everyone exists, except the little girl mentioned, and even her sufferings are brief. There are so many pictures of pain and cruelty, that it is a positive relief to meet these well-clad, luxury-enjoying folk. Ann Murdock plays the part of the impostor and David Powell that of the necessary young man. The production is well up to the Empire All Star standard.

HER SECOND HUSBAND—Mutual

Divorce in haste—repent at leisure, seems to be almost as valid a saying as its forerunner. At least it makes a picturesque theme for a play. It is the motive in "Her Second Husband." A subsidiary theme is related to the perils of our girl stenographers. But the picture, as a whole, is so pleasant, so good humored even when the nice people in it are quarrelling, that you overlook the unpleasant episodes. Edna Goodrich plays the part of the wife who rebels when her husband uses his home to entertain vulgar business associates and their more vulgar women friends. Her ability to wear gowns as if they belonged to her and were not rented "for this scene only" was never in more charming evidence. William B. Davidson—where has he been since "The White Raven"?—is the husband, the kind of a man you probably ride home with every night. The people in this picture are very human, which is one of the first qualifications for an excellent production.

BEAUTY AND THE ROGUE —Mutual

Mary Miles Minter provides an added treat in "Beauty and the Rogue"—she pretends she is a boy and wears overalls.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

And her face is just as piquant framed beneath a rough cap as it is in its aureole of curls. The fable has to do with a young woman's credulity—or over-credulity—in the word of a former convict. Her jewels disappear, and by a curious, though not inconsistent chain of events, she causes the arrest of the young man who, you are morally certain, she will marry in the last reel. But the great revelation in this picture is MMM as a toe-dancer. She "does a number" as a feature of a charity entertainment, and if we were Pavlowa we would feel just a wee mite nervous. The story is delightful, though lacking in bigness.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE LOVE TO ME—Essanay

Mary MacLane, that very frank lady whose confessions read more like boasts, tells of six love affairs in "Men Who Have Made Love to Me," appearing in person as the heroine of these battles of the heart. The lovers are a callow youth, a literary man, an aristocrat, a pugilist, a bank clerk and a married man. Of course, each of the affairs ends unhappily, some because she was not good enough, others because she was too good. It is most entertaining. And all the catch-phrases of the easy love-makers are used in the subtitles. Personally, I think that if these are fair samples of the men who have made love to Mary MacLane, she is entitled to sympathy. There wasn't a "regular guy" in the whole outfit.

HER BOY—Metro

Another in the series of Metro photo-dramas dealing with the social problems of draft and enlistment; is "Her Boy," in which Effie Shannon makes one of her infrequent screen appearances. This is a logical companion piece to "The Slacker" and "Draft 258" but is different from either in that the principal reason for its existence is the story and not the patriotic propaganda. A young man is eager to enlist, but his mother urges him not to leave her. He has just passed his twenty-first birthday and is drafted. Then the mother forges a birth certificate and claims he is a year younger than was believed. The circumstances are such, however, that this places the bar sinister upon the boy's parentage, the mother's determination to keep her son at home reaching such a mania. If the story ended here it would be Strindberg. It develops to a more conventional conclusion, however. The story is big and vital, nor is the acting unworthy of the theme. Miss Shannon bears the brunt of the action as the mother, a strange study in affection and unscrupulousness.

By Harriette Underhill

HER SISTER—Empire All-Star

In "Her Sister," Olive Tell has the part played by Ethel Barrymore in the original stage version. The story has been changed radically. Miss Tell is sweet, beautiful, appealing, but she is at all times a serious minded young person, while the Barrymore version brought to the part a deal of humor. It is the story of two sisters who have been forced by circumstances to earn their own living. The elder becomes a fortune teller and calls herself Isis. The younger, Jane, does various things, and is constantly under the surveillance of her prudent senior. Jane finally becomes involved in a scandal, is named as co-respondent in a notorious divorce suit, and the elder sister, voluntarily toppling her own air castles, comes to the rescue. As the elder sister Miss Tell is extremely likable. In the supporting cast are David Powell, Eileen Dennes, and Anita Rothe.

WOMAN AND WIFE—Select

A screen version of "Jane Eyre," Charlotte Bronte's fascinating novel, is presented by Select Pictures and called "Woman and Wife." Its strong points are the story itself, the acting of Alice Brady sometimes, the acting of Elliott Dexter all the time, and Leonora Morgan's truly excellent portrayal of the difficult role of Valeria, the insane wife.

HIS OWN PEOPLE—Vitagraph

"His Own People" had, perforce, to be exceedingly well done, for it takes a deal of artistry to make one forget that blacksmiths do not visit Lady Marys in their manors, even when the blacksmith happens to be as attractive as Harry Morey. And if it had not been for Mr. Morey, Gladys Leslie would have had the most attractive part in the picture; as it is she shares honors with this virile actor. Miss Leslie bears a striking resemblance to Mary Pickford, but is not to be confused in any way with that vast army of ingenues who fancy that they may lure fame by letting down their hair and pouting.

THE CROSS BEARER—World

"The Cross Bearer," in which the World stars Montagu Love, is another war story, but more entertaining than most of its class, because it shows no battle scenes, and everyone has become surfeited with the spurious fighting which is too often introduced in films. Then too, no picture could lack interest while Montagu Love was on the screen. The scenes are laid in Belgium and Mr. Love portrays a Cardinal with Jeanne Eagels as his ward. Miss Eagels has the requisite amount of youth, beauty and wistfulness.

MADAM SPY—Universal

"Madam Spy," a Universal picture, gives the lie to the popular fallacy that the Germans are efficient and wily. Otherwise, how could they ever have been deceived by Jack Mulhall in the title role. Jack is a good actor, but not a good actress, which is, in our eyes, the highest





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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

praise. Only, Jack would a-spying go, to find favor in the sight of his father, an admiral, and his sweetheart. Of course, having donned a rag and a hank of hair, Mulhall must needs stride widely and smoke numerous long cigars in the sanctity of his boudoir to prove his masculinity. They all do it, and with the same unfailing regularity the spectators always enjoy it hugely.

THE WILD STRAIN—Vitagraph

Nell Shipman diverges from the beaten path in a Vitagraph feature called "The Wild Strain." It is the story of a girl who has seven respectable generations back of her, indicated by portraits on the wall, and who still has a wild strain. One suspects all along that the missing eighth grandfather has something to do with it, and one is right. He turns out to have been a Spanish brigand. So far so good; but a number of persons are introduced, which complicates matters so that, for a time, the main issue, viz: who shall marry whom, is confused.

GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY—Select

Toward the close of her stage career, Mrs. Leslie Carter appeared in a play by Rupert Hughes, called "Two Women." Those who remember the plump and middle-aged Ruth Graham and Jeanne La Fleur of Mrs. Carter could hardly wait to have the memory eradicated by Norma Talmadge, who essayed the dual role in a picture called "Ghosts of Yesterday." Both Miss Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien do magnificent work in this picture. Mr. O'Brien is admirably cast as Howard Marston, the waster, and Miss Talmadge as Ruth the toiler, and later as Jeanne the spoiler. The first is a little seamstress, the second a wanton cabaret singer of Paris. For some reason, we know not what, Miss Talmadge's delicate, intriguing beauty, was not nearly so apparent as in her former pictures. The picture was directed by Charles Miller. The supporting cast includes Stuart Holmes and Ida Darling. The scenario was by Miss Mildred Considine.

FACE VALUE—Bluebird

Mae Murray helped to write the story "Face Value," which has been screened by Bluebird. She is also the star. We like her better as a star than as an author. There are numerous incidents which reach the heart, but this is due to the portrayal rather than to the conception. The prologue shows Joan Darby (perhaps a daughter of "Darby and Joan") at the age of ten, and Miss Murray manages to look not a day older than that. She is apprenticed to a cruel washwoman, who makes her scrub floors and carry home the laundry. So Joan runs away and wanders about for six years in one reel, before she is discovered as cashier in a quick lunch room. She had to be insulted by the manager so she could run away again and be recovered by Wheeler Oakman, a philanthropic millionaire. From there on it was plain sailing for the scenario writer.

THE BLIND ADVENTURE—Vitagraph

"The Blind Adventure" is an interesting picture made from an interesting story by Earl Derr Biggers, called originally "The Agony Column." The featured players are Edward Earle and Betty Howe. It was assuredly not an easy thing to turn this story into a photoplay, for it was merely a series of letters written by Geoffrey West to Marian Larned in an attempt to win her attention sufficiently to warrant an introduction. What Geoffrey told Marian in the letters is visualized on the screen and makes excellent entertainment. The novel idea is well handled, and the key carefully concealed.

RIMROCK JONES—Paramount

"Rimrock Jones" is a Paramount picture, starring Wallace Reid and it has a number of good features other than those usually found in a western drama. For instance, the hero, Rimrock, has a sense of humor as well as a sense of direction with a six shooter at one end of it, and his repartee is as diverting as his roping. All of the pictures which Donald Crisp directs have nice little human touches in them which make the actors and the spectators at home with each other right away. Rimrock Jones is a mine owner who is made a victim of the "apex law" and he wanders about penniless until he finally stakes another claim and defies any one to take it from him on pain of death. Rimrock is all right until he visits New York and there he strays from the straight and narrow path. Not the least of his transgressions is appearing in a palm beach suit in the middle of winter.

MAN ABOVE THE LAW—Triangle

"Man Above the Law" is a powerful drama of the West, although it would in no wise come under the head of common Western dramas. There are no cowboys nor are there any dance hall girls, nor any roulette wheels in this Triangle picture. Neither does any one, at any time, sling a lasso or draw a six shooter. The weapon which Duke Chalmers uses is far more deadly. Jack Richardson does splendid work in the title role, for Duke Chalmers is known as "Man Above the Law" to the Navaho Indians. He is the victim of an unhappy love affair and man-like he resents so intensely the fact that the girl in the case tired first, that he goes west and becomes a trader. He insures the Red Men's loyalty by giving them poor whiskey which is labeled "pain killer." But it does not kill his own pain, and in this unhappy frame of mind he falls a victim to the charms of a young school teacher who attempts uplift work in the little settlement. The psychology of Chalmers is an interesting study and the story has not the banality of an illogically happy ending.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

CHEATING THE PUBLIC—Fox

William Fox certainly had no intention of cheating the public when he gave them the picture called "Cheating the Public." Each and every reel of it is "worth the price of admission." There is a story with a moral for those who like to know the ways of the food profiteers; and there is the wronged girl, in the person of Enid Markey, who shoots her potential betrayer; and there is a court-room scene where the unwritten law has no effect on the twelve good men and true, who sit in judgment; and there is the race between the motor car and the train; and the young hero waving the pardon in his hand; all, all, is there.

HIS MOTHER'S BOY—Paramount

It hardly seems possible that a simple tale of a country boy who went out west to a rough town where the oil wells are could be made as entertaining as "His Mother's Boy" has been made. Charles Ray is ideal in the title role. His art, if it is art, is carefully concealed, and one feels that he is playing with his heart as well as with his head. Ray is Matthew Denton, a boy who has to go to prayer meetings when he wants to swim and read Bunyan when he longs to read Nick Carter. His chance comes when the oil wells, from which his mother derives her small fortune, stop paying dividends. Matthew goes west and after he has been there a month he licks the "bad man" of the town and marries his girl.

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Artcraft

Could any one else have been so much the "Rose of the World," as Elsie Ferguson who is playing the title role in the Artcraft picture of that name? We doubt it, for it is a difficult role with its swift transitions from grief to anger and from despair to transcendent happiness. The story is melodramatic but there is nothing melodramatic in Miss Ferguson's interpretation. One would find it difficult to believe that a picture could be convincing which contains war scenes in India, intrigues, secret strong boxes, disguised Arabian valets, incantations and hair which turns white over night, but such is the case.

BROADWAY LOVE—Universal

Dorothy Phillips is quite too beautiful and too clever to waste her sweetness on the desert air, or her talents on a picture like "Broadway Love." W. Carey Wonderly conceived the story and he had a good idea, but something went wrong along about the middle of it; or perhaps it stopped for lack of fuel. At any rate it could have closed quite satisfactorily at the end of the third reel. Miss Phillips plays the part of Madge, a country girl who has come to New York to win fame and fortune on the stage. Being beautiful, she is beset with temptation, but they prove no temptations to Madge because she is strong minded.

FOR LIBERTY—Fox

Gladys Brockwell is the star in a Fox picture "For Liberty," which sets itself the task of proving how easy it is to fool the German government. This is not a propaganda picture in any sense of the word, for it is doubtful if any living man could don the German uniform and enter the German army as did Charles Clary. Also if he did manage to elude the eagle eye of the Hun we hope that he would not confess to a young lady who had spent most of her life in Berlin, that he was a spy. It was risky business, but it happily turned out all right, for the girl in this case was true to the country in which she was born rather than to the land of her adoption.

EVIDENCE—Triangle

A Triangle picture, featuring J. Barney Sherry, is called "Evidence." All of the pictures which have turned out to be merely bad dreams the leading lady has had, owing to a pathological condition of the mind, have fooled us. And this one fooled us too—because it was not a dream. When the characters get into a situation from which no scenario writer could entangle them, then the spectators have learned to expect a ruse. But Barney Sherry, in the person of John Corbin, really murdered his wife. Disgusted with the miscarriage of justice, he makes a wager with his friend Dr. Richard Hyde that he could murder his wife, confess, and go scot free. His words were idly uttered but it so happens that he does all of these things. Pauline Starke has a small part which did not bring her on the screen often enough. "Evidence" is interesting but unpleasant.

FIELDS OF HONOR—Goldwyn

Oh, this will never do! "Fields of Honor"! When Irvin Cobb wrote this story he had a big idea and he put it down as simply and as powerfully as Irvin Cobb can do, and now it has been sacrificed to make a Goldwyn holiday. Who ever wrote the scenario refused to have his name appear and one must infer that Cobb did it himself. Perhaps he did and if so it must have been under duress, for surely he never would willingly consent to sacrifice his brain child on the altar of Mammon. Mae Marsh is cast for Marie Messereau, the unlucky heroine, and Marguerite Marsh plays the invalid sister. Both of these little girls were charming and they worked with a determination worthy of a better cause.

CUPID'S ROUND UP—Fox

Tom Mix is the star in a very good Fox picture called "Cupid's Round Up." Somehow, we cannot imagine Tom as a despairing lover who heaves his chest and lets "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his damask cheek." Neither did Tom fancy himself in the role, so he ran away to Texas and there he gave exhibitions of riding which we have never seen equalled on the screen.



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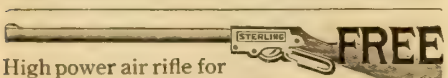
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE MENACE—Vitagraph

"The Menace" is an interesting story well produced and exceedingly well acted. Corinne Griffith, one of the most alluring of Vitagraph stars, and Evart Overton, are the featured players. The story brings up the question of heredity and proves that one's environment has more to do with one's future than one's parents. Richard Burnell (Evart Overton) is made to believe by Dan Morgan, that he is really his son, and as Morgan has just served a twenty year term in prison it may readily be understood that Richard is not too anxious to introduce Morgan as his father. There are two genuine surprises in the picture, which is generous.

THE DIVINE SACRIFICE—World

"The Divine Sacrifice" is rather an imposing name for so flimsy a structure as this World picture proved to be. The only bright spots in the picture are Kitty Gordon and her beautiful gowns. The story is all about a woman, Helen Carewe, who would have no children, and a man David Carewe who wished for a son, and another woman Madeline Spencer who also wished for a son, and of how the wife of David and the husband of Madeline went to Europe, on the same boat, but only inadvertently. Eighteen years pass and David and Madeline are shown with their daughter, June, living in the mountains. David is still, in the eyes of the law, the husband of Helen, so when June wishes to marry, her mother gives her up to Helen and tells her daughter that she is only her foster mother. We are sure that, of her own volition, Miss Gordon would never have chosen to make "The Divine Sacrifice."

PHANTOM RIDERS—Universal

"Phantom Riders" is a western picture which Jack Ford has produced for the Universal. We have put the director before the star, Harry Carey, because this very mellow melodrama has a number of features not usually found in this sort of picture. Perhaps we have not a movie mind, but at any rate it seemed to us that this young director is more engrossed with his action than he is with his continuity. But in a picture where the characters all wear sombreros and have names like—"Pebble," "Bland," "The Unknown," and "Cheyenne," it is difficult to keep track of "who is who."

A MOTHER'S SIN—Vitagraph

A Vitagraph picture starring Earle Williams is called "A Mother's Sin." Just why this title is chosen is not revealed; but the sin must have been most reprehensible for the punishment was severe. Earle Williams is Patrick Yardly, a young man whose only faults are his extravagance and the fact that he is the son of the woman who committed the sin. So Patrick's father tells him that his mother was not a good woman and then cuts him off without a shilling. Then he dies; and wickedness flourishes for a while but virtue triumphs in the end, for it seems that there were two wills, and the last one was in favor of Yardly's "dearly beloved son." The work done by Charles Horton in the role of a thieving valet is so good that it stands out in a cast that is more than adequate.

MADAME JEALOUSY—Paramount

Pauline Frederick is appearing in a Paramount picture called "Madame Jealousy"—a picture which is decidedly strong as to cast and production and decidedly wobbly as to story. Allegory must be good to be convincing, and Madame Jealousy is not convincing. It is supposed to teach us the folly of being jealous, but it is doubtful if it will bring one straying lamb into the fold. Miss Frederick is charming in the title role. The settings are magnificent and the cast has Thomas Meighan as Valor, Frank Losee as Finance, Charles Wellesley as Commerce, and Isobel O'Madigan as Pride. Rather an interesting interpretation of Mischief is given by Francis Caplano. When you have said that you have said everything.

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL —Triangle

Triangle is responsible for a picture called "The Captain of His Soul"—a picture which is not up to the Triangle standard at all. The story is not a pleasant one and the people which played in it did not help it much. Jack Richardson, who is always good, was shot in the second reel and with his death perished any hope of bringing the picture up from the ranks of mediocrity. Two brothers are resolved to avenge the death of their old father by shooting the man who swindled him. Later, the man is shown dead, by the roadside without portraying the manner in which he met his death. Each brother suspects the other. One of the brothers has a fever and raves. We liked him the better, although the other one marries the heroine. Neither was guilty of murder.

THE FORBIDDEN PATH — Fox

In the "Forbidden Path," a William Fox picture, Theda Bara is used to "point a moral and adorn a tale." She does both. The moral is the same moral found in all photo-dramas "with a mission."

Forbidden Paths, like the paths of glory, lead but to the grave. They are the paths which the young and handsome villain, who is as polished as his own eight-cylinder racing car, asks you to tread with him after you have been posing all day for a picture of the Madonna which is to be hung in the big Cathedral. Only at last some one has written a story where it is not the woman but the man who "pays and pays and pays." The woman lives to rise from her degradation and find her soul mate. Hugh Thompson, Sidney Mason and Walter Law all do remarkably good work as the villain, the artist and the father. J. Gordon Edwards directed the picture.

Griffith's Boy—Bobby

(Continued from page 22)

was sick—everyone, that is, with the exception of three passengers, and he was not one of the three. He admitted that he was so sick he wanted to die and, as if that wasn't bad enough, he has been kidded to death about it1ever since.

"A lot depends on what you happen to be in," he said in explanation. "We went over to Catalina in a launch. And when it's choppy on the li'l old Pacific and you're in a launch, you know it. There may be more roll on the Atlantic, but then the ship we went on was as big as this—" his gesture embraced the whole Los Angeles Athletic Club where he lives.

"Not to change the subject at all," he went on, "we landed at Liverpool and I, for one, went through a regular third degree. And I knew that one wrong answer would result in my being shipped right back again. Most of the questions were posers. For instance, I was asked if I had been invited to come or had come of my own accord. I took a chance and answered that Mr. Griffith sent for me. It turned out to be the right answer. If I'd said that I had come of my own accord, they would have ended the interrogation right there. Then I was asked why Mr. Griffith had sent for me and not for someone else? Was I, then, absolutely indispensable to Mr. Griffith, and, if so, why? Couldn't someone already in England do the same work I was brought over to do? Why not—it was awful.

"Of course, I knew that women were doing everything in England. But one thing that gave me a shock, was that, just as we stepped off the train in London, a young woman ran up to me and, touching the little visored cap she wore, said, 'Carry your grip, Sir?'

"Coming back, the ship we were on was camouflaged—painted in green and grey blotches to make it indistinct—and exactly the same secrecy was observed as we had going over. For instance, whenever we mentioned the name of the ship, even to each other, it was always in a whisper. We didn't even know exactly when we were to sail until almost the last minute. When I went to see about my passport, the room was full of people, so when the official asked me the name of the ship I was going to sail on, I leaned clear across his desk and whispered, 'Adriatic.' *'ADRIATIC'* he bawled in a voice loud enough to carry a block, 'When does she sail?' "

He made a valiant attempt to curl the ends of a very diminutive moustache. He was able to get hold of it, and that was about all.

"How do you like my moustache?" he asked. "I'll tell you what I was going to do: I was going to get a lot of English clothes, with a cane and a monocle and all that stuff, and walk into the club here just as I've seen other fellows do after a trip 'Abrohd,' " he put on a very supercilious expression to illustrate —"and I was going to keep it up, accent and all, for about three days until I had everybody saying, 'Well, will you look at that?' and 'What do you think he thinks he is?' but I couldn't do it. The first person I met was Jack Pickford and we've been chums for so long that it was too much for me. Perhaps I'll do it next time only a little differently. I'll miss this club when I go to war, but it would be fun to walk in here with a waxed up military moustache and a long beard. That's exactly what I'm going to do!" With a flash of inspiration, "Just after peace is declared—no, better still—I'll have the ruling powers inform me of that event in advance so I'll have plenty of time; I'm going to grow a beard. Then I'll strut in here with a good long one, to say nothing of the moustache, a member of the 'military caste,' don't you know?"

He wore his own moustache in "Intolerance."

"It's the only way to do," he said. There was just a suggestion of pride that he was able to grow one at that time. "Not even actors—fellows who ought to have known better—thought it was my own. There's a man up here who can make such good ones. But any kind of a false moustache is hard to get on, and if you don't take it off at lunch time, you're always eating hair."

The little moustache evidently brought out a resemblance to his father none of the family had noticed before.

"I had always thought that I looked a little like both my parents. It was a big surprise to me when my father told me that a woman had stopped him on the street—that was in New York—and said 'I beg your pardon, but aren't you Mr. Harron?' He admitted that he was, and she explained, 'I recognize you by your son on the screen.'

"Do people often come up and speak to you on the street?" he was asked.

"Oh, no, not often," he answered. "Those who do are mostly middle-aged women. It's different with Chaplin, though. Everybody recognizes him. We used to run around quite a bit together and wherever we'd go someone would be sure to say, 'Oh, look, there's Charlie Chaplin,' and kids would run up to him and say, 'Hello, Charlie.'

"I'd like to be a comedian—wouldn't you?"

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The Light Within

(Continued from page 60)

den, he braced his nerves with quantities of whiskey and soda; and brooded over his wrongs and the means he had chosen to right them.

It was some time later that Laurel, in the laboratory, discovered traces of culture on the table. Puzzled, she opened the ice-box and reached for the serum bottle, thinking what those three inches of liquid meant to the man she loved—and to herself. A tiny blood stain had trickled on the label from Durand's injured hand. Laurel, breathing hard, examined the contents, then swayed dizzily. She struggled to compose herself; every moment counted.

Confronting Durand in his den, she held out the vial, unable to utter a word. The malicious triumph in his drunken face, the evil in it!

"It's true, then! You—"

Her acute distress for Leslie unleashed all the beast in Durand. He flung off precaution; he revelled in his guilt.

"Yes, by God—it's gone, every damned drop! You will kill your lover even as you killed my son!"

After Laurel's blind rush from the room, Durand reeled to the door, slammed and locked it. The key fell from his unsteady hands and was hidden under a rug which he kicked viciously in passing. Sinking into a chair, he fell into a drunken sleep. Once or twice he roused and, faltering to the door, was surprised to find it locked. But he remembered nothing; and the stupor soon overcame him.

Joe, the Durand's chauffeur, on his way up to receive orders, was astonished when, turning, he saw Mrs. Durand at his elbow, her white face piteous.

"Joe—take the car—" she was saying—"Drive to the Zoo—you know you went there with me to examine that Mascarine turtle—Joe, I must have that turtle—buy it, pay any price; or, if that's impossible, steal it!"

Joe did not hesitate. Hadn't she saved one of his babies, when it had the plague? Hadn't he always said he'd go through fire for her? He'd do his best—give him just an hour—

That hour! Laurel had everything in readiness—if Joe should be successful. "If!" All her hopes and fears and tears and prayers, in one tiny word! And then, when it seemed that she could wait no longer, Joe returned. He was successful.

The serum was soon prepared; and Laurel, with the aid of the assisting physician, gave Dr. Leslie the first injection.

Meanwhile Durand had roused again, wondering why a few drinks could have caused such teriffic pains in his head. He looked down at his right hand—it hung swollen, limp, discolored at his side. It was curious that a little cut should have such serious results. A look of abject terror came into his face.

"What was in that vial I broke?" Could it be possible that he had infected himself with some sort of deadly stuff?

He staggered to the door and with the greatest effort called for help. He beat against the wood frantically, but with no real strength. He tried to shriek at the top of his voice, and was surprised to find all the glands in his throat were horribly restricted. The poison which had entered through his hand had begun to affect his entire system. He groped for the key; he couldn't remember why he had locked himself in. But no one in the entire household heard his feeble cries; all were engrossed with Leslie. Hours afterwards, Joe and some of the servants broke in, and found him, a disfigured, chattering wreck.

They told Laurel—she had quite forgotten Durand in her eagerness to save Richard—that her husband had become infected with the anthrax germs in the broken test tube. Leslie, conscious and on the road to recovery, overheard her excited conversation with the visiting physician.

"Laurel," Leslie called her; "Laurel—I've thought about this thing; I heard you telling Dr. Green. Laurel—save your husband. Use those two injections on Durand—I'll get along all right—"

"No!" Laurel protested wildly; "no—not for him! We must save you—"

"Laurel—it's the only thing to do."

But when Laurel reached her husband's room, it was already too late. Durand was dead.

Leslie had not forgotten Laurel's message—"My heart is all yours." And in the years that followed, when they faced life together, they learned to know another great joy—the joy that comes from work for others, keeping faith with the light within.

The Burglar

He's thist a bad ol' burglar,
  An' he's awful fierce, you know,
Ist like th' burglars 'at he's seen
  Down to th' pitcher show.
He's got a little toy gun,
  An' mask an' flashlight too,
His hair is all ruffed up, an' he
  Is desp'rate, I tell you!

He crawls in th'ough th' window,
  An' he looks round everwhers,
An' goes 'long on his tiptoes,
  Fierce an' brave right up th' stairs.
An' nen he opens up th' door
  'At leads into th' den,
Where Daddy's sittin' comf'table
  With pipe an' book, an' nen
He cries, "Hands up!" an' Daddy drops
  His book an' ist turns white,
An' th'ows his hands up in th' air,
  It gives him such a fright.
An' nen th' bad ol' burglar
  Takes his fountain pen an' ring,
His silver cigarette case,
  An' his watch an' everthing.

An' nen he takes his plunder
  An' he never turns about,
But keeps his Daddy "covered"
  'Ith his gun till he gits out.
You better ist be careful,
  Or he'll come an' rob you, too.
For he's th' bad ol' burglar
  In the movin' pitchers. Boo!

Fazenda—Comic Venus

(Continued from page 68)

should have a little strain of the serious in it. The funniest things one sees are positively tragic if you look at them that way. You know, in the pictures, the problem is not merely to keep young, but you're never supposed to reach twenty. And if you're going to look in your 'teens, you can't be either too fat or too thin. And so, nearly all of the biggest and brightest shining lights of the moving picture world go to a really famous place on Broadway where they drill it off you or put it on, as the case may be. I believe that that is the funniest sight in the world. And yet when you bend over and touch the floor near your right heel with your left little finger without bending your knees, or have someone roll you over a board with a lot of big round bumps in it, it doesn't strike you as being particularly funny—really, it doesn't. You've looked forward to doing it and you've imagined yourself doing it, and it doesn't run counter to your sense of the fitness of things.

"But when you see those same things being done by a woman who is very rich and celebrated for her dignity, or by a famous dramatic actress who has always been associated with emotional parts—funny? The first day I went there, I lay on the floor and laughed until every breath hurt me. An attendant came up to me and said, 'Please don't, Miss Fazenda, you're disturbing everybody dreadfully,' so I tried to stop. I'd almost succeeded when I caught sight of the woman next to me—you'd know her name if I mentioned it—and she was trying to raise herself to a sitting position without letting her elbows touch the floor; the object being to touch her toes with her fingers. She was moaning and going on—I won't forget that sight if I live forever!"

Miss Fazenda told a story on her director, Eddie Cline, that really belongs here by right of contrast. She says that instead of having himself steamed, and pounded, and otherwise tortured for the sake of beauty, he doesn't care how he looks, or who sees him looking that way, just so he's comfortable.

"But the time he really looks the funniest," she went on, "and not being a bit vain, he'll tell you this himself, is when he's dressed up. This morning, he told all of us that last night he was standing in front of the Tavern—a cafe near Los Angeles)—in his dress suit, when some man came up and said to him, 'Here, boy, call me a taxi!' He says that the next time he goes out he's going to take his flute and lead the negro orchestra!"

As a little girl, Louise Fazenda didn't have the slightest desire to be an actress. Her burning ambition was to be either a school teacher or a writer or both. It took a chance change from a Southern belle to a Negro servant, made in order to get five dollars, to bring out a rare talent as a comedienne that has resulted in fame and many, many times the original five dollars. Now, at an age when many are just thinking of beginning, she is already looking toward comedy drama—a new field to conquer. She has been in pictures just three years.



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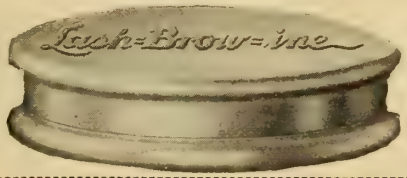
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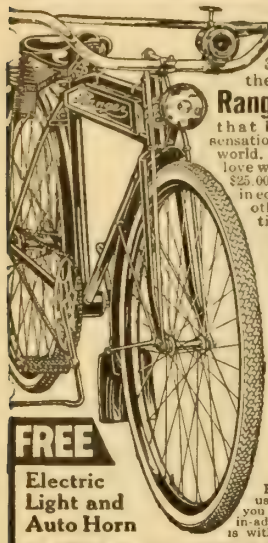
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La Tosca

(Continued from page 38)

a moan of agony which he could not restrain burst from Mario. Then a chorus of voices and oaths from the soldiers. "He has fainted!"

La Tosca dropped on her knees. "Do not torture him further," she begged. "I cannot endure it! I will tell. I will take you to the recess in the wall."

But when she led them to the hiding place of Angelotti, it was too late. He had heard them coming and had swallowed poison. He had cheated Scarpia and his band; his lifeless body lay in a heap on the floor.

"Mother of God be thanked," murmured the girl.

But Scarpia turned on her in a fury. "Think you that Scarpia lives to be made sport of? I will show you. Your Mario shall pay the price. Arrest him, men. We will hang him from the scaffold in the morning for the traitor that he is."

Brutally they pulled the reviving Mario to his feet and with kicks and buffets thrust him from the room, into the street. With a wild scream La Tosca fell senseless to the floor.

When she revived, she was lying on a pallet in a cell. Knowing that with her first coherent thought she would fly to the Queen to intercede for her lover, Scarpia had taken the precaution to have her arrested and confined. In a faint voice, she asked the hour. Her keeper, seeing that she was conscious, came to her and informed her of what had happened, and that as soon as she was sufficiently recovered the Baron Scarpia desired that she should be brought before him.

With trembling hands the girl arranged her dress, smoothed her hair, made herself presentable. She was pale—this would not do; she must be beautiful to touch Scarpia's heart when she pleaded with him for mercy. So false roses bloomed in her cheeks and her pallid lips were a Cupid's bow of loveliness when she stood before the old Baron, who sat at a sumptuous supper and invited her to share it with him.

She made a gesture of aversion. "Food would choke me while Mario lies in prison. Oh, be kind and give him to me, most noble Scarpia."

Scarpia devoured her with his cruel, sensual eyes. "Would you buy your lover's freedom?" he asked. "If so, I will name the only price."

She was about to give eager assent when the look on his face told her his meaning. "You beast!" she spat at him. "First will I plunge a dagger in my heart." She snatched a knife from the table, as if to suit her actions to her words.

He continued to gaze at her unmoved. "Then Mario shall surely die, and at once, without trial. Is this your boasted love, that you refuse any chance to save him?"

Suddenly the girl collapsed in a chair, like a crumpled, brilliant flower. She watched the cruel, gloating eyes before her as a fascinated bird is held in thrall by an evil snake. "Will you set us both free?" she asked. "Will you give us both safe conduct from Italy—if I agree?"

He nodded, with an avid gleam in his eyes. "Then do with me what you will," she said brokenly. "Provided Mario shall go free, for I am the one that betrayed him, through my jealousy."

One of her little hands lay like a white flower on the damask of the table cover. Scarpia reached forward and covered it with his own. A shudder ran through La Tosca, but she did not move. Beside her lay the knife which she had dropped a minute before. Her eyes, like those of a hunted animal, devoured it, and a light crept into them.

"Will you give the order for his release now?" she asked.

"I cannot well do that because of political feeling," said the crafty Chief of Police. "The execution will take place, that is, apparently. But I will have him shot instead of hanged, and the guns of the firing squad will contain only blank cartridges. I will see that he has instructions to fall as dead, then you can come and take his body away."

"And will you give the order now, immediately, so that there can be no error?" Her eyes were eager.

He clapped his hands to summon a servant, and then requested writing material. "I will send this to the captain of the firing squad tonight," he said, as he sealed a note. "Then in the morning the supposed execution will take place. And tonight—

She bowed her head in submission. Her fingers played with the handle of the knife. "But the safe conduct, the pass by which we may leave the country. Will you give that to me now?"

"You are Tantalus' self," he scowled, but he reached for paper and drew up the passport. La Tosca watched him like a cat, leaning over his shoulder and scarcely breathing. Stealthily her fingers closed on the knife which lay beside her. With the last flourish of his pen, she plunged it into his heart.

She wiped the blood from her hands and true to her training, placed a crucifix in the hands of the dead man, then knelt by his side for a moment in prayer. Then she hastened to the prison where Mario was confined and told him what she had done; and he stroked her hair and forgave her for everything and assured her of his undying love.

It was morning. The time had come when Mario was to be led forth to be shot. La Tosca had told him of the blank cartridges and hope was high in his breast. La Tosca had the passport, which Scarpia had written, close to her heart. She knew that Scarpia had given orders the previous evening that he was not to be disturbed, so that his death was as yet undiscovered. Only a few minutes now, and she and her lover would be free. Palpitating with eagerness, she waited while the soldiers led him forth.

There was a rattle of musketry. She waited long enough to give them time to leave him, then went forth to claim his body, as was her right. Went joyfully, for the dread ordeal was over.

But Mario lay so still, so still! And what was this? Blood! It was oozing from his shirt. With trembling fingers she sought his heart. It was silent. The soldiers' rifles had been loaded with ball.

La Tosca

(Continued)

Scarpia had deceived her after all. Mario had breathed his last love vow; never more would she doubt him. His breast was riddled with bullets.

Mad with grief, she rose to her feet. And then from all sides of the Castle poured forth soldiers. "You are under arrest," they shouted. "It is Scarpia's orders."

With a wild scream she broke from them and scrambled to the top of the parapet. "Scarpia! Go find him! Nevermore will he give you orders. I have stilled his lying lips forever. Scarpia will not answer and you call him." She flung one rounded arm up toward the sky. "He lies weltering in his own blood and it was this hand that sent him there!"

The soldiers surged toward the top of the parapet, with oaths and menacing cries. Magnificently she defied them. "Think you your vile hands shall ever touch the living Tosca? Never! I go to join my Mario!"

She leaped. There was a splash and a choking cry. And then the turbid, yellow Tiber swept its freight along without a sound.

That Imp Constance

(Continued from page 31)

With my face covered from the lens, I wailed for them to stop and let me out, but I might as well have appealed to the moon. When it came time for me to be found, I was almost frozen."

Her mood changed suddenly to that of a wicked child and she bubbled in silent amusement.

"But I got even with Daddy Giblyn," she chuckled, "when we went to Boston. A couple of stunning looking girls called on him in regard to entering motion picture work. They were quite prominent socially and beautifully gowned, and he was having a *very* nice time." The imp on the couch narrowed her eyes in ecstatic enjoyment of the memory. "I wandered aimlessly through the hotel lobby, and as I neared him and his visitors, called out casually, 'Hello, Daddy!' They were thoroughbreds, but just the same I saw that my shot had told. Conversation wasn't quite so animated, and when Mother came in they heard my greeting to her. With one accord they rose and one of them said sweetly, holding out her hand, 'Thank you *so* much, Mr. Giblyn, for your kindly advice. You've been so *helpful*. But we mustn't detain you any longer from your wife and daughter.'"

I laughed with her as I got up to go. "But," I protested, "why are you going to California?"

She beamed on me happily and kissed her fingertips to an imaginary weather god.

"Why ask such a foolish question?" she queried. "I'm going out to the most perfect climate in the world, where the sun shines all the time and they don't know what a blizzard looks like."

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What Makes Them Cry

(Continued from page 56)

Gladys Brockwell, another Fox emotional star, believes that music is almost a necessity in dramatic scenes, but she has no preferences. She leaves it to the musicians,—usually a trio, violin, cello and harp,—just so the tempo of the action is maintained.

The Universal Company has more musicians on its payroll than any other film producer. It is no unusual occurrence to see as many as four orchestras playing for as many companies on adjacent stages. Nearly all of the Bluebird stars like music for their dramatic scenes, but Mae Murray just can't get along without it. She likes a string quartet, and her favorite weep song is Irving Berlin's "When I Lost You." She also likes our old friend "Melody in F."

Then there is a goodly group of players who not only are not affected advantageously by music but are actually annoyed and unable to depict any emotion but peevishness with music on the set. Among the more prominent of these is Blanche Sweet. She is one of the Biograph school of ingenues, taught by Griffith to act without outside assistance. Mae Marsh is another. Both must feel what they are portraying—must actually be the girl they are characterizing, before they can emote—and music bothers them. Either can shed tears by the hour and bucketful without recourse to musical aid, but only when properly directed. Pauline Frederick is another who relies on her director to put her in a frame of mind that will eventually lead to tears. She has the ability to characterize at a moment's notice but when it comes to tears, Miss Frederick pauses. She is of the type that is unaccustomed to tearful indulgences and she has to summon all the emotional sentiment that lies behind the mask of the true artist to bring herself into a crying mood.

Marguerite Clark likes music but she hasn't been called upon to shed a tear, for public exhibition, since she became a Famous Player. Not that she cannot, for her stage experience has proven her to be more than just a portrayer of pretty child roles. Billie Burke is another famed actress who is seldom called upon to shed tears but when she does, well, it's some cry. She also likes music but doesn't need it to register deep grief.

Well, here we are with a lot of space filled and the roll far from called in its entirety, but perhaps there's enough to give the reader some sort of idea of what the writer has been trying to get over. Of course, there might be some mention of the "nut director," as Pete Props used to characterize the type, who has to have music to get him in the proper mood for directing, of the musician who was committed to the asylum after attempting to play for the filming of a Doug Fairbanks picture and other unique incidents connected with the text, but they are specific and unusual and not general. So this will be concluded and summed up with the verdict of the little extra girl during the filming of a Pickford cry: "Ain't music just perfectly grand!"

Viola Dana's director is her husband—John Hancock Collins. And everybody knows that any husband can make his wife cry. He simply tells her that he isn't going to buy her a new hat this year, or this spring, or whatever the season may be. But this wouldn't work with Viola Dana, because her salary is quite sufficient to provide her with all the millinery she wants. And as they are as happy a couple as you can find in the moving picture colonies of either coast, their relationship has nothing to do with Mr. Collins' success in drawing tears when he needs 'em. If it is a situation which Miss Dana can imagine herself actually experiencing, the tears come of themselves, but if it be one, which it usually is, which she cannot possibly imagine as part of her life, Mr. Collins has her think of something else.

For example, Miss Dana started her public career as a child dancer. So Mr. Collins suggests that she think of a poor girl who has suddenly been discovered by a theatrical manager to be a wonderfully graceful dancer. He engages her for a production, and the girl has every reason to expect fame and fortune. As she is leaving her poor home to go to the theatre, the rickety railing of the front porch breaks and she falls, dislocating her ankle. As a matter of fact, one of the biggest tragedies in Viola's rather happy life was her enforced retirement for a few months with a twisted tendon. So the tragedy is real, and the tears come. It's quite simple.

THE HOWLING MYSTERY

By J. P. McEvoy

I know why villains always have
Those vicious black mustaches.
I know why little heroines
Have long and curly lashes.
I know why vamps have supple spines
And quivah all the while
And make you thrill along the keel
When they exude a smile.

I know why guys that hang around
When movie heroes die
Doff their hats and shake their heads
(Nobody else knows why)
How letters pages long are wrote
With just one scrawly stab.
How movie trains are engineered
From the left hand side of the cab.

I know a lot of things about
The movie tricks and twirls
I know just why the leading men
Have cute, ambrosial curls.
I know why all the ingenues
Have golden locks and sunny,
But darned if I can figure out
Why custard pie is funny.

Real Folks

(Continued from page 86)

Now perhaps we haven't mentioned it before, but Lady Blessington was an ardent Red Cross worker. She had garnered a good many American dollars for the relief of suffering Belgium, and now she planned, before her return to England, to give a final reception to her friends and co-workers, many of whom were bright lights in the social realm where Father Dugan so longed to shine, but to which his millions would not gain him entrance. On the day in question workmen's and decorators' hammers were busy from early morning until evening, and when the last flag had been nailed up and the last festoon of blossoms arranged, Lady Bessington invited Mother Dugan over for a final look before the festivities began. Of course, Mother and Father Dugan had been invited to attend the reception, which Lady Blessington assured Mother was to be quite informal.

As Mother Dugan, quite entranced with Lady Blessington's decorative scheme, was voicing her approval, and Father Dugan was sitting upon his porch, trying to smoke and read a newspaper but in reality worrying about Jimmy, two young people stole silently up to a clump of trees near the Clifton place. Presently Dugan rose and went into the house. "Now's your chance," whispered the fairer of the pair of watchers, in a voice that seemed strangely familiar. Thereupon the other member stole to a trellis near where Father Dugan had been sitting, and presently a very masculine pair of legs was stealthily climbing through a window in the upper story of the Clifton house. There was something familiar about them, too.

Presently the titled Englishwoman and Mother Dugan were rather startled by the whirlwind entrance of Joyce Clifton, who threw her arms around the necks of both of them, alternately, and kissed them both indiscriminately. Mother Dugan patted the girl on the arm and she took the caress as a matter of course. Then she left, saying that she must dress for the evening. Joyce grabbed Lady Blessington around the waist and waltzed her toward the conservatory. Then she smilingly held up her left hand. On the third finger was a plain circlet of gold.

"And aren't you going to bring your brand-new husband to my reception?" asked Lady Blessington, when all the tale was told.

"Oh, yes," laughed Joyce. "He's upstairs stealing his evening clothes now."

At the Dugan's, Mother was telling Father that it was time he started to dress, and asking him if he had found any trace of Jimmy. "No, Mother," he replied sadly. "He's no longer at the greenhouse—and neither was he at another place I went."

Mother Dugan sighed. "Well, let's hope for the best that he'll turn up again. You were too harsh with him—but never mind that now."

The reception was a splendid thing. All the real people of wealth and position had come to do honor to a sincere worker in the cause of charity. Father Dugan, standing rather forlornly in a corner, was lost in wonder as he heard the doorman announce names that he knew, from his perusal of the newspapers, were names worth while.

Killier? Why that must be Killier, the steel magnate, and Mrs. Killier—What was it they were saying about her? She had just returned from the front—in France? And these other names—Castle, Mayhew, Storms. His astonishment grew. Beside these, he knew that Van Arsden's prestige was but a picayune proposition. And who, in Heaven's name was that? Violently he twitched Mother Dugan's dress. "Mary! These folks have got their *housekeeper* receivin'.

Mother Dugan smiled calmly and serenely. Now was her time to score. "Oh, yes, Pat. I want you to meet my dear friend, Lady Blessington." Dazedly Dugan followed her, as she moved forward, giving the introduction.

Lady Blessington's eyes twinkled as she held out her hand. She fully appreciated the situation. Then in quick succession the Dugans were made acquainted with the Killiers, the Castles, and the rest. And—for the Love of Mike, here was Jimmy! And on his arm the dancing teacher! And Lady Blessington was introducing Jimmy as Joyce's husband!

Pat pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. He became aware that Killier, the great Killier, was speaking. "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Dugan. You've got the sweetest and finest daughter-in-law in New York. Your boy has put mine out of the running on two counts now."

"Two counts," said Pat, still dazed.

"Yes. Koots tells me that Jimmy's the blood-thirsty young scrapper that whipped him at college, and then disappeared afterward; and now he's carried off Joyce Clifton, too."

"Sure, sure," said Pat with a noble effort to recover himself. "They were married this afthernoon."

Pat Dugan was no piker, whatever he was. His spirits began to rise at the splendid way everything was turning out, and he was ready to forget his own humiliation. He went over to his new daughter-in-law and whispered: "The place next door shall be your wedding present, my dear. I just bought it today."

Joyce looked up at him with an uncertain smile. He looked rather pathetic, in all this grand company, rather uncomfortable and out of place. She was too happy to be resentful. She reached up her arms and clasped them around his neck, whispering "Thank you—Father Dugan."

A little later Father Dugan bumped into Mother Dugan in a corner of the conservatory. He had got matters quite satisfactorily arranged in his own mind, by this time. He explained them to his wife:

"You see, I arranged this marriage in my own way, Mother. For I saw how it was with real folks."

Mother Dugan put her hand tenderly on his shoulder. "Did you now, Pat?" said she.

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Photoplay Writing

(Continued from page 82)

climax. In "Reaching for the Moon," we started Alexis off with some comparatively simple adventures, then gradually they got more and more violent up to the climax when he fell off the cliff.

The climax is of course the point of highest interest and should be worked up to steadily and gradually with ever-increasing suspense. Once this point is reached the suspense is over and there is nothing left but the denouement and the finale. In these the story should be satisfactorily ended, a satisfactory ending being one which is the logical outcome of, and justifies the beginning. In "Reaching for the Moon" we started with the admonition "Be careful what you wish for because you are likely to get it," and Alexis did get it to his sorrow. At the finish of the story the heroine wisely guided Alexis into wishing for something worthy and for something that he was capable of handling. Alexis got what he wished and because he had wished wisely, we left him happy at the finish.

In all our stories we seek something to satirize and in "Reaching for the Moon" we had the additional desire to poke fun at the wildly romantic type of novel, which for years has flooded the American book market. This however, was in addition to our main story construction, and unless the reader has had considerable experience in writing, it would probably be better to study his story with an eye to constructing it in the simplest form. Of course, one must keep ever in mind the types of characters with which one is dealing and study carefully every action of each character to see whether or not it is the logical action of the character in question in the circumstances in which he is placed. The psychology of the different characters is one of the most important things in a story. Let one character do a single act that is as we say "Out of character," or contrary to his nature, and the spectator will say "Oh, he never would have done that!" and the priceless illusion of your play is lost, perhaps never to be regained.

Revenge is Sweet

(Continued from page 47)

out of danger. Then Tim broke out. It was awful.

"Ingratitude, thy name is Sprightly," he yelled, sawin' the air with his fists. "I taught you all you know, and now you openly flout me. Shall I stand supinely by and see myself flouted. Not by a jug full. An eye for a tooth, that's my motto. I'll get revenge my haughty lady. I'll make you suffer."

Turnin' around he began to run for his room. I followed, as fast as I could with my bum leg, because I knew in reason that he was goin' for his gun.

He beat me to it. As I ran up to his door I heard terrible sound within. My heart quailed, for I thought I was too late to prevent manslaughter. Then I leaped through the door. The sight that met my eyes was worse than I had dreamed.

With his face registering 'Ghoulish Glee,' Tim was spanking the Pomeranian.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 100)

ROY, GOLD BAR, WASH.—Alfred Paget played the part of *Belshazzar* in "Intolerance." Seena Owen was the *Princess Beloved,* Constance Talmadge the *Mountain Girl* and Robert Harron the *Boy*. Mary Miles Minter will be sweet sixteen on April 1, 1918.

HERB, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Neva Gerber is not married. No one has ever written Bill Hart's life. He is an inch over six feet and weighs 190. His hair is dark brown and his eyes blue.

DOROTHY, MAYLANDS, WEST AUSTRALIA.—"Blue Jeans" is one of the most recent of Viola Dana's pictures. Mae Murray and Wallace Reid were the leads in "To Have and To Hold." Cast of "The Innocence of Ruth:" *Mr. Carter,* Edward Earle; *Ruth Travers,* Viola Dana; *Mortimer Reynolds,* Augustus Phillips; *Edna Morris,* L. Davril.

GENIE, PEORIA, ILL.—George Siegmann is now back with D. W. Griffith as his chief assistant. The Fairbanks twins are still on the stage. Tom Moore was not in "The Long Trail" but Lou-Tellegen played in it with Mary Fuller. Richard Barthelmess is 22. Write whenever the spirit moves you and surely there's enough spirits in Peoria.

MARJORIE, FORT WILLIAM, ONT., CANADA.—Wallie Reid and Seena Owen played the leading roles in "The Yankee from the West." Write Helen Holmes, at 4550 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

M. C. B., MEDFORD, ORE.—Pronounce Ince to rhyme with quince. It is generally agreed that Mary Pickford is stronger entrenched as a screen attraction now than at any time in her career.

F. E. L., WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Mary Pickford's contract with Artcraft was recently renewed, we understand, and she will probably remain with that concern for a long time to come. We are more than glad to hear from you and always be sure to tell us what's going on in cinema circles over there.

J. L., LEBANON, PA.—Warner Oland's role in "Patria" was changed from *Baron Huroki* to *Senor Morales* because a continuance of that role after the United States entered the great conflict would have been rather embarrassing to our new allies, the Japanese.

WALLY WORSHIPPER, PASADENA, CAL.—Afraid somebody was aspoofing of you. His right name is William Wallace Reid, Senior, and his wife's name is Dorothy Davenport. Sorry it wasn't *muy pronto-er* but your letter was buried down at the bottom of the pile.

DOROTHY, YORK, NEBR.—Emmy Wehlen and Paul Gordon played the leading roles in "The Pretenders" from the book by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. The photoplay in which June Caprice played the "much abused younger sister" was "A Modern Cinderella." There is no book.

R. H., NAPA, CAL.—Victor Sutherland was the lieutenant in "The Barrier." When in doubt about addresses mail the letter to your favorite in care of Photoplay Magazine and it will be forwarded without any delay. How are all the nuts?

J. P., DESERONTO, ONT., CANADA.—Dorothy Kelly has played in many Vitagraph film plays including "The Law Decides," "Salvation Joan," "The Secret Kingdom" and "The Money Mill."

N. C., ROCK HALL, MD.—Here is a list of the photoplays in which Mary Pickford has appeared since five reelers "came in:" In the Bishop's Carriage, Such a Little Queen, Cinderella, Mistress Nell, Fanchon the Cricket, Dawn of a Tomorrow, Little Pal, Tess of the Storm Country, Hearts Adrift, The Girl of Yesterday, Rags, Esmerelda, Madam Butterfly, The Foundling, Poor Little Peppina, The Eternal Grind, Hulda from Holland, Less than the Dust, Pride of the Clan, Poor Little Rich Girl, Romance of the Redwoods, The Little American, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, The Little Princess, Stella Maris and Amarilly of Clothesline Alley. Douglas Fairbanks' photoplays since entering the movies: "The Lamb, The Good Bad Man, The Habit of Happiness, Double Trouble, Reggie Mixes in, The Half Breed, His Picture in the Papers, Manhattan Madness, American Aristocracy, The Matrimaniac, The Americano, In Again,-Out Again, Wild and Woolly, Down to Earth, The Man from Painted Post, Reaching for the Moon, A Modern Musketeer.

RUTH, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Send on the candy whenever you're ready. We'll guarantee to eat it all. Sorry your friends are prejudiced against the movies, but we'll bet you a new hat for Easter that it's just a pose with them.

EVELYN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Mary Pickford had Henry Walthall oposite her in many of the old Biograph pictures, notably "Ramona." Dorothy Dalton played opposite Bill Hart in "The Disciple" and Clara Williams did likewise in "Hell's Hinges." Art Dramas is a releasing concern. It's pretty hard for us to advise about personal photographs. Naturally, it's discouraging to send two-bits to a star and get in return a reproduction worth about a quarter of a jitney, but what can *we* do about it? Enjoyed your letter.

MARY, COLUMBUS, O.—King Baggot is directing comedies for Universal in the East. He is married.

MERE CHILD, SLINGERLANDS, N. Y.—Only we'll bet you a dozen molasses cookies that you ain't. Velma Whitman played in stock in the South so you probably saw her in Oklahoma. We've had Pearl White on the cover. Certainly you may write again; we always like to hear from the children.

THE JINX, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—We used to think so to, but since taking this job we are just about convinced that it is the *mail* sex we belong to. You can write Mr. Warner at the Lambs Club, New York City. Regards to swamp root.

L. H., CENTRAL CITY, NEB.—George Gebhardt was *Bechel* in Lasky's "Blackbirds." Walter McGrail was *George Gray* in "The Dollar and the Law." Carlyle Blackwell was the king and Harold Lockwood *Trainor* in "Such a Little Queen." Here are the photoplays in which Marguerite Clark has played: Wildflower, The Crucible, The Goose Girl, Gretna Green, Pretty Sister of Jose, Seven Sisters, Helen of the North, Still Waters, Prince and the Pauper, Mice and Men, Out of the Drifts, Molly Make Believe, Silks and Satins, Little Lady Eileen, Miss George Washington, Snow White, The Fortunes of Fifi, The Valentine Girl, The Amazons, Bab's Diary, Bab's Burglar, Bab's Matinee Idol, The Seven Swans.

R. C., INDIANAPOLIS—Thanks kindly men for the compliments. Laura Sawyer is now devoting her time to writing. She wrote "Miss George Washington."

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Received "Stars of the Photoplay," and wish to say a better collection could not have been gotten. Am more than pleased with same. Thank you very much indeed for publishing such a beautiful book. Sincerely,
GEORGE GUIDO,
U. S. Marine Band.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. E. T., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet left Lasky last year. She isn't with any company. There are many others besides yourself who are going to forget her if she continues to answer "absent" when roll is called for the present day film stars.

D. C. M., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"Stella Maris" is a late Mary Pickford play. Address Miss Pickford in care of Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal. Louise Huff is with the Lasky Pictures Corp., at Hollywood.

F. S., ROSWELL, IDAHO.—Dorothy Gish is twenty and Lillian two years her senior. Those in "Civilization" were: *The King of Wredpryd,* Herschel Mayall; *Queen Eugenie,* Lola May; *Count Ferdinand,* Howard Hickman; *Kathryn Haldemann,* Enid Markey; *The Christus,* George Fisher; *Luther Rolf,* J. Frank Burke; *The Prime Minister,* Charles French; *The Blacksmith,* J. Barney Sherry; *His Son,* Jerome Storm; *His Daughter,* Ethel Ullman.

H. S., FREMONT, NEB.—Ah yes, 'tis true, Charles Ray is married. He is twenty-seven years old. Mae Marsh is single. Betty Lawson is the name of June Caprice, we mean *was* her name.

C. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Pauline Frederick hasn't any children. She was born on the twelfth of August, 1884. No, you are wrong. She was not one of the sins in The Seven Deadly ones.

E. H., BERESFORD, S. DAK.—Just because you are from Beresford and because we have a great liking for South Dakota, we are going to answer your question, though we have never given out such an unusual bit of information before. Francis Bushman *is* married.

G. G., MONTREAL.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-two.

D. S., FOSTORIA, OHIO.—There's Lottie and Mary and Jack. Wallace Reid's height is six feet and two inches. His complexion he says is "mixed." George Cohan's last was "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

A. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—William Wallace Reid, Jr., will be a year old in June. Dorothy Davenport Reid is the fond mother. Did you see those pictures in PHOTOPLAY? Sure you did if you are a "constant reader."

JOHNNIE, NASHVILLE, TENN.—May Allison is again a member of the Metro clan. She is not married and as we are most bashful we suggest that you "Speak for yourself, John."

A. M., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—June Elvidge is twenty-five. She was recently made a star by William Brady. Address her in care of World, Fort Lee, N. J.

DR. ELMER, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Because you requested us to and because we think our readers would like to read your poem, we are giving it space here. "What has become of Ridgely, Cleo, with the laughing eyes, Luscious, red lips far sweeter than Stedman's butterscotch pies. And two ever-deepening dimples putting dimples in the hearts of man? Bring her back, just as soon as you can. To which we answer: We'll bring back, bring back, bring back your Cleo to the screen, if we can. We'll bring back, bring back, bring back Cleo, if she'll come.

VIVIAN YORKE, NEW YORK CITY.—If your questions haven't been answered thus far you better send them in again.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. R., AKRON, O.—No Mary Pickford is not as small as she looked in "Rebecca." They had to put her in one of those presses and squeeze her down to the proper size before she started with the picture. Marguerite Clark is still on this sphere and so is Blanche Sweet. Marjorie Daw played *Emma Jane* in "Rebecca." She is fifteen and her right name is Marguerite House.

BERNICE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—So your sister named her goldfish "Wallie" after you had bestowed that name on your dog and now the goldfish answers when you call "Wallie" and you want to know what we'd do to settle the controversy. Well Bernice it would greatly simplify matters if you fed the fish to the dog and then when you called "Wallie"—

M. K. T., NEW YORK CITY.—Lillian Gish played child parts on the stage, her last appearance, we believe being in "The Warrens of Virginia." Jack Holt played a lead with Margaret Illington and also opposite a number of Universal stars. He is under 30.

MARIE, MINNEAPOLIS—Clifford Gray, formerly of Balboa, is at this writing in the officers training camp at the Presidio, San Francisco, preparing to be an officer. Kathleen Clifford is with Balboa at Long Beach, Cal. Write her there for a picture.

PEGGY, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.—That was Douglas MacLean in the picture with Gail Kane. Mary Pickford has no children although she recently adopted an entire orphan asylum in Los Angeles. Write often.

CLAIR, NEW YORK CITY.—Matt Moore played with Marion Davies in "Runaway Romany." Here's "The Haunted Pajamas" cast: *Richard*, Harold Lockwood; *Frances*, Carmel Myers; *Judge Billings*, Lester Cuneo; *Francis Billings*, Paul Willis; *Jack Billings*, Ed Sedgwick; *Jenkins*, Harry de Roy; *Elizabeth Billings*, Helen Ware; *Col. Kirkland*, Wm. DeVaull.

VIOLET, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—That little story about Fanny Ward was correct except the word "recently." It's quite a few years ago since Miss Ward became the bride of Joseph Lewis, the "South African Diamond King." She married Jack Dean about two years ago. William Boyd was *Isaac* in "The Kiss of Hate." Peggy Blake played the lead in "The Woman in the Box." Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880 and he has been married. Julia Stuart was *Mrs. Neville* in "The Common Law." *Birdie* in the Vogue comedy "Lost and Found" was Lillian Hamilton. Billie Rhodes is married; Neal Burns isn't. Ethel Lynne is the Christie comedienne. No record of the others.

BLUE EYES, PASADENA, CAL.—Theda Bara was 27 on the 20th of July. Mr. Dexter is somewhere in his thirties.

NELLIE, VALLEJO, CAL.—*Brown Eyes* in "Intolerance" was played by Margery Wilson who is now with Triangle.

F. C., SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—The writer of the clipping you enclose is wrong. William and Dustin Farnum have no sister. William has a little adopted daughter but she's not the one who played in "Jack and the Beanstalk." Dustin Farnum has no children.

E. C., DES MOINES, IA.—Vivian Martin starts reducing when she hits the century mark. She has light hair and blue eyes and a gray auto.

E. G., BALTIMORE, MD.—Olive Thomas is about nineteen. Address her in care of Triangle Studio, Culver City, Cal. "Betty Takes a Hand," "Madcap Madge" and "Broadway Arizona" are three pictures in which she has been featured.

R. C. D., MCALLEN, TEXAS.—It's awful easy to be an answer man, so just think what a cinch it must be to be an actor, for there's lots more actors than answer men. Herbert Rawlinson is thirty-two, Eddie Lyons one year younger than that and Lee Moran two years younger than Herbert and Eddie's junior by a year. Now have you that straight? In other words Herbert is thirty-two; Eddie, thirty-one and Lee thirty. Don't speak so harshly of chile con carne and hot tamales—*we* like them.

H. B., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—A child wasn't thrown out of the window and killed in the production of "Poppy" that we saw. Course our w. k. Chicago censor board might have used their scissors a bit, but we didn't hear about it.

W. S., MONTREAL, P. Q.—Haven't any record of "The Tonopah Kid." Where did you see that article?

E. P., NORWICH, ONT.—Your life aim you say is to become an actress. How unlike us you are. We've always, always wanted to be a policeman, but ah, crool fate! Your Normal School sounds good to us. Better stick to it.

J. W. G., COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—There wasn't any Olga Raff cast in "Rasputin, the Black Monk." Perhaps you mean Ilda Roff. Lillian Cook was her-n. Mary Miles Minter is fifteen and unmarried. Alan Forrest is the husband of Ann Little. He's twenty-seven years old. Louise Huff is twenty-two and the wife of Edgar Jones. Ethel Clayton is married to Joseph Kaufman. She's twenty-six. June Elvidge and Juliette Daye won't give us an inkling as to their age. We have a hunch that they are not married. Glad you are wearing the olive drab. We're proud of you.

J. E. MC., HASTINGS, MICH.—"Doug" and the Goldust (or did you say Fairbanks?) twins are not related. Send for as many pictures as you like.

S. M., EVANSTON, ILL.—Lionel Barrymore's age is a deep dark mystery, at least he makes it such. But we imagine he is not so old that he allows his birthdays to skip by without remembering them, like we do. Address Mr. Barrymore in care of Metro, N. Y.

C. D. S., CHICO, CAL.—Donald Hall may be addressed in care of Pathe studio. William Farnum first saw America in 1876.

E. A. MC., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Very nice of you not to want to tax our cerebral and medulla oblongatal powers, but you couldn't tax them, cause we ain't got none. Guess we haven't at any rate, for we can't locate 'em. No record of that June 26th date. Sure Irene Castle will send you her photo. If we told you right out in cold print what a wonderful actress your writing says you may be, all the theatrical men in New York and California and Chicago would thrust life contracts upon you. Not wanting to bother you thusly, we'll not mention what your handwriting tells.



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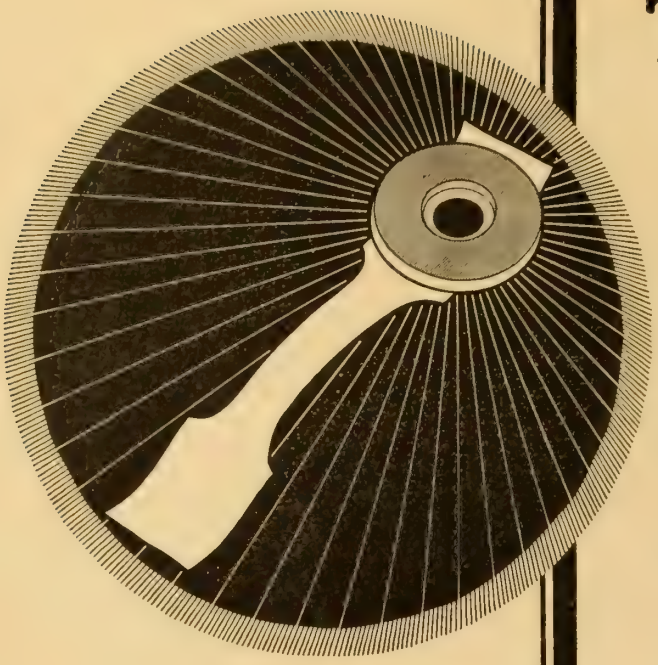
Read This Thrilling Tale of German Intrigue

"The Eagle's Eye"

A tale that will stir the blood of every true American. A startling expose of Teuton spy plots and masked warfare on America. Based on facts by William J. Flynn, former Chief of the United States Secret Service.

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Haskell Coffin



B&B

Blue-jay

Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists



How Blue-jay Acts

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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James R. Quirk, Editor

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MAY, 1918

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Next Month

Twisting a well known phrase, life to us is just one good story after another; and usually, we think a better story. It's like folks on the upward trend to success. We're never satisfied. Such-and-such a story is a peach, we think (muzzling our modesty) but surely we can get an even better one. And while we're speaking of good stories and pictures and of better stories and pictures, may we call your attention to a few of the high lights in our next month's issue?

The June Cover

Miss Olive Tell is the young lady who will greet you at your favorite newsstand next month. W. Haskell Coffin has given her just the expression suitable for a cover page. A sort-ofa won't-you-walk-into-my-parlor tilt to her face. Just like a hostess with a bag full of surprises and pleasure for her guests. And as usual, the "getup" of this cover is decidedly different.

"The Eagle's Eye"

The opening, smashing installment of Courtney Ryley Cooper's fictionization of "The Eagle's Eye" serial is no more thrilling nor less of a revelation than next month's big installment. Mr. Cooper describes more of the astounding disclosures of William J. Flynn, retired chief of the U. S. Secret Service. We think we have secured something truly big for our readers in this serial story. Not only is it interesting as a story but its revelations of the insidious workings of German spies here is good, timely information. Remember—four more big chapters next month, with illustrations from the picture.

Fashion Pictures

You can imagine how chic is Jackie Saunders in the latest models. You see, the last time Jackie went to New

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Next Month

York she had a long, delicious "clothes-buying spree." All of the beauties in filmdom stood in a row and cried to Spring and Summer models: "Come to the one you love the best!" and Jackie Saunders found herself smothered under the down-pour of gowns and things. The very latest models are shown in this beautiful two-page picture layout next month, with full descriptions under each picture. Girls, you really mustn't miss this feature.

Speaking of Biographies

The June PHOTOPLAY will contain one that you've never read before. The subject of this biography is a star without whose presence no picture show would be complete—in fact, wouldn't be at all. This star is unique in that he—it—measures anywhere from one thousand to five thousand feet in length. You just can't imagine who he—it—is. But be sure and turn to the two pages of pictures giving the biography of a reel of film. The pictures will show you just where the movies begin and finish.

Just Over the Horizon

Is a new motion picture field. It involves you and your kid brother and your "best girl." It concerns everyone. We refer to the field including 300,000 public schools, 10,000 colleges, 230,000 churches and 500,000 other institutions, organizations and clubs—all potenti l users of motion pictures. PHOTOPLAY begins in the June issue a new Educational Films Department. The dawning importance of this educational field is amazing. To conduct this department we have obtained an expert who has devoted years to his subject.

In the Fiction Line

Frederic Arnold Kummer contributes another of his studio stories. It is called "Jimmy Stars at Last," and we're quite sure you'll be as glad about it as was Jimmy. And then there are three stories of current releases: "A Bit of Jade," "The Claim" and "Annexing Bill," which last, by the way, is a rollicking farce that'll keep you guessing and laughing.

Do You Believe in Signs?

Remember those elephants in "Intolerance?" Made of papier mache or something equally as imitative. Well, Carmel Myers saw 'em one day—oh, long before she ever thought of being a siren in the sea or anything like that. Well, these stoic elephants stared and stared at Carmel while she was being escorted by Griffith over the scenes for his big show and—what do you think they said to her? It was a sign, thought Carmel. And you'd better read about her. The story bubbles with Youth and beauty-on-the-way-to-glory.

Concerning Helen Eddy

Helen's the world's greatest "pinch hitter" out along the Coast. Helen is so very adaptable and versatile that she can play any part at all and does it joyously. In fact so serviceable is Helen that they call her "Helpful Helen." She is George Beban's favorite leading lady, you know. Plays the Wop woman and all. And to think that she started out to write—but we "dassent" tell you the story. You'll just have to read it.

Then, There's "Wally" Reid

Kenneth McGaffey recently had quite a hilarious time with Wally. They toured the country together, speaking in theaters, playing saxophones in pullmans and such. And Wally supplies his own illustrations for this article. He draws quite well, you know—almost as well with a pen as he does with his personality.

Then, Too—

June PHOTOPLAY will contain all of the frills and furbelows for which it is preferred. Pictures—oodles of them! For we believe that you readers like plenty of pictures to look at. If you didn't, you wouldn't be movie fans, would you?



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So the next time you happen to see J. WARREN KERRIGAN in "A Man's Man," or in "The Turn of A Card," you just watch him closely and figure if you can write a story for him. Do the very same when you see Bessie Barriscale in "Madam Who?", or in "Within the Cup." And of course, be sure to think up a story for HENRY B. WALTHALL, when you see him in "His Robe of Honor," or in "Humdrum Brown."

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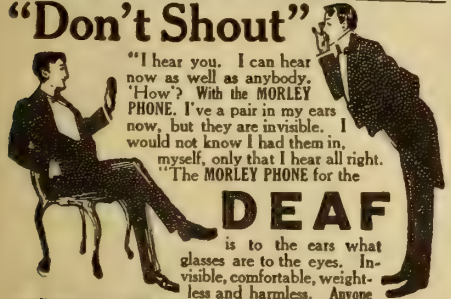


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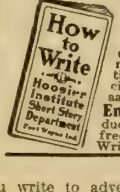
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Alfred Cheney Johnston

ANN LITTLE is the Miss Centaur of pictures. She rode her way into the camera's favor, abandoning musical comedy for the open air life of the West Coast studios. She's Wally Reid's leading woman at the present writing and engraving.



Ira L. Hill

IRENE CASTLE, the slim princess of pictures, was widowed in February, when her husband, Vernon Castle, was killed in an aeroplane accident. They were the dancing vogue of two continents. She is making celluloid romance for Pathe.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

NOW Catherine Calvert has answered the call, and the cameras are clicking merrily for her film debut. An actress of note, and the widow of Paul Armstrong, the playwright, Miss Calvert will appear in a series of her husband's plays.



MARGUERITE SNOW as Dixie Mason, heroine of "The Eagle's Eye," the Wharton's new serial which exposes the spy plots hatched by the Kaiser's diplomatic representatives in America before we entered the war.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIII MAY, 1918 NO. 6



The "Don't" Men

HUMAN beings are of two kinds, creators and destroyers.

You can't be neutral. If you seem to do neither, you really destroy, for you consume, like a parasite, that which has been created by others. Man cannot live the life of a cocoon, wrapped in silky seclusion. That is death. So long as he lives he must either make or unmake, must build up or tear down, must increase or deplete the world's total of wealth and happiness.

He whose existence is guided by the word "Don't" is a destroyer. If he does happen to do a thing, it is half-heartedly, imperfectly, with fear of failure inviting failure to attend his efforts. But worse than that, he is a drag upon the creators. He holds them back, with all his strength, which, pitiful though it may be, impedes progress just so much.

The average censor is a "Don't" man. He is a destroyer. He is a coward, afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of his own shadow. He has a nasty mind, which can find in the purest kiss the germs of the lowest passions, and in the loftiest tragedy only a smutty yarn. He measures life by rule of thumb, forgetting the saying of the Teacher, "I am come that ye shall have life, and that ye shall have it more abundantly." The censor does not want more abundant life. He wants life cramped between the narrow parallels of his own insignificant mind.

Censorship boards, in the main, are composed of short-haired women and long-haired men—sterile types. Who is there that knows a short-haired mother of a fine, vigorous, American family? Who is there that knows a long-haired man who is fit to be the father of a Boy Scout? They are the social drones, the women apeing the men and the men apeing the women, until they are neither women nor men, but flabby nondescripts, ripe for appointment to censorship boards.

Thus, lacking manhood and womanhood, they become timorous, pitiful creatures. Whatever is virile, whatever is upstanding and full of the zests of life, whatever transcends the milk-and-water philosophy of the old-fashioned copy-book, throws them into a panic, and they scream "Don't!"

Yet, spineless as they are, they do not trust the public to choose for itself. They pretend that their weakness is strength, that their fear is courage. With all the fanatical intolerance of witch-burners, they strive to impale ideas upon the tridents in their self-made hells. And so they destroy, destroy, destroy.

Away with these censors, these "Don't" men. The world needs elbow room for the creators.

Women I

Confessions of a

By Elliott



Hartsook



With Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North."

I AM now making myself out "the worst man of all" for I have kissed and I'm going to tell about it.

Why not? My wife, Marie Doro, knows the worst already. That is, I think she knows the worst; but she says that if I'm speaking of my pictures, she doesn't know the worst. She thinks that they're all bad enough. And I am speaking of my pictures. It is of the *reel* kisses I am going to tell; the *real* ones must remain forever shrouded in secrecy.

How real are reel kisses? I wonder if there is a leading man on earth who hasn't had that question fired at him some time or other? Probably not.

The usual answer is that they are not real at all. Of course, they are not. But I decided at the beginning of this story, autobiography, or whatever you wish to call it, that I would tell the truth, the near-truth, and nothing much that was not the truth, so I feel in duty bound to confess that while my love-making in the pictures is not real, I can do it very much better when the star's husband—if she has a husband—and my wife, are not on the set.

From the beginning of my picture work, I wanted to play with my wife. When Marie Doro started making her first picture, I did all that I could to get into the cast. No one knew of our marriage at that time but we were separated anyway. I was put into the cast of "Helene of the North" and made love to Marguerite Clark.

I remember very little about the picture and, I'm afraid, even less about Miss Clark. I know in a vague way that she was very charming and that I made quite ardent love, but I was on my honeymoon and my mind was so full of Mrs. Dexter that I doubt whether I ever saw Miss Clark at all. Why, the other day when I was asked about the color of Marguerite Clark's eyes, I couldn't even remember whether she was a blonde or a brunette. Such is love!

When I was playing opposite Mae Murray, after I went to California, I was able to observe the same phenomenon at first hand. Miss Murray was on *HER* honeymoon. After long and careful consideration, I have concluded that during the making of the picture she really did see me once or twice—when the director called her attention to me. For the most part, though, she didn't know I was there.

After Marguerite Clark, I made love to Hazel Dawn. She was the first of a long series of blondes. The picture was "The Masqueraders" and I have forgotten what it was my wife didn't like about my work in it. However, I am certain that there was something. She wanted me to quit pictures.

From the first, Mrs. Dexter had insisted that I didn't belong in pictures and ought not to stay in them. I was feeling it too, and so lovely Lillian Gish, my third sweetheart, will always be associated with some of the most miserable hours I have ever spent. But Miss Gish is charming.

My wife went with me to see the picture. It was "Daphne and the Pirate." We sat there together in that darkened theater and as I watched myself work I felt decid-



"Irene Castle would much rather sing and dance than worry about her scenes."

Have Loved

famous screen lover

Dexter

edly sick. Marie was suffering also. Now and then, she'd murmur, "O-o-o-o" or "M-m-m-m—awful! Elliott, you must quit pictures!"

After the show, I told Mrs. Dexter to go home while I took a walk. That was in New York. I walked for four hours and I don't know when I have gone through as much mental suffering. I even had visions of how nice and cool the East river would be. So, you see that my third love affair almost drove me to a wet, wet end.

No "poetically" speaking, the life of a leading man is not all sunshine and roses. He has his dark moments and his thorns just like everyone else.

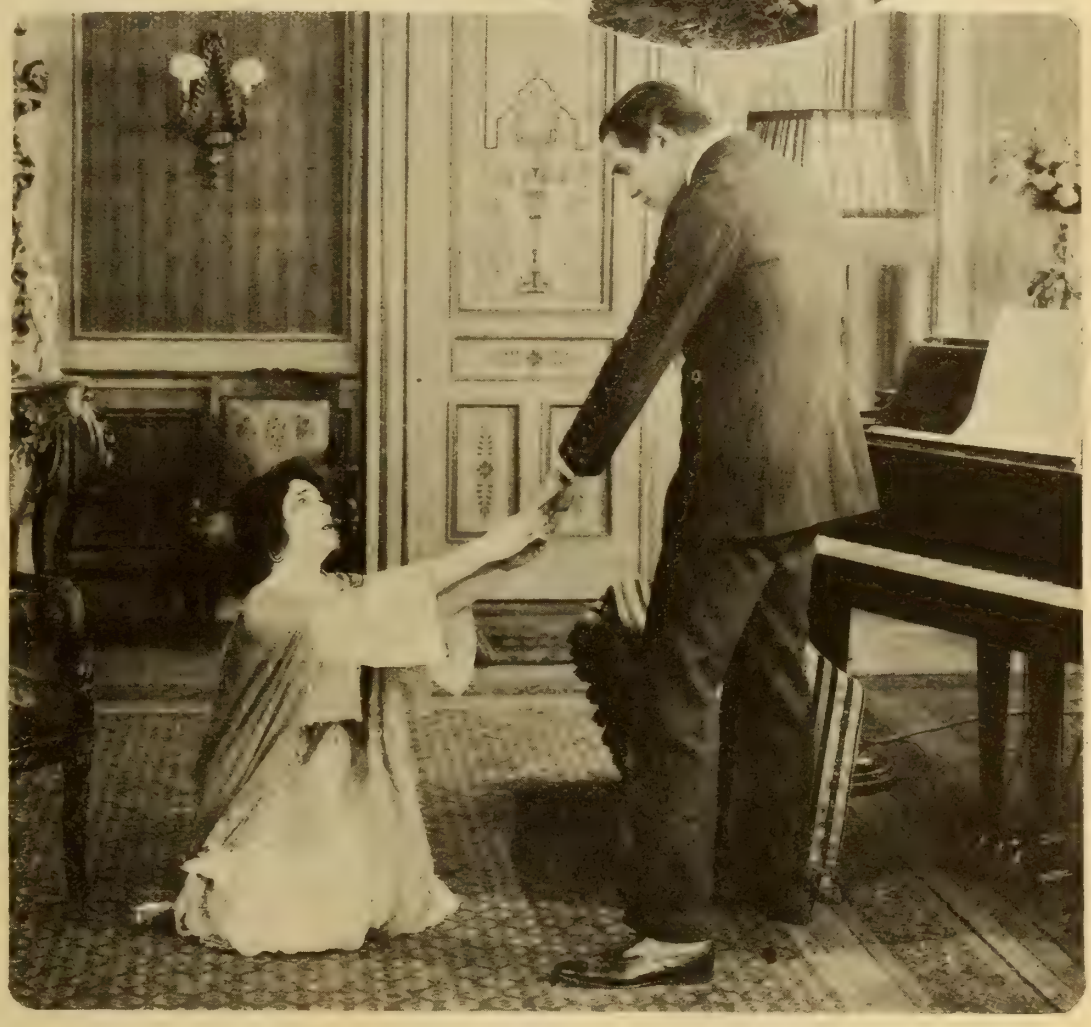
Frequently, one who sees an actor make love to some particularly beautiful feminine star, is likely to murmur to his companion, "I wish I had that fellow's job" or "Gee, does he get paid for that?" when all the chances are that "that fellow" has little individual troubles all his own. And while I am on the subject of individual troubles and disagreeable moments, let me suggest that any married man pause a minute and imagine what it would be like to sit beside his wife while she watches him making love to another woman.



"Of all my sweethearts, I think the most baffling is Blanche Sweet."

My fourth picture was "Diplomacy." I had played opposite Marie in the play and so when the picture was put on I was given my first film chance to make professional love to my wife. The picture was made at Palm Beach and because no one knew that we were "newly weds" we had a perfect honeymoon.

Followed, "The Heart of Norah Flinn," which was the first picture we made in California, "Won and Lost," "The Lash," and "Castles for Two," all with Marie Doro the star, and myself her leading man. It was thrilling.



"In 'Diplomacy' I had my first film chance to make love to my wife."

Of all my sweethearts, I think that the most baffling is Blanche Sweet. It's difficult to get really acquainted with her. She talks very little during scenes and not at all between them. When she isn't working she is usually sitting over in some quiet corner reading a book.

Irene Castle is just the opposite. She would much rather sing and dance than worry about her scenes. On the quiet, after hearing her sing a few notes I concluded that she certainly was a great dancer.



"Mary Pickford—'America's sweetheart'—was my sweetheart in 'A Romance of the Redwoods.' She captivated me as she does everyone."

Seriously, another hour or two of uncomfortable moments I have spent, was caused by my having to dance with her in a scene. I felt indescribably awkward because I was so conscious of her being such a wonderful dancer.

Another thing about Mrs. Castle is that she is generous and kind always. There is nothing she wouldn't do to help one she found in need. In that way, she is like Alice Brady.

I loved Alice Brady, too—(On the screen, of course)—Of her, I can say that a list of those she supports would read like the report of a charity organization. She has one of the finest, biggest hearts in the world.

So, too, has "America's Sweetheart" who was my sweetheart for one picture: "The Romance of the Redwoods."

Mary Pickford absolutely captivated me as she does everyone who goes near her. Her genius, her brilliancy, her charm, her beauty—oh, what's the use? All of that has only been said two or three thousand times more or less and all of it is true.

When I went back to New York, I took all the photographs I could find of Miss Pickford along with me and decorated the mantelpiece in the bedroom with them. Later, I came in and found my wife looking at them. Not only that, but she was trying to count them. I needed no further hint that moderation was in order. All but a reasonable number came down immediately.

Another screen sweetheart of mine is Margaret Illington. She was very nervous and very unhappy. Like almost everyone who comes from the stage to the screen, she found everything different and strange and took everything too seriously. It must have been the most trying experience of her career.

I know that there is a widespread impression that the stage star, just starting in picture work, looks down on the films and despises them. I have found the contrary to be true. Instead of looking down on the camera, the stage star is usually afraid of it.

Unless you have gone through the experience, you can hardly imagine how terrible it is to see yourself on the screen for the first time when you have been accustomed to hearing your own voice and to picturing the effect you are making on an audience. Then to sit and watch yourself and find that gestures which would have looked all right on the stage appear clumsy and false; and that you not only dont look the way you thought you were going to look, or even as you really are, but that all your little faults and mannerisms have been brought out and exaggerated by the camera until you lose track of any good points your work may have and see only the bad ones.

When she saw herself, Margaret Illington, like many another star, cried all the time.

Elsie Ferguson, on the contrary, enjoys picture work though she too takes it very seriously. I played the part of her artist-lover in "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Mrs. Dexter liked the picture. She wired me that she thought Elsie was fine.

An interesting thing about "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" is that at first we ended



"I loved Alice Brady, too—on the screen, of course."



"Mme. Cavalieri talked Italian to me all the time."

Mishkin

it with Jennie's refusal to go back to her lover, which was the logical ending and had the additional merit of being the end of the book. But I knew and said at the time that art or no art, the public would never stand for it. But the "Sad" ending was insisted on and later I was given a good opportunity to say "I told you so" with my fingers in my armholes and everything. For after I had made another picture and while I was on my way to New York, they caught me on the train and brought me back to finish

Not all of my screen love affairs have ended with an engagement ring; I have been married a number of times. In "Helene of the North," I married Marguerite Clark at the point of a gun and afterwards got shot for it, and I married Lillian Gish in the picture that almost drove me to the East river, but one of the strangest experiences I have ever had was when I married Kathlyn Williams in "The Whispering Chorus."

The wedding took place in Christ Episcopal Church, Los



"I played Elsie Ferguson's artist-lover in 'The Rise of Jennie Cushing.'"

the picture with a love scene. It simply had to be done.

Elsie Ferguson is wholly charming and our love scenes were never made difficult by her husband, Mr. Thomas Clark, who is a New York banker. He came to the studio just once. Then he stood there and talked to us only until a scene was called when he promptly said "Excuse me" walked over to a corner and stood with his face to the wall.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I promised Elsie that I wouldn't watch a single scene being taken and I'm going to keep my word."

He did.

I certainly appreciated the Clark viewpoint when I started making "The Eternal Temptress" with Mme. Cavalieri. Her husband, M. Muratore, insisted on being present during all of her scenes and objected often and long.

Unlike Mrs. Castle, Mme. Cavalieri never thought of singing between the scenes. Instead, she talked Italian to me all the time in spite of the fact that she knew I couldn't understand a word.



"The Wedding in 'The Whispering Chorus' with Kathlyn Williams seemed more serious to me than my own wedding."

Angeles, and the Rev. Baker P. Lee the rector of that church, directed. It was all so realistic that I almost said officiated. Because he wanted it to be realistic, Mr. De Mille sent invitations to the affair and the church was crowded. A list of those present was published in the society columns of the Los Angeles papers. There were

(Continued on page 107)



Photos by International Film Service

All Frisco turned out for the Fairbanks Rodeo. "Doug" lead a parade, dashed around the track full speed, rode bucking bronchos,—and finally brought the crowd to its feet when he lead the chorus of "Over There." Fairbanks and his co-workers made almost $40,000 for war camp funds; and thousands were turned away from the arena.

Above: Mrs. Fairbanks and Douglas Jr. took almost as much interest in the Wild West Show as Old Doc Cheerful himself.

At left: When Douglas Fairbanks sang "Over There," all San Francisco knew he meant it.

Beverly's Baby Stare

And other interesting facts about a young, old-timer

By Cameron Pike





Above, at the age of six months. "The charms of the baby stare are the charms of innocence, implicit trust, unspoiled faith." At left, Beverly Bayne, fourteen years, with precisely the same charm.

PERHAPS it sounds a bit uncomplimentary. But after all, what are mere compliments in these days of college-bred press agents, who know all the eight-cylinder, triple-expansion, double-acting superlatives by their pet names. Moving picture stars, and their admiring friends too, for that matter, have been so spoiled by press agents, that they are not satisfied with anything short of this sort of literature: "Miss Soanso, the beautiful and talented star of the Everlasting Film Corporation, possesses the most remarkable pair of eyes known to the human race. They can dart lightnings when she is angry, and they can melt with liquid tenderness when she is sad; they are a fathomless brown and yet they are a cerulean blue; they are, one might say, super-eyes," and so on and so on and so on.



Beverly Bayne is the grown-up little girl of the movies, who consents to be a little bigger, but no older.

Therefore, when I speak of the outstanding characteristic of Miss Beverly Bayne as her baby stare, it is so different from the things the press agents usually say that it sounds like a knock. And yet, breathes there a man with soul so dead that he never has looked down into a bassinet and experienced the thrill that comes once in a lifetime as he encountered, for the first time, the baby stare. Its charms are the charms of innocence, implicit trust, unspoiled faith. They are, if you will, negative charms—lacking the tragic qualities of an Electra or the heroic stature of a Joan. And that is Beverly Bayne. I cannot imagine her as the reincarnation of a Winged Victory. Her calm and trusting glances would be about as appropriate in the van of a forlorn hope as a clarinet solo in the "Ride of the Valkyries."

So let's have no more pretense about it. The charm of Beverly Bayne is precisely the same as it was when the photograph adorning the upper right hand corner of the title page of this article was made. It is intensified, perhaps by the fact that she has seen a few things since then and has discovered that the boundaries of life reach back a little farther than she had once supposed. But the quality is the same. Beverly Bayne is the grown-up little girl of the movies, who consents to be a little bigger, but no older. Having said so much, I will now proceed to deliver myself of a few of the vast array of interesting facts about this young woman, most of which are guaranteed, but some of which I am unable, personally, to prove:

Miss Beverly Bayne has been in moving pictures for a longer unbroken period than almost any other actress, making her debut in February, 1913, with Essanay, in Chicago.

Notwithstanding her small stature, she is quite an athlete, especially fond of horseback riding.

She is a knitting enthusiast, and not only makes sweaters for soldiers herself, but provides the wool for many knitters who cannot afford their own.

She can drive an automobile, but never does so unless a scene in a picture calls for it, and then she tries to get the scenario changed.

Miss Bayne was born in Minneapolis in 1895, which makes her twenty-three years old, but which does not account for the fact that she looks only eighteen.

Like every actress in the world except Marie Dressler, she thinks her best role is Juliet. On the contrary, I know her best work was done in "The Wall Between."

She has been in more pictures than any other woman, and probably more than any other player of either sex, her total now being about five hundred. Most of them were Essanay single-reelers, which they used to toss off at the rate of three or four a week, in the early days.

She was introduced at the Essanay studio by a young woman who had been given small parts, and whose name, Grace Taylor, is no longer known to cinema fame.

Her first picture was "The Loan Shark," in which she played the leading role. Two months later Francis Cross Bushman appeared on the scene, selected her as leading woman for "The Butterfly Net," and has kept her enmeshed ever since.

She is five feet tall (or short) and has brown hair with eyes to match.

She gets her mail at the Metro studio, 3 West Sixty-first street, New York City, and has a private secretary to answer it. She hasn't time to read any, except the most interesting letters she receives.

Her name is over the door of her dressing room on a piece of board like a street sign.



Matzene

Miss Bayne's first professional photograph, taken when she joined Essanay. She made her debut in February, 1913.

Like 50% of all actresses she has published a book on beauty hints; like 25% of all actresses she has published a cook book; unlike 95% of the actresses who have done these things, she wrote both books herself.

Owing to the fact that she was born in Minneapolis, the story was once circulated that the name Beverly Bayne was acquired thus: The family had one of those Swedish servant girls for which Minneapolis is noted, and upon first gazing at the baby the girl remarked: "Beverly bane a lofely babay." "Yes, Beverly 'bane,'" a bystander remarked sententiously. So they changed the spelling and made it Beverly Bayne. This story is not so. The name is practically her own.

She has appeared in one serial, "The Great Secret." Never again!

She has never married.

Her first Metro picture was "Pennington's Choice." Her last, when this was typed, "The Brass Check."

She has never been on the stage, and has no ambition to act behind the footlights.

At an early age, she left Minneapolis with her family and went to Philadelphia, later going west again and fixing upon Chicago as the best place to make a picture debut. She was educated at the Hyde Park High School, Chicago.

She looks like a convent-bred girl, but is nothing of the sort.

She leads a quiet, retired life, going directly to her apartment when she is through work at the studio, never within the memory of man having been seen at cabarets or midnight roofs and such.

She wishes it were possible to do "Graustark" all over again, because she thinks that, while it was a good production when she originally appeared in it, modern methods could turn out something much better, and she just loves the story. It was her first really big role.

Her favorite director is the one she happens to be working with at the time; her favorite leading man is Francois Xavier Bushman, of Bushmanor, Md.; her favorite author is Albert Shelby LeVino, Metro scenario writer; her favorite art work is a sketchy bit in pen and ink by R. A. Rowland, on the bottom of a Metro check.



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An Heiress for a Day

Only a day; but Helen was young, and beautiful, and so —

By George Vaux Bacon

WHEN King Cophetua stepped down to place upon the graceful head of a beautiful beggar maid the royal diadem which made her his wife and queen of all the realm, poet and chronicler lauded him for the deed. Yet there is a possibility in the matter that has been ignored. Suppose she had been one of the ladies at the Court whom he had been accustomed to see every day? Would she have appealed as strongly to the royal heart as did her beauty romantically friendless, pathetic in tattered raiment?

Quien sabe? as the Senoritas say.

Romance stepped into the spotless barber shop of the Ritz one Winter afternoon, side by side with Jack Standring.

The ebony major domo of the white-tiled temple of lather and massage took the newcomer's coat and hat and waved him with a smile worthy of the emperor of Abyssinia to the last chair. The barber officiating thereat, gave one look at the unostentatious expensiveness of his patron's clothes, and prepared to go to work with unction and hope.

There is nothing unusual about a white-tiled barber shop. Thousands of them are scattered throughout the land. Ebony major domos officiating in them are far from uncommon; barbers dispensing unction for tips is a sight that would startle no American. But in the corner of that barber shop, right next to the chair into which Jack Standring proceeded to seat himself, and directly in his line of vision as he did seat himself, was a manicure girl seated at a small white table, manicuring the nails of a young person of the male persuasion who smelled too strongly of perfume.

There was a blind spot in each of Jack's eyes for the male person who was being manicured; but his soul climbed up into his eyes and looked right out at the manicure girl. She looked towards him, and their glances met, grappled, and then the barber violently shot back the chair and Jack found himself staring at a milk-white ceiling instead of into the most wonderful eyes in the world—deep, deep eyes that just in that second seemed to invite him to plunge his soul into them.

A brush of hot lather descended upon his face. He heard a trembling sigh emanate from the barber. Opening one eye, he perceived a glistening tear fall on that expert tonsorialist's spotless linen coat, and noted that the tearful one's windy suspirations were directed at the corner where sat the manicure girl. A faint irritation stirred within him.

Eventually, he was shaven, and the chair shot him back into an erect position with a jerk. He looked around and beheld the perfumed male at the manicurist's table attempting to hold her hand. She was trying to pull it away from him and it was evident that he was hurting her with the violence of his grip.

"Please, please let go. You're hurting me," she pleaded in a voice of velvet that gave Jack a peculiar tick-



Jack found himself staring at a milk white ceiling instead of into the most wonderful eyes in the world.

ling sensation in the heart as though a little garden of forget-me-nots had suddenly sprouted out and blossomed all over it.

"Ah, gwan, Kid," remonstrated the perfumed one. "Ain't you coming out to dinner with me to-night? Say 'Yes' and I'll let go. Come on, now."

He leered.

"Let go of that girl's hand or I'll knock you down," said Jack loud enough for his voice to carry to its destination.



It took a long time to do that bit of manicuring, and when it was over he was completely in love with her.

The perfumed one dropped the hand and whirled around. "Well, what the—" he began, glaring in Jack's direction.

"Never mind the flattery."

Jack stepped from the chair and went up to him. Barbers and major domo stood aghast. Both were good customers—each one brought a goodly sum to the shop each week and their safety was a matter of big tips to all. Every one of the barbers was mentally preparing a story of extenuating circumstances in case of appearance at the police court. The little manicure girl watched, eyes big with fright, as the perfumed one confronted his antagonist.

But there was no fight.

With a swagger, her unwelcome customer laid a tremendous tip on the table, and with a sneer at Jack started out of the barber shop.

"Don't you think you forgot something?" asked the girl.

"Never mind," said Jack. "Take his money. You earned it. The only thing he forgot are his manners and he didn't leave them here, that's certain."

Everyone laughed, and the perfumed one's swagger became a confused retreat before he reached the door and escaped, followed by a titter of ridicule.

Jack looked at the girl, hesitated a moment, sat down, held out one muscular paw and smiled. She smiled slowly back into his eyes. It took a long time to do that bit of manicuring, and when it was over, all he really knew about her beside the fact that her name was Helen Thurston, was that he was completely in love with her and thoroughly resigned to his fate.

Thus King Cophetua met the Beggar Maid.

And unhappily for Helen, the fact that she was in reality, at least comparatively a beggar maid, was always in her mind. After meeting Jack, the thought which before had only been a realization of the inconvenience of being poor, became bitter.

He saw her every day, if only for a few moments, and day by day, she felt herself falling more and more in love with him. She knew that he loved her. What woman does not at such a time? But her heart failed her when time after time she realized the difference between them, that they lived in two utterly different worlds—he in a world of those who are served, she in a world of those who serve.

One night, during a dance in the ballroom of the Ritz, having finished her work, she had stolen up behind a palm to see the exquisite gowns of the women, and Jack had found her there. He was so stunning in his evening clothes! She thought then, as she had never thought before, that evening clothes always make a man look either like a Prince or a waiter. They bring out breeding or the lack of it infallibly.

He spied her and insisted on talking, although she begged him time and time again not to remain, for fear of his being seen. She was sensitive, and did not wish to be humiliated by these acquaintances of Jack's.

Dressed as she was, in a little tailor made navy-blue business suit, with her head with its crown of gold rising from a soft, V-shaped collar, like some lovely flower, she was far from the least beautiful woman in the ballroom, and certainly, as Jack had had every oportunity of judging for himself, there were few present who were so charming. Snobs are really rare animals; but Helen had not yet learned that.

Nevertheless, her fears were not altogether groundless. Jack had missed several dances. Handsome, young and rich, he was one of the best catches in New York, and the several young women with whom he had cut dances on account of Helen that night, were almost in tears—with one exception, Grace Antrim. Miss Antrim had red hair and gray eyes and a disposition to match. When the time for her dance arrived and no Jack appeared, she was furious, and with every appearance of nonchalance proceeded to walk intuitively towards the entrance of the hall, to see if she could find what her promised dancing partner was up to.

She found out, and asked a passing young man who the girl was.

"Why—that's the manicure girl in the barber shop," he said. "Come up to see the capers of the upper crust I suppose. And the prettiest girl in the place, at that."

He laughed in her face and skipped away after a little blonde who was waiting for him in a corner.

Grace Antrim's face flared as crimson as her hair at the

An Heiress for a Day

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name by Henry Albert Phillips. Produced by Triangle with the following cast:

Helen Thurston.....Olive Thomas
Jack Standring.....Joe King
Spindrift.....Eugene Burr
Old Hodges.....Graham Pette
Mrs. Standring.....Lillian Langdon
Grace Antrim.....Mary Warren
Mrs. Rockland.....Anna Dodge

insolent accuracy with which the young fellow had defined the situation.

With an astounding effort of will, she restrained herself till both her appearance and her manner were normal again, and going up to Jack's mother, who was hobnobbing with a popular Bishop, remarked casually.

"I see Jack has deserted us all for a manicure girl."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the Bishop, who was very ecclesiastic, with very white side-whiskers and very pink cheeks. "Mercy! A manicure? 'Straordinary!"

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Standring, more to the point.

"In the entrance hall," said Grace and drifted away with a faint smile at the Bishop.

Mrs. Standring, who was a stout woman, and much bediamonded, advanced with the tread of a grenadier, to the entrance hall.

She was nearsighted, and could distinguish only that her son was in converse with some feminine person and that he had been rude to several young women of whom she, his mother, approved. She was very angry.

"What do you mean by breaking your social engagements to stand skulking here, hiding with this—this person?" she demanded with a glare that would have done credit to von Hindenburg himself.

Helen turned white, and hanging her head, slowly walked away. Jack, red with rage, stared at his mother in silence for a moment; but returned dutifully with her to the ballroom.

Attempting to make up to Grace Antrim for his neglect, he begged her to give him another dance and was snubbed for his pains.

Ten minutes later, leaving his mother in the ministering care of the bishop, he hailed a taxi and went home, vainly trying to suffocate the memory of the pain that the scene had caused Helen and loyally making excuses to himself for his mother, in spite of his anger.



The old man had determined to cut his grand-daughter off with a thousand dollars.

POOR Helen spent a night of misery. As Romeo says: "He laughs at scars who never felt a wound," and it is easy to laugh at the woes of lovers; but to love deeply, truly and passionately, and to feel that one may never possess the object of one's love is a bitter penance.

Helen wet her pillow with her tears till ultimately, kind Mother Nature, who takes care of her lovelorn youngsters with the efficiency of uncounted centuries of experience, saw to it that she cried herself to sleep, and awoke in the morning, dreadfully unhappy, it is true; but as lovely as a newblown tea rose.

She went downstairs to the boarding house dining room. The usual frugal breakfast awaited her. On her plate lay an envelope addressed to her in a large, scrawling hand—the handwriting of a person of violent passions. Opening it, she read:

"Now that you are an orphan, you may come and live in my house. Your parents were spendthrifts and I hated them. You may be different. I warn you that I will have no idlers about.

Your Grandfather,
JOHN HODGES."

Her first feeling was one of revolt against this hard old man who had forced his daughter and son-in-law to a life of poverty because of their joy in life and the good things it offers. His daughter had not inherited his money-grubbing soul, and he despised her.

Then the realization of the dreadful necessity of possessing money smote her; she thought of the bottomless gulf between herself and Jack Standring that, it seemed, only a bridge of gold could span. Here was her chance; here her splendid opportunity. The tears started to her eyes when she thought of her mother and father; but

her heart seemed to break when she thought of the prospect of losing Jack. So she wrote her grandfather that she would be very glad indeed to come and live with him. Before her letter arrived, however, events had taken a sudden and unexpected turn in her grandfather's house. The old man had been quarelling with his lawyer over his will. He had determined to cut his granddaughter off with a thousand dollars, claiming that her father and mother had spent all her share of the estate by their spendthrift ways.

The lawyer was obdurate that the girl should not be punished. The old man finally agreed to change his will so that she would receive one thousand dollars, and if she managed to live on this sum for a year, she would become co-equal heir in the estate with his only other living relative, a nephew, a rat-faced fellow, named Spindrift.

Spindrift entered his uncle's room while this codicil was being dictated, and the old man looked up from his work to see a look of peculiar malignity upon the rodent features of his relative. The sight of the man, already obviously bent on some plan to cheat his cousin of her share in the fortune with him, so enraged the old man, that he leaped upon his nephew with his stick, driving him from the room and calling him a sneak and a prying scoundrel.

As Spindrift made his escape through the door, however, the old man collapsed into his lawyer's arms, and was just able to dictate an additional clause to the will when his heart fluttered faintly and more faintly, and seated in his arm chair, his hands still grasping the cane with which he had whipped forth his rascally nephew, he died as quietly as though he were falling asleep.



"Beggar maid or golden princess," said he "I love you."

The next day, Helen received the following letter from Spindrift:

> *"I am pained to report that your dear Grandfather passed away the day before your letter arrived. In his name, I shall be glad to entertain you until the estate is settled up.*
>
> *Your affectionate cousin,*
>
> SPINDRIFT."

Helen was stunned by the letter. Unknown to her, Jack, bitter over his mother's attitude, and weary to death of Grace Antrim's transparent coyness, had suddenly packed up and left his home several days before. She had not seen Jack since the night at the ball room, and she was desperately wondering if one could die of a broken heart. She did not know that all Jack's plans were made with her in mind, nor of two other things that occurred.

First of all, Grace Antrim, sensing the reason for Jack's departure from home, and determined to ruin any one else's chance of getting him and his fortune if she did not, deliberately closed her apartment on Riverside Drive and moved to the Ritz, where she could keep her eye on Helen, and where she was sure Jack would ultimately turn up. She had made up her mind that she would shame Helen and break up the affair if it took the last ounce of ingenuity in her.

Secondly, John Hodge's lawyer had written from the old man's home at Rye, to a New York lawyer telling the latter to find the granddaughter for the settling up of the estate. This man, a talkative rascal, noised it abroad without having any authority to do so, that Helen would probably inherit most of the estate. This wind came to the hotel manager's nostrils, always keen to scent the smell of gold, before the lawyer himself arrived in his official capacity and asked for Miss Helen Thurston.

She was manicuring a fat broker's nails, when to her amazement, the hotel manager stepped into the barber shop, and with the air of Haroun Al Raschid's chief eunuch, introducing a new sultana to his majesty, presented her to the attorney.

The news of her good fortune swept like fire through the hotel. Grace Antrim, having tea in the tea room, heard one of the waiters tell another. She could not resist telephoning Mrs. Standring, and within an hour the story was up and down the Avenue and in every New York daily.

Helen was mad with joy. She cried and laughed by turns, and all her former co-workers bowed and scraped to the suddenly favored daughter of fortune, as though she had never been anything but a great lady all her life, instead of only a poor little manicure girl.

(Continued on page 112)

The Heavenly Twins

Jimmy Jr. and June Jessamine Horne





You don't know about them? But you have been writing in and asking about Cleo Ridgely, who has been absent for so long, and wanting to know the reason. And here they are—both reasons. Their father says he will bet his life that when you've given them the once over you will admit they are the finest set of twins in the world. And Cleo says, "Aren't they heavenly?" Eight months old, bless their hearts—and walking!





Cleo Ridgely, who retired from the screen after brilliant Lasky successes. She's coming back soon. Center—Jimmy Jr. and June "on location."



The Hornes and their little Hornlets. Mrs. Horne is holding June, and Mr. Horne, Jimmy Jr. James Sr. is a director of note, now with Universal.

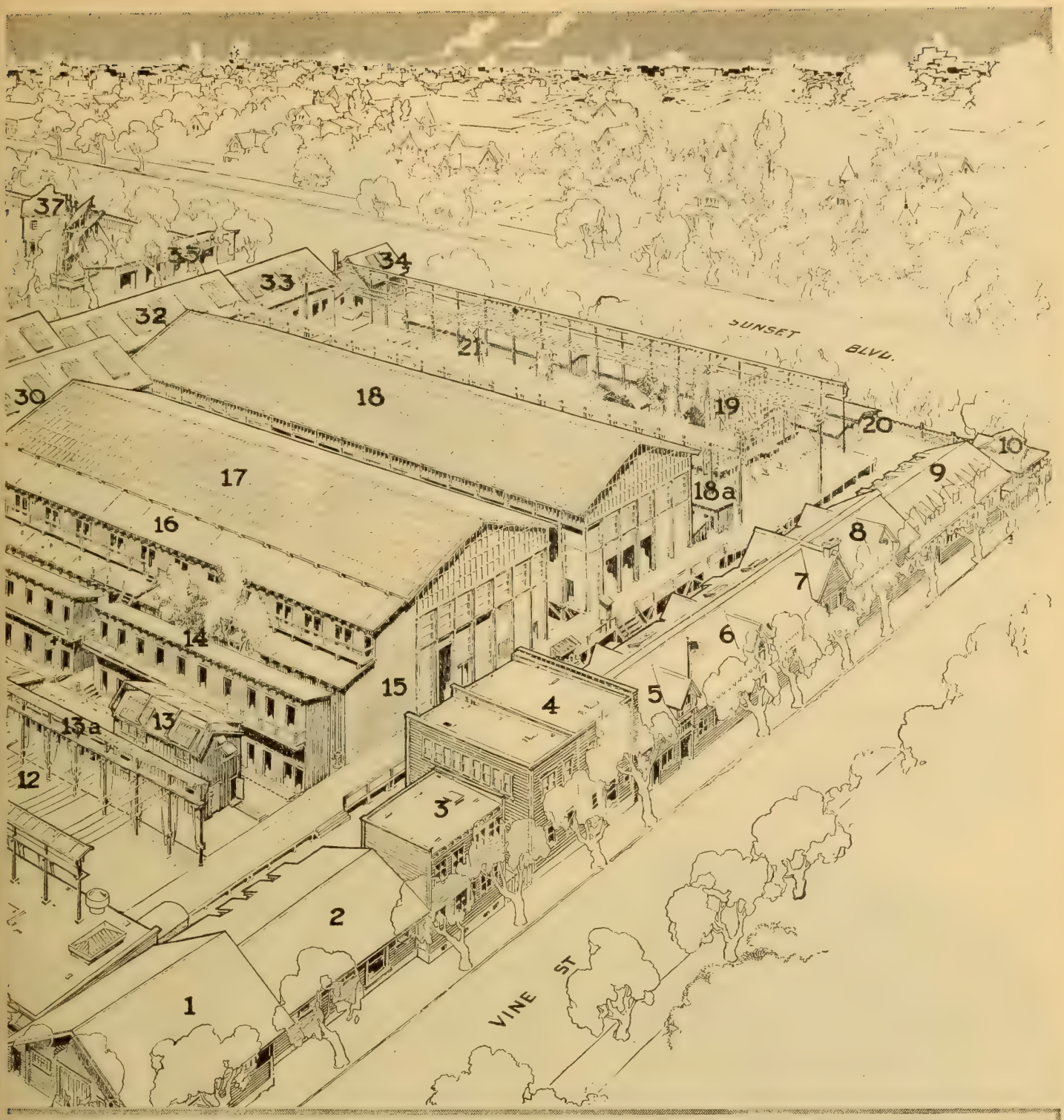


A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LASKY

ON December 29, 1913, Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille began the first Lasky photoplay, "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum as the star, in a little building, formerly a garage, at the corner of Vine and Selma Streets, Hollywood. The stage was forty feet square, and in the one building actors were engaged, accounts kept, scenarios written and scenery built.

That building is marked 11 on the accompanying plan of the Lasky Studios. It is now the receiving property room of the plant, which now covers two large city blocks. With the completion of the 1917 additions to the group of buildings, the studios now have a capacity of a million feet of positive film a week.

This is a veritable city within a city. So much is this the fact that it has been found necessary to organize a service department, to include supervision of police, fire, street cleaning, water and electrical departments. A patrol system of twenty men, to guard against fire and theft, has been established. Every inch of the grounds is inspected every thirty minutes, day and night. The fire department has four chemical engines and the studio employes are given a fire drill twice a week. Few cities have such an efficient public safety department.



STUDIO AT HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

KEY TO DIAGRAM

1. Property room.
2. Outgoing property room.
3. Star dressing room building.
4. Wardrobe building.
5. Engaging department.
6. Executive offices.
7. Cecil B. deMille's office.
8. Directors' offices.
9. Scenario department.
10. Mary Pickford's dressing room.
11. Incoming property room.
12. Stage No. 1.
13. Wilfred Buckland's office over dressing room used by Geraldine Farrar.

13a. Title department, and printing plant, and electrical department.

13b. Projection room No. 2.

14. Extra dressing room.
15. Scene docks.
16. Principal dressing rooms.
17. Stage No. 2.
18. Stage No. 3.

18a. Company dressing rooms, entire length of stage.

19. Stage No. 4.
20. Scene docks, entire length of Stage No. 4.
21. Sail boat in tank.
22. Dark stage.
23. Small glass stage.
24. Extra dressing rooms—and hospital.
25. Stock room.
26. Purchasing department. Press photographer's rooms.
27. Old paint frame now upholstering and wall papering department.
28. Laboratory. Frame building under number now removed and addition to laboratory erected.
29. Paint frame.
30. Fitting room.
31. Carpenter shops.
32. Planing Mills.
33. Property construction department.
34. Plaster shops and blacksmith shop.
35. Garages.
36. Douglas Fairbanks' offices and dressing rooms.
37. Exterior sets built for productions.

The Filming







Sidney Porter (O. Henry.)

"THE GUILTY PARTY"—"Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a large brown-and-pink plaid, well-fitting and not without style. She wore a cluster ring of huge imitation rubies, and a locket that banged her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high heels, and were strangers to polish. Her hat would scarcely pass through a flour barrel. The 'Family Entrance' of the Blue Jay Cafe received her. At a table she sat, and punched the button with the air of milady ringing for her carriage. Here she could order and be waited upon. It was all that her world offered her of the prerogative of woman."
(Patsy DeForrest as Liz.)

"THE INDIAN SUMMER OF DRY VALLEY JOHNSON"—"Dry Valley suddenly emerged, brilliantly radiant in the hectic glow of his belated summer madness. A jay-bird-blue tennis suit covered him outwardly, almost as far as his wrists and ankles. His shirt was ox-blood; his collar winged and tall; his neck-tie a floating oriflamme; his shoes a venomous bright tan, pointed and shaped on penitential lasts. A little flat straw hat with a striped band desecrated his weather-beaten head. Lemon-coloured kid gloves protected his oak-tough hands from the benignant May sunshine. This sad and optic-smiting creature teetered out of its den, smiling foolishly and smoothing its gloves for men and angels to see. To such a pass had Dry Valley Johnson been brought by Cupid."
(Carlton King as "Dry Valley.")





"THE LAST LEAF"—"Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard, curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress' robes. He had always been about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one."
(Bernard Siegel as Behrman.)

of O. Henry



WITH the sharp precision of a cameo, with all the color of a pastel portrait, with the fidelity of a photograph, all combined with a knowledge of humanity that can come only from life itself, did O. Henry draw his pictures of the men and women who peopled his stories. Here are a few of his word-paintings, with the corresponding impersonations in the screen productions.



"FRIENDS IN SAN ROSARIO"— "Tom Kingman had not been cut to any pattern. He had been mule-driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector, and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president, his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, gun and trail, found no change in him. He had made his fortune when Texas cattle were at the high tide of value and had organized the First National Bank of San Rosario. In spite of his largeness of heart and sometimes unwise generosity towards his old friends, the bank had prospered, for Major Tom Kingman knew men as well as he knew cattle."

(Frank Norcross as Tom Kingman.)



"THE DUPLICITY OF HARGRAVES"— "Major Talbot was of the old, old south. Out of that period he had brought all of its old pride and scruples of honor, an antiquated and punctilious politeness, and (you would think) its wardrobe. Such clothes were surely never made within fifty years. The major was tall, but whenever he made that wonderful, archaic genuflexion he called a bow, the corners of his frock coat swept the floor."

"Miss Lydia was a plump, little old maid of thirty-five, with smoothly drawn, tightly twisted hair, that made her look still older. Old fashioned, too, she was; but ante-bellum glory did not radiate from her as it did from the major."

(Charles Kent and Myrtle Morgan as Major Talbot and Miss Lydia.)



"THE LOVE PHILTRE OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN"—"Ikey Schoenstein was night clerk of the Blue Light and the friend of his customers. Thus it is on the east side, where the heart of pharmacy is not *glacé*. There, as it should be, the druggist is a counsellor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing missionary and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, untasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's corniform, be-spectacled nose, and narrow, knowledge-bowed figure, was well known in the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and notice was much desired."

(Bernard Siegel as Ikey Schoenstein.)





Her Litany

Billie Rhodes works out the formula for the intricacies of the Kitchener Heel.

WHEN the studio folk first noticed it, they thought Billie Rhodes was murmuring incantations over the socks she is knitting for soldiers. They imagined that she had been reading about Achilles, who met his death because he was vulnerable in the heel, and that Billie of the liquid orbs was knitting a little prayer into the hosiery. Not so. It is simply because the particular branch of war charities to which Miss Rhodes contributes her product, insists upon a certain uniformity of style.

It is called the "Kitchener toe and heel," and no simple matter. You can't do it and keep up a conversation on the esoteric tendency of dramatic technique as exemplified in the photodrama. You must keep your mind on your job. So Billie has put it into verse which she murmurs as she kitchi-knits:

Knit off, purl to prepare;
Purl off, knit to prepare;
Knit off.

Suiting the action to the word, she soon has the toe complete. Knitting to rhythm is an added fascination, and Billie is turning out Kitcheners at a tremendous rate.



The Devil's Camera

A very neat piece of work, and daring to say the least, was the ingenious publicity stunt "pulled" by the Bigelows, Sam, and Dorothy

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell



A beautiful young girl named Dorothy Carter had been kidnapped in broad daylight, and had not been heard from since.

"REGULAR Sherlock Holmes, ain't you?" said Barry, the Central Office man, with a nasty smile.

"No," I replied, smiling back at him. "I leave all that sort of thing to highbrows like you. I'm only a motion picture director."

Our little interchange of pleasantries took place at the International's office on Times Square, and Barry had come in to ask me some questions about New York's latest sensational crime. It had stirred the whole city, and not without reason. A beautiful young girl named Dorothy Carter had been kidnapped in broad daylight, presumably by white slavers, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street, and had not been heard from since. The newspapers were full of the thing, and I had been drawn into it because, singularly enough, I had witnessed the kidnapping.

No—I made no effort to rescue the girl—in fact I watched the criminals at work with a smile, as did the rest of the little group of bystanders. Even a policeman looked on good-naturedly, and went so far as to push back some of the eager crowd, in order that the struggling, shrieking girl might the more readily be bound, gagged and thrown into the waiting cab. Incredible, you say? Not at all. On the sidewalk stood a motion picture camera, with a fellow behind it grinding away like mad. Of course, everyone supposed it was a movie stunt.

But it wasn't. I remember thinking at the time that the girl was certainly putting a lot of "pep" into her work, but no suspicion of the truth crossed my mind. It was not until I saw the papers the next day that I realized I had been present at a tragedy.

The details were simple enough. Miss Carter was a southern girl, quite poor, who had come to New York looking for employment. She was unusually good-looking. Her mother, with whom she lived, had hysterically reported her daughter's disappearance to the police. Barnes, the Central Office man, came to see me because an actor in the crowd, who knew me, had stated to the detectives assigned to the case that he supposed everything must be all right, since the International's head director was supervising the job. I think Barnes came to my office convinced that I was in league with a desperate band of white slavers.

"So you didn't know it was a kidnaping, eh?" he asked me, quite unpleasantly, after I had explained my presence as a mere onlooker. "Why not?"

"Because," I told him, "there was a real motion picture camera in action, and both the cabman and the fellow who seized the girl were in makeup."

He laughed at this, and made the sneering remark above quoted about my being a Sherlock Holmes.

"Sure they had a regular camera," he jeered. "You don't suppose these guys would take chances with a phoney one, do you? And why wouldn't they be in makeup? Them whiskers they had on wasn't only to fool the crowd into thinking it was a motion picture stunt. There was another reason. To prevent them from being recognized—traced."

"The camera man wasn't in makeup," I remarked.

Again the man from the Central Office jeered at me.

"Sure he wasn't," he replied. "Camera men don't wear makeup do they?"

"Not as a rule," I said. "But *he* might not have wanted to be recognized, either."

The force of this argument seemed to impress my visitor.

"How do you know he wasn't made up?" he asked.

"I know it," I returned, "because I know the man. He was once in my employ."

The detective jumped half way from his chair. He seemed at a loss for words.

"The—the hell you say!" he sputtered.

"It was on that account, as much as any other," I went on, "that I supposed everything was all right."

By this time Barnes had found speech.

"Look here," he roared. "You fellows ain't tryin' to work any press agent stunt on us, are you?"

I assured him, quite honestly, that we were not.

"You must have looked up the girl's mother," I concluded.

"Sure we have. Her story's as straight as a string. Not a kink in it anywhere. Came to New York with her daughter four weeks ago. From Atlanta, Georgia. Old family down there, but poor. We've verified everything at that end by wire, of course. The girl was tryin' to get work. Saleswoman—cashier—any decent employment. Had plenty of offers, her mother tells me, but none that didn't have a string to it. Bein' in the picture business, you know how it is yourself, with a girl as pretty as that." He thrust a photograph before my eyes. I had already seen it, in the newspapers. Miss Carter was a raving beauty.

"Look here, Mr. Barnes," I said. "Don't try to hang that old bunk on the picture game. We've got no corner on vice. They tell me conditions with stenographers in downtown offices are a whole lot worse."

He paid no attention to me.

"What's this camera man's name?" he asked, taking out his note book.

I thought for a moment. Then it came to me.

"Bigelow—Sam Bigelow," I said.

"Address?" The Central Office man was making rapid notes.

"I haven't the least idea. He lived in town somewhere, and came out to the studio every day on the trolley. He wasn't with us long."

"Find him all right?"

I shook my head.

"No. He wasn't a good operator. Careless. Inclined to be late getting on the job."

"Hard up, I suppose?"

"Always. But lots of people are that." I smiled as I thought of the way in which everyone at the studio, from extra people and stage carpenters up, were in a state of hungry anticipation until pay day came around.

"Describe him," Barnes snapped, his pencil poised.

I thought for a moment. The little camera man had not registered very vividly, so far as I was concerned.

"Medium height, clean shaven, brown hair and eyes, pleasant looking," I recited. "Weighs probably a hundred and fifty."

Barnes looked disappointed.

"That's about as colorful as the description of an egg," he grumbled. "Wasn't there anything about this gink to identify him by—?"

"Not a thing, that I know of," I said. "You might have a talk with Mr. Staley, the director he worked for." I called a boy, and Barnes departed without even thanking me for the information I had given him.

For a few days the great Carter mystery was in everybody's thoughts. It even crowded some of the war news off the front pages, which was going some. A beautiful girl, of highly respectable character, abducted in broad daylight on a busy corner of the greatest thoroughfare in America, and the authorities powerless to do anything. Mothers could no longer feel that their daughters were safe on the streets alone. Letters in the newspapers spoke bitterly of the inefficiency of the police department. Pictures of the missing girl, interviews with her frantic mother, reports of her having been seen in half a hundred places, from Coney Island to San Francisco, filled the columns of the dailies. A reward which grew from one thousand dollars to ten thousand was offered for the apprehension of the criminals. And nothing happened. Miss Dorothy Carter seemed to have vanished like a puff of smoke. I read the newspaper accounts with especial interest, because of my slight connection with the case, but after a few days some new sensation fixed the attention of the public and the Carter mystery was for the time being forgotten.

And then, at the psychological moment, it once more burst upon the public eye. Bound, dazed, helpless, covered with dust and grime, the wretched girl was found one night wandering about the lake in Central Park. She seemed very ill and weak, and was unable to give a coherent account of herself. The policeman who found her, one of the park force, did not recognize her, and it was not until she had been taken to the station house that her identity was revealed.

I read all about it in the papers the next day. There were new pictures of the victim of the outrage, photographs of her mother, of their boarding house in Tenth Street, with a cross-mark to indicate the location of their room, a map of the park, with more crossmarks, showing where the girl had been found, and dozens of interviews with reporters, detectives, and the like, giving their views as to the nature of her escape, but Miss Carter's story was singularly vague. She had been thrown into the cab, taken to a room the location of which she did not know, given something to drink, after which everything became blurred, and she awoke to find herself confined in a cellar, containing nothing but a chair and an iron cot. Food had been brought to her from time to time by an elderly woman, who refused to talk. Her final escape had been equally mysterious. The woman and three men had come in, all greatly excited. The men were masked. She heard them saying something about "too much notoriety," "chase getting too hot," etc., after which they bound her, put her in a cab, drove to the park and thrust her helpless into the road. It was quite dark. She had wandered about for awhile, not knowing where she was, and then the policeman had found her. That was all.

The brevity of her account increased, rather than diminished the public's interest in the case. Dorothy Carter, the unknown little southern girl, had suddenly become as celebrated as Billy Sunday, or Villa, or Mrs. Vernon Castle. Hence I was not surprised when Bob Davis, our head publicity man, burst into my office the morning after her discovery with the announcement that he had just been talking with the Chief, and was now on his way to make Miss Carter a fat offer to appear in a picture, based upon the history of her life. I was to have a talk with Brockton, head of our scenario department, and arrange about getting up a suitable story at once.

"We're going to grab off the biggest stunt of the year," Davis announced, with his customary enthusiasm. "She's good for one sensational film anyway. After that, if she shows any real ability, we may make something of her."

"You'd better hustle along, then," I said. "Half the picture companies in town will be camping on her trail before the day's over. Luckily it's only ten o'clock, and you've got a fair start."

He was out of the office before I had finished speaking, and I did not see him again for over an hour. In the interval I had observed something in a newspaper clipping that set me to thinking.

Bob came back looking more crestfallen than I had ever seen him. He threw his hat on the floor and sank into a chair.



Before he could answer me, a slender, dark-haired girl swept into the room. "Whatever my husband may have done," she flung at me, without waiting for an introduction, "he has committed no crime."

"Nothing doing," he growled.

"Why not?" I asked, although I had expected it.

"The United grabbed her off an hour before I got there."

"Did you see her?" I said.

"No. She was resting. Saw her mother. Pleasant old dame. No fool, either. She said Loeb, of the United, had been at the house before breakfast, with a contract in one hand and a fountain pen in the other."

I did some quick thinking.

"Where do they live?" I asked.

"Little boarding house down on Tenth Street." He gave me the address.

I rose and put on my hat.

"I think I'll go down and see the girl myself," I said.

Davis seemed to resent this.

"What's the use?" he growled. "She's signed up."

I did not stop to argue the question.

"I have a hunch," I replied, and went out.

It was close to noon when I reached the boarding house on Tenth Street, and rang the doorbell. A slatternly looking maid appeared.

"I would like to see Miss Carter," I said.

The girl seemed to expect the question. I don't doubt she had answered it a hundred times before, since breakfast.

"Miss Carter can't see anyone," she told me. "She's resting."

"Then I'll see her mother." I pushed my way into the narrow hall.

The maid looked at me for a moment, as though undecided just what to do. Then she turned to the door of the dingy little parlor.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll tell Mrs. Carter. What name, please?"

I gave her my name, knowing quite well that it would not mean anything to Miss Carter's mother, and sat down. I did not have to wait long. In a few moments a gray-haired woman of fifty, quite evidently a lady, came into the room. In spite of her attempt at repression, I could see that she was laboring under great excitement.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, as I rose.

"I would like to see your daughter," I said.

"That is quite impossible. She is greatly unnerved after her recent terrible experiences, and is lying down. Are you a reporter?"

"No," I assured her. "I'm a motion picture director."

She smiled faintly at this.

"A great many picture people have been to see Dorothy," she said. "She has not talked with any of them. I think you ought to know that she has signed a contract with the United Company."

"So I have heard," I told her. "Still, I should like a word with her."

"It is quite impossible," Mrs. Carter's voice, her words, carried a note of finality.

I took my hat, but made no move to go. Instead, I went up quite close to her.

"If I cannot see your daughter, Mrs. Carter," I said, "perhaps I may be able to see her husband."

"Her husband!" Mrs. Carter drew back as though I had struck her.

"Certainly." I handed her the newspaper clipping that had attracted my attention.

She took it, and her face went pale.

"This refers to the marriage of a Miss Dorothy C. Byrd," she said, her voice trembling.

"Exactly. Dorothy Carter Byrd. That is your daughter's full name, is it not? Surely her husband must be with her, at this trying time."

Mrs. Carter started to speak, stopped, then went to the door. She was making a great effort to appear composed.

"I'll speak to him," she whispered, and left the room. I sat down to await developments.

Presently a scared-looking young man of twenty-five or six appeared in the doorway. He fixed upon me a terrified stare of recognition.

"Hello, Sam," I said. "How is Mrs. Bigelow?"

The young man leaned against the frame of the door for support. I could see his legs trembling.

"Hello," he gasped faintly. He seemed unable to say more.

"Won't you introduce me to your wife?" I remarked, pleasantly.

"What makes you think I have a wife?"

"I don't think anything about it, Sam," I replied dryly. "I know. I was looking over a bunch of clippings on my desk today—reviews of some of our productions, a couple of weeks old, most of them, and by the merest accident I saw on the back of one of them a notice of the marriage of Samuel H. Bigelow and Dorothy C. Byrd. When I had finished reading it I—"

"Well?" he interrupted, rather faintly.

"Well, I naturally concluded that the present Mrs. Bigelow is no other than the beautiful victim of the recent sensational abduction, Dorothy Carter."

"Suppose she is. What of it?"

"This," I said, beginning to get angry. "Your whole confounded kidnapping case was nothing but a fraud—a cheap fraud."

"It's a lie!" he cried.

"You've got a lot of nerve to stand there and say that, when I saw you with my own eyes, grinding the camera."

He nearly collapsed, at this.

"What—what are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I was thinking of applying for the $10,000 reward they've offered for the arrest of the kidnappers."

"There can't be any reward," he bluffed, "because there wasn't any crime. It's no crime to kidnap a woman with

(Continued on page 108)

Something Big Coming!

JUST over the horizon there is a new motion picture field. It is a field which comes close to the lives of young and old.

It is the field which includes 300,000 public schools, 10,000 colleges, 230,000 churches, and 500,000 other institutions, organizations and clubs—all potential users of motion pictures. The swiftly developing activities in this new world, just awakening to the power and wonder of the screen as applied to it's own work, will be reflected in Photoplay's new Educational Films Department, conducted by an expert, and appearing for the first time next month. Watch that department and see a new world grow.

What Becomes *of* Their Clothes?

You have often wondered; and this tells you just what your film favorite does with her gowns

By Marion Williams

YOU were watching the screen; and when she trailed on, you could almost hear the soft swish of the filmy gown she wore. It was a beautiful gown, of satin and sequins and fur and lace; and when she kicked its panne-velvet train complacently, you felt that she really was Gwendolyn, debutante daughter of the Gramercy millions, loved by and loving Freddie Van Gibbing, son and heir of the button king. But the gown helped. Oh, my yes.

Just then you found your attention momentarily diverted from the vision on the screen. Those hideously real women in the audience, and those girls—what is it they are whispering?

"She wore that gown in her last picture," you heard one say; "the very idea, wearing the same gown twice!"

"She must think she can put something over."

"And once before, don't you remember, she wore a negligee that'd been made over from that evening gown in 'Gloom'? Thought it would never be noticed I suppose."

"Cheap!" you heard them hiss.

Stop pitying the studio children. Don't waste your sympathy on the slap-stick comedians. Shed an honest tear or two for the poor picture fashion-plates.

They can't wear the same gown twice; but they must do something with them. What?

There's Alice Brady. Recently she paid $900 for a Bendel gown. And Alice Brady, who paid $900 for a Bendel gown, says she never throws away her



Gladys Leslie, in her gown-with-a-train, which she wears in "The Wooing of Princess Pat."

Marguerite Clark in her "Sub-deb" Smock.



Billie Burke sends her gowns to the rummage sales in Hastings, N. Y. Olga Petrova frankly says she sells her picture clothes that cost her not less than $40,000 a year.



gowns or sells her gowns or tries to make them over. No. It happens that Alice lives near the student quarters of Columbia University, and there are lots of girls at Columbia paying their own tuitions. And once in a while one of the girls will help Alice with her correspondence, and in return Alice will send her away with a smile and a little Bendel model or a little Hickson frock. And when worn in the class-rooms they brighten up old Columbia quite a bit. Alice has fortunately found one girl in particular who is just her size; so Alice has given her slippers and boots as well as hats and gowns. We now have, "The American College Girl—Gowns by Bendel, Hats by Peggy Hoyt, Shoes by—" etc.

Norma Talmadge often gets letters such as this:

"Dearest Miss Talmadge: I love the dress you wore in your latest picture. Won't you please send it to me when you're through with it, also the hat and the shoes. And oblige, yours truly——"

"P. S. I love you and your work."

"No," says Miss Talmadge firmly; "no. I will give my clothes away to my extra girls or I will not give my clothes away at all."

For the one serial in which Doris Kenyon appeared, she bought more clothes than would be required for a debutante her first year out. She never wore the same gown twice. Each episode required from five to seven different dresses, and there were fifteen episodes. Taking the average at six, that meant ninety different costumes, not counting furs, coats, and hats. Most of them were creations from fashionable modistes. In only a few instances after the gowns had once been used, were they worth having remodeled. There is no place in the world so hard on clothes as a moving-picture studio when they're making a serial, unless it might be a coal mine. That's one reason Miss Kenyon is going to make features in the future. "This may prove a disappointment to the fifty or more girls to whom I've been sending my discarded screen gowns," she says; "but it



will go a long way toward placing a depleted bank account on a more stable basis."

Says Mrs. Sidney Drew: "I treat my audiences as I treat my friends—for my audiences are my friends." Isn't that nice? But listen: "In real life I wear gowns that I like many times, and my friends do not object. Why should my friends who know me on the screen be treated differently than my friends in real life? This idea of a gown being good for on.y one picture is all nonsense. A person will look as well in a gown at one time as another and the mere fact that she has worn it before does not in any way spoil its effectiveness." Oh.



Charlotte Fairchild

Grace Darmond is one of the film ladies who persists in cheating the public. Whenever possible she loans her gowns to friends or associates of the studio after she has worn them in a picture; but very often she wears one gown two or three times, and many of her evening gowns are converted into negligees to serve both on the screen and in private. In her latest picture she wears several of these de luxe negligees, transformations of dance frocks or dinner dresses. And Grace Darmond doesn't care who knows it. "Gowns are my hobby," she says; "and I collect them as a man does cigarette coupons. Every few weeks I go over my gowns with my maid and make an inventory of them, consisting of a name, a brief description, and the title of the picture in which they were worn. Then I have a special list of character costumes, as those of shop girls, peasant women, dance-hall girls, and early western characters. Another page of this catalogue has costumes indexed by nationality — including those of Italian venders, Spanish senoritas, Oriental types, Irish colleens, and Russian women." There is another interesting section of the gown gallery devoted to the various periods. This embraces the conventional garb of women from the Stone Age to an age in advance of the present. All varieties of material are in evidence, including a wood nymph's frock of flowers and foliage, a Hawaiian lady's outfit of grass and beads, a Cleopatran affair of jewels and—jewels; quaint crinolines, and even an Eskimo habit of fur.

Billie Burke sends her gowns to the rummage sales in Hastings, N. Y., which is near her home at Hastings-on-Hudson. Often, perhaps, the villagers do not appreciate the costly simplicity of little afternoon frocks or evening gowns which were especially designed for Billie Burke,—but they do buy them, and they love to add little personal touches which furnish Miss Burke many merry moments—or would, if she ever saw them.

"I sell my picture clothes," says Olga Petrova frankly. "I cannot afford to give them away. I spend $40,000 a

Norma Talmadge gives gowns like this to extra girls. Doris Kenyon gives hers to deserving friends.

Campbell Studios

year on clothes for my professional work. In making out my income tax report, if this sum stands with no counterbalancing entry, it must be recorded as an investment. So when I am through with my gowns I have them sold and get back as much of the money as possible, and the difference stands as a loss to be deducted from my income. It is the only way I can do if I am to provide the kind of costumes my roles require. It is impossible to fake fine fabrics. The shimmer and the manner in which a gown hangs, immediately tells whether it is made of the real or the imitation material. Furs show exactly what they are, in a picture. It is out of the question to use such expensive things and get no return from them after they have served their purpose. The income tax item alone would be a heavy burden, as I have shown. So since I am my own business manager, among other innumerable things, I sell my picture clothes." Neither romantic nor philanthropic nor thrilling; just the truth. And isn't she sensible?



Pauline Frederick likes to keep some of her favorite gowns; and this one of gold brocade must be a favorite.

Pauline Frederick's maid is exactly the same stature as the star—just exactly. So if you were to see her at the studio, in a Lucile frock, perhaps, fastening Miss Frederick into a simple little gingham gown for her next scene,—you would believe that Polly Frederick gives all of her gowns and things to her maid. But not quite all. "I like to keep some of my favorite gowns," Miss Frederick remarked. "I like to pack them away; and then, when they're old-fashioned, to take them out and look at them, and recall the happy times I had wearing them."



Alice Brady wearing the Bendel gown for which she paid $900.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Emmy Wehlen was, you know, a musical commedienne before she "went into pictures." She still takes an interest in chorus-girls, and very often in would-be chorus girls. She knows that many of them have the voice and the talent, but not the clothes. She believes that the best thing she can do with the clothes she has worn in pictures is to give them to deserving girls so that they may have a chance to secure work for which they are qualified. Miss Wehlen is always very smart—and they are fortunate chorus-girls who get her picture-gowns.

Agnes Ayres is the feminine lead in Vitagraph's once-a-week comedies domestique; and she has to have a complete array of new clothes for each comedy. She is another clever camoufleur; and that chiffon dinner frock you saw her wear in one picture may make itself over into a negligee in the next. But some of her pet gowns she simply could not abide having done over. She claims these for her own private wardrobe. And by the way—frivolous bride she may appear in pictures, but Miss Ayres is in reality a very practical young business woman. When she first commenced her comedy series, she purchased at the first shop that offered what she fancied. Now she makes a thorough tour of all the elect places of the Fifth Avenue section. The proprietor who makes the best terms for the best modes secures the weekly contract. Oftentimes, too, they offer to loan their latest creations, which they are particularly eager to show to women at once; and usually they offer to buy them back after the picture is finished. Miss Ayres has on several occasions agreed to such bargains, and has always received for them more than she paid.

What do you suppose diminutive Marguerite Clark does with her clothes? Yes, of course,—she gives them to children. She plays so many child roles that most of her stage costumes can only be given to youngsters, when they have served their screen purpose. To the disposal of these dresses Miss Cora Clark, sister of Marguerite, turns her attention. She has long been notable for her charitable works and as a matter of fact devotes much of her time to work of this nature.

Gladys Leslie, like Marguerite Clark, usually wears little girl's clothes; and she always gives them to some of the children on the list she has—the "rotary kiddie" list, Gladys calls it. But in her new picture, "The Wooing of Princess Pat," little Miss Leslie wears a gown with a train—a Lucile model, it is, and her very first train! When asked what she thought of the story for "Princess Pat," Gladys said,—her mind on the intricacies of costume rather than plot,—"It's a regular Lucile creation."

Charles Spencer Chaplin Spends Half His Million



The front view of the Chaplin studio buildings is a bit of English village.

Charlie is so proud of his new studio, he's taking pictures of it himself, every chance he gets.







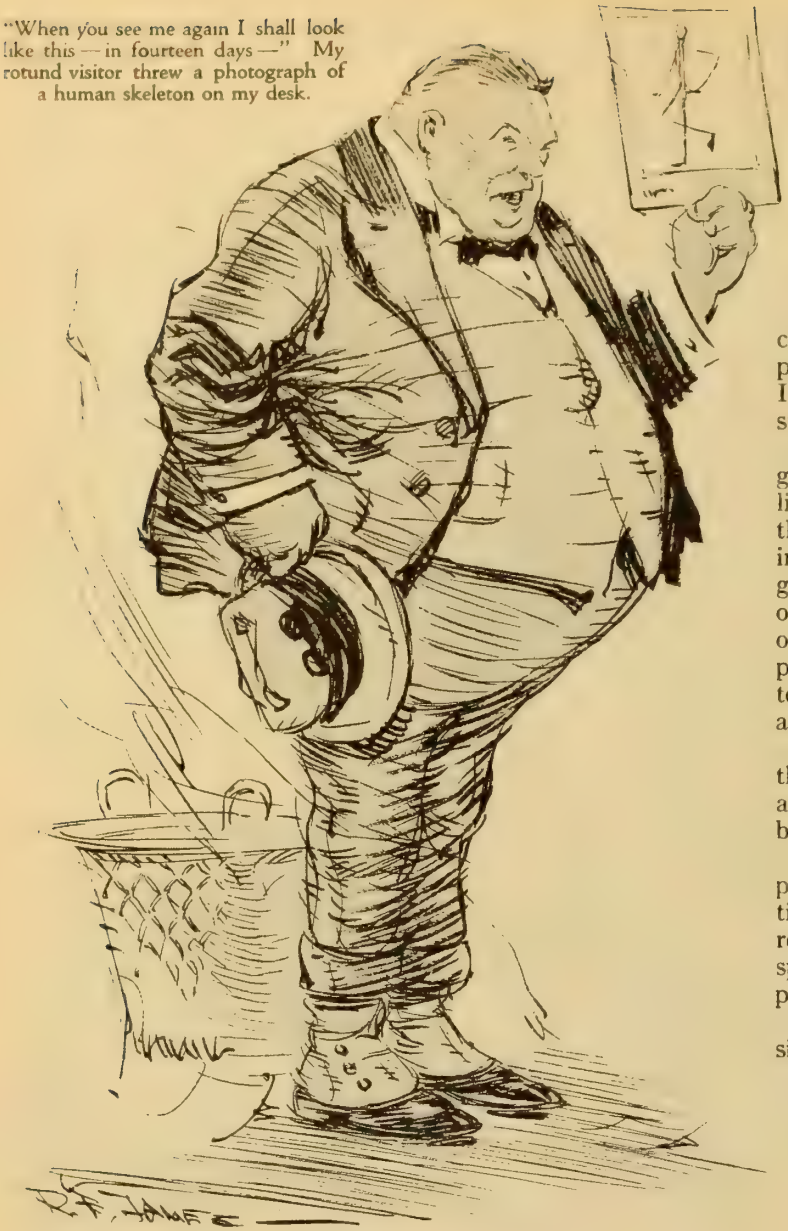
Just about the best-known fact in our lives today is the one million dollars that Charles Spencer Chaplin is going to get this coming year. Most of us think he's going to earn it; but all of us know about that one million. And now he's spent half of it. He bought five acres in Hollywood, and built a new studio that isn't a studio at all. Chaplin has left untouched the old mansion on the estate—pictured above—where he and his brother Sidney will live. At the right is the tank which will get many a laugh in future Chaplins. The dressing-rooms open on the tank, said to be the largest in any studio.

GATHERING

A few minutes in the confidence of the

By Alan

Drawings by



"When you see me again I shall look like this — in fourteen days —" My rotund visitor threw a photograph of a human skeleton on my desk.

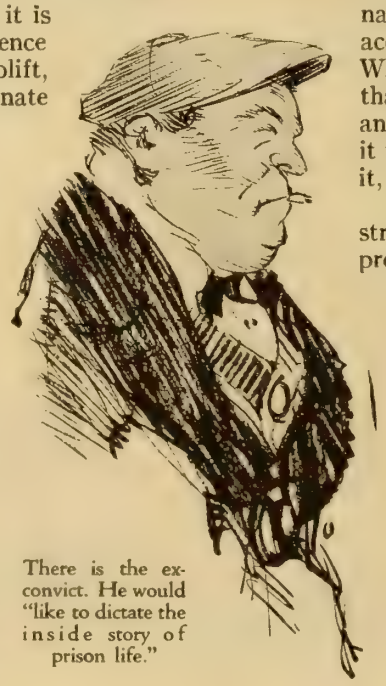
IF you are a nut I probably know you.

I am the solemn faced and official looking young man with the horn-rimmed glasses, with the learned and patient mein, whose special duty it is to absorb the conversation and correspondence of persons inspired with ambition to uplift, revolutionize, glorify and otherwise illuminate the motion picture industry, which, they are convinced, is on the brink of disaster.

In the ancient days before the motion picture it was the custom and fashion for any person with a large idea to call on the editor of the leading local paper. Of course, the editor was hard to catch. He usually sent an otherwise useless cub reporter out to the waiting room to look over all proffered perpetual motion machines, balloon routes to the North Pole, plans for the promotion of safety razors among the hairy Ainus and similar exudations of thought.

But now the motion picture inflames and inspires the nut ideas.

The man who used to take his pen in hand to write a few thousand lines to the editor proving the earth had a flat wheel, now rolls up his blue prints and hits off to the handiest motion picture concern. Ordinarily the big idea is offered for picture purposes, along with the services of the Father of the Idea, for a modest salary of a few hundred a week to start and a share in the prospective profits.



There is the ex-convict. He would "like to dictate the inside story of prison life."

It used to be the custom to keep an ex-police sergeant with a spavin and a drag with the mayor at the little desk by the gate in the mahogany rail across the front lobby. This able worthy knocked all comers in the head and then asked their business as they regained consciousness. This method certainly filtered out the nuts; but the system got into disfavor with our worthy president when our grand outer guard pitched a seedy looking big Stockholder from the hinterland down the elevator shaft on general suspicion and the back of his neck.

Since then everybody has been given a hearing and then eased out of the premises with less police action and more finesse. No one is given the gate without benefit of clergy, unless positively violent.

Now I originally went into the service of the corporation as a press agent. A certain facility for putting a good face on any calamity, and a certain high regard for the truth which has made me use it very sparingly, seems to have fixed me in the mind of the president as the corporation's diplomat and nut expert.

My office is adjacent to the president's. I have very similar equipment as to glass topped desks of richest mahogany, hand carved picture frames fencing in an array of our darlings of the camera, male and female, Bokhara rugs, patent window ventilators, sculptured lamp stands and the like. My office is staged to make any caller know immediately that he is getting a lot of attention in the inner sanctum of the Super-Cosmic Film Corporation.

This arrangement makes it handy for the president to pass on to me anybody who requires a great deal of listening to and much conversational attention.

The president is an able chap but the devine forces of nature were busy building up his bump of acquisition rather than the speech centers. When the president wants something said so that it is very plain and simple he says it—and when he wants something said so that it will sound nice and nobody can understand it, he turns on my hired vocabulary.

If anybody without a rating in Mr. Bradstreet's social manual insists on seeing the president, or if anything docks in the lobby which the gateman can not diagnose with the aid of an interpreter, I am due for a call. I am the corporation's shock absorber, buffer, bumper and official listener. When anybody wants an audience I am the audience.

You would not be in the least interested in the Leading Club Woman who drops in every day in large numbers to see if she can get a contract to do our uplifting and "handle special programs for children." You would probably be as wearied as I am at any enumeration of the child marvels daily offered for service in the pictures by doting mammas.

THE NUTS!

professional listener of a motion picture concern.

Sheridan

R. F. James

I have a set line of talk for them anyway. It sticks some place up in my so-called mind like a form letter in a filing cabinet.

But every day brings a new type, something rare and radiant.

The finest specimen I have examined in many months was in my office the other day.

"You see me now?" he demanded theatrically as he entered.

I admitted it, nervously fingering the bouncer's button under the edge of my desk.

He was apparently about 250 pounds of practically pure tallow, about five feet tall and with a Colorado claro voice.

"When you see me again I shall look like this—in fourteen days—."

My rotund visitor threw a photograph of a human skeleton on my desk.

"Positively the most marvelous transformation. Lose a hundred pounds in two weeks. Guarantee to deliver every time. I am the inventor of a system of feeding on flavored cotton pulp, eat all you want and get no food. Greatest chance for wonderful comedy—Funniest stuff ever—Get thin—feed up again like this."

My visitor's pressure of words and ideas had caught him short winded. He stopped, purple in the face. I gave him a lot of encouragement and a letter of introduction to a picture director who died last year. I hope they meet soon.

Of course a large number of the moving picture bugs are persons who have become victims of the scenario mania. Once upon a time a motion picture corporation had a scenario contest offering a prize of $10,000 for an idea. They didn't get the idea but somebody had to be given the ten thousand to satisfy certain gentlemen in the post office department whose sole business it is to enforce the rules. The growing fame of the stenographer who got the ten thousand for writing a mere matter of two hundred words, plain common words that anybody could have gotten out of the dictionary, seems to have created the impression that assuming that one is totally ignorant of dramatic construction, the structure and functions of the English language and the usual practices of orthography, then one is a perfect scenario writer.

On a good bright warm day I always catch a lively flight of scenario bugs. It is customary to have the gateman accept the manuscript and solemnly swear that it will be brought to the personal attention of the whole executive staff. It is then equally customary to have the scenario sent promptly to the mailing room where one of our handsomest rejection slips is enclosed just as the script starts back home.

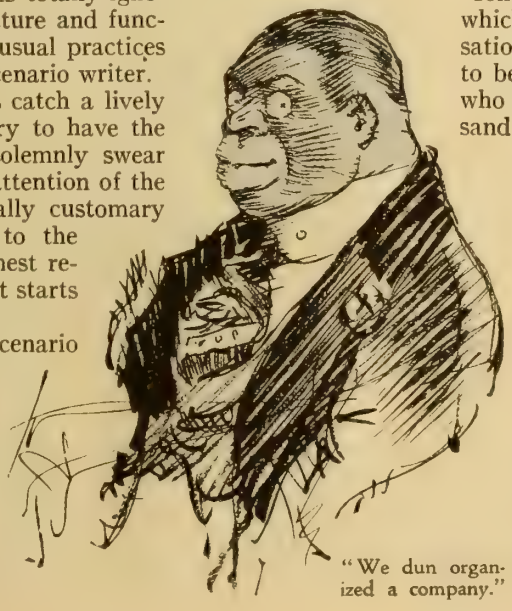
But there are always a good many scenario nuts who will have nothing less than an audience "because I must personally explain this wonderful idea."

The "wonderful idea" is certain to fall into one of a few classified forms. There is the dear old lady who has written out all by herself a series of fairy stories, which, when done into pictures will achieve fame, riches, and the blessings of all mothers. There is the pale, thin, hopeful railway rate clerk who is sure that his scenario on "The History of American Railroading" will produce a thriller of fifteen reels and millions in box-office drawing power. There is the cocksure and easily offended small business man who has "something right out of my own life" which is nothing less than a screen sensation of three continents only waiting to be hatched. There is the ex-convict who for a trifling matter of a few thousand dollars would "like to dictate the real inside story of prison life." It seems that ex-convicts are so accustomed to having their confessions taken by a stenographer that they think of dictation as essential to literary style. And then there are the lodge folks and the church folks and the club folks who have a corner stone laying or a flag raising or a house-warming at Whippoor-will Junction which they feel should be preserved for posterity in a seven reel creation. Usually these folks tentatively suggest that "you make a story out of it—with something alle-

(Continued on Page 110)



There is the dear old lady who has written out all by herself a series of fairy stories, which will achieve fame, and the blessings of all mothers.



"We dun organized a company."

Mile-a-Minute Kendall

They called him that—and it was a good name, too

By Frances Denton

From the scenario of the story by Earl Derr Biggers

MORTON KENDALL picked up his morning paper. A glaring headline met his eyes, diverting his attention from the stock reports. In broad, black type, he read: "Mile-a-Minute Kendall in the Limelight Again: Gives Dinner to Forty Chorus Girls." Followed the details of what Kendall, senior, was pleased to term an "orgy,"—a hilarious party engaged in pouring wine into clocks, dancing jigs on tables, washing a serving man's face in salad dressing, and winding up by taking forcible possession of a "rubberneck" wagon and running it through the town in the early morning, packed to the brim with revelers in evening clothes. And "Mile-a-Minute Kendall" was the newspaper men's name for Jack, Morton Kendall's only son!

Morton Kendall pushed back his breakfast plate; he had lost his appetite. The story stared at him from the front page of the paper; another of Jack's disgraceful escapades made public so that all the world could know what a rotter Morton Kendall had for a son. It was too much!

The account lost nothing by being transcribed with the aid of a newspaper reporter's active imagination. Slowly Morton Kendall's face grew purple. He grabbed the paper and strode to Jack's room.

Now the account had erred, in one particular. It was true that Jack had spent a wild and furious night, but he, himself, had needed no alcoholic aids to hilarity, nor had he availed himself of them. He was perfectly sober when his father found him puttering over an invention of his, which he worked at spasmodically, an engine to burn crude oil. He had been too excited and wide awake to sleep, also he felt "queer." He was beginning, for the first time, to think of the possible undesirable publicity which the dinner might bring him, and to regret having given it.

If Jack had not been a rich man's son, and had been obliged to work for his bread and butter, undoubtedly some of the surplus energy which Nature had bestowed upon him would have been taken care of. As it was he could not quite understand why he was impelled to plunge into the wild efforts of jollification which had gained him his nickname, and which did not sound well when retold. He only knew that he was beset by a spirit of unrest, that he was a speed maniac, but that his machine-gun energy never seemed to get him anywhere but into trouble. He was pondering over these things and working dispiritedly, when his father entered.

"So you've made the front page in the newspapers again! 'Dinner to forty chorus girls!'" His father's voice trembled. "To think that a son of mine should be so notorious that the newspapers have even given him a name—'Mile-a-Minute Kendall!' That I should have raised him to become a drunken spendthrift!"

Antagonized by his father's onslaught, Jack did not trouble to defend himself, only continued to tinker at his invention.

His silence added to his father's anger.

"Have you no excuse, not even a manufactured one to offer?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "What would you like me



to do—go as a missionary to the cannibals? I haven't had exactly the right kind of training."

"I should like you to be a man," sputtered his father. "Do *men* go around feeding chorus girls? 'Forty chorus girls!'" He made a gesture of despair. "And my son!"

"Oh, well, as to that, they didn't eat much," returned Jack. "And I didn't care a hang about the skirts—if that bothers you. It was only to please Rose."

"Rose who?"

"Rose D'Aubre," defiantly.

"You may as well know—the lady I'm going to marry."

"Marry! Why, you young pup, what do you mean by talking about marrying at your age? I'll have something to say about your marrying—when it's time."

"I'll pick out my own wife, thank you. And I intend to marry Rose."

Kendall, senior, almost strangled. "You marry without my consent and I'll cut you off without a penny," he choked out. "In the meanwhile I'll look up your precious 'Rose.' Judging from your apparent taste in women, and from her chorus girl friends," shaking his newspaper, "she'll need investigating."



"To think that a son of mine should be so notorious that the newspapers have even given him a name—'Mile-a-Minute Kendall!'"

He cut short a furious reply from Jack by rushing from the room. Then the telephone rang and Jack's anger was momentarily checked by discovering that he was late for an appointment. He was to be one of the entrants in a motor boat race that morning. He could postpone the quarrel with his father until another time.

Kendall, senior, lost no time in making good his threat regarding Rose, who, he soon found was a blonde with a more or less cloudy past. She had only recently met Jack Kendall, and finding him an easy prey to her studied fascinations, had become ambitious to place herself on a solid footing in society by marrying him. This was a bold resolve on the part of Rose, who had heretofore been satisfied with merely annexing her conquests temporarily. But Jack was so young and so impulsive that she decided upon a bold coup. She would drop her past, and everything in it, for the sake of a wedding ring and all that it symbolized.

But, unfortunately, one's past has a habit of clinging. One of the pawns on the checkerboard of Rose's previous existence was Philip Lund, and he didn't want to be dropped. He didn't care anything about her past—he really couldn't afford to be critical, if it came to that. But he was intensely desirous of having his say about her future, and he intended to have a legitimate right to that say by making her Mrs. Philip Lund.

It was upon Lund that Jack's father chanced to stumble when entering Rose's lodgings. So it didn't take him long to find out all that he wished to know, for Lund was more than willing to aid anyone in placing an obstacle in the way of Rose's ambitions.

When Kendall, senior, learned of these circumstances, he reconsidered his determination to disinherit Jack and let him shift for himself. His paternal affection asserted itself, and urged by his wife, he determined to save Jack from ruining his life, as he would inevitably if he married Rose. So he planned to put a stop to the wedding, and disinherit Jack afterward—if he did not mend his ways.

At the end of the whirlwind finish of the motor boat race Jack went straight to Rose. He intended to marry her without delay, now that his father had threatened to prevent the match. Jack had always wanted to go to work, and his father had thwarted him. He had wanted to be an inventor and his father had ridiculed the idea. He had wanted to explore remote continents, and his father had set his foot down—and Jack had stayed at home. Now he wanted to marry Rose, and she was willing. He shut his teeth and swore grimly that in this he would have his way. Like many people who have had unlimited recourse to money all their lives, he cared nothing for it beyond what pleasures it would bring. So far it had brought him no real pleasure. So the prospect of disinheritance, with Rose as his wife in a vine-covered cottage, himself coming home at the end of his day's work, was not at all unpleasant. He believed her to be a model of sweetness and loyalty, and his blasé young heart had been so surfeited with the luxury of life that he longed to experience the simplicity.



"Why, it's little Joan," said Jack. "Rose, meet my old playmate."

So, as he considered the best place to go to get married, he thought of the little village of Hawson, Connecticut, where he had spent several summers as a boy. There was a roadhouse there, he remembered. Jack smiled; the keeper of the roadhouse, penurious old Evans, would be overjoyed to get the telegram he was sending. Jack was wiring him to have dinner prepared for three people that day—Rose would take her bosom friend Beth, as chaperon. After dinner, Rose and he would be married by some village magistrate—and then let them whistle. . . . But what in thunder made his head ache so. And there was a rotten taste in his mouth, for no reason at all.

So early the next day Jack's slim bodied touring car shot down the road, carrying three cheerful young people. A few hours later, Lund, calling to see Rose and finding her out, suspected what had happened and communicated with Jack's father. And about two hours after Jack's car had disappeared in a cloud of dust at the city's edge, a grimly determined old man, and an anxious, determined young one, were hard on the wheels of the wedding party.

In the meantime, Jack's telegram had caused quite a commotion at the Hawson Inn. Evans, reading it, recalled Jack as "that fresh youngster who was always trying to make a fool out of me. He's speed crazy, they say."

Joan, the old man's pretty niece, remembered Jack differently. Back to her memory came pictures of the friendly boy who had waded in the streams with her and picked crawfish from her little toes, bought her all-day-suckers and ridden her in a wheel barrow, and had been the best of comrades, despite his wealth. With these thoughts in mind, she observed, "Yes; he was always doing something to make everybody happy."

So Joan and her uncle's one servant, Amelia, began tidying up the place and making preparations for the dinner. Back on the country road, Jack in his high-powered automobile, exhilarated by the sense of power which always came to him with his hands on the steering wheel, threw caution to the winds and went racing by fences and farms, scattering chickens and pigs and frightening horses, bringing down upon his head the maledictions of the angry farmers.

The wedding party arrived at the roadhouse at high noon. Not stopping to undo gates or look for entrances, Jack went smashing through the fence and collided with a milk wagon which stood in the yard. His precipitancy was almost his undoing for one of the heavy milk cans went through his car's windshield, and struck him a heavy blow on the head that seemed to crush him utterly.

Jack sank into his seat, limp and weak. "Are you hurt, Jack?" cried Rose in alarm, trying to lift him. The occupants of the house ran out, startled. "I'm all right," said Jack with bravado, staggering to his feet and pushing off Rose and Beth who were clinging to him. "Only a scratch. What's the damage?" to the milkman who was alternately cursing and taking inventory of his wrecked wagon.

"Fifty dollars won't cover it," cried the man, shaking his fists. "I'll have you fined for this. Judge Weeks there is a witness," pointing to an elderly man who was standing in the doorway.

"Fifty it is," said Jack, waving bills in the air. "I always pay for any damage I do. And here's another fifty for the Judge—my fine in advance. Evans can put in the fence with the bill for the dinner."

"But your car," moaned Rose. "It's ruined, Jack dear."

"Never mind, m'dear." Jack swayed unsteadily; he was still dizzy from the blow on his head. "I'll buy you another. This one didn't match your hat, anyway. How about that chicken dinner? I'm starved. Come on, girls!" He pulled them toward the entrance of the inn.

In the doorway stood Joan, who moved shyly aside. Jack stopped and regarded her, in a puzzled way.

"And who have we here?" he asked. "Why, it's little Joan. Rose, meet my old playmate." He extended his hand. "How long have you been here? I thought you were with your folks."

"My parents are dead," she answered. "I'm making my home with Uncle now."

Beth, who had gone on ahead, started the Victrola. "Time for a spin before dinner," she cried. "Come on, Jack."

Mile-a-Minute Kendall

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name. Produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Mile-a-Minute Kendall	Jack Pickford
Joan Evans	Louise Huff
Mr. Kendall	Chas. Arling
Mrs. Kendall	Jane Wolff
Rose D'Aubre	Lottie Pickford
Jack Evans	Jack McDonald
Philip Lund	W. E. Lawrence
Judge Weeks	John Burton

Grabbing Rose, Jack began capering to the music. Suddenly he staggered and to recover himself, snatched at a small table on which stood two statuettes. The table tipped and one of the plaster figures went to the floor. "Stop that," bawled a voice from the doorway. "I don't allow no dancin' in my place. And you'll pay for that statue, young feller. They're imported from New York."

"Sure," said Jack gaily, peeling off another bill. "Pay for everything. And now the other fellow's mine; here goes!" He snatched the other statuette and sent it flying through a portrait of George Washington which hung on the wall.

This was too much for Evans. "I'll call the police," he cried. Jack laughed and picked up the head of the broken statuette, intending to throw it again. But Joan came to him and laid her hand on his arm. "I wish you wouldn't," she said softly.

Instantly Jack was abashed. "I beg your pardon," he said, gently laying the missile down on the table. He pressed his hands to his head again, staggered, and dropped into a chair.

"Jack, you're sick," cried Rose in alarm. "We must send for a doctor."

Jack shook his head feebly. "What—on my wedding day?" with an attempt at jocoseness. Joan had hurried from the room and now she came back with a basin of water and towels and began bathing Jack's head.

"I must see about—getting married," he said presently, when somewhat recovered.

Joan gave a little start. So this was an in earnest wedding party! "There's a telephone in the other room," she said.

And just then Kendall, senior, and Lund arrived. Beth, at the window, saw them enter the yard. She whispered agitatedly to Rose: "We'd better beat it; here's Jack's father—and Lund."

"I'll stick it out," murmured Rose stubbornly. "We might as well have a showdown now as any time."

A second later Lund stood in the doorway. "Ah, here you are," he announced. "Quite a family party, isn't it, Rose?" Back over his shoulder he called: "We're in time, Mr. Kendall." Then, to Rose: "It's time you quit this nonsense; I'm ready to take you home."

"Since when have you appointed yourself my guardian?" asked Rose. "I'll go home when it suits me."

"Where's Jack?" boomed a voice, and Kendall senior entered. "What's that you say, madam? 'Telephoning for a minister!' He'll want no minister when he hears what I have to say."

And then Jack came in. "I couldn't reach a minister," he started to explain, "but Joan says that Judge Weeks—" He stopped as he saw his father and Lund.

"Come, Rose," urged Lund. "It's no use, old girl; you might as well come home with me."

"Who is this fellow?" demanded Jack sharply.

"His name is Philip Lund, and he has been her lover for years," was his father's answer.

"It's a lie!" said Jack furiously. "If you weren't my father—"

"It's the tru—" began Lund, but Rose rushed to him and covered his mouth with her hands. Then Jack, choking, started to demolish Lund. His father intervened. "All she's after is your money, Jack. You don't believe me? Look at the clothes she's wearing, and her salary is twenty dollars a week."

Jack was momentarily staggered. But when Rose cried, "Jack, it isn't true; don't believe them," all his chivalry was aroused, and he took his stand beside her.

"I am going to marry Rose as soon as that blamed judge gets here," he said. "And all your talk can't stop me."

His father spread out his hands in a gesture of defeat. "Very well, have your way, my son. But you shall never see the color of my money again, if you do. Remember that."

"Money isn't anything, Jack dear," said Rose, keeping up her pose of unselfish devotion. "It doesn't bring real happiness."

Kendall whirled on her. "Don't quote slush from sentimental novels," he said disgustedly. "A lot you know about real happiness!"

"You'll ask her to forgive that before you ever see me in your house again," flamed Jack. Turning to Rose, he said: "We've had enough of this. I'm going to hurry up Weeks. Wait for me here, dear."

Joan had been listening outside the door. She caught herself wishing that she might have stood in Rose's shoes and been so valiantly defended—by Jack. But she dismissed the thought as unworthy. Jack was a fine fellow; she hoped that he would be very happy.

As soon as Jack was out of earshot, Rose turned on Kendall and Lund with a furious tirade. Kendall motioned Lund to go. As he left, he whispered: "I'm going back to New York tonight, Rose. I'll wait for you at the depot."

(Continued on page 115)



"Just wait till you get through, young man. I've got a thousand dollars' worth of remarks to make to *you!*"

These

Not made-to-order Russians, born

By



Ivan Mozukin, recognized star of all male stars on the Russian stage, in a scene from "Queen of Hearts."

THIS is a Russian year. So firmly has the vogue been established, that no self-respecting moving picture concern is happy now without its own private Russian vamp. If no actress born in the country of the Bolsheviki is available, there is always a Mary Smith or Annie Jones who is willing, for a consideration, to change her name to Olga Olgavitch and swear she was brought up on caviar and samovars, or whatever they feed the babies in Petrograd.

Nevertheless, there are real Russians to be seen in pictures in these United States—Russians who have never been outside of the country of the droshky and duma. They are members of the Moscow Art Theatre which, until Kerensky put the bee on Nicholas, was an imperial institution, supported by government funds. The cables from Russia are too busy telling about the daily revolutions to leave any room for information as to what has happened to the stage. Under the old regime, young men and women who were suspected of dramatic talent, were educated at the expense of the government, and were actual public servants, not permitted to leave the country without official permission. They were guaranteed a certain salary, but as the Russians are generous patrons of the theatre, it was seldom necessary to make good the guarantee. The Moscow Art Theatre was conducted on a co-operative basis, the players dividing the profits according to the prominence of their roles and the frequency of their appearance.

Thus there was established a distinct aristocracy of the stage, and it was a long time before these temperamental actors and actresses could be induced to "go into the movies." But it was finally the lure of the extra remuneration that persuaded these stars to lend their talents to the screen. Their names are practically unknown in America—Ivan Mozukin, Olga Zovska, Vera Colodna, Mlle. Caralli, Polonsky, Natalia Lesienko, Tanya Fetner, E. F. Sharoff, N. V. Panoff—but their standing in Russia may be judged from the fact that they receive from $5,000 to $10,000 each for a picture.



The studio in Moscow where the Russian Art of the company of th



Mme. Caralli, of the Russian Imperial Ballet.

And temperamental! Well! Ivan Mozukin is a good example. He is the recognized star of all male stars on the Russian stage. He occupies the same position there that the late Richard Mansfield did in America, with much the same remarkable versatility. He can

Are Russians

in Hoboken or South Bend, but real ones from Moscow.

John Dolber

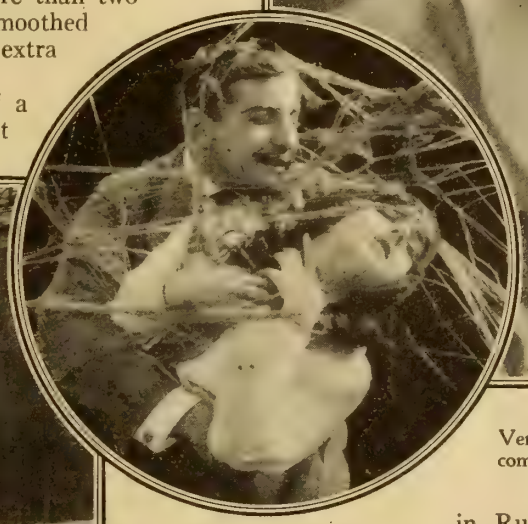
play at any age from eighteen to eighty. But—in the companies in which he works, Mozukin is a rampant Bolshevik. Any other player who dares to differ with him on any point whatsoever, must be ready to defend his ideas with force. Mozukin, a powerful man physically, takes the short cut to ruling the roost. Verbal arguments are too tedious and inconclusive.

Olga Zovska also likes to have her own way, and usually has it. She agreed to appear in a certain film for $10,000. An automobile had to be sent to her home when she was wanted at the studio. After having worked two days one week, the automobile came a third day, and she refused to go, maintaining that she could not think of working more than two days in seven. However, the difficulty was smoothed over by paying the lady a bonus for the extra strain upon her talent.

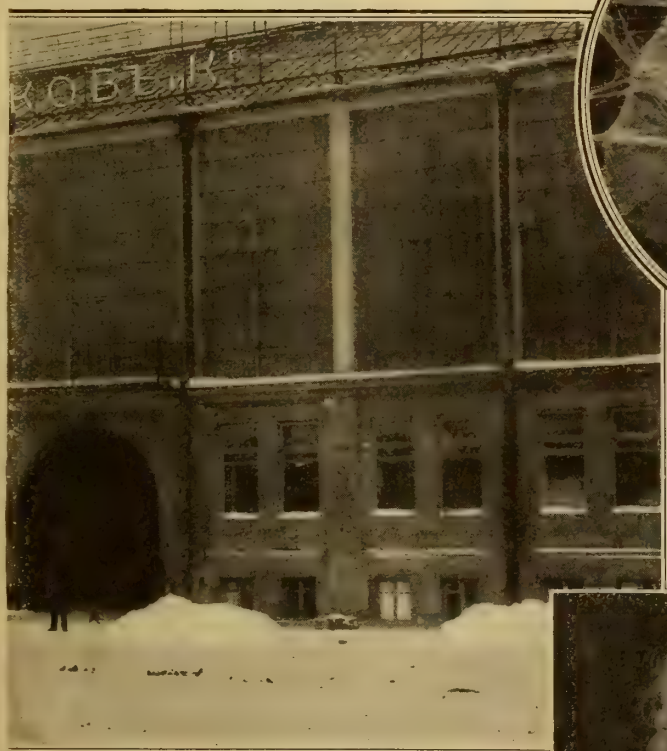
"It must be grand to be the director of a company like that?" Yes, only there "ain't



Vera Calodna is another member of the company now appearing on the screen.



Polonsky and Madame Caralli. Their dramas are heavy, serious, and tragic in their endings — stories of life as great Russian writers see it.



Films are made. The principal players are members Moscow Art Theatre.

no such animile." The director of a Russian film company is nothing more than a camera man. These aristocratic players get together and decide among them how a certain scene should be played. Then they take the director into their confidence, and explain it to him, so that he may arrange his camera accordingly. The players even decide what scenarios to produce, and as a result there are very few mediocre stories in Russian pictures. Their plots are taken from the novels of Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Turgenieff, Pushkin, Andreyev, Ostrovsky, and other great masters of literature. Everyone who has dabbled in Russian literature knows that most of it is heavy, serious and tragic in its endings. So with the films. They are not for children. They are grown-up stories of life as these Russians see it.



Olga Zovska, famous Russian actress, who received more than $10,000 for appearing in one of the films.

It will be realized that the Russian film is the product of the player's art almost undiluted. So completely do the stars rule, that it is almost a trust. There are no sudden stars in Russia—pretty girls with a sweet smile but no brains or experience. The motion picture producer would not dare to try to foist such a star on the public by methods known to American producers and publicity men. The publicity man is extinct in Russia; in fact he never existed.

In Russia all the actors in motion pictures are recruited from the great art theatres of the country. All have been selected originally for their inherent talent and have reached high favor by virtue of their development and ability as players. They are the only artists the Russian theatregoer will pay his money to see; con-

(Continued on page 118)

A Drama Done in Thistledown

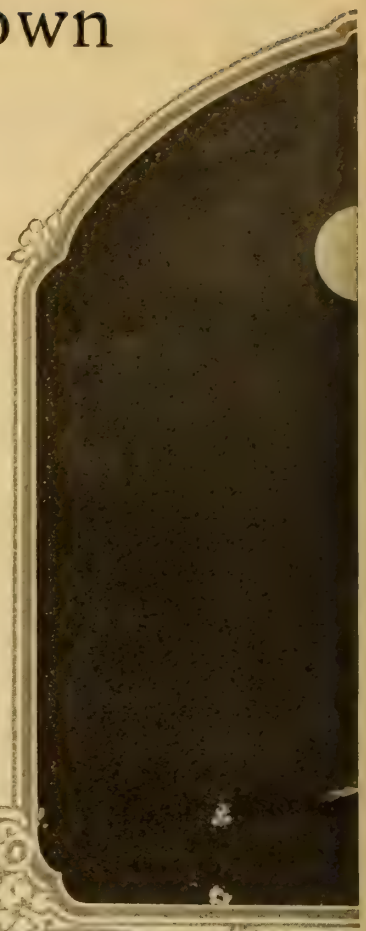
The exquisite "Prunella," adapted for the screen, has lost none of its delicate fantasy, its quaint charm

"PRUNELLA," the poetical play by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, is as unreal as a wisp of dream, as delicate as the tinkle of mandolins. On the stage, Marguerite Clark played the title part. Adolph Zukor saw her, visualized her soft charm upon one of his screens, and persuaded her into pictures. Marguerite Clark has been in pictures ever since; but for some reason or other they wouldn't let her do "Prunella." It wasn't suitable for the screen they said; it was much too delicate, much too lovely. But now that the screen is being used to express just such delicate and lovely ideas, Miss Clark will appear in a picture made from this same play, with Jules Raucourt in the opposite role of "Pierrot."

Maurice Tourneur, a poet among directors, was assigned the task. The problem was to maintain the atmosphere of make-believe, to keep it from being harsh, hard, or ever so lightly suggesting realism. So, with his scenic artist, Ben Carré, he devised something new in scenic effects. There are no built scenes, no exteriors in the production of "Prunella." All the action transpires against flat painted back-grounds, or upon scenery which is in silhouette, like the bridge over which the mummers pass.

Much of the charm of the original version of "Prunella" was in the musical setting, delicate melodies being especially composed for the production. And there is no reason why this music cannot be used when "Prunella" is presented in film form.

Here is something new, something poetical, something artistic. In a commercial sense, it was a courageous thing to do. And the question it places before the picture-goers is simply this: "Do you want the very quintessence of poetry, occasionally, in your photoplays?"





Wide-eyed, lovely little Prunella, child of an unhappy love affair, lives with her Aunts Prim, Prude, and Privacy, who have done their best to keep her innocent of the ways of the world.



The merry mummers delight Frunella; and watching the antics of Doll, Romp, Tawdry, and the others, she soon becomes as gay and care-free as they.



One day a band of wandering mummers invades Prunella's house. Despite her Aunts' precautions, Prunella sees them and is fascinated by their gayety. That night when the moon is shining high, Pierrot places a ladder under her window and together they run away.



Pierrot has transformed Prunella into his Pierrette and made her forget the dull precepts of her Aunts. Beside the fountain, he makes his vows and teaches his enchanted little Pierrette the lesson of love.



Pierrot asks Prunella's forgiveness, which she grants. So in the moonlit garden they have found each other at last, Pierrot and Pierrette; and Prunella's romance ends well. "And they lived happily ever after—"



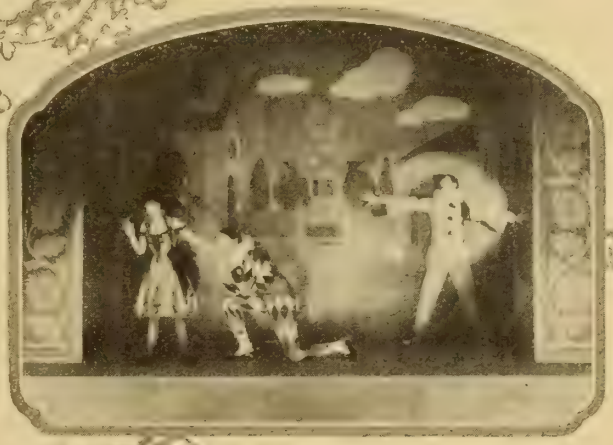
Pierrot becomes lonely for his Pierrette and goes to her old home. Prunella has returned also, and they meet near the statue of love in the garden.



Pierrot, like many an artist before him, chafes under matrimony's chains, and one night bids Pierrette farewell.



Prunella has become a clever actress; but even on the stage, while pretending to love another, she has eyes only for Pierrot.



Prunella is now Pierrette, Pierrot's wife and the principal member of his company.



Now a full-fledged member of the strolling players, Prunella joins them in their wanderings from town to town, taking part in their own little tragedies and comedies. They are a merry lot, making light of sorrow and of joy; and Prunella is one of them.

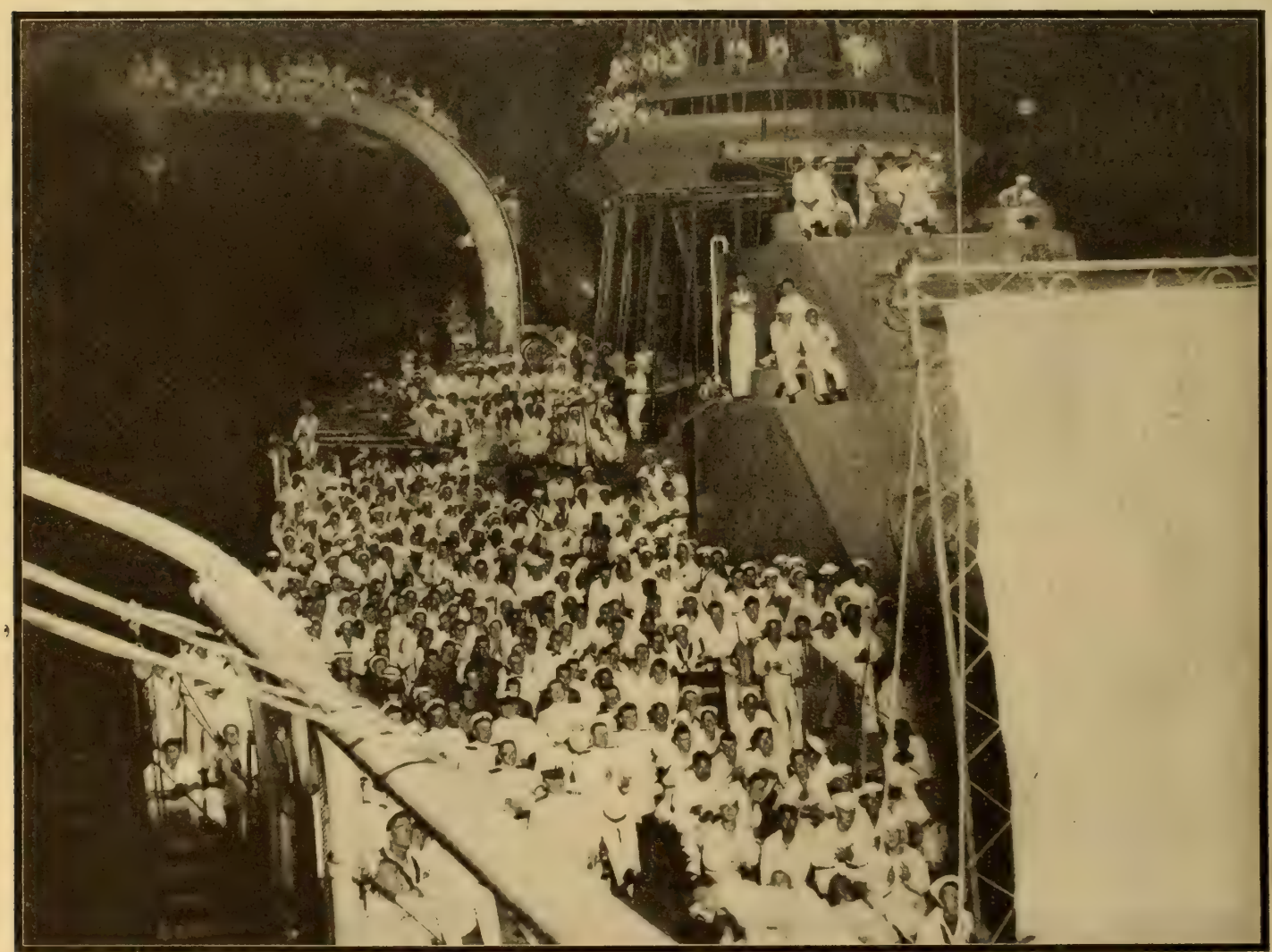


Pierrot at first thinks Prunella is Pierrette's ghost, but he runs to her, glad to be re-united whether in the spirit or the flesh.

Packing Up Their Troubles

THE slogan "Buy a Bond" has been changed, for a while at least, to "Buy a Smileage Book." These books, on sale everywhere, provide entertainment for the boys abroad, the boys on the battleships, and the boys in the home camps. They contain tickets for the Liberty Theatres which have been established at sixteen different National Army Cantonments in the U. S. alone. The object, of course, is to provide clean and wholesome entertainment for soldiers and sailors; and the moving picture is going to do more than its bit. Many actors of the legitimate stage have given their Sunday afternoons and other unoccupied time to the boys at the Camps; but this is not a real solution of the amusement problem. So it remains for the photoplay to entertain the boys all the time, anywhere and everywhere. They want comedy—and there, aboard a great battleship, is Charles Chaplin, king of comedy. They want clean and wholesome entertainment—and here, in a tent at one of the National Army Cantonments, is Mary Pickford, or Douglas Fairbanks, or any one of a dozen others. It is essential that the boys be well entertained, and surely the photoplay is well equipped to do it. So don't hesitate—the next time you start out for a picture theatre, think of the boy abroad, or the boy at Camp,—and send him to a picture show or two—Buy a Smileage Book!





© Moser

The Movies are a great diversion on board the battleships. When the Tars are on their recreation period, plenty of amusement is furnished on the great white patch. This unusual picture was taken on one of Uncle Sam's ships, and shows a great number of sailors enjoying some comedy or other.



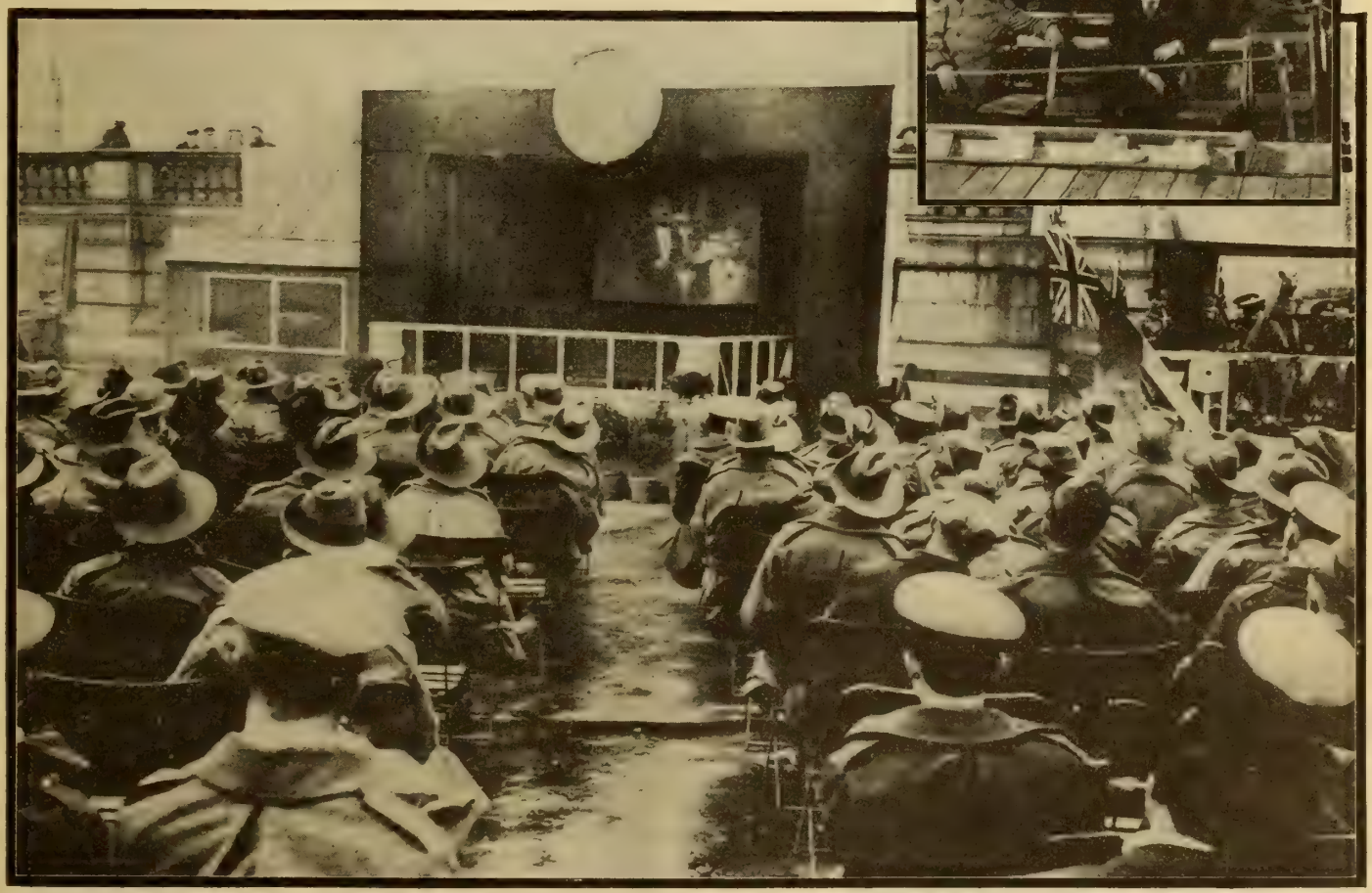
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This is one of the sixteen Liberty Theatres at the different National Army Cantonments that will provide entertainment for the soldiers. This theatre has a frontage of 120 feet and a depth of 179 feet. It will seat 5,000 men. Special arrangements will bring regular vaudeville companies and comedy companies to play the Camps, besides the moving picture entertainment. Buy a Smileage Book!



[©Underwood & Underwood

Right—For the boys in training at the National Army Cantonments in the south, these big tents have been put up and the Redpath Chautauqua shows all sorts of entertainment to the men. As at the Liberty Theatres Smileage coupons aid the soldiers in getting into the show.



This photoplay theatre is always crowded. British troops, Tommies, and Anzacs here shown watching the daylight movies which have been arranged for them by the Australian governments, and run in Trafalgar Square. Daily shows are given.

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The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

CHAPTER I

"THE HIDDEN DEATH"

IN the rooms of the Criminology Club in New York an important meeting was in progress — the most important since the club's dedication by its cosmopolitan members — globe-trotters, scientists, investigators, men of wealth and station from nearly every country in the world. This meeting was to mean a change of the affairs and purpose of the club. It was to launch a fight against an unseen monster that menaced the entire country, fulfilling a task that might lead them all to—not one of them could guess where.

Bright-eyed with excitement, Harrison Grant, the club's president, faced his colleagues, comprising the greatest private criminal chasing organization on the globe. As the organizer and the fearless leader of these men, he now held a commission for them all an assignment that was to tax their ingenuity and courage to the utmost.



William J. Flynn, on whose disclosures of German plotting "The Eagle's Eye" photoplay serial is based.

"Gentlemen," he began, fingering a yellow slip of paper, "this is the spring of 1915. Last summer we all saw and were horrified by the sudden flare of war in Europe. As to our preferences, we had none. We were neutral in heart and action as we are still. But," and his eyes blazed as he went on with terrific emphasis, "I must make it plain to you gentlemen that slowly but determinedly the great mailed fist of the Imperial German Government is striving to thrust us into the war!

"Why? Perhaps William of the Hohenzollerns can tell you. I only know that Germany is preparing to make war on America by forcing America into war with it and striving beforehand to cripple our means of future defense.

"This information has come piecemeal to me from all of you. With our characteristic methods, our every clue has been supported by unassailable evidence. And yesterday, when Kaiser Wilhelm asserted in a statement from Berlin that he was America's friend, I felt it was time for us to volunteer our services to prove the assertion false. Therefore, I took the liberty of offering the services of the Criminology Club to William J. Flynn, chief of the United States Secret Service. This telegram I hold is his acceptance."

A murmur passed around the audience as Grant stopped speaking — a murmur of approbation, from men ready for any exigency, for any duty. Grant paused but a second. Solemnly, he went on.

"Gentlemen, I charge that the Imperial German Government has been carrying on active warfare, not only against the Allies, but against America! I charge further that there are now in America more than 100,000 spies of the Imperial German Government, placed here for a purpose best known to Kaiser Wilhelm, generaled by Embassador Johann von Bernstorff, and captained by Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché, and Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal attaché. My charge is also that these men, knowing they are protected by international law, that, at best they can only be recalled, are maliciously directing a system of espionage, intrigue and propaganda that will wreck the United States if not checked!

"Our neutrality means nothing to them. They have forgotten law and right in carrying out the blood-spattered orders of the Imperial German Government. And unless America can be awakened to this state of affairs, unless it can be made to prepare, unless the efforts against our peace and happiness be checked, then America is lost! And so, gentlemen, to cope with these conditions, I have volunteered our services to Uncle Sam!"

As Grant finished his speech, he was surrounded and cheered by his colleagues, who heartily endorsed his judgment. And the members of this famous club grouped off for informal discussion of the new work before them.

In a room of the Imperial German Embassy in Washington were gathered four men. One was Papen, another was Albert, with his ever-present portfolio and a third was Boy-Ed—sleek, smiling, yet sinister, the idol of nearly every mother in Washington whose daughter was of marriageable age. The fourth was Count von Bernstorff, Embassador of the German Imperial Government.

These men talked of the destruction of American lives, property and happiness, in order that the Imperial German Government might satiate its ambition for world conquest. Von Papen was speaking.

"Indications are that the June and July wheat crops show promise of being extremely large. My agent reports that many million bushels of it could be easily destroyed in the elevators by fire or explosion. I shall consider it."

"Do so," came the curt reply from Bernstorff, characteristically bobbing his head. "Anything more?"

"How about the International Bridge?" queried Dr. Albert, figuring as usual with a pencil.

"My plans consider the destruction of that also," answered Bernstorff. "It would be of value in stopping supplies to Canada."

And as the arch plotters of the Imperial German Government discussed their plans in the shelter of the American German Embassy, a counter-force of which they were unawares was preparing to strike, in a bright, cheery apartment in New York city.



Dixie had foregone her stage career in order to serve America and satisfy her natural desire for action in the United States Secret Service.

Quite pretty she was, this chic instrument of national defense. Spirited were her actions; sparkling her eyes. And supreme was her zest for adventure. Her actions were the quick, decisive movements of a woman possessing brains and rapid judgment as well as beauty. Dixie Mason had once been a Broadway favorite but she had inherited the verve of the Brentwell Masons, of South Ca'lina, suh, and the footlights proved too docile. Dixie had foregone her stage career in order to serve America and satisfy her natural desire for action as a quietly commissioned captain of women operatives in the United States Secret Service.

And as we first meet her, Dixie is dressing to fulfill orders from her chief. The order had come to "work into the trust of the Germans" and she was now about to do so, backed by a great quantity of feminine charm and woman's instinctive knowledge of how to go about it.

She had in mind Heinric von Lertz, a Bernstorff deputy —one of his 100,000—in Gotham.

* * * *

Even as Harrison Grant and his men were rounding up data for a drive on the treachery of the Imperial German Government, the agents had completed plans for the execution of their first ponderous thrust at America.

Plans had been formulated for this thrust after the receipt of a wireless message that had come to New York from Nauen, Germany. But though the message seemed innocent enough, Bernstorff found much information in it as he decoded the phrases with a German dictionary at his elbow.

After detailing von Lertz for detail duty in New York, the Embassador held a long session in Washington with his three leaders, discussing the project to guard against any loop-holes or probabilities of bungling.

And as plans were all thoroughly rehearsed, the subject grew debative. Dr. Albert was speaking of war with America. And Bernstorff retorted:

"It is well to consider the eventuality of war with America. Naturally they'll object to the Lusitania being sunk. By the way, as an alibi I've prepared an advertisement for insertion in the papers. We can point to that afterward, you know. In the meanwhile, be sure that Von Lertz arranges affidavits that the Lusitania carries guns and that it is jammed with contraband. Now, have we all agreed on the matter of espionage so that the U-boats will have no difficulty in locating the ship?"

Boy-Ed smiled again.

"Thank the genius of Potsdam for that," he answered.

So quietly did von Bernstorff's plans evolve that after being in port but two days, the great sleek Lusitania glided out of New York harbor, carrying its 1250 innocents, including the pride of America's artistic and commercial world, American aristocracy and American proletariat—all Americans. And after the great ship had sailed, a small, furtive-eyed man hurried away from the docks to the cable office where he dispatched the following soft-hearted message across the seas:

"L. H. Gertz, Amsterdam, Holland.

"Lucy entered last phase of illness, Doctors say progress until Thursday normal. After that, difficult to diagnose.

THERBOLD."

The furtive-eyed man informed Von Lertz by phone of progress made. Relieved to learn all was running smoothly,

Von Lertz, in company with von Papen, went out for a stroll. Von Lertz had in mind a certain little stenographer in a little down town stall where he would dictate some unimportant letters. And as the two men strolled, they failed to note the figure of a third behind them, following in apparently aimless fashion wherever they went. That man was Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club.

And when, half an hour after Lertz had started his dictation, he looked up from his desk to see Dixie Mason standing, hesitant, near. The man's weakness for pretty faces cast aside all thoughts of dictation. He looked boldly, admiringly at her. For Dixie was "on the job." And understanding that von Lertz was susceptible to feminine charm, she did not turn away when he advanced and spoke to her, acknowledging that they had probably "met before."

Harrison Grant, shadowing von Lertz, observed Dixie in intimate conversation with the German. And because Grant thought her the loveliest person he had ever seen, he felt aggravated that she should so manifestly enjoy the spy's company. "An American," said grant to himself. "Why the devil is she with Von Lertz? Surely the splendid creature cannot stand for the greed, ruthlessness of the German Imperial Government!"

Irritable, Grant returned to the club. To an operative, he said:

"I've just followed Von Lertz from the Hohenzollern Club. Have a dictograph installed there. I think those Germans do a lot of their talking within that room."

The operative nodded.



Hurrying to the Secret Service headquarters, he informed Chief Flynn of the plot.

"I'll have it in by the end of the week," he spoke briefly. "A simple plan—certain to work. Access to place adjoining the club certain."

The message sent by the furtive-eyed spy reached its destination across the sea and its recipient, a German spy in neutral Holland, deciphered it as follows:

"Lusitania has sailed. Course until Thursday normal. After that unknown."

The recipient quickly dispatched this information by especially constructed telephone, via Nauen to Caxhaven, where waited the scavengers of the sea—Germany's U-boat commanders.

* * * *

It was five days later that news of the Lusitania's fate appalled America. Staggered by the loss of its citizens, including Alfred Vanderbilt, Charles Klein, Elbert Hubbard, Charles Frohman and its 1246 other innocents, the United States gasped over the ruthlessness of the Imperial German Government.

The plan had worked on ball-bearings. Coolly and deliberately the details had dove-tailed. Watched by hundreds of fishing smacks, each with its German spy aboard, with the wireless reporting every foot of the doomed vessel's progress, through apparently business-like messages, which announced the shipping or receipt of various kinds of fish, the Lusitania had dodged destruction through the fatal night only by its speed. For every one of the prosaic messages from



These men talked of the destruction of American lives, prop-
Government might satiate its

the fishermen's boats had carried an import of death.

In every German wireless station and in every German U-boat there was a map of the North Sea. Every skipper of a fishing-smack had his instructions. Those maps were arranged so that every foot of the North Sea was chartered into rectilinea posts and to every post was assigned a U-boat. Quite prosaically these oblongs were named after fish indigenous to to the region.

And thus, when a fisherman wirelessed the shipment of fifteen cases of herring a U-boat commander picked up the message and looked on his map. And to him the message carried the news that the Lusitania was entering the square marked "herring;" that its speed was fifteen knots.

Where was the chance for escape?

U-boat after U-boat received its messages, then to shoot forth on its mission of death. Darting from square to square, the Lusitania escaped marauder after marauder. Then—



Bright-eyed with excitement, Harrison Grant, the club's president,
assignment that was to tax their

The seething wake of a torpedo. The crashing explosion as the death messenger struck the great vessel amidships. Anguish—terror—death awaited calmly—prayers—hysteria. Thus went the 1250 innocents to their death.

And inside his U-boat a certain commander smiled. He had won the approbation of the Master Butcher of Berlin! He had murdered men,



erty and happiness, in order that the Imperial German ambition for world conquest.

women and children in the cause of Kultur! To him would go a "Lusitania medal," cast two weeks before, with the dale "May 5."

Germany had struck its first great blow against America! The Lusitania had been sunk!

CHAPTER II

"THE NAVAL BALL CONSPIRACY"

That afternoon horror-stricken America stared at its newspapers and bulletin boards with unbelieving eyes.

The Lusitania sunk!

Over a thousand innocent Americans drowned in the Atlantic while U-boat crews circling about the catastrophe snickered with glee!

The thing seemed impossible. And yet it was true. The shining lights of America's theatrical, financial and literary world had gone to death!



faced his colleagues . . . . holding a commission for them all, an ingenuity and courage to the utmost.

Why—why had this monstrous outrage been done? America asked the question again and again. The only answer that seemed plausible was:

"Germany has declared itself against the world and humanity!"

And with this decision came the cry—from newspapers, savants, publicists, public places and from the windows of mourning homes—"Avenge this outrage—even by war if necessary!"

As if in answer to this cry, there lay anchored in the Hudson River the tremendous battleships of the Great Atlantic Fleet. It typified the power of America. It seemed to substantiate the cry—"avenge!" America could fight if necessary.

However, the immediate purpose of the battleships was not a war-like one. Bedecked and illumined, they had steamed into the harbor of New York for their review before President Wilson while New York had turned hostess to their crews. And so it was that while the cry for war grew stronger, more intense interest was taken in the fleet and in the review. Was not this great gathering of battleships the one thing upon which America could rely? The army? It was poorly equipped. The fortifications of stragetic points was not all that could be desired.

But here—here was the pride of America—the Great Atlantic fleet! It could serve as a buffer between America and the nation of the Hun—yes, even for protection against its U-boats.

As the entire East thrilled over the ceremonies of the review, Grant devoted his time, working unceasingly in his efforts



Germany had struck its first great blow against America! The Lusitania had been sunk!

to combat further schemes of the Imperial German Government's spy system in its plan to proclaim that the Lusitania carried contraband and that the sinking was therefore justifiable.

With the first flash of news that the Lusitania had been destroyed, every German consulate in the country had become a press department for propaganda, seeking to prove that Great Britain had shielded herself with women and children that she might transport her munitions of war. The affidavits that Bernstorff had demanded, declaring that the Lusitania carried contraband, had been carefully forged and provided for instant use. Everywhere was the seething activity of paid German agents, all seeking to blind America to the true state of facts—that Germany might repeat the murder of women and children at will!

In the midst of this Count von Bernstorff was busy conferring with his aides, discussing the best ways to combat America and at the same time to force her to remain at peace. For, in contrast to Germany's earlier attitude, now the Huns wanted to wage a secret warfare against the United States—an insidious campaign of destruction

and demoralization—to weaken and cripple her while Germany sought to outfight her other opponents before beginning on the United States.

Late on the afternoon of May 14 Grant was called by an operative who informed him that he was wanted at the dictograph next door to the Hohenzollern club.

Arriving there, the president of the Criminology club tiptoed to the side of the operative, listening into the instrument.

"Can't catch all they say," whispered the man. "It's



Grant leapt at him but the German slid out of his grasp and disappeared below.

something about the Ansonia Hotel. Anything doing there tonight?"

Grant gasped.

"A great deal," he whispered. "Over 800 officers of the Great Atlantic Fleet are to attend the Review Ball. The cream of the navy—our real fighting forces. Why—quickly—tell me all you know."

"Well, the indications are that they are going to blow up the Ansonia tonight."

Grant clenched his fists.

"The conversation wasn't specific," the operative went on, "I can only conjecture. Von Lertz got into a discussion with some other German about the probabilities of America's entering the war. Von Lertz seemed cock-sure that America wouldn't go to war. He kept saying that the situation could be handled all right and America would not have a chance for war. Then this came," and the operative picked up his notes and read:

Von Lertz: "Don't worry about America going to war. She won't have the chance."

The German: "Why not?"

Von Lertz: "She can't go to war if she has no men to command her Atlantic Fleet, can she?"

The German: "Certainly not."

Von Lertz: "Then need I say more than that 800 officers of the Great Atlantic Fleet will attend the Naval Ball tonight in the Ansonia Hotel and that the German contingent has been warned to leave at midnight?"

Grant's eyes were flashing as the operative finished.

"So that's their game, eh?" he muttered, starting for



Acquainted with the failure of his scheme, Von Lertz fumed in silence with her eyes, unable to ascertain the meaning of

the door. "There's not a moment to lose. My God—what fiends those Huns are!"

Hurrying to the Secret Service headquarters, he informed Chief Flynn of the plot, and then instructed all members of the Criminology club to attend the big festivities that evening in the Ansonia Hotel.

* * * * *

To the Naval Ball von Lertz brought Dixie Mason. Grant met her, of course. They danced—and danced—and danced. The business of the evening was dismissed from his mind for a little while, and yet through all of that pleasure lurked the little shadow of doubt about the girl's position as regards von Lertz. He wished more than ever, upon coming to know the fascinating southern girl, that he had some proof of her goodness, to counteract the damning evidence of her associations with the German.

Shortly before midnight two men met outside the hotel, at the little triangle that divides Broadway. One of the two waited for the other in the shadows back from the walk. The newcomer, moving furtively, stepped out of a cab that had drawn up and approached the other.

"I've got it," he whispered.

"Keep it hidden."

"I am . . . which entrance do I go in?"

"None."

"None? But—but—it's all ready. I—"

"Look," ordered the other in a whisper. Quickly and surreptiously the newcomer followed the gaze of the other. Where the flaring sign of the Ansonia blazed out upon the night was silhouetted the figure of a man. Ten feet away was another—and another and another. Down on the sidewalk a solid cordon of police in uniform was drawn about the building. The guarding arm of the police was absolute. Not a person could approach without being seen.

"And that's not all," growled the voice of the informant. "That's just the beginning. There are fifty secret service men scattered around the entrances and the areas. Bluerh just signalled me by the electric light code that even the elevator shafts are full of them. I signalled him back to tell von Lertz that everything is off. As for you—move away from here quick!"

Acquainted with the failure of his scheme von Lertz fumed in silence about the ball room. And Dixie, followed him with her eyes, unable to ascertain the meaning of his discomposure.

About the time the ball drew to its close a man hurried into a ramshackle old hut on Staten Island, near Fort Wadsworth, aroused the slumbering occupants and pushed



about the room, and Dixie followed him his discomposure.

them toward a great thing of polished steel, nickel and brass that lay almost finished on the floor.

"Get to work!" muttered the newcomer. "It's night and day from now on until the fleet sails. The Ansonia plot failed. Everything depends on us!"

Grumbling, the men stretched themselves and set to work—on a torpedo large enough and powerful enough to sink the biggest battleship in the world.

CHAPTER III

"THE PLOT AGAINST THE FLEET"

Four outwardly uneventful days followed the blocking of the plot against the Ansonia Hotel and its hundreds of officers. Outwardly uneventful, yet under the blanket of quiet seethed the various forces of treachery and of its nemesis.

The members of the Criminology Club relieved each other in shifts at the dictograph—that instrument which had already proven a boon to Harrison Grant. He spent much of his time there hoping that some other clue might be dropped, to give them a hint of what was to come—of some scheme whose imminence he felt was certain.

As for Dixie Mason, her days had been busy ones too. Von Lertz had speedily announced his preference for her, thus saving himself from the bars of jail and any explanations he would be forced to make before the authorities. For Dixie knew that in him she had a superb source of information. And she did not yet wish to kill the golden goose.

Therefore, Dixie Mason had clung tightly to her one source of information even as Harrison Grant had adhered to his. And although they had stuck tenaciously to their key-holes opening into German intrigue, but little actual information had they so far gleaned.

Meanwhile, in the ramshackle little hut on Staten Island men were working night and day to complete the wireless-controlled torpedo, with which they planned to send the flagship of the Great Atlantic Fleet to the bottom of the narrows, thus blocking the whole fleet in New York harbor and making America powerless of defense in case war was declared between America and Germany.

The evening before the fleet review Dixie had accompanied von Lertz out to a road house. At the entrance to her apartment von Lertz took her hand and smiled inanely, somewhat stupified by liquor.

"Don't I get a kiss?" he asked a bit thickly. And he started forward. But although Dixie allowed him to take her into his arms for a moment, she eluded his lips and laughed as she broke from his embrace. Von Lertz chuckled bibulously.

"Some day," he warned good humoredly. "Good night!"

Inside her room Dixie drew forth a little notebook she had slipped out of von Lertz' pocket during the brief embrace. Feverishly she turned the pages and a little gasp came from her lips as a line burned into her brain. Rushing to the entrance of the building she stared up the street. The German plotter's cab was just turning the corner. She called a cab from the stand at the corner. For that line in the note book had read:

"Examine torpedo before fleet sails."

"Don't lose sight of that machine that just turned the corner," she cried out to the chauffeur, flashing her Secret Service badge. "The safety of the Atlantic fleet depends on it!"

"Count on me, lady," answered the chauffeur, as the car darted forward. And while Dixie was racing after the speeding cab—

Grant, who had been drowsing in a chair as an operative sat stationed at the dictograph in the room adjoining the Hohenzollern Club, was brought to his feet by a whispered exclamation from his subordinate.

"It's von Papen and Boy Ed," whispered the operative. "They said something about the Atlantic fleet—von Lertz—"

Grant stood tense as the other listened further.

"They're sending a man out to find why he didn't report," the operative went on.

Grant whirled about.

"Stewart," he whispered frantically to the operative. "Cover that man—see where he goes—report to me at the club!"

Stewart grabbed up his hat and in an instant was gone.

(Continued on page 94)



"Naturally they'll object to the Lusitania being sunk," Bernstorff retorted.





Does Theda *Her* Own

By
Delight Evans

TO begin with, I am going to tell the truth.

Don't smile.

It is the truth about Theda Bara.

I could write a satire—and make it funny. Or I could do an appreciation—and make it sad. As it is, I am going to tell the truth.

I would not tell the truth if I did not like Theda Bara. If I didn't like her, I say, I shouldn't scruple to lie. It is ever so much easier to lie. So much more comfortable, so much more convincing. As it is, I shall tell the truth.

I think Theda Bara is—

Ridiculous.

Clever.

Pathetic.

Impossible.

A remarkable woman.

That is why I am troubling to tell the truth about her.

I came to see her when she was in Chicago, resting on her trip from coast to coast. She was ready for me when her manager opened the door of her suite. It was mid-afternoon—she wore an evening gown of turquoise blue, daringly draped, and not at all becoming.

She took my hand and looked intently into my eyes; and I knew then I was going to like Theda Bara—and to tell the truth about her.

She swayed across the room to a pre-arranged seat by the window, where her dark head would be most effectively outlined. Her hair, as always, was done simply in a knot at the back, close over her ears. I could not help admiring the picture she made.

As she talked with a carefully cultivated and rather painful accent, she fingered her heavy gold bracelet, or her huge, bizarre ring, or the fringe of her scarf. She is a consummate actress; but it is such a pity that she must make up for the role.

She had a part to play that afternoon; and she played it much more cleverly than she played "Cleopatra." If she failed to convince, it was not because it was clumsily done. I should like to tell her that.

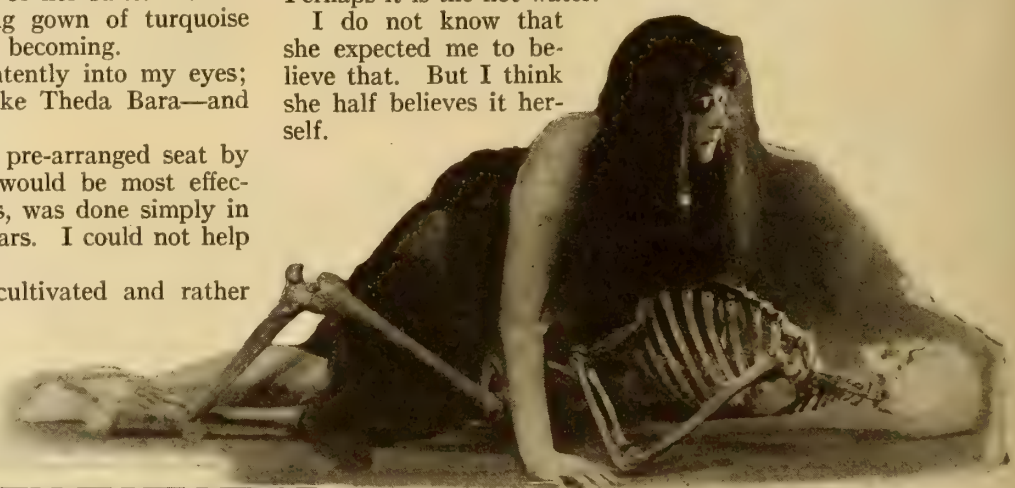
She said so much about herself and about her work, I cannot tell you half I remembered. She talked about her gowns.

"I am so criticized for what I wear," she said; "the 'Cleopatra' gowns in particular. I builded very carefully on what material we were able to get of the period; and I wore the costumes the role demanded. But—you will not believe me—but I, myself, do not wear one-piece bathing-suits."

Anyone with a sense of humor would have thought her delicious just then. She lowered her head so demurely, and pulled shyly at the fringe of her scarf.

"I try so hard to show the soul of the character I am to portray," she said. "Sometimes I study for days and days, and nothing comes to me. Then something—it may be a rag lying about the studio—gives me my thought. And sometimes I have my greatest inspirations in my tub. Perhaps it is the hot water."

I do not know that she expected me to believe that. But I think she half believes it herself.





"People write me letters," she said smilingly; "and they ask me if I am as wicked as I seem on the screen. I look at my little canary, and I say, 'Dicky, am I so wicked?' And Dicky says, 'Tweet, tweet.' That may mean 'yes, yes,' or 'no, no,' may it not?"

I asked her if she was a fatalist because it seemed so much the thing to ask.

"Isn't it odd," she exclaimed; "that you should ask me that! You know, last night on the train I lay awake thinking; and that verse of Omar Khayyam's came to me, 'The moving finger writes; and having writ, moves on.' And to think I should be asked about that today!"

Then, when she was speaking of something else, she broke off suddenly and stared at me.

Bara Believe Press Agent?

Photographs *by*
A. T. RANDOM





"When were you born?" she said in a lowered voice.

"November."

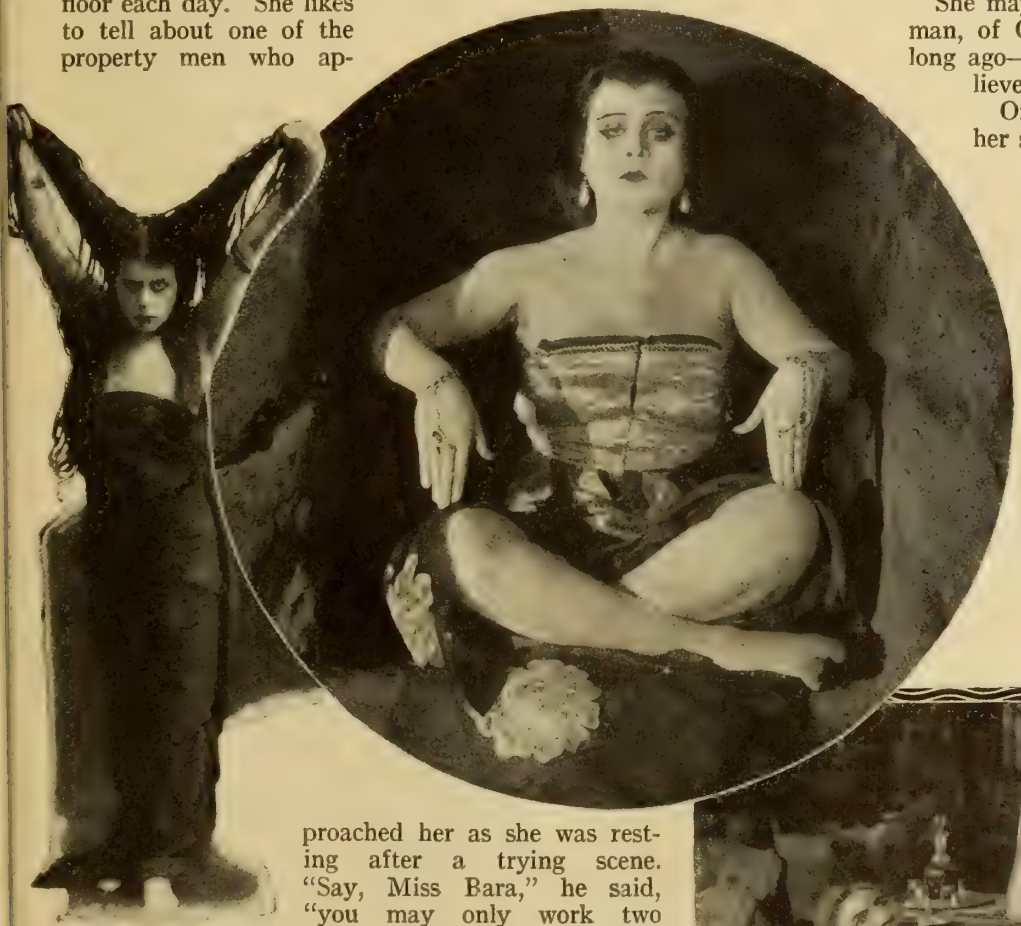
"Ah—I thought so! You are, then, in the Cup, between fire and water. When one is born in November, one may shape one's own ends."

I do not remember just what she said about soul perfumes; but I know she did it very well.

She says she never goes to see any pictures except her own. She knows little about the film world, and few people in it.

She says her life is very quiet. Sometimes she is so tired at night she is glad to go to bed and sleep. Other times she goes out for dinner and the theatre, or the opera.

She says she works two and a half hours on the studio floor each day. She likes to tell about one of the property men who approached her as she was resting after a trying scene. "Say, Miss Bara," he said, "you may only work two hours a day; but believe me, you do more work in two hours than some of them birds do in a week" —or was it a month?



She likes "Du Barry" best of all her pictures. She says "Du Barry" was not a vampire at all. She likes also "Under Two Flags."

She is Mary MacLane's favorite actress. Miss MacLane's admiration for Miss Bara is second only to her love for cold boiled potatoes. Actress and authoress have never met; and when I talked to Miss Bara, she had not yet viewed Miss MacLane's moving picture, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me."

She makes one wish to meet her when she is not doing "Cleopatra," "Carmen," or "Camille." She makes one wonder when that is, if ever.

She is going to do a new feature while in California, which will exceed in magnitude anything she has yet done. It will be a film version of "Salome."

I forgot to say that her press-agent was present during the interview. He is a very good press-agent.

She may have been born Theodosia Goodman, of Cincinnati, Ohio; but she forgot it long ago—and her press-agent never did believe it.

One of the stories about her relates her success as a player of vampire parts at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, where she became known as "the woman with the most wickedly beautiful face in the world."

Another says that the inscription on an Egyptian pyramid foretold Theda Bara's coming and conquering as the world's greatest vampire.

The only thing her p. a. doesn't tell about her is the truth: that, a clever actress in her high-school days, Theodosia Goodman later developed a somewhat extraordinary aptitude for portraying vamps, ancient, medieval, and modern.

(Continued on page 107)



"Colonel Mary"—of the 143rd





The 143rd Field Artillery is Mary Pickford's own. First she adopted half the regiment—the first battalion; now she's adopted them all. It was a great day for Mary and the 143rd when she came to Camp Kearney, near San Diego, Cal., and reviewed her troops. She is the first woman to have that honor. Mary's regiment belongs to the "Sunshine" Division, which is also known as the "He-Men." She had lunch with the officers; she gave her regiment 1,200 Smileage Books; she was guest of honor at the regimental ball at Coronado, and led the grand march with Colonel Faneuf. And she received the honorary title of "Colonel"—and the band played, "Her Name was Mary, and Mary is a Grand Old Name."



In the first picture above, Mary Pickford is shown reviewing the troops of the 143rd. Mary is riding "Dolly Dimples," famous racing mare of a generation ago, which had been brought to San Diego for her use. After the review Mary received the surprise of her life when she was formally made a present of the animal. Center—another surprise was the silver loving-cup given Mary by Colonel Faneuf in behalf of her regiment. The complete history of the 143rd will later be engraved on the cup. Below—just before Mary blew the silver whistle which started the football game between her regiment, the "He-Men" and the "Grizzlies," or the 144th Field Artillery.

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett



William S. Hart's impersonation of "Blue Blazes Rawden" is the best thing he has ever done.

"ALL great actions have been simple," said Ralph Waldo Emerson in his essay on art, "and all great pictures are."

A word, in passing, to the captious. I am quite well aware that Emerson died before the moving picture, as we know it, was invented. But there is a curious quality in the Emersonian philosophy, that no matter what the trend of the times, no matter what phenomena appear in the world of art and letters, his observations renew their youth and seem always to apply to the present problem with ultra-modern precision.

All great actions have been simple, all great men have been simple, all great social movements, all revolutions, have been simple. The questions which make us pause and consider and weigh the consequences, seldom have to do with the vital issues of life. A friend is in trouble; he appeals to us; we know in that instant what we shall do, if the crisis be a great one. But let a friend ask us to name the restaurant at which we would care to dine with him, and we debate the subject until we are so hungry that we would willingly fly to the nearest lunch counter.

In reviewing the passing show of photoplays, I frequently attempt to give the theme of the plot in a sentence or two. When I cannot do so, it annoys me. I accuse myself of lacking the power of condensation. But recently, with the aid of Emerson, I have reached the conclusion that when the theme of a picture cannot be expressed in a sentence or two, the fault lies with the picture. So when an angry Southern gentleman wrote a three page letter showing how I had misstated, in an attempt to summarize briefly, the complicated plot of a certain picture, and requested that a correction be made forthwith, I felt entirely justified in saying that when a story was as bad as this, it really was not worth while to go to so much trouble. The real blunder was in trying to condense a story which had no core.

Strength is the first requisite of greatness. Strength, to be effective, must be exerted in a single direction. Spreading itself in several directions at the same time, its force is dissipated. The moving picture which is strong, which has a vital theme, therefore, will move in a single direction. There may be interesting bypaths of plot, bits of decorative comedy, but the main theme will proceed without pause to its definite conclusion. With such a story, incidents do not merely happen. The events are the logical outcome of the forces actuating the characters. When you are asked what such a picture is about, you do not say, "Well, there was a girl and a man, and then she went away and happened to meet another man who knew the first man, and this second man's wife happened to see the girl in a cafe with an actor, and . . . "



"The Woman between Friends" from Robert Chambers' novel is one of the best things Vitagraph has done.

I have been talking about great pictures. There are others, which we could not well get along without. There are the comedies, the grotesques, the mysteries. But for sheer, classic greatness, simplicity must



In "Hands Down," Monroe Salisbury gives one of his justly famous half-breed impersonations.



Elsie Ferguson is magnificent in "The Song of Songs." Joseph Kaufman's last production.



Alice Brady displays dramatic force in "The Knife." Paul Doucet is remarkable as the seer.

be the final test. That is why the spectacles are seldom great. That is why the Bible is our finest literary work, regardless of its religious value. That is why Abraham Lincoln has won his place in American hearts. It is the basic cause of the popularity of the photoplay, and recognizing that fact, all effort should be maintained to retain this charm of simple directness.

THE SONG OF SONGS—Paramount

When Solomon wrote that curious, erotic poem, "The Song of Songs," he started something. Ever since his day, the orthodox clergy have been hard put to it to twist a religious meaning out of the orgiastic hymn to love. Finally Sudermann, one of the degenerates of modern German literature, took up the theme, and in a novel drew a vivid, if painful picture, of a girl whose ideals led her toward a perfect love, symbolized in a musical composition by her father, but who permitted circumstances to drag her down to final dissolution. Then came Edward Sheldon, American dramatist, and using little but Sudermann's title, wrote a new plot around the theme. The picture play in which Elsie Ferguson is now entertaining, is based upon the Sheldon version. And this, I believe, is nearer to King Solomon's original idea than is that of Sudermann, and even nearer than the views of the devout gentlemen who try to make a sermon out of that which, properly understood, is more of a sermon than any religious homily. In short—here we have that simplicity I have just been lauding—it is the story of a life redeemed by ideal love, despite unfortunate experiences in spurious love. Miss Ferguson is superb. This brilliant young woman has been ascending the ladder rapidly since her first appearance in "Barbary Sheep." She is no longer cold, afraid of the camera, constrained. She has learned her lesson quickly and well. Her Lily Kardos is one of the magnificent creations of the screen, and it may be long before it is surpassed. It has color, fire, but above all, the immortal gleam of intelligence. The production is the last one which Director Joseph Kaufman completed before his death, and serves as another reminder that a genius has passed from amongst us.

THE LIGHT WITHIN—Petrova

One of the chief joys of photodramas in which Madame Olga Petrova appears is that the principal woman character is certain to be interesting. The Petrova women always have some reason for existence beyond satisfying the vanity or sentiment of some man. Curiously enough, even the men who prefer the clinging vine lady for sentimental reasons, are not wanting in interest in the more vigorous type. This, I am positive, is the principal reason why Madame Petrova maintains her hold upon the public. "The Light Within," told in PHOTOPLAY last month as fiction, is lacking in emotional appeal, but its inner light, its shaft of mental illumination, makes it distinctive and worth while. Full of technical difficulty, it is told with a smoothness and simplicity often lacking in less complex stories. Lumsden Hare as a worthless husband and Thomas Holding as the comrade who becomes the lover, are the principal aides. Larry Trimble directed.

THE KNIFE—Select

Like "The Light Within," "The Knife" has a considerable flavor of the hospital. It is from Eugene Walter's play, directed by Robert G. Vignola. An experimenting surgeon compels two rascals to submit to an operation in the interests of humanity, thus taking revenge for their unspeakable treatment of his fiancee. Alice Brady plays the unfortunate girl, with a renewal of

the dramatic force which she displayed in "Woman and Wife." It is only of late that I have been impressed with Miss Brady's talents—possibly because not until recently has she been provided with stories of real value. Paul Doucet as the fake fortune teller does a remarkable bit of unconventional acting. Helen Lackaye, Crauford Kent and Frank Morgan are the other principals.

"BLUE BLAZES" RAWDEN—Artcraft

In "'Blue Blazes' Rawden" William S. Hart gives the best exhibition of his acting ability that I have ever yet seen. Rawden, a typical Hart terror, kills another "bad man" in a duel. The dead man's mother and young brother arrive and Rawden befriends them, remaking his life to keep the mother from learning the character of her son. The story has no actual ending. It is something of a "slice of life." Its interest lies in the struggle that goes on in the heart of the naturally ferocious, brutal Rawden, turned gentle by sheer determination. Hart has tended, in recent pictures, toward a certain immobility of countenance which is not acting. It may be realism, but it is not adapted to the screen. In "'Blue Blazes' Rawden" he proves himself an actor of the first rank, for what is acting but the projecting of an idea? To my mind, Rawden is the best thing Hart has ever done. Maud George, who has seemed to be waiting for nothing but an opportunity, finds it here in the role of a half-breed girl, passionate and untamable. She is hardly second in interest to the star himself.

BROADWAY BILL—Metro

Harold Lockwood just had himself well thawed out from his snow experiences in one picture when they sent him back to Maine to do "Broadway Bill." Again Harold fights his way through a lumber camp and thwarts the evil plans of the foreman. From the pictures recently seen, lumber camp foremen must be a devilish lot. It is melodrama, but it is good, clean, outspoken melodrama, not masking under any highsounding names. Lockwood is the ideal player for this higher type of thriller, because he is the ideal matinee hero plus. He is not merely a physical machine, gyrating through a certain number of clashes to an inevitable triumph of the flesh, but a genial personality with a smile that would soften the wrath of the gods on high Olympus. He has a new leading woman, Martha Mansfield.

WHO LOVED HIM BEST?—Mutual

America's Latin Quarter, the playground of artists and near-artists, Greenwich Village, all of which means the vicinity of Washington Square, New York, form the background for the latest Edna Goodrich celluloid sonata, "Who Loved Him Best?" The question asked in the title is quite extraneous. One woman wants a certain artist, out of her desire to gratify her vanity. The other recognizes his genius, and sacrifices much to help him realize its full potentiality. The duel of the women is worked out to perfection. Edna Goodrich is the woman who loved, Miriam Folger her rival. Miss Goodrich has never been more regally dominant. There are views of the interior of a moving picture studio, with the company at work, which will interest fans. And—oh wonder of wonders—here is a story of studio life in which the suggestion of immorality goes no farther than a glass of red ink at a spaghetti joint. It is a fascinating entertainment, with all the characters entirely human and not mere tinsel virtues and vices on clothing store dummies.

THE UNBELIEVER—Edison

With a sophomoric disbelief in God and a snobbish attitude toward "the masses," a young man joins the U. S.



"The Light Within" is distinctive and worth-while; Olga Petrova is interesting as always.



"Broadway Bill" is good, clean, outspoken melodrama, with Harold Lockwood's genial personality.



Pauline Frederick is "Jealousy" in George Hobart's "Madame Jealousy." Tom Meighan enacts "Valour."

Marines, for he is right at heart. In Belgium the veneer is rubbed off, and he finds democracy and God. This is the core of "The Unbeliever," in which Marguerite Courtot makes her first important appearance in too long. The central character is played by Raymond McKee, a clever youngster who has a fine, quick smile and an easy way about him. Many of the scenes were made with the assistance of officers and men of the Marine Corps at the Quantico Cantonment. This is a healthy war picture. One of the gravest problems of war is to hate the thing—the principle or lack of principle—against which you fight, without hating the human beings who, victims of that principle and forced to serve it, must be killed so that right may win. When the Children of Israel waged their ferocious war to wrest the Promised Land from its inhabitants, they were acting upon the commands of God, yet we find no injunction that they should hate. The great victor is he who, while winning his battle, keeps his own heart clean of blood lust. Because there is that in "The Unbeliever" which awakens this feeling, it is a good picture for a nation at war.

"From Two to Six" makes delightful entertainment. Winifred Allen is the star.



THE INNER VOICE—Pathe

"The Inner Voice," in the series of Russian pictures produced in Moscow and step-fathered by Pathe, is a story of a man and his conscience. Untrue to everyone, himself included, his conscience, which first appeared to him as a beautiful, young girl, becomes a wrinkled crone, and with her death, he himself dies. Mozukin, the great Russian actor, shades this role in gentle gradation from the graduation of a boy from High School to the summit of political success in advanced middle age. The character study is the picture—it is a solo by Mozukin. He is a man at whose feet most American actors should sit and learn.

JILTED JANET—Mutual

"Jilted Janet" is a two-reel comedy done in five reels. A girl pretends to be the owner of a big home, and the real owner conceals his identity from her to play butler and help her game. A curious melodrama punctuates the yarn. Margarita Fisher is starred.

LOADED DICE—Pathe

Frank Keenan's debut with Pathe is an extremely unpleasant, yet equally remarkable picture, "Loaded Dice." Keenan plays the part of a man who deceives women, betrays men and commits murder to reach his end. He has a sort of Kaiser creed, that a man is entitled to whatever he can get by whatever means. So he always uses loaded dice. Tragedy is inevitable in such a story, as it must be in such a life. The disintegrating effect of a philosophy like this is as certain, though sometimes as gradual, as the erosive effect of a stream of water. Mr. Keenan plays the part with his utmost vigor, but it is not his best role. It is too swift a story to permit him to develop the character, and when it is ended, his Richard Gordon is not a human being, and never has been. Florence Billings is attractive as the feminine accomplice. The death-bed repentance is not convincing.

ONE MORE AMERICAN—Paramount

Back to his favorite character comes George Beban, after his adventures in lumber camps and such. The East Side Italian, American in spirit but always the foreigner, not quite understanding the contradictions of life in a republic, volatile in his emotions but solid in his rugged honesty—this is a picture that Beban loves to paint. In "One More American" he impersonates the owner of a marionette theatre, surrounded by graft to which he refuses to submit. The plot is rather trite, but the playing is so fascinating that the fact is not important. Not only is Beban himself at his best, but his entire cast is one of the most remarkable collected in any one picture this observer has ever seen. Helen Eddy, jewel among young players, has established a new branch of the art of acting—character ingenue—and in this picture is barely second to Beban himself. The story runs that she nearly missed playing this role, which would have been a misfortune. Camille Ankewich as the immigrant wife is beautiful and pathetic; Raymond Hatton as a lightweight pugilist, Jack Holt as a newspaper reporter, H. B. Carpenter as a ward boss, Hector Dion as a doctor among the poor—it is "all star" in the honest sense, a perfect assignment of roles.

MADAME JEALOUSY—Paramount

There is nothing more beautiful than good allegory, but the producer must steer his course carefully between various pitfalls. One of these is the peril of making a picture stilted as soon as it ceases to be realistic. The other is the peril of mixing metaphors. In "Madame Jealousy" the metaphors are unmixed, though they are highly diluted. It is the never profound George V. Hobart philosophy of platitudes in its most obvious mood. As a philosopher Hobart is a great humorist. Pauline Frederick stalks through this five-reel story of how Jealousy attempts to separate the married couple, Charm and Valor, while her handmaidens, Treachery, Mischief, Rumor and the rest take part in the game. It is stilted in the extreme, the little dramatic value being lost by long-drawn poses supposed to indicate deep thought. Miss Frederick's next picture, "Tosca," cannot come too soon.

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Waiting for Tomorrow

With a strong body and a fine, sound mind Blanche Sweet emerges from seclusion

By Harry C. Carr



BLANCHE SWEET lives in a house at the top of a hill where she waits for tomorrow.

There is a school of philosophy which contends that everything we do in this life has an inner significance. We take it into our heads to move from Newman street to Olden avenue; that signifies that we have slipped back into the past—and so on.

Perhaps then there is a special significance in the fact that Blanche Sweet has gone to live in a lonely house on the top of a hill where she can see the dawn's first flush steal over the rim of the mountains. She is waiting for her tomorrow.

D. W. Griffith discovered Blanche Sweet; gave her a start on the screen and produced her best pictures.

One day after she had left his company he told me about her.

"Blanche Sweet," he said, "is likely some day to be the greatest actress the screen will ever see. Somewhere inside of her cosmos, the fires of real genius burn. Just at present, she is going through a difficult stage of development. She hates herself and all the rest of the world. She is having a terrific battle with herself. Some day she will emerge from the conflict. Then she will have something to give to the world."

Every one in motion pictures knows what happened to Blanche Sweet.

Her health declined. She became a sick shadow of the glowing young beauty who starred in "Judith of Bethulia." She let herself become sardonic, pessimistic. She became a victim of introspection and over self-analysis. At last she collapsed. A nervous breakdown; retirement from the screen—a year in virtual seclusion.

The battle that Griffith predicted has occurred.

And mark you, that which has happened to this girl could only happen to a highly-organized super-brained woman.

Well, Blanche Sweet has found herself. Now that she is ready to go back to work again, the most interesting problem of the screen presents itself. It is this:

What will Blanche Sweet bring with her out of her long period of self-adjustment?

Stagg

There is something strange, almost mysterious about Blanche Sweet. You feel yourself in the presence of a vital force, wrapped up in a frail, beautiful personality.



Blanche Sweet lives in a house at the top of a hill. . . . A lonely house, where she can see the dawn's first flush steal over the rim of the mountains. She is waiting for her tomorrow.



Stage

I went out to see her in her little house on the top of the hill. A new Blanche Sweet I had never seen before came to meet me in the long dimly-lighted bungalow room. The whole place reminded me of a medieval cloister—such a place as men and women have retired to for thought and reflection.

There followed one of the most extraordinary hours of my life. Blanche Sweet has a remarkable mind. She has intellectual depths that few women or men have sounded. Hers is a flashing mentality. We talked about war, socialism, military strategy, the cardinal principles of diplomacy, of motion pictures, of literature. It was an hour of golden talk.

Blanche Sweet is a small woman. Small and blond with the blondness of the vikings. Her face has the strong bones of a determined race. Her eyes are steel blue. They have a dynamic quality. When she turns to look at you quickly, something seems actually to hit you. There is something strange, almost mysterious about her. You feel yourself in the presence of a vital and compelling force, wrapped up in a frail beautiful personality.

I told her frankly what was in my mind. I told her that every one is waiting to see what she will bring back to the screen after her year of sitting alone in the house on the top of the hill.

"A strong body; rested nerves and quite a few misgivings," she said with a queer little smile. Before I could speak again she cut in herself with this sweeping psychological truth:

"I am not going to pretend that I have been preparing myself for a return to the screen. To tell the truth I haven't studied at all. I haven't thought anything about the screen in that way.

"Why should people assume that I have nothing to think about except making a success on the screen? I have my own philosophy of life. My screen success or my screen failure is a very small part of it.

"I have been sent here, like other people, to live a life. My work is important to just this extent; that it is a medium for self expression; but it is not the only medium. I am concerned with my work—art if you want to call it that. But that isn't everything. That is a part of living my life; but there are other parts. During my year of rest, I have thought some of the screen; but I have thought of other things too.

"When I think of going back to the screen I am not without misgivings. The public forgets very easily. One about to go back to the screen always has a terrible question confronting her.

"As to what I will bring back. . . . .

"Well I can answer that in this way: when I went into pictures, I was a good deal younger than the public ever imagined. I was well grown and the public imagined that

(Continued on page 117)

THEY HAVEN'T LOST THEIR VOICES

Moving picture stars are leading the procession of Broadway stars this season



White

FLORENCE REED refuses to tie herself to the pictures in any way which will prevent her from appearing on the stage, and her slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow" is the talk of the Great White (when Garfield permits) Way. Tyrone Power is the gentleman with the name like one of the 57.



White

LENORE ULRIC hasn't been doing much in pictures lately. Neither has Willard Mack, unless you speak of his marriage to Pauline Frederick as picture work. However, fans who remember them may be interested in seeing how they look in "Tiger Rose," another of Mack's "red blood" dramas.



White

"LET'S do something original," said Ethel Barrymore, so they did "Camille," while Metro gave its Contessa de Cinema a leave of absence. "Camille" was rewritten by Edward Sheldon, who made it quite a snappy play; Conway Tearle played Armand Duval. It is the longest run the Dumas drama ever had in America.



White

WHEN Geraldine became Mrs. Lou, 7,237,896,546 matinee girls died of heart failure. Mr. Tellegen is receiving feminine adulations this year in the spokies, in a piece called "Blind Youth." His leading woman, Miss Marie Chambers, also is known to movie fans. She was with Famous Players and later with Triangle.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

There's One Born Every Minute. Every month the editor of this magazine receives scores of letters asking advice on the investment of money in new motion picture companies.

In every case, without exception, we have warned our readers that, even if the promoters' dice aren't loaded, and despite the good intentions and optimism of the organizers, the chances are a hundred to one against success.

As an alternative we have suggested the purchase of Liberty Bonds, the safest investment proposition in the world.

So just put this down in your book of facts: The public is not—these days—being invited to participate in sure things in the moving picture business.

If you feel you must gamble try poker, or roulette, or faro. You will at least get some excitement for your money.

❦

"The Birth of a Race Corporation." The attorney general of the State of Illinois has now taken a hand. One Giles P. Cory, head of the firm of Giles P. Cory & Co., Chicago, "fiscal agents" for a concern called "Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation," was arrested in Chicago recently, charged with violating the Illinois "Blue Sky" law. The promoters of the enterprise were attempting to raise a million dollars on the strength of a picture that is being made by the Frohman Amusement Co., of which William L. Sherrill is president.

Now, the Frohman Amusement Co. is a concern of unquestioned standing, and has produced many good pictures. The history of the "Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation," who contracted with them for the making of the picture, however, does not inspire as much confidence. The action of the attorney general of Illinois brought out the fact that while Mr. Cory's salesmen have been using every device of the professional stock-promoter to secure money from gullible people, and while the sale of the stock itself might have been "within the law," regardless of how good or how rotten the picture itself might be, these gentlemen overstepped themselves in the use of the names of some very prominent people.

Under the heading "Officers and Directors, and other prominent persons interested," they have used the names of former President Taft; Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears Roebuck & Co.; Governor Lowden of Illinois, and others, who now come forward and state they are neither officers nor directors, nor in any way interested. In fact, many of these people had, a year ago, notified the "Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation" that their names were being used without authorization. But the salesmen went right on, from door to door, telling people, who know as much about the motion picture business as they do about the canals on Mars, that here was a chance to quit working and make a fortune on an investment of a few hundred dollars. And they have taken in over half a million dollars from over 7,000 persons.

❦

Are Exhibitors Boobs? For a considerable time a theatre was maintained on Broadway, New York, for the "pre-release" showing of feature pictures. Here they would be run for two or three weeks at dollar prices, and the trade papers would be furnished with advertisements telling of "capacity business" on this admission scale, when the truth was that the majority of the people in the half-empty house entered on passes. But the exhibitor was expected to be so impressed with this display of the popularity of the picture in sophisticated New York, that he would rush his booking for the film.

Similarly, the press agent's account of the special first showing of a certain picture at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, stated that the audience "packed the immense theatre from dollar first floor seats to balconies," the fact being that the balconies were virtually empty. Even in such a small matter as the music of the evening the press agent could not stick to the truth, inserting the entirely unnecessary falsehood that the film was "accompanied by a musical score."

All this is to impress the exhibitors, who, in the estimation of many concerns, are just plain boobs. They do not seem to understand that it is the boobs who make revolutions. An angry boob, who discovers that he has been victimized, is more to be feared than an angry wise man. It is worthy of note that the biggest and most successful producers of pictures have departments devoted to co-operation with exhibitors, understanding that business obtained by misrepresentation today will mean the permanent loss of a customer tomorrow.

❦

Healthy Pause in Production. Production of moving pictures decreased in 1917 by 744 reels from the total in 1916. In number of pictures the decrease was 999. The output for 1917 was 3,114 pictures, with a total of 8,436 reels—an average of slightly less than three reels to the subject. The 1916 product averaged only a little more than two reels to the picture. In other words, the short picture is

going. It had to go. The one-reel drama was an abomination, not because a story cannot be told in one reel, but because the buyer of single reel pictures will not pay enough for them to make it possible to put good stuff into them. And one company has just announced that it would discontinue even the three-reel pictures. This is a healthy pause in the flood of overproduction. Many manufacturers of unworthy films have been forced out of business altogether. The field is narrowing down. There is still sufficient competition to keep up the standard, but it is not so ruinous as to kill profits, and to kill profits would be to demoralize quality, no matter what the condition of competition.

❦

Name, Please. PHOTOPLAY has received from a timorous resident of Chicago an anonymous letter complaining that, on a certain heatless Monday, "Stella Maris," a six-reel feature, was slithered across the screen in a certain theatre, in less than forty-five minutes. The normal running time for six reels is about twice that. But what good is it going to do, if you people who are victims of this sort of thing, merely go home and write anonymous letters about it? As we suggested recently, go to the manager or owner of the theatre. Tell him what you think of him. Tell him you won't patronize his house again if he ever repeats his offense. Don't be afraid of him. He won't bite. He's much more likely to scurry off and hide for fear you will bite him.

This Chicago manager, if all his patrons acted as did our anonymous correspondent, probably rubbed his hands gleefully as he added up his profits, which were doubled because he ran his pictures twice as fast as he should, on a busy day. We believe, however, that Artcraft Pictures Corporation would be deeply interested in knowing the name of this slick gentleman, who might experience some difficulty in getting future Artcraft releases if Mr. Zukor learned how he treated "Stella Maris." In the interests of better general conditions we would ask our anonymous friend to let us have the name of this theatre, in order that the proper authorities may have an opportunity to make an example of the exhibitor.

So long as people write these "Pro Bono Publico" letters, so long as they are afraid to speak out their minds in meeting, they may as well stop complaining about pictures or conditions generally. The public rules, but it cannot make itself effective by crawling under the house and whining.

❦

Film as Drillmaster. One of the biggest problems that had to be solved in preparing the draft army for service in Europe, was the necessity for getting immediately a great number of competent drillmasters. They were not to be had. So some nimble-minded person suggested making moving pictures of the drill manual as performed by West Point cadets, and showing them at cantonments. Again the movies came to the aid of Uncle Sam, as they have been doing every few minutes ever since the war began.

❦

Stupidity or Cupidity? Marcus Loew, one of the biggest "small-time" vaudeville managers of America, is reported, so widely as to make it virtually positive that the report is true, that he would not book the serial, "The Eagle's Eye," in his theatres, for fear it would offend his patrons of German descent. "The Eagle's Eye," it should be understood, is a film made with the cooperation of Chief Flynn, former head of the United States secret service, showing in detail the manner in which the German spy organization operated in this country. It is supposed to divulge the inner secrets of the Lusitania tragedy, and innumerable plots against American industrial plants. From witnessing this exposure, Mr. Loew would protect his German patrons.

Now, first of all, it is the duty of every American, at every opportunity, to show the thousands of honest German-Americans the horrible machinations of the Kaiser's system. And all patriotic Americans must look askance at Mr. Loew for his refusal to have a part in this work, and must pause to consider whether they do well to continue to pay money into Mr. Loew's coffers in the form of admissions to his theatres. Thinking to please a quite small pro-Hun element, Mr. Loew, apparently overlooked the peril of alienating his large American clientele. This position is all the more curious because in every news reel, and in most dramatic pictures, there are things which must prove quite offensive to Mr. Loew's and the Kaiser's pets. Yet Mr. Loew runs these things constantly.

Now a theatre manager has a perfect right to book or refuse to book any picture offered him. He does not need to give his reason. Mr. Loew, in this incident, saw fit to give his reason. It is now up to him to square himself as an American.

❦

"To the Sick All Are Sick." Erstwhile partners, Messrs Lewis J. Selznick and Carl Laemmle, have been engaging in a debate on the proposition: Resolved that the Movies are going to the Bow-wows.

Between the two extremes, the fact is this: Pictures are carrying, like every other American activity, their share of the war burden — no more, no less. Men who were doing business on a narrow margin, are now merely breaking even or losing money. Men who were making large profits are now making smaller profits. Poor pictures, naturally, always had to be sold cheap, at small profit. Therefore the day of the big, fine picture has arrived. If the war lasts another year, a lot of manufacturers of junk are going to be forced out of business.



She says the only thing unladylike about picture work is the early hours.

"Who—Zat Lady?"

About Beautiful Ladies, French Chauffeurs, Moving Picture Experiences, Griddle-Cakes, Cacti,—and things

By James R. Quirk

Photography by Victor Georg

THE usual procedure is to write your story, read it through carefully to select what you think is the keynote, and then be as clever and epigrammatic as possible in your choice of four or five words that will throw up a semaphore to stop the reader as he tears through the magazine in frantic search of pictures of his celluloid favorites. But in this case the headline was written for me a long time ago and all I have to do is to Underwood it and append its history.

The author was a young French chauffeur in the employ of one of Miss Gail Kane's very aristocratic friends at Tuxedo, N. Y. He is now, if he has lived through three years of hunstrafing, in the army of France. Although he once failed her I am sure Miss Kane would like to learn his whereabouts that she may send him some of the cigarettes she bestows so liberally on the lads who are making the supreme sacrifice while a lot of the rest of us, with smug heroism and self-denial, buy Liberty Bonds, the safest investment in the world; slip a bill off a roll of them for the Red Cross; abstain from foods that make us fat anyhow; and are secretly grateful to our parents for having married young and brought us into the world before 1886.

But to get back to Louis—that was his name—and his headline. Miss Kane and her mother had been invited to a week-end at Tuxedo, one of New York's fashionable long-distance commuting places, where folks have such sensitive ears that they can hear the wolf at the door if they can't afford a score of servants and a garage studded with a herd of Rolls-Royces. They were to arrive during the dinner hour and were to be met at the station by an automobile.

Louis had overheard several of the butlers—there really *are* a few outside moving picture studios—discussing the coming of the celebrated actress and beauty, and Louis was intensely interested. For had he not had the honor of driving for the manager of one of the greatest theaters of Paris, and had he not in this capacity seen and admired many of the favorites of the Parisian stage? He was curious to see how the American actress compared with those of his own dear France. So naturally Louis was delighted when he was ordered to drive his car to



Miss Kane's is not the ingenue beauty of the Killarney rosebud; rather that of the American beauty in its fullest splendor.

the station to meet the guests. He was indeed enchanted with his mission, for he had the true love of beauty for beauty's sake. His car fairly flew over the smooth, white highway.

But there was no joy in his heart as he drove back—alone; only deepest gloom.

As usual the Saturday night train had brought a large and fashionable crowd from the city, but the light, shining in Louis' eyes with the recollections of the gorgeously gowned Parisian beauties, died out as he failed to recognize the guests he had been commissioned to meet.

He wound around to the entrance just as another large car moved smoothly away, and the passengers who occupied a great house up the road, waved a familiar farewell to the little party of three whom his mistress was just advancing to greet.

Louis alighted to make his explanations. He was stopped by a frown from his employer.

"How did you happen to miss Miss Kane?" he was asked.

"She did not come, monsieur, I am sorry," he answered.

"There she is now," said the angry host. "Didn't you see her at the station?"

Louis turned. He saw a quietly, almost plainly dressed girl, whose bearing spelled aristocracy from her simple hat to her shoes. By her side was an equally aristocratic matron, plainly her mother, and a maid. Surely this was not an actress. She conformed with none of his preconceived ideas of a stage beauty. Where were her gay clothes? She was more beautiful, but different in no other way—unless it was the simplicity of her black traveling suit and sailor hat—from many of the other guests. He looked but a second, then turned, astonishment, chagrin, written large on his young face.

"Who," he stammered, "—zat *lady*—she is Miss Kane? Pardon, I am sorry. I am what you call—bonehead."

The compliment was one of the most beautiful I have ever heard paid a woman, all the more flattering because of its naive sincerity.

When Haskell Coffin was painting the portrait that adorns the front cover of this brilliant paper mirror of studio and screen he said, *sotto voce*, to his secretary, as he deftly modelled the eyes with his magic pastel pencils—Mr. Coffin has a habit of uttering gems of philosophy as he works—"She is what a royal princess would give her crown to look like."



He said something then. Miss Kane's is not the ingenue beauty of the Killarney rose bud; rather that of the American beauty as it opens in the pride of its fullest splendor. I was almost shocked when I first heard a little extra girl call her "Gail." It seemed like a peasant child greeting Queen Mary of England with "Hello, Queen, how're they coming?"

But some highdomed literary chap once said a lady is aristocratic in her bearing and tastes and democratic in her actions. He meant Gail Kane I guess, for that about describes her.

I can't imagine Gail Kane playing character parts. Not that she is not a real artist, but her type is so rare that she should be permitted to adorn her roles with her radiancy rather than to submerge her personality into them. And having said that I will proceed with alacrity to take it back, for to my mind comes the recollection of an Indian girl, a glorious maid of the Pueblo tribe, a sun-browned Diana of old New Mexico, who lived in a picture called "Her God" which she made for the Equitable Company two years ago. If Pocahontas looked like that John Smith was right.

When in New York Miss Kane lives at the Ritz-Carlton, than which there is no whicher. She moves in the realest of that set known as society; has a beautiful bungalow in Santa Barbara, Cal.; is an expert horsewoman; loves small dogs and great big ones, but not medium sized ones; is never seen wearing more than one ring at a time; is a graduate of one of our more exclusive girls' schools at Newburg, N. Y.; likes to eat griddle-cakes at Childs'; is inordinately fond of peanuts; prefers orchids; reads De Maupassant in his language and thrilling detective stories in her own; hates to pose for photographs; and says the only thing unladylike about motion picture work is the early hours.

She has never denied her birthplace — Philadelphia. Strange you rarely ever hear of celebrated people being born in New York or Philadelphia. They must be superfolks to succeed in spite of their nativity, I suppose. Her generosity is notorious, and she is considered the original easy mark for all acquaintances in need of funds. She has a big limousine in New York, but prefers to drive a little dash-about she had in Santa Barbara because she can turn corners on two wheels, and make the old ladies drop their knitting.

Miss Kane came to the shadow stage from the foot-lit one—in fact she was one of the very first of the famous stage stars to desert to the "movies." "Too bad," said her society friends, "and she so young and beautiful, and making such a success."

Her first stage appearance was in "Decorating Clemantine," in which she had a very important part. She was on the stage fully five minutes and had one line. She played the role of a society lady, and the line was—"Shall I pour the tea?" The first night she nearly died of stage fright and forgot the line she had studied for two months—overtrained. Her pride was hurt when she found that no one in the audience, nor in the cast, noticed the mishap, and that she wasn't disgraced. After Clemantine her statuesque beauty decorated seven or eight successful productions, including "The Miracle Man" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

Her first camera experience was an exciting one, even if the picture was not exactly what could be called a tremendous success. Augustus Thomas, the eminent playwright, seemed to have become obsessed with the idea that his great play, "Arizona," would make as splendid a picture, and in the simplicity of his faith and his ignorance

(Continued on page 111)

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

TEXAS Guinan
Has Never Been Done Before.
Nobody will Ever
Steal her Stuff, because
She has a New Act
Every Time she Comes On.
If you Woke Texas Guinan
At Nine O'clock in the Morning,
She'd Greet you with an Epigram.
She Patented Pep
Long Before the Rest of us
Ever Heard of it.
And her Heart's so Big
She Can't Hide it Anyplace;—
And she Doesn't Half Try.
She Came up to PHOTOPLAY
For Half-an-Hour;
That's One Half-Hour
I'll Never Forget.
She Wore
A Floppy Pink Hat—
The Largest Hat in the World.
She Talked About:
Heaven;
Theda Bara;
Beans;
California;
Writers;
Wrist-watches;
Olive Thomas;
Soup;
New York;
Major Funkhouser;
Luncheons;
The Best Pictures;
Lucille Cavanaugh;
Typewriters;
Mud;
Appointments;
"Stella Maris;"
The Atlantic Monthly;
Silk Underwear—
Among Other Things
Oh, I'd have Hated
Another Woman
Who could Talk Like That.
But
Even if it Hadn't Been
For that Floppy Hat,
And the Swing to her Words,
And her Smile—
I'd have Loved
Texas Guinan.
Why, she's Never
On Time.
She never
Kept an Appointment
In her life.
She Wears
A Tiny Wrist-watch
Of Diamonds—
You couldn't See the Hands
Even if it Did Run—
It Doesn't.
And Texas—
Texas Carries an Ingersoll
Deep Down
In her Coat pocket.
I hope
Texas Comes Again;
But
She's Going Back to California—
Where she'll Do
Some More Gun-women.
She's Going to be
The Gun Woman of the Movies—
Come to Think of it,
We do Need a Gun-woman.
I Wish
Texas would Drop In
Every Day or So—
And if Texas
Was Writing this,
Herself,
She'd Never Say
Anything Like that—because
It's Been Done Before.

WELL,
I don't Know Anything About
William Russell.
But I do Like Bill.
So would You.
He's Just
That Kind of a Man.
He Told
About that New Dog he'd Bought,
And that Ranch of his
Near Santa Barbara,
Where he's Going
To Retire Some Day—he says—
And About
Another Dog, out there,
And Horses—
But finally,
After he Smoked Two Cigars,
And Swung his Foot,
And Frowned—
He Said
He'd gone-into-Pictures
To Keep-the-Wolf-from-the-Door
And if-he's-Succeeded—
It's Because-he's-Worked-for-it—
And then,
He Looked Relieved;
"'S Train-time,"
He Said.
He *Belongs* West,
Big Bill Russell; and
He was Mighty Glad
To be Going Back.
But
It Seems Kind of a Shame, because
A Few Bill Russells
Would Help Some,
Back Here.
There's a Whole Lot
Behind his Big Laugh;
And a Sense of Humor that's Working Hard
Behind his Grin.



Mollett

Lucille Zintheo.

AND then
Lucille Zintheo
Came to Town.
She's PHOTOPLAY'S
Beauty-and-Brains Girl.
She Really is—
Beauty-AND-Brains.
When I First Saw her,
I Knew about the First;
And
I Hadn't Talked to her Very Long
Before I was Sure about the Second.
She was On her Way West
To be in Pictures; and she Hopes
They'll Give her a Chance
To Show What she Can Do.
"I Couldn't Be
An Ingenue,
If I Tried."
"Aren't You Glad?"
"Well, yes," she Smiled;
"Rather.
But—sometimes I Think
Ingenues Have
An Easier Time of It."
Her Eyes would Register
On any Screen,
And her Smile.
Before I Knew it,
She was Holding Out her Hand.
"Bye-bye," she Smiled.
"Bye-bye," said I.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Fourth of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art



By
John Emerson
and
Anita Loos

THERE are two general forms in which scenario editors like to receive material. In a case where the author has merely a bare idea, of sufficient strength to be a foundation for a five-reel picture, but is unable to develop a story around his idea, then the idea itself is enough to send to the editor. Often an idea can be stated in one sentence. As an example, the basic idea of "Wild and Woolly" could have been stated thus: "A Western community, expecting a visit from an easterner, who still harbors ideas about the West being wild and woolly, puts on a make-up and gives the easterner just what he is looking for." This much would have given the editor an idea of the vast possibilities of such a theme.

The basic idea of "Manhattan Madness" might have been sent in by the author in a few words, thus: "A young westerner, going to New York, complains of there being no thrills in the East. His friends make a bet with him that he will get a thrill before the week is out. They then frame up a thrilling 'under-world' adventure, which gives the westerner almost more than he can handle."

Taking as another example "Down to Earth," an author might have sent in the following: "A young man kidnaps a sanitarium full of neurasthenics, takes them to an uninhabited island, where they have to dig for a living, and consequently they all get well."

Of course, these examples strip the story to its very skeleton and the author would generally wish to elaborate his idea further, but if he has merely the idea and has not evolved a story which is a natural and logical outgrowth of it, the simpler the author makes his outline the better will the editor be able to grasp his theme and its possibilities. The market for ideas is always good and always will be.

The simpler the author makes his outline the better will the editor be able to grasp his theme and its possibilities.

The second type of synopsis is that in which the author has developed his idea into a well-defined story. To make a good synopsis of this sort, an author must have a fair knowledge of plot construction (and by this we do not necessarily mean a *technical* knowledge of *photoplay* construction). A bare plot in itself would be told in much the same manner, whether it is for a photoplay, a drama, a novel, or a short story. It is the *technical* working out of the plot that develops differently in each case.

As an example of a script of this latter type, which would place a *plot* before the editor in a thorough, yet simple and concise way, we might make a synopsis of the photoplay which we have before used as an illustration, "Reaching for the Moon," with a few running comments as to *why* the plot developed as it did.

REACHING FOR THE MOON

Theme

The idea on which New Thought, Occultism and kindred beliefs is based is that one can achieve whatever one desires by concentrating on it. By the same token one should be sure to concentrate on what is reasonable or possible and which will surely be of benefit to the concentrator. In other words we might say, "Be careful what you wish for, because you are likely to get it." Such is the case of our hero who gets all and more than he hoped for.

Synopsis

Alexis Caesar Napoleon Brown [*the reason for selecting such a name for our hero is obvious*] is a young man of boundless enthusiasm, tremendous imagination and a vaulting ambition which is likely to o'erleap itself and fall on the other side. Alexis' mother, of whom he has only a vague memory and a photograph, was a refugee to America from the Kingdom of Vulgaria. [*This is in order to give Alexis a certain connection with Vulgaria and to make the events of the story more plausible.*] She died at Alexis' birth. Knowing nothing of her, his imagination always pictures her as a beautiful and mysterious figure, probably of noble birth. Now Alexis has a lowly place in life, being a clerk in a button factory. He has a little sweetheart, Elsie Merrill, whom he also interests in the subject of concentration, but while Alexis is concentrating on being a pal of a couple of hundred kings, grand dukes, etc., Elsie spends her time concentrating on a little cottage in Jersey with Alexis paying the rent and Elsie doing the work. [*Elsie is given a belief in concentration in order that we may show a case of the wise use of this power as opposed to Alexis' wild and erratic use of it.*]

Now in all Alexis' study of the subject of concentration he has overlooked several of its rules, one of which is that one should always concentrate on a worthy object. His wildly ambitious dreams begin to interfere with his work at the button factory with the result that one bright day he gets fired. He goes to Elsie for consolation but finds that Elsie herself begs him to stop 'Reaching for the Moon.' Thoroughly disheartened he goes home to his boarding house, throws himself down on the bed and goes to sleep. [*We have Alexis go to sleep in a perfectly natural way and be awakened from his sleep in an apparently natural way, in order that the audience may not realize that the ensuing experiences are a dream until such time as we wish them to realize it.*]

Along about midnight a mysterious, distinguished-looking stranger calls at the house and asks for Alexis Caesar Napoleon Brown. He is taken to Alexis' room and hammers on the door, until Alexis awakes, rises from the bed and lets him in. He looks Alexis over thoroughly, asks who his mother was, and on seeing her photograph, he kneels to Alexis in an attitude of reverence and says, "Long live Alexis, King of Vulgaria!" It then develops that Alexis' mother was a Princess Royal and that the throne, through a peculiar chain of circumstances has descended to Alexis. Transported with joy, Alexis gets ready to go to his Kingdom at once. The Minister from Vulgaria warns him, however, that the throne is fiercely contested by his cousin, Black Boris, who has spies and agents everywhere. This doesn't dampen Alexis' ardor, however, and they start for the boat, which the Minister says must be boarded under cover of darkness. When they enter the Minister's motor car, two desperate looking characters in a taxi follow them. These two desperate characters board the ship, on which they hold positions as stewards, being in reality, of course, agents of Black Boris. Once in the Royal Suite on board the ship, Alexis, all impatience, starts to ask questions about his Kingdom. The Minister hushes him and goes searching about the room where he presently finds a dictaphone. He then warns Alexis that evidently there are spies on board the boat and that His Majesty must not speak a word while in his stateroom. Alexis wants to smash the dictaphone, but the Minister stops him, saying "If we smash it, they will know we are aware of their presence." "All right" whispers Alexis, "come out on deck, I must talk!" The Minister again stops him and says, "You must be seen with no one while on this boat." [*Alexis begins to learn that the life of a king is not the carefree existence he had expected.*]

However, the next morning Alexis is considerably cheered by the thought of a royal breakfast that awaits him in the dining salon. Having arrived there he is first served with a marvelous fruit cocktail. He puts his spoon into it and brings out a bit of paper on which are written the words, "Eat nothing while on this ship. Your food has all been poisoned." Alexis rushes back to his stateroom and shows the paper to the Minister, who is not surprised, and in fact has already prepared for such an emergency. He brings forth an iron box which he opens with a key, disclosing several boxes of Uneeda Biscuits and a bottle of malted milk tablets. This is the royal food of his Majesty for the remainder of the trip. [*This again in order to rub it into Alexis that being a king is not all beer and skittles.*]

While on the boat the Minister announces to Alexis his engagement to the Princess Valentina of Caucasia. Alexis tells the Minister that he has a girl in America, but the Minister reminds him that Kings cannot marry the women they love and that Alexis might as well make up his mind to marry the Princess. [*Another step in Alexis' disillusionment regarding kings.*]

In a case where the author has merely a bare idea, but is unable to develop a story around it, then the idea itself is enough to send to the editor.

Alexis at length arrives in his Kingdom and is acclaimed by his "loyal" subjects. Some of them shower him with bouquets, but many of them, alas, greet him with bombs, and on his triumphal march he is shot at, made a target for bombs, blown up and thrown in a canal, chased by assassins and beaten up by thugs before he finally manages to arrive in the council chamber, where his friend, the Minister, tells him that he will have to hurry and dress in order to be at another celebration they are giving him that night. Alexis, by this time, has had enough of being a King and he asks the Minister to call it a day and knock off. The Minister, however, tells him he is to meet the Princess at the ball that night, and that his presence is imperative, so Alexis heaves a sigh and allows them to take him away, dress him in a uniform that is tight, hot and uncomfortable, and carry him off to the ball. [*The purpose of all this incident is, of course, to make Alexis' experiences as a king as uncomfortable and dangerous as possible.*]

At the ball, Alexis is greeted by the nobility of Vulgaria and presently the Princess is announced. Alexis looks expectantly toward the entrance as the Princess Valentina enters, but, alas, his supposedly beautiful fiancée resembles nothing so much as a comic valentine. This is the last straw. [*Alexis having gone through about all the disagreeable experiences that fall to the lot of Royalty, we must hasten now to the climax, so—*]

Alexis goes to his cousin, Black Boris, and says to him "Look here, Boris, if you want that Princess, you may have her, and the Kingdom goes with her. I'm through!" At this Black Boris flies into a rage and, declaring that Alexis has insulted the Princess, challenges him to a duel to be fought at dawn with swords in Suicide Park. Alexis, knowing nothing whatever about fencing, goes to the park at dawn, where he and Boris fight with swords on a cliff overhanging the sea. During the fight, Alexis becomes disgusted with his weapon and throws it away, going after Black Boris with his fists. Boris comes at him with his sword and shoves him over the edge of the cliff where he falls and falls and falls from one cliff to another, faster and faster, until he finally tumbles out of bed, his whole Vulgarian adventure having been a dream.

The dream was real enough, however, to cure Alexis completely. He hastens to his old boss and asks for his job back. The boss tells him that enthusiasm such as he has is priceless, when used in the right direction, and that if he will stop reaching for the moon, he will take him on again.

Alexis goes back to his job with a vim. He calls on Elsie that night and finds that she is considering buying with her savings a little cottage on the installment plan in Jersey, this being her method of helping her own dreams on their way toward realization. Alexis tells her of his night's adventure and assures her that he is cured of "Reaching for the Moon." As they are planning their future Alexis' notice is attracted to a book on Concentration. He picks it up and starts to throw it into the fireplace but Elsie stops him and says "Wait a minute. I tried what that book says, and I have gotten everything I wished for." Alexis looks at her askance and then realizes that what she concentrated on was himself and a little cottage in Jersey. So the two of them do their further concentrating on an object reasonably within their scope and at the finish we see Alexis prosperous, happy and contented with a place in life to which he is fitted.

This synopsis of "Reaching for the Moon" is not used because we consider it by any means perfect, but simply to illustrate in a general way a certain method of work.

In fact, there are two points in the synopsis which we

(Continued on page 118)



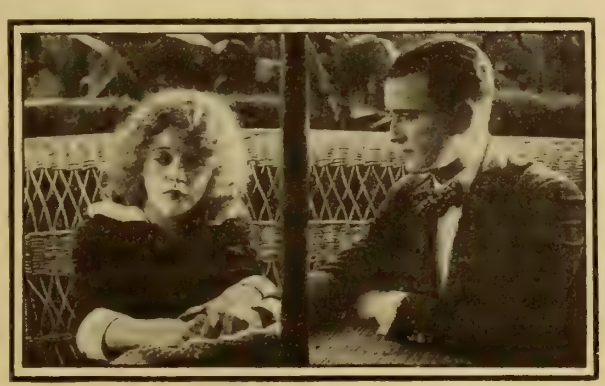
With the Big Show!

Wheeler Oakman is in the all-star cast of the greatest picture ever made

By Elizabeth Peltret

WHEELER OAKMAN doesn't like to talk to strangers. This doesn't mean that he is discourteous. Being a Virginian, he couldn't be that. But only that after he has shaken hands—he has a firm, strong handclasp—he is likely to shut up like the proverbial clam unless you're very lucky. In that case, something may happen to remind him of an incident of his "trouping" days and he may happen to tell you about it.

Perhaps the incident which "draws him out of his shell" will be only a description of some out-of-the-way little hotel, or some strange character, met up with when he was playing the leading parts in eight or ten wild and woolly melodramas a week in almost as many different, dinky little towns, at a reputed salary of twenty-five per week—(for the most part, he actually got about seven) or of another time when he started in with Selig as an extra man, after having played leading parts with Lubin, and walked to and from work, a matter of three or four miles more or less, to save ten cents in carfare—(afterwards he played opposite Kathlyn Williams in the biggest picture Selig ever made: "The Spoilers")—or again it may be of the trip to Panama where "The Ne'er Do Well" was made; really, it makes no difference what the anecdote is about, it is certain to be well worth listening to.



With Mae Murray in "Face Value"

Stagg

"Gee," said Wheeler when he looked at the negative of "I Love You" in which he played with Alma Rubens, "wasn't I the nasty villain though?"

At twenty-seven, he has been through almost as much romantic adventure in real life as there is in the photoplays he has appeared in. Only, the last two years have been quiet ones. For instance, there was fifteen months spent making one seven-reel picture with Mabel Normand, when all the excitement he had came from looking at film to see what was the matter with it. He didn't say so, but for a man of his temperament, that must have been a trying time. Running through all he says, there is a little undertone of restlessness; not discontent; it is just the same old "call of the open road." After all, what does security, a fat salary, and ease count for in the life of a natural adventurer?

Wheeler Oakman wants to go "on the road" again. And he's going. Though exempt from the draft, he has

arranged his affairs and volunteered for service in France.

"I used to go trouping with companies that invariably ended by owing me money," he said.

He speaks slowly, in a low tone of voice and with scarcely a gesture. He has just a trace of Southern accent.

"Now," he added, still without any expression in his voice, "I'm going with an all-star cast of the biggest show on earth."

"It wont be any circus."

"No," laughing. "But neither would staying here be any circus. I come of fighting stock, you know. I was named for Gen. Joe Wheeler of the Confederate cavalry—"Fighting Joe," they called him—just about the most peppery little commander in the army. My younger brother is in the service now, a commissioned officer. I tell you, I hate to go out on the street because every time I see a soldier it reminds me that I ought to be in uniform. This last month has been almost unendurable."

Made up as a miner, he sat on the steps of his dressing room at the Metro studio, where he is working with Edith Storey. "Shooting" was temporarily held up while necessary changes were being made in the set. During the pause that followed, Oakman pulled his big automatic from its holster and began playing with it.



Wheeler Oakman and Director Tod Browning discussing a scene for "The Claim"



With Kathlyn Williams in "The Ne'er Do Well."

"Can you shoot?"

"No-o-o, I'm a rotten shot," he answered. "I never was very strong for killing things—never cared anything about hunting—but the thought of killing men in war don't worry me any—on the contrary. How would I feel if I saw the body of a German I knew I had killed myself?" repeating a question. "Why, I think I'd feel all right. Just as if I had won an exciting game, perhaps."

The visitor had taken the gun and was examining it.

"*Please* don't look down that barrel!" he exclaimed, with unexpected vehemence, adding, "Even if the gun is not loaded, it's a bad thing to do."

He is very tall, strong and broadshouldered—but then everybody knows that—and his hands are brown and calloused, from playing

(Continued on page 114)

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

AFTER much persuasion, Charlie Chaplin was finally induced to go to a theatre where one of the Billy West imitations of his earlier efforts was being shown. Chaplin sat silent through the tragedy, and walked silently with a friend to the sidewalk. "What do you think of it?" the friend asked. "Well, one of us is rotten," Chaplin laconically replied.

VERNON CASTLE, famous dancer and member of the British Royal Flying Corps, sacrificed his life February 15 while trying to avoid a collision with another machine at Benbrook field, the government aviation camp near Fort Worth, Texas. He was making the descent with an American cadet who had been placed under his instruction; and when forty feet from the ground it became evident that his machine would collide with another which was just in the act of landing, Castle attempted a quick turn which proved fatal. His companion escaped injury. The famous dancer was an expert airman, having served nine months on the Flanders front, during which time he made 150 flights over the German lines and had several narrow escapes from death. Then he returned to this country to become an instructor at the Canadian aviation camp. With Mrs. Castle, Vernon—whose name in private life was Capt. Vernon Castle-Blythe—danced his way into fame and favor both here and abroad. He was thirty years old.



No more serials for the "High Brow Villain from The Arctic Circle." Warner Oland cranked the camera and remarked: "Here is where I make a close-up of my own fade-out in the thrillers." He will be seen in Pathe film dramas.

THE DREWS are retiring from the screen to go back to the stage. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney, however, have made a sufficient number of comedies in advance, to keep Metro supplied for nearly three months, and by that time they may be glad to get back to the clicking camera—though we don't wish 'em any hard luck. Metro has been pretty good to the spokies this season, lending them Emily Stevens and Ethel Barrymore and now the Drews. No announcement has yet been made as to what piece the fun-makers will use for their return.

UNDER the Allied Draft Agreement, Jack Pickford, a Canadian by birth, has been drafted. Olive Thomas Pickford has given up the Pickford home in Los Angeles. Charles Chaplin and his brother Sid also come under the agreement, but it is doubtful if Charlie will be taken, because of a chest measurement of only 26 inches. Kenneth Harlan, who was to have been Kathleen Clifford's leading man for Balboa, has been drafted.

FOR about the last five years Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons have been close friends, making comedies for Universal. But six months or so ago Lyons married Virginia Kirtley; and since then life has been lonely around the L. A. Athletic Club for Lee Moran,



If you saw "A Modern Musketeer," you laughed at that cyclone and wondered how on earth they ever did it. This explains it. First Pete Props arranged the debris; then they turned on the cyclone—that is, the large fans at the back, on the roof, and on the left.

so he up and married too—a non-professional from Waterloo, Ill.

RECENTLY a publication known as Variety published a paragraph stating that following the reduced production at Universal City, Pathe was leasing the greater part of the studio. Carl Laemmle saw the paragraph and said, "That's a good idea." And now he is renting the studio space that is vacant though he had not thought of doing so.

JUNE ELVIDGE, you know, used to sing in the church choir in her mid-western home. "A funny thing happened," said June the other day; "our red-headed tenor was a sport, and the only time he had to read the Police Gazette was Sunday during the sermon. One morning he went to sleep and dropped the paper over the rail into the deacon's lap downstairs. That was the biggest noise ever heard in my home town."

JACKIE SAUNDERS has gone back to California after several months in New York and Philadelphia, where she visited her mother. She will start work on a new Balboa serial immediately upon her arrival at Long Beach.

THE 8:30 ferry-boat from New York to Fort Lee is called by commuters "the movie boat." An average of two or three hundred photoplayers take this boat every morning for the studios, and in honor of the event, the hucksters, taxi drivers, and farmers line up in front of the ferry-house to salute the actors. Oh yes, the actors love it; tickles 'em to death.

RUDOLPH CAMERON, says a dispatch from Miami, Florida, arrived from New York about the first of February to join the aviation corps of the United States Army. He is the same Rudolph Cameron who is Anita Stewart's husband. Miss Stewart, by the way, will soon be at work again. This is the best news we've heard in a long time.

NOW we have it! Mary Garden is going to write her memoirs. She will return to France in the spring, where she intends to begin them. We hope she will tell us just what she really thought of her Goldwyn "Thais." And Mary Pickford is also understood to be occupied at present in writing the history of her career.

GEORGE BEBAN AND DUSTIN FARNUM are the latest to join the stars-with-their-own-companies movement. Farnum will make pictures of those Zane Grey stories of the West which have not been previously filmed. Beban is now at work on his first new production, the subject of which has not been announced.

ON the second fuelless Monday, Carlyle Blackwell cheerily made his way to the ferry at Fort Lee and ran up the gangplank to the boat just ready to leave. Halfway across the Hudson he glanced up from his paper and noted the two or three sleepy-looking passengers about.



A recent photograph of Frank Keenan with Mrs. Keenan—center—and their two daughters, son-in-law, and three grand-children.

At first he was puzzled; then he grinned. Gee whiz—he'd forgotten that Dr. Garfield had exempted him from his work on Mondays. Sheepishly Carlyle waited for the next boat to take him home.

EDWARD S. ("TEX") O'REILLY, who writes those "Tim Todhunter" stories for PHOTOPLAY, has written a story that he intended for a picture scenario. Then with George Scarborough's assistance he made a play of it; and now David Belasco has accepted it for production.

WILLIAM FARNUM took a chance with his life, and now he's glad it's all over—the chance, that is. It happened at Fort Henry, in the Adirondacks, where he was making exteriors for "Rough and Ready." Farnum was called upon to drive a ten malamute dog team over a summit and down a steep hill into the valley. There was a three-foot fall of snow on the ground and the sled was loaded with four thousand pounds of supplies. "It's easy, Bill," said Director Stanton, in what he fondly believed was a reassuring tone. "Is the snow soft at the bottom of the hill?" asked Farnum; "Oh, well, I'm game, Dick." And the natives declared he couldn't do it, and Bill Farnum made up his mind he would do it—and he did it. He says he thinks he'll make it his daily recreation now.

IF you read that announcement that Charles Chaplin was engaged, hope you weren't taken in. Because there was ab-so-lutely nothing in it. There was a report circulated that the comedian was to marry a Miss Finita Desoria, member of the "Flo-Flo" company playing in a New York theatre. When questioned, Miss Desoria was non-committal on the subject; but the newspaper reporters, running the story down, made the somewhat important discovery that Finita has a perfectly good husband, and has never even met Charles Spencer Chaplin. Furthermore, Miss Finita Desoria says it wasn't her fault, it wasn't Charlie's fault, it wasn't anybody's fault at all—except, possibly, an enterprising press-agent's. But we pity our poor Answer Man; he's getting three hundred letters a day ask-

ing if it is true that Charles Chaplin is engaged.

WILLIAM A. BRADY has resigned as the head of the World Film Corporation. He will retain his seat on the directorate and his interest in the company; but has decided in justice to his own interests to withdraw all active responsibilities in the picture company. It is said that Brady's resignation was more than half due to his dissatisfaction with the high salaries paid to stars who swept into the studio about noon, worked an hour or two, went out for lunch, came back and did a scene, and then left to keep an engagement. For the present Brady will devote himself to the completion of his own picture, "Stolen Orders." He has also announced his intention to organize a new producing company when conditions open up, possibly not before late next summer or early in the fall. And something seems to tell us that it will be a star-less organization. Julius Steger has been selected by World as director-general to succeed Brady.

BILL HART is a real patriot. He consented to pour tea at a Red Cross tea-room in Los Angeles; and he sat there gazing in a helpless sort of way at the array of fluttering femininity around him, and wondering whether they used measuring cups at this game, and where were the chasers. But he made up his mind to say something and say it quick. He cleared his throat, looked at the adoring throng, and gulped, "What'll it be?"

ENID MARKEY, she of the large dark eyes, is appearing as an ingenue lead in a stock company at San Diego, Cal.

ANITA LOOS and John Emerson have written a comedy satire on incompatibility, called "Let's Get a Divorce." It will be a Billie Burke Paramount. They are now working on a screen adaptation of "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," which will be George M. Cohan's third Artcraft. Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson will not begin their own Paramount productions until spring.



Bebe Daniels says she simply must reduce; so instead of drinking pop she's taken to house-painting. Bebe happened to remember that she never saw a fat house-painter, and forthwith bought herself some nice fresh paint and a few brushes, and practiced on her own little bungalow. All we have to say is, we prefer paint to pop, anytime.

LITTLE MARY McALISTER has arrived in New York City for ten days to be devoted to seeing Broadway. "Bobo's Billie" will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Violet Craig McAlister, and expects to have a lovely time between pictures. Mary—who, by the way, is a real-for-sure Sergeant in the U. S. Army—had a letter from Japan the other day; here it is, word for word:

"No. 152 3 Chome Senzoku,
"Machi Asakusa,
"Tokyo, Japan.

"My Dear friend:

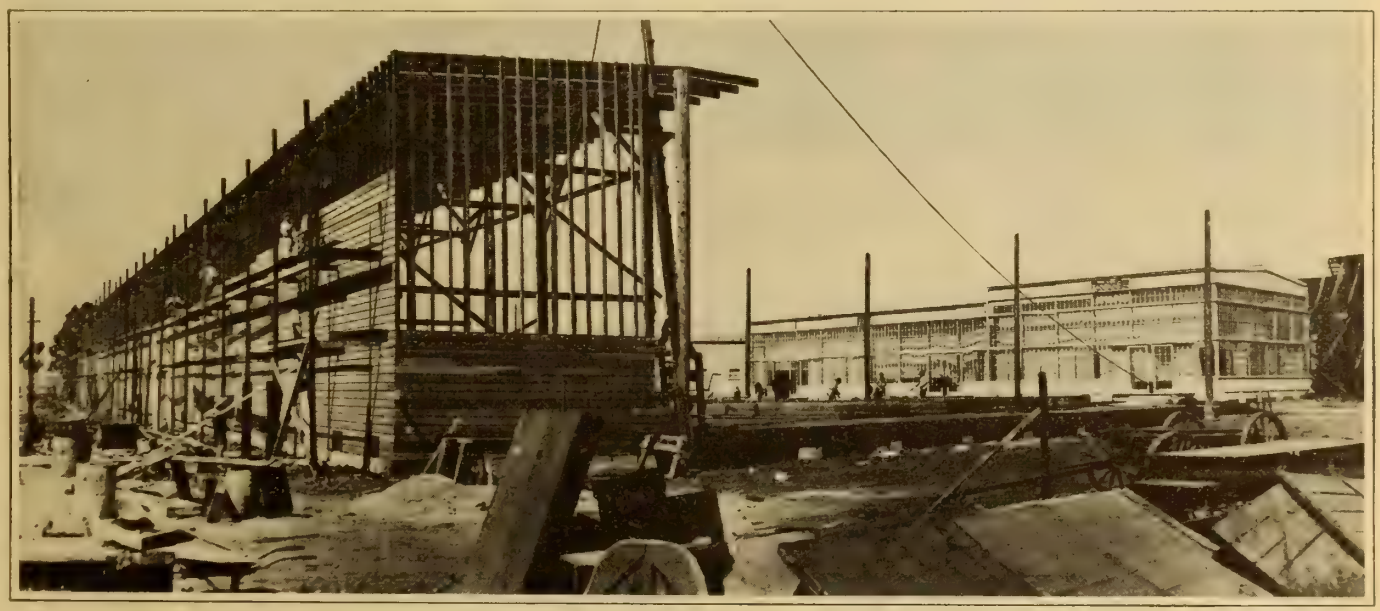
MAY I have the pleasure of communicating you? I was much obliged to send you letter. I am one of your admirers, and I think you are a Essanay youngest peerless peach. I hope that you will be better in your art, more and more in future. I have been charmed you since I saw you interviewed in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and to tell truth I am in love with you, and I wish I could talk to you, but I can't —I'm very sorry for my house is far far west your country. As I am struck with your excellenting acting, I am anxious to know about your present condition and obtain your portrait. Therefore I send to you a letter to ask of you to send me the last autographed of yourself. Hoping I shall have the pleasure hearing favorably soon from you,

"Sincerely,
"RIKIHEI K. TSUJIMURA."

BARBARA CASTLETON, a young film star, has been engaged by the World for a long series of pictures. Her most important previous work was in "Parentage" and Brenon's "Empty Pockets."

BESSIE BARRISCALE is supervising the Red Cross work at the Paralta studios; and recently invited all members of the staff to attend the final studio run of her new picture, at twenty-five cents

(Continued on page 92)



The new comedy stage, now under construction at the Triangle Culver City studios, is said to be the largest in the world. It is 304 by 80 feet and will cost $20,000.

PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE $10.00 SECOND PRIZE $5.00 THIRD PRIZE $3.00 FOURTH PRIZE $2.00 TEN PRIZES EACH $1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a

Suggestion from You for Similarly Picturizing Some Popular Photoplayer's Names.

This being our readers, remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.



1


2



3



4



5


6


7



8



9

DIRECTIONS

SEND your suggestion on a separate sheet when you answer these pictures, each of which represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. This novel contest is a special feature department of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before May 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Deadheads Maybe

In Marguerite Clark's "Bab and the Matinee Idol," we are told that the theatrical company, in whose interests Bab makes her sacrifice, must close, unless something is done to bolster up business, whereat Bab plans the advertising stunt that forms the basis of the picture. But when we are given a glimpse of the theatrical organization that is on the verge of collapse we note that the theater is filled, and that the audience is apparently enjoying the performance, because everybody applauds enthusiastically. And, later, when the company manager appears before the curtain and dismisses the matinee audience on account of the "sudden indisposition of the leading actor," we are treated to another view of a crowded house . . . and so, with business of the capacity order and everybody liking the performance, why in thunder should the company have to close?

O. E. JONES, Los Angeles, Cal.



Agreed

MAYBE I'm too fussy, but it certainly irritates me to see pictures in which supposed British soldiers wear a uniform which is neither that of Great Britain nor that of the States, but a combination of both. The problem of uniforms seems too much for the directors. They make no end of mistakes in this very important matter.

M. O'C.
Ottawa, Ont.

Wills and Witnesses

IN "The American Widow," with Ethel Barrymore, there is a sub-title, to the effect that Ethel is the widow of a Mr. Peter something-or-other. Then, later on, a will of the defunct Peter is flashed on the screen signed John. By the way, the will had but one witness.

LAURENCE COHEN, New York City.

For Business Reasons, No

IN "The Avenging Trail" the villain feigns illness so that he may be moved to a cell where he can communicate with his pal.

The prison doctor is called in and feels the villain's pulse. He pronounces him a very sick man.

Did the villain change the beating of his pulse, or don't doctors know a well man when they see one?

E. JOHANSEN, Oakland, California.

Efficiency Taylor

GIVE him credit. In "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" Taylor Holmes out-Houdinied Houdini. Houdini merely makes an elephant disappear. 'Snothing. List to the powers of Eddie. Friend Taylor sends his sweetheart a beautiful box of roses, long stems and everything. We see her open the box. A close-up then shows her examining the card with Eddie's name imprinted thereon but—quick—the smelling salts—it reposes peacefully on a box of Huyler's best.

In the movies they do it. I pass.

PAUL K. POVLSEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wallie to the Rescue

IN "Nan of Music Mountain," part five, Nan (Anna Little) and her father crouched behind their wrecked wagon to be sheltered somewhat from the terrible snow storm, while Wallace Reid goes for help. Some cold! Well, anyway Nan's father goes to sleep and soon Nan drops her head, apparently in slumber. To go to sleep in a storm of that kind means to never awake, for it must have taken some time to get help. Yet we see them at the climax very much alive.

But it sure was a fine play.

GERALD D. OAKES, Orange, Cal.

Again, the Sudden Wardrobe

IN "Conscience," Gladys Brockwell as Ruth Somers escapes from the smoking yacht Valero, and naturally doesn't stop to "pack up." But on reaching shore she suddenly acquires a most complete wardrobe, and that night, and the next day, we see her charmingly attired in costumes befitting the occasion.

BRYANT M. BROWNELL, Clarksdale, Miss.

How Should We Know?

RECENTLY I saw "Double Crossed," a forceful drama starring Pauline Frederick. Attired in a stunning dark-striped gown that estimable actress starts out to a social affair. On her arrival she removes her wrap and I was astonished to behold the lady gowned in white. When and where did she make the change? In her limousine?

In "A Romance of the Redwoods," an excellent picture, I noticed that the date on a deed shown in a close-up was 190–. But the story was dated in the romantic days of the gold rush, the forties.

N. S. H., Nebraska City, Neb.

Elsie is a Wonderful Girl, To Be Sure

DO English girls wear high-heeled pumps when they play tennis? The director of "Barbary Sheep" would have us believe that they do. In the same play, Elsie Ferguson ran from Pedro de Cordoba with her hair falling down. When she arrived, breathless, at the hotel, her hair was arranged as neatly as if she had just dressed it for dinner.

JEAN ROBINSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Poor, Picked-on Arizona

OF course we must have stories, and it's a shame to shoot pet themes in the back, but for the sake of these supposedly effete Easterners I want to say:

That I live in an isolated western mining camp, and we like western pictures even though we laugh at them. When a prospector picks up a piece of country rock and finds therein his fortune and dances with joy, it is funny to hear the gurgle of amusement that goes through the audience here, for the miners and all the rest of us know it isn't being done. And I want to say that women in these desert places, in these days of railroad trains and mail



order houses, do not wear calico wrappers, and seldom khakis. To be sure, we always have with us notorious characters and roughnecks, but there is a much larger percentage of intelligent, well-bred people. Then will someone please tell me why the picture people rehash that threadbare situation: an eastern dame dropping in on a mining camp, the Mine Superintendent acting as if he had never seen a white woman before.

The latest western story I witnessed was last evening. About the only commendable feature of it was that it did not have as many "hells" woven into the subtitles as the usual Arizona drama has. This one was entitled "Broadway Arizona." The hero abducted a chorus girl, and after getting her to Arizona did not do anything noteworthy to gain her admiration, except to pick for her a bunch of flowers of the sagebrush variety. Some thrill! The joke of it was that the girl showed no trace of make-up, and did not perform the usual repertoire of stage tricks and screen mannerisms, but behaved like a real girl; but the hero, supposed to be a primitive critter of the plains, had a barrel of make-up smeared over his eyes and mouth, and the creature was referred to in one of the subtitles as a "savage!" They should have called him a house-cat.

You see, we inhabitants of the wild and woolly places just will not live up to the scenarioists' conception of us.

M. C., Arizona.

A Bushman-Bayne

IN "Red White and Blue Blood," a Bushman-Bayne show, this pair are seen riding in an open car, and Beverly is knitting. Arriving at their destination, they step out of a *limousine,* and the worsted and needles are nowhere in evidence.

K. L., Philadelphia, Pa.

Screen Chirography

IN "The Eternal Temptress" four letters written by different persons are shown on the screen, all four written in the same handwriting. And in one scene a newspaper is in evidence with big headlines in English, though the locale of the play is Italy.

James Wharton, Baltimore, Md.

Oh Yes, Irene's Some Girl

IN the beginning of "Vengeance is Mine" (Pathe), a subtitle informs us that Paula is at a Boarding School in New England. Later a telegram and a newspaper article clearly indicated that she was at Glenmore College! I might add that Irene Castle is one of the more recent acquisitions to filmdom who does not have to camouflage her age nor her name to attain popularity—so many of the new stars seem to "spring up like mushrooms and fade like the dew."

In "The Secret of the Storm Country" Norma Talmadge displays beautifully manicured finger nails, not at all in keeping with the role of Tess, the squatter girl.

And can anybody tell me why, invariably in comedies, when the youthful suitor, outside the house, whistles to his sweetheart within, she is the only one who hears him, though the other occupants of the room are apparently as alert. I have noticed this many times.

M. E. J., Camden, N. J.

Edna's Famous Horses

IN the "American Maid" featuring Edna Goodrich, there were several inconsistencies. The audience thought the following very laughable: Out for a ride through the woods, Edna rode a very handsome horse, with a white star and a closely docked tail. On her return, she was mounted on a steed with a blazed face and a long tail! In another scene, showing the exterior of a mine office in Montana, was an old-fashioned York state fence of field stone.

Harrie Hutchinson, Bridgeport, Conn.

Nothing Gets by Luella

IN "The Fettered Woman," when the doctor commits suicide, the old family friend comes out and turns the M. D. sign to the wall. Afterwards when the daughter comes home, we see the sign turned around again, showing the doctor's name. And in "Fighting Back," I should like to know where Furey got her "nightie," for she had left her bundle at Josie's and Josie had promised to bring it over the next day.

Luella Robinson, Minneapolis, Minn.



The Privileged Douglas

IN Douglas Fairbanks' picture "In Again—Out Again," the director takes particular pains to illustrate the rather hasty and stern manner of Sheriff Dubb; still that worthy allows his pretty daughter to decorate the lucky Doug's cell, and to stay there most of the day, playing her violin to him. And if he did not know, might not the warden, or the lynx-eyed Jerry, inform him?

But I suppose nothing but good luck comes to "Old Doc Cheerful," and after all, the Sheriff's bad attack of "this d——d gout" prevented him from being quite as terrible as he might have been.

W. J. P. Stack, Brisbane, Australia.



For years women struggled with cut, mutilated cuticle. Learn now how to manicure without cutting the cuticle



When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method

What happens when you cut the cuticle

When you cut or trim the cuticle, it grows tough, coarse and dry. It causes hangnails. Read how you can have the most delightful manicure you ever had, without cutting the cuticle.



The moment you use Cutex, you will be delighted with the immediate improvement it makes in your nails

Everywhere skin specialists and doctors are warning people not to cut the cuticle. "Cutting is ruinous," they say. "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." Dr. Shoemaker, the famous skin specialist, says: "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of skin at the base of the nail that they actually *trim* it away, leaving an ugly, red rim, like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

No matter how dry, rough and unattractive cuticle-cutting may have made your nails, with Cutex you can really transform them.

It is absolutely harmless, and was formulated by a specialist to meet the great need for a *safe* cuticle remover.

Cutex removes surplus cuticle without injury, leaving the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, *unbroken*.

Everyone who uses Cutex, even once, is so enthusiastic about it that we want you to try it, too. Send today for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set offered below and see the difference for yourself.



Cutex Nail White is a soft white cream which makes nail-tips clean and white for the whole day

Start to have lovely nails today

First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. It is now considered good form to have the nails oval-shaped and no longer than the finger tip.

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost immediately you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

If you like a snowy-white nail tip, apply a touch of Cutex Nail White (a soft white cream) underneath the nails. Apply directly from its convenient pointed tube; then spread under evenly and remove any surplus cream with orange stick. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Try Cutex *once* on your nails. When you see what an improvement the very first application makes, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

You can secure Cutex, the cuticle remover, wherever high class toilet preparations are sold. In 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish, in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form, is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is also 30c. If your store has not been supplied, order direct from us.



[Photo © White Studio]

Mary Nash, who is said to possess the most beautiful hands of any actress, says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex makes my nails look so much better."

Enough for six "manicures" for 15 cents

Put your name and address on the coupon and mail it today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a trial manicure set of Cutex preparations, complete with absorbent cotton, orange sticks and emery boards. Enough for at least six "manicures."

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 705 114 West 17th St., New York City

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 705, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.



If you wish an especially brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish



Send 15 cents today and get this complete Cutex Manicure Set

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 705, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from page 87)
admission. Another time somebody received a cake from his mother in Indiana, and Miss Barriscale took possession, and sold it at twenty-five cents per slice, securing something more than $5 for the cause.

TOM MEIGHAN, back in California, will be leading man for Mary Pickford in her next picture. While in New York Meighan supported Pauline Frederick and Billie Burke.

WHEELER OAKMAN, leading-man for Edith Storey, has volunteered his services and will leave for training camp on receipt of his appointment. (See story about him.) Kenneth Harlan, of Bluebird Universal, has applied for an appointment in the aviation branch of the service. Norman Kerry, who on account of the death of his father, was granted a six months' leave of absence from the Royal Canadian Flying Corps, will return to service as soon as his father's estate is settled.



Stagg

Here is Griffith, the world's greatest director, enjoying his noon-day meal of a mug of coffee and a plate of beans. And Bobby Harron is Hooverizing on newspapers by reading Griffith's—but D. W. doesn't know, so it's all right.

MARY MACLAREN is back at Universal City, again to be starred in Bluebird productions. It is funny, because you know Mary and Universal had an awful time in the courts not so very long ago—Mary sued Universal and Universal sued Mary. And Mary left and made a picture or two for—Horsley, wasn't it? Anyway, the differences are all patched up, and Mary's busy on the big lot.

THE Screen Telegram is a new news pictorial organized by the Mutual Film Corporation. It will come out twice a week; and is printed both in New York and Chicago to insure quick distribution. Cameramen have been placed in all the important news centers. It was organized by Terry Ramsaye, Mutual's silver-penned publicist.

WILLIAM DUNCAN has left Vitagraph and has gone to Pathe, where he will continue to serial, directing his own western adventures and incidentally starring in them.

THE cast assembled under James Kirkwood's direction to film the first of the Paul Armstrong plays, in which the writer's widow, Catherine Calvert, will star, includes such well-known names as Eugene O'Brien and David Powell, who have been loaned by their respective companies to act in "A Romance of the Underworld." Sybil Carmen, late of Ziegfeld's Follies, has an important role.

FOR the first time, Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, attended a moving picture theatre in Washington. The occasion was Douglas Fairbanks, a well-known film actor, in his "Modern Musketeer."

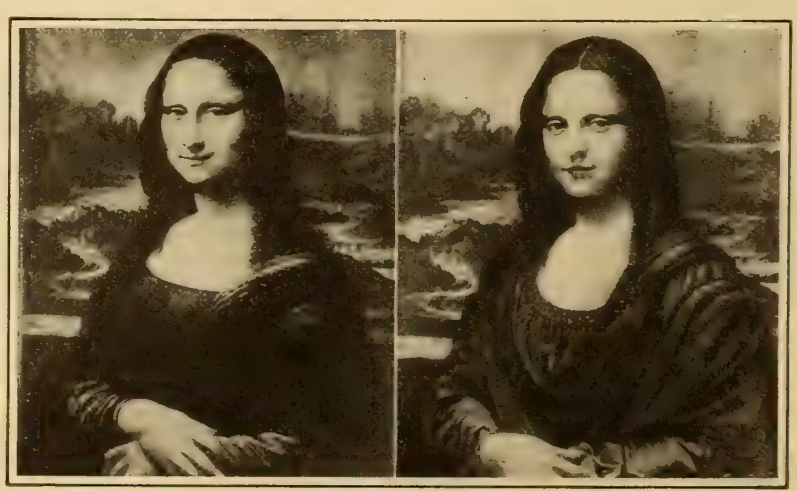
THEDA BARA is proudly displaying a service flag in her limousine, for her brother, Marque Bara, who is attached to the U. S. Signal Corps, Aviation Branch, stationed at Fort Sill, Okla. Before his enlistment, Bara was an assistant director for Fox.

RALPH KELLARD left Pathe to join the cast of "The Eyes of Youth," a stage play starring Marjorie Rambeau. But now we hear that he has returned to Pathe, and will soon be seen in a five-reel feature. Previous to his return to the legit, Kellard was with Pathe for two years.

DON BARCLAY, comedian, is doing a series of one-reelers for Essanay during his Chicago engagement with Ziegfeld's Follies.

MONTE M. KATTERJOHN, a scenarioist, wrote a letter to the U. S. Exhibitor's Booking Corporation anent the picture, "The Zeppelin's Last Raid," which he said he made possible to exhibit by completely changing the theme of the story, by re-writing most of the captions, cutting in of scenes, etc. This picture was made up largely of left-overs from "Civilization" which was so pronouncedly pacifist in tone, that it was for months the white elephant of the N. Y. M. P. Corp. Katterjohn said: "My work in 'The Zeppelin's Last Raid' speaks for itself." And you said something, Monte; you said something.

THE stars who reckon their weekly stipend by thousands are busy trying to figure out their income tax reports, and having considerable trouble doing it. It is said that Mary Pickford will have to pay Uncle Sam about one-quarter of a million dollars in income tax this year. Charlie Chaplin, who makes just one million a year, is perhaps the next largest contributor to the Government exchequer among the film people. Chaplin recently declared himself a British subject, but that fact will not exempt him from income tax levy. Douglas Fairbanks and William Hart also come in; they will give about one-quarter of their earnings. Not one of the stage luminaries will have to pay anything like these figures, with the possible exception of George M. Cohan, and probably Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso.



The head of the Balboa Company thinks he's found a modern Mona Lisa; so he had his new star posed in the costume worn by the lady in Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting. Her real name is Amy Jerome; and long ago she was with Fox.

PRINCE PAUL TROUBETSKY, the Russian sculptor, is making a statue of Douglas Fairbanks on horseback in cowboy costume. We presume the Prince will reproduce Doug's justly famous smile.



Men always admire a girl with a radiant complexion

There can be no luxury for a woman equal to the consciousness that her complexion is clear, fresh, delicately radiant. To keep it so, no amount of cosmetics can excel the *regular* use of a soap which throughly cleanses, and at the same time has just the right soothing, healing action to maintain the *natural* health and beauty of the skin.

Resinol Soap does this because it is an exquisitely pure and cleansing toilet soap containing the *Resinol* medication which physicians prescribe in the treatment of skin affections. With its use, the tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and the skin usually becomes a source of pride and satisfaction.

The same extreme purity and gentle Resinol medication adapt Resinol Soap to the care of the hair, and of a baby's delicate, easily-irritated skin.

If the complexion is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, a little Resinol Ointment should be used at first.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists. For a free sample cake, write to Dept. 2-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 61)

And a few minutes later, as Grant crept into a doorway outside, he saw Stewart trailing the German down the street.

Stewart closely trailed the man from the Hohenzollern club. He crossed in the ferry with him, followed on the Staten Island train and it was on here that the German realized he was being shadowed. Alighting at his destination, the German started off down the lonely road that lead to the shack. Close behind him was Stewart. A quick turn, a run backward and the German crashed his fist into Stewart's face. The youth fell unconscious. The German hurried on.

While Stewart had pursued the German Dixie Mason had trailed Von Lertz toward the shack from another road. She stole carefully about the shack into which Von Lertz had gone and climbed, by way of an old ladder to the roof. On the roof she peeked into the room below through a chink.

What she saw almost brought a scream to her lips. Quickly descending the girl made a false step and tumbled, turning her ankle. She staggered painfully to the taxi back in the dark of the road. The chauffeur helped her back into the vehicle, not noticing the girl had dropped her reticule in the road.

"A phone," the girl gasped. "Get me to a phone, quickly!"

"There's a roadhouse down the way a bit."

"Go there, at once please!"

Once in the phone booth Dixie forgot her aching ankle in the thrill of telling Chief Flynn what she had discovered. And after she had finished, the Secret Service chief ordered her home. "I'll take care of everything," he advised.

Stewart painfully arose some ten minutes after his encounter with the German. He managed to get to the roadhouse just after Dixie had left. He advised Grant by phone of what had happened.

When Chief Flynn released the news of the torpedo plot, all New York harbor was churning from the power boats. These officers, combined with the men of the Criminology Club, aroused by Grant, honeycombed the harbor in their search for suspicious characters, looking everywhere for traces of the torpedo that was planned to send the flagship to the bottom.

But so far the torpedo was harmless. In the dark confines of the sewer opening into the harbor, it had been lowered and shunted into the mouth, while back in the shack Schmidt, the mechanic, labored furiously on the last connection that would make the missile available for its deadly use—the wireless controller. And as he worked, accomplices watched at the mouth of the sewer, observing the gathering boats across the bay.

It was now daylight and the early morning sun painted all the harbor in a cheery, dazzling radiance. Soon the Review started, amidst the noises of sirens and hoarser-throated tug boats, ferries and river craft. Aboard the Mayflower the President of the United States was soon to see the pride of the navy as it steamed forth toward the open sea and—

Schmidt, having finished his work on the controller, started down into the open manhole in the floor of the shack. But as he began the descent he hesitated. His eyes narrowed viciously as he looked toward the door. From without had come a sound of hurried steps, of voices. Then a voice, commanding and clear, shouted:

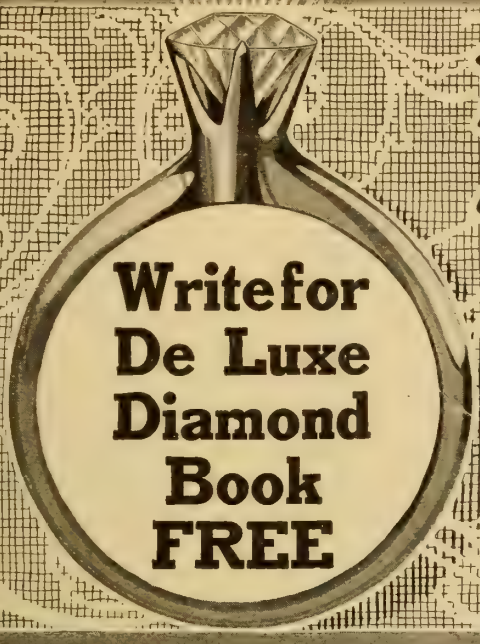
"Break the door in—now, altogether!"

Grant had arrived. The same chauffeur who had driven Dixie to and from the shack had brought him out. But so obsessed was he with breaking into the shack in time that he paid no attention when the chauffeur handed him the reticule dropped by Dixie. Grant jammed it in his pocket without a glance and assailed the door. As it gave way and

(Continued on page 119)



CAPTAIN VERNON CASTLE, formerly of Broadway, U. S. A. and late of the British Royal Flying Corps, who met his death in an airplane collision at Camp Taliaferro, near Fort Worth, Texas. This picture was the last photograph made of Captain Castle. A few days before his death he made a flight at a track meet of his corps, for "The Screen Telegram," newest of the news reels. The picture on this page is an enlargement of one of the tiny images from the original motion picture negative. Captain Castle gave up his career as a dancer of world fame and an income of about $100,000 a year to serve the cause of England and her allies. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre as a reward for valiant service.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 68)

THE LEGION OF DEATH—Metro

Not until Atlantic travel is freed from the curse, will the world at large know the exact truth of that curious organization of fighting women, led by Bochkareva, the Battalion of Death. Meanwhile as good a guess as any is provided by Metro in "The Legion of Death," Edith Storey taking the part of the woman with the difficult name, though the tale is altered so no actual impersonation is suggested. The story is not unusual—it is the more or less familiar record of the adventures of Russian patriot revolutionists in America and Petrograd, court intrigue, the unscrupulous attitude of the aristocracy toward women, and so on. But the acting is unusual, because it is principally the acting of Miss Storey, who is always distinctive.

THE BLUE BIRD—Artcraft

There is no director of moving pictures with a keener sense of the beautiful than Maurice Tourneur, and his genius for creating scenes of exquisite loveliness comes to its full fruition in "The Blue Bird," made from Maeterlinck's drama. It is so beautiful, from beginning to end, that it fairly stings the senses, awakening in the spectator esthetic emotions so long dormant, so seldom exercised, that the flashing light of the awakening is almost a surfeit of joy. Almost—only not entirely. For while this is an allegory, or dream picture, it is so closely bound to humanity in all its phases, that it goes deeper than the mere artistic observation, and appeals to the heart direct. I saw this wonderful picture in a small projection room, the lights flashing up between the reels, and yet a small company of staid editors and film folk were enchanted, and audible gasps could be heard from time to time as Tourneur's creation revealed some new, astonishing thing. It is Maeterlinck, himself—the Maeterlinck of the first decade of the twentieth century, after he had emerged from his decadence with a glorious understanding of the simplicity of existence.

The blue bird is the symbol of happiness. Two children go on a pilgrimage in search of this bird. All the common things of life—bread, milk, water, fire, the dog, the cat, and so on—are given souls and speech, and accompany them. They visit the Palace of Night, the graveyard, the home of children not yet born, and all sorts of mysterious places, finally discovering happiness to be just where they started. It is an idea that can be either platitudinous or illuminative, depending upon the treatment. I want to go on record as saying that the Tourneur interpretation is greater than the play as it existed in a book, and much greater than it was on the stage. This is because Tourneur has understood what Maeterlinck meant, and has added to the Belgian's masterpiece his own splendid imaginative powers. His selection of a cast was perfect, and I decline to praise any individual here, where there is not space to speak of all. Ben Carré superintended the construction of the marvelous sets, marvelous because they tell so much in such striking, simple manner.

This is one of the most important photodramas ever made. It blazes a new trail in production. It is addressed to the keenest and most critical audience. It defies the hypercritical. For the vision to see the possibilities, the Artcraft executives deserve high praise, scarcely second to that which must be accorded the genius of the play himself—Tourneur.

WEAVER OF DREAMS—Metro

"Weaver of Dreams" is the best story Viola Dana has had since "God's Law and Man's." It is a pathetic little thing, about a girl who, without even the heroism of one who makes an intentional sacrifice, is yet the connecting link in a double romance, the while she loses her own. I don't remember ever seeing Viola Dana end unhappily before, and even in this story it is not real unhappiness—only disappointment. For there is a profound philosophy in the story, voiced by one of the characters, "Whatever is mine, I shall have. Nothing that is truly mine can be taken from me. And what is not mine I do not want." Miss Dana's wistfulness is set against an ideal background, which brings out all its shadings. Happiness, sentiment, sorrow and hope—there is an interesting variety of emotions. It is to be hoped that this charming young woman will find more tales of the same sort, and keep away from the desert thrillers.

THEIR ANNIVERSARY FEAST—Vitagraph

Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres have been making a few short "polite comedies," the only discoverable efforts to approximate the achievements of the Drews. They are bits of domestic life, "Their Anniversary Feast" being woven about the coal shortage and the manly art of forgetting to mail letters. The leading players are pleasing, and a little more experience will bring their work in these short entertainments to a point where they will have real distinction.

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR—Pathe

Bessie Love makes her debut for Pathe in the not unfamiliar story of a small town girl who comes to New York to go on the stage, and in almost no time has New York at her feet. There is only one case of the kind on record in recent theatrical history, and in that instance the young woman came from Philadelphia. But there is this to be said for the picture, which takes its name from the name of the play, "The Spring of the Year," that it offers no harrowing scenes of attempts to debauch the ambitious girl. The only thing nearly approaching a *roué* in the story is led a lively dance by Miss Bessie. Flora Finch is on the screen again, as a "demon chaperone." Chester Barnett, perpetual juvenile, has the leading supporting role, that of a chorus man. His youthful energy has been employed to better purpose in the past. The picture is entirely lacking in emotional values, but is a pretty little comedy.

UNDER SUSPICION—Metro

In "Under Suspicion," the Bushman-Bayne-Metro offering of the month, Mr. Bushman plays the part of a cub reporter (concealing his real character as a millionaire) and Miss Bayne that of a regular reporter who despises rich people. But Mr. Bushman is suspected by Miss Bayne of being a thief. In proving he is not a thief, he is found guilty of being a millionaire. So he buys the paper from which he has been dismissed for incompetence (after just having rounded up the real burglars). Then he marries Miss Bayne, than which nothing could be more appropriate.

REAL FOLKS—Triangle

"Real Folks," in its original form, was a good enough story to win the first prize over several thousand competitors in the PHOTOPLAY Magazine-Triangle scenario contest. This fact is not apparent in the completed picture. Jack Cunningham's scenario is dull and prosy, nor is it enlivened by Director Walter Edwards' handling of the scenes. The story, told in PHOTOPLAY last month, offered constant opportunities for the finest sort of comedy, scarcely one of which was utilized. The characters move in snail-like procession, heavy-footed and somnolent. Even the photographer seemed asleep, for, much of the time, the eyes have to strain to discern the characters as they move in half lights and heavy shadows. There is hardly a half-dozen close-ups. Yet the actors were willing and intelligent. J. Barney Sherry gave a delightful study of the suddenly rich Pat Dugan, and Francis McDonald was as spirited as he was permitted to be, as the democratically inclined son. Fritzi Ridgeway was pretty and cheerful. But the whole effect is dismal, and it passes comprehension how such a misfortune could have happened in Triangle, where the recent average of excellence has been so high with stories of less merit.

MADAM WHO—Paralta

The Civil War theme, usually considered as played out, is given new life in "Madam Who," principally because of the acting of Bessie Barriscale. She plays the part of a southern girl who seeks to avenge the death of her father and brother by becoming a spy in the interests of the Confederacy. Of course she falls in love with a northern officer, but that is aside from the point, which is that Miss Barriscale is one of the few actresses who can be just pretty and demure in the first act, and rise to tragic heights as the role develops dramatic force. It is a clean story, full of movement and high adventure. Reginald Barker directed it from a scenario based upon Harold McGrath's novel.

(Continued on page 102)



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Lace Collars	Sweaters	Silk Stockings
Fine Table Linens	Blankets	Washable Gloves
	Sport Coats	Fine Curtains

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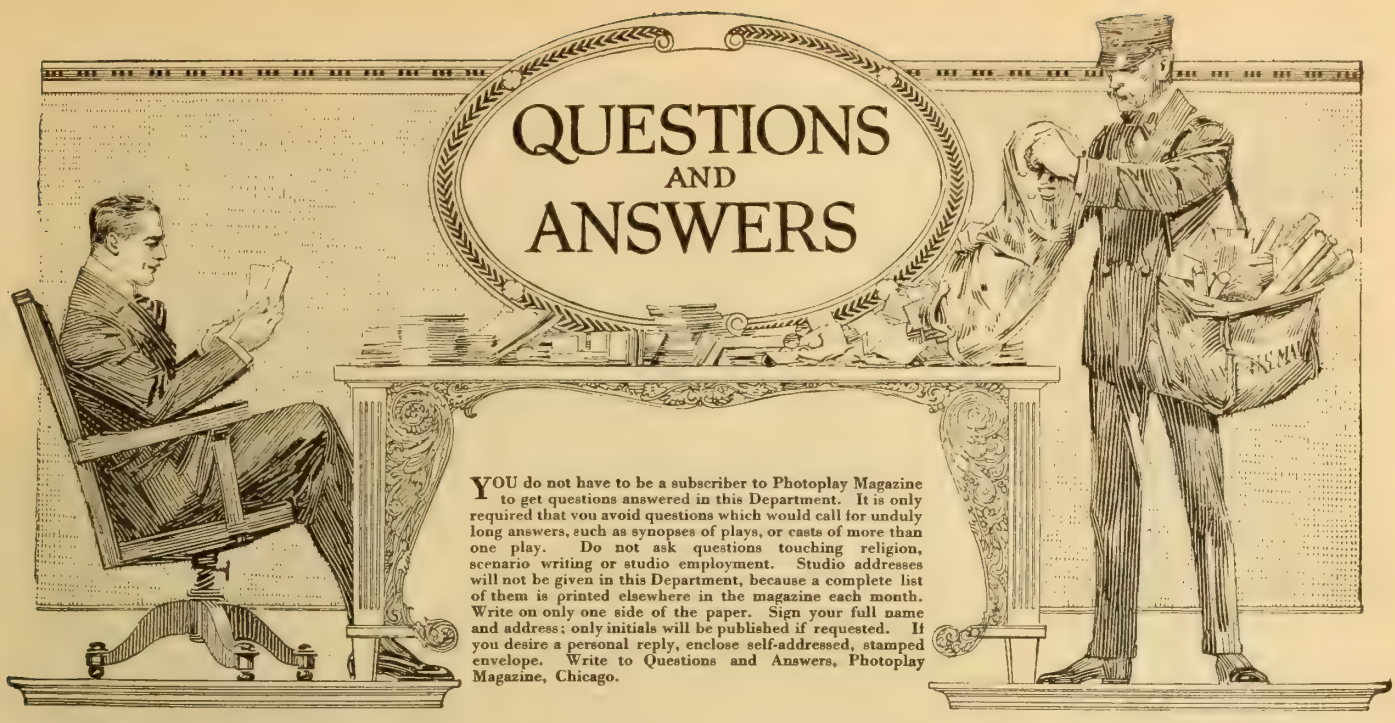
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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

G., Little Falls, N. Y.—Of course if you have been informed "on very good authority" that Theda Bara *"is* married and has *two very adorable children,"* why there's nothing for us to do but lay down our hand, as it were. But for the lovva Mike don't let Theda hear about it; she actually thinks she is single and has no children.

Tomboy, Newark, N. J.—How can Charlie Chaplin be English if he was born in France? That's easy. Suppose you were born while your parents were visiting friends in Constantinople; would you be a Turk? You see Charlie's parents were English and according to law, etc., etc., he takes the nationality of his parents. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn. Thomas J. Carrigan was born in Lapeer, Mich.

F. H., Astoria, Ore.—Fannie Ward has a daughter who lives in London. Gladys Brockwell is with Fox, Mary Minter with American and Marguerite Clark, Ann Pennington and Louise Huff with Famous Players-Lasky.

D. B., Circleville, O.—Mary Pickford is now in Hollywood, Cal. She has been there for more than a year. Every picture beginning with and since "A Romance of the Redwoods" was made during her present stay there. Victor Moore is at Jacksonville, Fla.

E. L., Little Falls, N. Y.—There are seventeen episodes in "The Fatal Ring" and not in one was Pearl White injured. It is being published serially in a syndicate of newspapers and perhaps will appear in book form later. Guess you are right about that struggle on the girder but you can't prove it by us. We only see cereals at breakfast time.

Gladys, Dalroy, Canada.—Elliott Dexter played opposite Myrtle Stedman in "An American Beauty." All we can recall of that old production of "Colleen Bawn" was that Gene Gauntier played in it. If you were ignored previously, it was an error. Please forgive.

Mary Admirer, Milwaukee, Wis.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada; Mary Miles Minter in Shreveport, La.; Olga Petrova in Warsaw, Poland; Shirley Mason in Brooklyn. "The Little American" was filmed in Hollywood, Cal.

L. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—As you will note in the instructions heading this department, questions about employment are under the ban, even though they are occasionally answered here. If you think, though, that you would make a second "Doug" Fairbanks, send your pictures and credentials to any motion picture company. They're all looking for a second "Doug" just like they've all been looking for another Mary Pickford for the last half dozen years.

"Special-Purpose" Pictures

IF you are interested in using motion pictures in your club, your church, your school or your Red Cross society, write to Photoplay for suggestions and read the new Educational Films Department, to begin next month.

S. B., Los Angeles, Cal.—Sylvia Bremer would undoubtedly consider it an honor if you made application for one of her photos. She is at the Ince studio, Pico and Georgia, your city. She is neither French nor Spanish but Australian; not married and is appearing at regular intervals on the screen. One of her latest was "The Narrow Trail" with Willum Hart.

M. J., Stockton, Cal.—Owen Moore is about 29 and William Desmond about ten years older than that. Harold Lockwood can be reached through Metro.

Helen, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Elaine Hammerstein made her film debut in "The Argyle Case" with Robert Warwick. Marguerite Clark, we think, first played the lead in "Baby Mine" on the stage. Anyhow it *wasn't* Marie Doro, as you surmise. Frank Morgan played in "The Girl Philippa" and "A Modern Cinderella."

Lois, Hot Springs, Ark.—A trifle behind the times girlie. Photoplay has already printed pictures of the Billie Burke, Lottie Pickford and Alice Joyce babies. Madge Evans has light hair and blue eyes.

L. T., Jamaica, N. Y.—We have no record of Alfred Swenson. Maybe he has changed it.

V. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.—Bryant Washburn did not play in "The Slacker" but in a similar photoplay named "The Man Who Was Afraid." Eugene O'Brien was the man who was in love with Mary Pickford in "Rebecca." His address is given elsewhere in this department.

Anxious Alice, Brooklyn.—Wallace MacDonald isn't so new in pictures. He was born in Halifax and was on the stage a number of years. He has played with Keystone and Vitagraph and is now with Triangle at Culver City, Cal. He is 26 years old, five ten and weighs 145. Nice boy too. No, he isn't married.

P. S., Nevada, Mo.—Charles Gerrard played the part of *Lawrence Topham* in "A Woman's Awakening." He has since played in numerous other photoplays including "Down to Earth" with Fairbanks and "The Legion of Death" with Edith Storey. He is a native of Ireland, 31 years old and a brother of Douglas Gerrard, the Universal director-actor.

V. B., Oakland, Cal.—Mary Miles Minter's birthday fell last year on April 1. It is expected to repeat this year—the sixteenth. That is, the sixteenth birthday. Norma Talmadge's is May 2. Mary Pickford has several autos. The one to which you refer is a Packard.

M. L., Idaho Springs, Colo.—Gee, but you gotta great memory. None of those you mention are now on the screen. Some got married and the others just faded out, owing to strenuous competition, we presume, or an inability to adjust themselves to changing conditions.

Mary, Ottawa, Canada.—It was Theda Bara and not Betty Nansen in "Under Two Flags." Betty was here in 1915-16 but returned to Denmark. Glad you finally ran across Photoplay, but you'll never know what you've missed.

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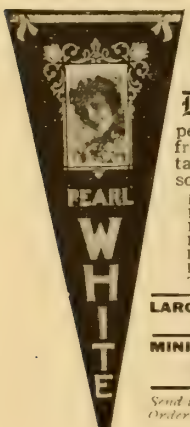
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

B. G., MARTINSVILLE, VA.—Jane Grey is back on the stage, her last screen appearance having been with Art Dramas.

J. M., PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Muggins Davies and Walter DeLeon are not in pictures; still in vaudeville, we understand. No record of Mr. Bard. Ben Wilson is at Universal City.

C. J. S., JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn and inasmuch as that territory has been annexed to the United States, any court would decide that her nationality is American. She isn't married and is seventeen years old. Was on the stage and can be reached through Edison. You're terribly welcome.

E. G. S., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Bill Hart usually ignites the match by bringing the head thereof into sharp contact with the thumbnail of his right hand. He uses one of the so-called bird's-eye variety of matches with a white or red spot on the end of the ignition substance. The thumbnail is drawn rapidly across, at the point where the two colors join, with a quick, scratching movement. His manner of bringing his hand down sharply from the shoulder has nothing to do with the success of the stunt. Does that solve the mystery? It's an old cowboy trick. His eyes are blue and his height six-two. It's really six-one but we wanted to make it rhyme. If you saw 38 parts of "Liberty" it's 38 more than we saw so we can't tell you anything about the finish.

ARTCRAFT FAN, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Dorothy West was the girl in "The Habit of Happiness." William Shea was *Wertheimer* in "The Lone Wolf." Edmund Stanley was *Raymond Wells* in "The Law of Compensation."

BETTY, CINCINNATI.—Marshall Neilan hasn't gone to war yet. Several pictures of him have been printed in PHOTOPLAY during the last year. He is now directing Mary Pickford.

C. S., NOVA SCOTIA.—Harold Lockwood has a young son. Wallace MacDonald is not married. Paul Willis is in his eighteenth year.

J. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Eugene O'Brien is single. He is 31 years old.

M. R. G., SUMMIT, N. J.—The villain was Warner Oland and the young fellah Henry Gsell in "The Fatal Ring." The gentleman to whom you refer sends out photographs upon request. Earle Williams is now in California, his native state.

BABY, DANVILLE, PA.—Lillian Gish is not married, neither is Pearl White. Thank you for your happy wishes; they are much appreciated.

BLUE EYES, NASHVILLE, TENN.—We're flattered, oh so flattered. You really want our opinion on that new gown? We think the combination of orange and blue gorgeous—dazzling in fact. Have it by all means.

H. H., CINCINNATI, O.—Antonio Moreno and Billie Burke are not playing together. Perhaps you mean Mrs. Vernon Castle. Your baseball question is over our head.

ETHEL, LOS ANGELES.—Earle Williams, Ethel Grey Terry, Billie Billings and Brinsley Shaw had the principal parts in "Arsene Lupin."

LOUIS, DUPONT, PA.—No, Louie, we don't sell books that teach acting. They aint no sich books. Sorry.

L. D., COLEMAN, WIS.—A player may be with one company for a few weeks and then go to another for a picture or two. That was the case with Kathleen Kirkham who played in "A Modern Musketeer" with Fairbanks. Virginia Valli is with Essanay, Chicago. Thanks for the comp.

M. M., GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK.—There were stories about Geraldine Farrar, or pictures in the issues of July, September and December, 1915; May, 1916, and January, 1917, in addition to the later issues you have seen. Fifteen cents each will bring them to your door.

HARRY, SIDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—David Hartford was the father of Bill Desmond in "Blood Will Tell." He is an old legitimate player and has probably played in Australia sometime during his long career on the stage. Your news about Australia's cinema activities was very interesting.

C. E., PORT HOPE, CANADA.—"The Price She Paid" was done with the following personnel: *Mildred Gower*, Clara K. Young; *Mrs. Gower*, Louise Beaudet; *Frank Gower*, Cecil Fletcher; *Presbury*, Charles Bowser; *Gen Siddall*, S. Edwards; *Stanley Baird*, Alan Hale; *Donald Keith*, David Powell. When in doubt about an address, make it care PHOTOPLAY, Chicago, Ill.

G. S. R., WESTMOUNT, CANADA.—You are too easily discouraged. Cheer up. We usually try to answer the same question but once in each issue in order to conserve space and—the Answer Man's nerves. Never mind the fee and whenever you're in doubt, slip us your troubles. We have so many of our own that a few additions won't be noticed.

M. J., MINNEAPOLIS.—Enjoyed your comments. Write again and don't be finicky about criticising.

MEG, GREENPORT, N. Y.—There's no Billy Jennings. Maybe you mean Billie Billings in "Apartment 29."

A. H., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—So far as we know there was no Pedro in "The Gray Ghost." Apparently you have reference to Eddie Polo because he was also in "Liberty." We didn't recognize you until you mentioned the interesting fact that you were the girl who wrote us about Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

S. B., TOTTENVILLE, N. Y.—George Fisher is almost six feet tall, unmarried and still under thirty. Mae Murray's latest pictures are "Face Value" and "The Morals of an Actress." George Fisher is now with Paralta.

WALLY'S, MEDFORD, MASS.—Jack Mulhall is 26, married, and is now with Lasky. No record of "The Joy of Fate." Charles Emerson was the composer in "It Happened to Adele" with Gladys Leslie. Olive Thomas is five, three. Lillian Greuze is French.

E. A. MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—Jewel Carmen is not married. Most of the players appreciate it when the sum of twenty-five cents is enclosed with a request for a photograph. Some of the principal stars, Mary Pickford for one, give to some favorite charity all the money received in this manner.

(Continued on page 121)

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RUTH ROLAND

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

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THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

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MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 24 W. 44th St., New York City; 807 E. 175th St., New York City (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

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TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

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WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 96)

THE OTHER WOMAN—Pathe

Peggy Hyland's first and only appearance in Pathe Plays is a delightful impersonation of a Washington Square artist in "The Other Woman," Frederic Arnold Kummer wrote the story, but Philip Bartholmae unwrote it, killed off the human interest—or perhaps this is another sin of the cutting-room—by omitting to develop the three main characters. A husband and wife are estranged, and the husband finds sympathy in an association with the artist, but she eventually sends him back to his responsibilities, much to everyone's disappointment. Milton Sills and Anna Lehr play the mismated pair. Both rank among the real artists of the screen.

THE MARIONETTES—Select

Clara Kimball Young is the star of the Clara Kimball Young productions made by the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, and by gosh she doesn't intend that the fact shall be overlooked. Not that anyone is likely to overlook the Divine Clara these days, because she isn't as lissom as she was when she played in "Heart of the Blue Ridge" and such-like vigorous, out-door, bust-reducing dramas. "The Marionettes," her latest offering, is an indoor sport, expanded from Pierre Wolff's play, and it consists, to a great degree, of carefully posed close-ups of Miss Young's increasingly voluminous physiology.

REVENGE—Metro

"Revenge" is a story of the type best known as "western," with Edith Storey as the eastern girl who arrives in the wilds just after the man she intends to marry has been killed. How she is induced to suspect his partner, but later save him, forms the body of the tale. But this is a plot picture, and not one of individual dramatic opportunity. There are several dozen leading women who could play the principal role satisfactorily—perhaps not with the intensity of Miss Storey, but as well as the part itself demands.

THE SHUTTLE—Select

The screen version of "The Shuttle" plays up the melodramatic moments of Mrs. Burnett's six-best-seller but eliminates the "message" which leaves the story somewhat pointless and incoherent. We have, it is true, the resourceful American heroine and her helpless sister and the wicked English husband and the melancholy English lover. But the basic idea which points out the dangers of international marriages, is entirely lost in the superficial action. On the screen, the girl rescues her sister chiefly by the sunshine of her smile, and marries the English hero without any struggle over the ethics of English-American alliances. Constance Talmadge plays this heroine with a girlish dignity which distinguishes the part from any of her more frivolous roles. The settings are mainly wooded exteriors, to uphold the traditions of English country life, but the producers should realize that one curate, a gardener and a hunting dog do not make English atmosphere. There are certain elements which unfit the picture for the kindergarten.

THE FAMILY SKELETON—Paramount

Here is Charles Ray's first strong bid for top line honors in many months. A young man, at twenty-one, inherits many millions, the while his guardians solemnly and fiendishly (though acting to the best of their benighted intentions) inform him that he has to be careful that he is not overtaken by the curse of liquor, which destroyed his father. How the very warning proved a challenge and a lure, and how the young man was saved by a girl's ingenuity, are the elements of a fascinating story. This is an interesting variation upon the too familiar Ray theme.

THE SIGN INVISIBLE—First National Exhibitors

Edgar Lewis, director of "The Barrier" and producer of "The Bar Sinister," has dallied too long with the French and Indians of the north country. "The Sign Invisible" has not the plot interest of the Rex Beach masterpiece, so interestingly paralleled in "The Bar Sinister." It is the story of a surgeon who, failing in several operations, curses God and goes into the wilderness, where he regains his faith. Mr. Lewis seems to have been in such an uplifted, devotional mood, that he overlooked the fundamental fact of the picture play—that it shall tell a straightforward, dramatic story. Not even Mitchell Lewis' genius for the portrayal of the *courier du bois* could redeem this lapse.

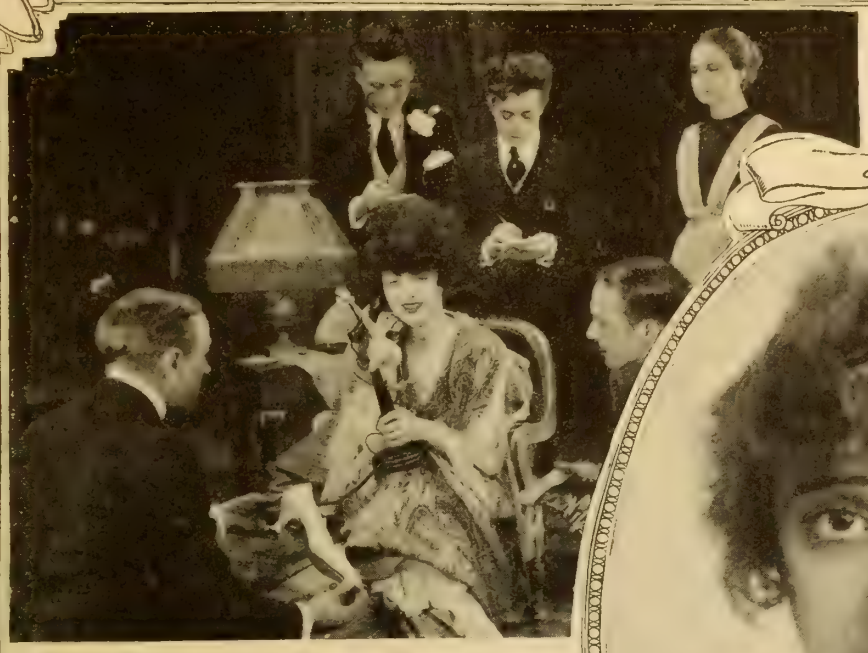
EVE'S DAUGHTER—Paramount

"Eve's Daughter" is the story of a girl who, brought up by a miserly father, inherits a few thousand dollars, and is almost ruined through her reaction toward self-indulgence in luxuries—almost, but not quite, because Billie Burke plays the part of this daughter of Eve, and at all costs she must be saved from ruin. Tom Meighan is assigned the task of preventing the ruin which Lionel Atwell endeavors to accomplish. Director James Kirkwood kept the story comparatively clean, considering its innate suggestiveness.

HEADIN' SOUTH—Artcraft

"Headin' South" is the shootingest picture I ever saw. Douglas Fairbanks, single-handed, invades a nest of Mexican bandits, captures the chief, saves the girl, and lures the band into a trap where it is exterminatetd by Texas rangers. The Fairbanks smile is carrying a load under which it almost collapses. With anyone else in the leading role, this would be a reversion to the wild west picture of five years ago.

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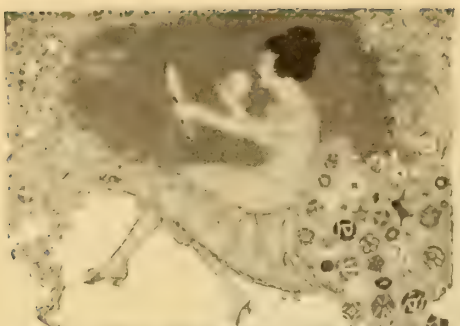
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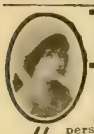
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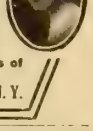


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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

By Harriette Underhill

FROM TWO TO SIX—Triangle

"From Two to Six" is a Triangle picture, with a triumvirate of stars. They are Winifred Allen, the heroine, Arthur Stringer, the author, and Alan Dwan the director. The story in its screen form makes delightful entertainment. Miss Allen is Alice Stevens, the daughter of an inventor whose secret is stolen from him by German spies. Within four hours, from two to six, Alice trails the spy to his hotel, has a narrow escape from death, recovers the stolen papers, meets Earl Fox, and marries him. There are other interesting people in the story—for instance, Forrest Robinson, who plays so well the old inventor, and Margaret Greene, who is the lady spy. We wished, all during the picture, that they would reveal the secret of the papers, for it was said to be an invention which would effectually check the U-boat.

KEITH OF THE BORDER—Triangle

Another Triangle picture which is quite different, is "Keith of the Border," featuring Roy Stewart and Josie Sedgwick. This, as the title indicates, is a wild western drama, and while no one was eligible to compete unless he could ride, rope and shoot, still the plot did not hang entirely on a lariat. There is mistaken identity, and Miss Sedgwick is called upon to play the parts of two sisters who are not at all alike. What we could not understand was, how she managed to fool so clever a villain as Black Bart. There are some wonderfully realistic fights in which men pummel each other with their fists instead of resorting to the well known six-shooter.

HANDS DOWN—Bluebird

In "Hands Down," Monroe Salisbury gives one of those half-breed impersonations for which he is justly famous. Only in this case he is not an Indian but an Italian and at times rather suggests George Beban. Dago Sam is a gambler both in cards and in love. In neither game is he at all scrupulous, and out in the western wilds where Sam has his habitation, the natives do not ostracize you when you are caught—they shoot you. So Sam is always taking chances and rousing Marina, his own Italian sweetheart, to a frenzy. But when it comes to the real game, Sam proves to be square, and he saves beautiful Ruth Clifford from becoming the bandit's bride. The picture was produced by Rupert Julian.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph

Playing an absolutely unsympathetic role in a Vitagraph picture, "The Woman Between Friends," Robert Walker has managed to claim all of the laurels. Walker is a recruit to Vitagraph forces and his name appears below that of Alice Joyce and Marc MacDermott; yet, such is the power of his personality, his dignity and repression, that without trying to usurp the honors, in the least, every big scene belongs to him. The story tells of two friends, John Drene, played by MacDermott, and Jack Graylock, played by Walker. The two on the eve of John's marriage, swear allegiance to their friendship and say that no woman ever shall come between them. Later John neglects his young wife and Jack takes her for his own. After her death, Jack loves truly for the first time in his life. The object of his adoration is Cecelie, his model, portrayed by Alice Joyce. John's revenge comes when he wins Cecelie from Graylock and marries her, thereby making himself very unpopular with the audience. For contrary to screen traditions, all of the sympathy is with the villain. Tom Terriss directed the picture from a Robert Chambers' novel and it is one of the best things Vitagraph ever has done.

WHIMS OF SOCIETY—World

"Whims of Society," a World picture featuring Ethel Clayton, is a melodrama which has for its theme the poor working girl, the hard hearted boss, the vengeful foreman and the philanthropic son of the boss, who eventually marries the poor working girl. "Whims of Society" has the advantage of a good cast, including Ethel Clayton, Frank Mayo, and Frank Beamish.

LEST WE FORGET—Metro

"What her eyes have seen your eyes shall see." These words are flashed on the screen before Rita Jolivet's big new picture "Lest We Forget" is shown. And so it proved, for the sinking of the Lusitania is depicted in a manner which is all too realistic for one's peace of mind. Miss Jolivet is an expert swimmer and she is seen in the ocean fighting for her life, just as she did in the great tragedy. The story is powerfully told and painstakingly produced. It is about the war but not of it, for it shows only a few scenes of actual fighting.

TARZAN OF THE APES—National

"Tarzan of the Apes," Edgar Rice Burroughs' fantastic story, has been put on the screen, despite obstacles which would, to the lay mind, appear insurmountable. But the thing has been so well done that it is convincing. An English boy is lost in the wilds of Africa and adopted by a tribe of apes. He grows to manhood with the simian strength and human intelligence. The picture was really filmed in South America, but the lions, leopards, and other wild beasts, are quite as fierce as they could possibly be in their native land. A remarkable child, Gordon Griffith, plays Tarzan the boy, with his ape-like proclivities. Elmo Lincoln is Tarzan the man, a giant creature who can, and does, wrestle single-handed with a huge lion and kill him. It is interesting if not advanced drama.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE BELOVED TRAITOR—Goldwyn

A plot which has been used a hundred times is still used effectively in a Goldwyn picture called "The Beloved Traitor." Perhaps it is true that plots, like wine, improve with age; at any rate, this new Mae Marsh picture is quite delightful and so is the star. E. K. Lincoln gives a convincing performance as Judd Minot.

FLARE-UP SAL—Paramount

Dorothy Dalton is appearing in the title role in a Paramount picture called "Flare-Up Sal"—a picture which gives Miss Dalton a chance to exercise all of her talents, including dimples and dancing. Of course "Flare-Up Sal" is a music hall girl, the adopted daughter of one of the 'forty niners. And there is the Red Rider, impersonated by Thurston Hall, and Dandy Dave Hammond, played by William Conklin, and Tin Cup Casey, in the person of J. P. Lockney, and with each of these three worthies it is a case of "object matrimony." The Red Rider is a bandit, Dandy Dave is a card sharp and Tin Cup is a drunkard, but Sal had no difficulty in choosing. One may love a bandit, but there are rules governing the human emotions which forbid the heroine to love a card sharp or a drunkard.

THE OTHER MAN—Vitagraph

Is it possible for a man, merely by assuming a beard, to fool the girl to whom he is engaged, so that she will remain true to her allegiance and throw him over in favor of himself? Very well, then, that is what happened in "The Other Man," a Vitagraph picture, in which Harry Morey and Grace Darmond play the chief roles. We do not blame Harry and Grace for falling in love with each other for Miss Darmond is so perfect in her blonde loveliness and Harry Morey is so manly that no one cared whether the story was plausible or not.

BROKEN TIES—World

It would seem that some one had two distinct stories in mind and then united them and called the result "Broken Ties." The picture features June Elvidge, Montagu Love, and Arthur Ashley. One of the stories tells of a girl, Corinne La Force, who was the daughter of the daughter of a cannibal chief and an English army officer. Because Corinne had been so indiscreet in choosing her maternal ancestors, Henry Hasbrook, who alone knew the secret of her birth, refused to sanction her engagement to his nephew. Arthur Ashley is the nephew, and Pinna Nesbit the grand-daughter of the chieftain. The other story tells of Marcia Fleming and her husband, played by June Elvidge and Montagu Love, who get into all sorts of trouble because John devotes himself to his business and neglects his wife. The connecting link in the stories is that both women are in love with the nephew, Arnold Curtis. The picture depends for its interest upon the excellent work done by the individual players.

THE WIFE HE BOUGHT—Bluebird

"The Wife He Bought" is an innocuous little story which ambles along, but rather pleasantly, mainly because one has plenty of chances to view Carmel Meyers and she is so extremely good to look at. Kenneth Harlan is called upon to portray the hero, a surly sort of young animal who took a real revenge on the daughter of his father's enemy when he forced her to marry him. But he reforms and the final fade-out shows the married lovers in a close embrace with the inference that they lived happy ever after.

LITTLE RED DECIDES—Triangle

"Little Red Decides" is a Triangle picture in which there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It is all because Little Red did decide that he wanted no other mother than Duck Sing, a Chinese cook. Bret Harte said, "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar," but it would have been impossible to convince Little Red of the fact. Barbara Connolly plays the title role in this picture, the chief character being a dirty-faced little boy of five.

THE WASP—World

Willard Mack has written a story called "The Wasp" and it has been picturized by the World Film Company, with Kitty Gordon in the title role. It is melodrama with bad men who try to blow up factories, and beautiful girls who are walled up in caves with pseudo-chauffeurs and all that sort of thing. Kitty Gordon is Grace Culver, familiarly known as The Wasp because of her sharp tongue. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays the chauffeur-lover.

OUR LITTLE WIFE—Goldwyn

"Our Little Wife" is another one of those mock tragedies which Madge Kennedy knows so well how to handle. It is not unlike "The Honeymoon" and "Nearly Married" inasmuch as the lovers are married in the first reel and the story hangs on the difficulties encountered in the sea of matrimony.

THE GIRL WITH THE CHAMPAGNE EYES—Fox

Put away your lamp, Diogenes, and cease your wanderings, for here is an honest man. He is the press-agent who wrote "'The Girl with the Champagne Eyes' sparkles with dramatic incidents." It does, and much more. What a relief at last to find a girl who is not good and yet who does not say, "I was so pitifully young, and I loved him." Jewel Carmen isn't that kind of a girl. She is the girl with the champagne eyes and she is a sort of female Raffles who becomes famous in London, infamous in America, and reforms in Alaska after losing her heart to one of her victims.

Women I Have Loved

(Continued from page 21)

famous players from all the studios and any number of distinguished people from Los Angeles and Pasadena. Before the thing was over I felt like a bigamist. Charlie Eyton, Miss William's husband, was there, to see that the ceremony was not too realistic. In fact Mr. Eyton was best man, and I had to use his wife's real wedding ring for the scene. He kicked a little at this but finally gave in. We even had the little choir boys—nothing was missing to make it look like a real wedding.

Dr. Lee proved himself to be a good director. I don't mind admitting that the solemnity of the scene and surroundings rather got on my nerves. I felt very uncomfortable and, to hide it, began joking with Miss Williams and cutting up generally. As soon as Dr. Lee noticed it, he didn't hesitate a moment in calling me down.

"Try and remember," he said severely, "that you are forty-two years old, a Governor of this state, and that you are taking a very serious step: you should act accordingly."

The wedding in "The Whispering Chorus" seemed very much more serious to me than my real wedding, which was a very quiet one.

Does Theda Bara Believe Her Own Press Agent?

(Continued from page 63)

"Miss Bara," I said: "A friend of mine knew you when you were playing in a little Jewish Theatre on the East Side about eight years ago—second parts—"

"My favorite role is 'Du Barry,'" replied Miss Bara.

A story goes that one night at a theatre a well-known booking-agent, Chamberlain Brown, was introduced to Theda Bara. "Didn't you come to me for a job once?" he asked. Said Theda frostily: "Indeed not. Before my appearances on the screen, I had never appeared on any stage except in Paris." The booking-agent smiled. "Oh no," he said; "I know you, Theodosia Goodman; you're the girl."

Sometime ago Miss Lucille Cavanaugh, the dancer, met Theda Bara on the Astor Roof. She noticed the ring Theda was wearing, and admired it. "It is a poison ring," Miss Bara told her. Lucille immediately desired one like it; so they bought her a ring and dipped it in vanilla, and Lucille wears it everywhere.

And now Theda is really *Theda Bara*, by permission of the court. And her p. a. may take a much-needed rest.

Before I left her, I found myself wishing I might see her again sometime,—when her press-agent wasn't along.

Gerard's Book Picturized

James W. Gerard's picture from his book, "My Four Years in Germany," has been completed, with Mr. Gerard himself in his original role. The film was directed by William Nigh.



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The Devil's Camera

(Continued from page 38)

her consent you know. I had that all figured out from the start."

"It may be one, however, to obtain money under false pretenses," I shot at him. "How about that contract your wife signed today with the United?"

Before he could answer me, a slender, dark-haired girl swept into the room. Literally swept, like some queen of tragedy. I think she was, without exception, the prettiest woman I have ever seen in my life. Even more than that. The handsomest I am quite sure she had been listening in the hall. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes dark with excitement.

"Whatever my husband may have done," she flung at me, without waiting for an introduction, "he has committed no crime. He was only trying to help *me*. I've tramped the streets of this stony-hearted town for weeks, looking for work—any decent, respectable work, and what did I get? Insults—all the rotten, contemptible insults that every good-looking woman gets, when she happens to be down and out. I made up my mind I'd beat you at your own game. Cheap sensation mongers, that's all you are. You'll listen to anything—anybody, that's sufficiently advertised. You'd let genius starve, and go crazy over the love affairs of a prostitute. So I fixed this thing up with Sam"—she swept him a caressing glance that made me positively envious—"and now that I've got a chance to make good, to show what I can do, you come to spoil it." Suddenly she began to weep. "Oh—what's the use," she wailed, falling into a chair. "What's the use."

I felt somewhat confused. Was this woman acting, or was it the real goods. I confess I couldn't quite make up my mind, but whatever it was, it was magnificent.

"What makes you think I've come to spoil it all?" I asked.

Sam perked up at this, and the girl stopped crying.

"Then you're not going to tell?" she asked.

"I came here to offer you an engagement with the International," I said.

Sam and his wife looked at each other. Then he spoke.

"Gee, I wish I had known that. I'd a whole lot rather have Dorothy with you people, than with the United."

"Can't you get out of it?"

"No." He looked gloomily at me. "The contract was signed this morning."

"Do the United people know that this kidnapping stunt was all a fake?"

The girl spoke up at once.

"Certainly not. Nobody does, but you." Then she rose and came up to me, her eyes wet with tears. "Please don't tell," she begged, taking me by the lapels of my coat. "Please don't. You will spoil the only chance I ever had in my life."

When a girl as pretty as Dorothy Carter looks at you like that, there isn't very much to be said. After all, if I couldn't sign her up for the International, there was no particular reason why I should give her secret to the public.

"How did you ever do it?" I asked.

"It wasn't very difficult. Two friends of Sam's helped. One of them is a taxi driver. We are going to take care of them later, if everything goes well. I hid in the cellar of the house where one of them lives, for a week, and then came out. That's all there was to it."

"All there was to it?" I gasped, regarding her with wonder. "And the police of an entire continent up in the air looking for you. Did you plan this thing?"

"Yes," she admitted modestly.

"Then all I can say is, you are the nerviest as well as the best looking woman I ever met in my life."

This pleased her so much that she threw her arms about me and gave me a real hug. For a moment I thought she was going to kiss me. I reached for my hat.

"If you can find any way to get out of your contract with the United," I said. "let me know, Sam"—I turned to the sheepish looking young man—"allow me to congratulate you. You may not be the best camera man in the world, but as a picker you've got anybody I know beat a mile."

Just then the doorbell rang, and Dorothy, with a final look of appeal, fled. Doubtless she anticipated the coming of some questioning reporter, and felt it better to continue the fiction about "resting after her terrible experiences" that her mother had sprung on me. I bade Sam a hurried good-by and left.

When I got back to the office I found Davis waiting for me. Bob is very jealous of his abilities; the mere thought that I might have succeeded where he failed hurt him to the core. He looked up inquiringly as I came in, and when I shook my head, he grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"Didn't connect, eh?" he laughed.

"No," I said. "If there had been any way for her to get out of that contract with the United, she'd have done it, but the thing's signed in black and white. Too bad, but it can't be helped."

"You saw her then?"

"Certainly I saw her."

"What sort of a looker is she? Equal to her pictures?"

"Bob," I said impressively, "she's this sort of a looker. If I didn't have a wife, and she didn't have a husband, she'd be in a cab with me on our way to get a marriage license this very minute."

Bob didn't pay much attention to my rhapsodies. The statement I had inadvertently made about Dorothy Carter being married was what interested him.

"Married!" he gasped. "What are you giving me?"

"Fact. And between you and me, I'm not at all sure that it isn't just as well the United signed her up, instead of our company. Come over to the Chief's office with me. I've got something to tell you."

Davis followed me with a mystified air, and sat in amazed silence while I explained the whole thing. Before I began, I stipulated that what I told them

The Devil's Camera

(Continued)

was to be a matter of absolute confidence. I had no intention of breaking my promise to Dorothy Carter, and I knew that the Chief would respect my wishes.

"So you see," I concluded, "the whole thing was a fake, and there is no knowing when it may be exposed."

"Do the United people know that the kidnapping was a plant?" the Chief asked me.

"No. They've signed up the girl in good faith."

Goldheimer — that's the Chief— drummed on his desk with a pencil. I knew very well what he was thinking. Davis, however, expressed his thoughts in vigorous terms.

"We've got 'em," he announced, striding up and down the room. "We've got 'em cold. All we have to do is wait until they have sunk twenty-five thousand in their picture, and are ready to release it, and then we'll expose the fake and their picture won't be worth thirty cents. It's a cinch. How about it, Mr. Goldheimer."

The Chief didn't say anything for a moment or two, but I did.

"What I've told you has been in confidence," I exclaimed. "I'm not going to do anything to ruin this girl's chances."

"Fell for her, did you?" Davis sneered.

"It's none of our business what she does with another company," I replied warmly.

"Why shouldn't we put the United in a hole, if we have the chance," Davis asked, appealing to the Chief. "They'd do the same thing to us."

Goldheimer looked up from his desk. There was a curious gleam in his eye. I've always said that the Chief is more than three-quarters human.

"Cut it out, Davis," he said, biting deep into his cigar. "We got troubles of our own, without bothering about other people's. Let the kids enjoy their honeymoon. If they can get away with it, it's nothing in our lives. And it occurs to me, Mr. Davis"— he turned to the irate publicity man— "that if you was to spend more of your time thinking up ways to advertise our own productions, instead of trying to crab somebody else's, you'd be using your brains to better advantage. That young fellow Bigelow is a whale, when it comes to publicity stuff. First thing you know, he'll be crowding you for your job."

"But, Mr. Goldheimer—" Davis began.

The Chief waved us away with a tired smile.

"Run along now," he said. "I got work to do."

Davis was furious. As for me, I made a trip down to Mulberry Street and hunted up Barry, the Central Office man.

"About that fellow Bigelow," I said, when I had found him. "I find I made a little mistake."

"What do you mean, mistake," Barry replied, eyeing me narrowly.

"I mean that I was wrong when I told you that Bigelow was the name of the

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The Devil's Camera

(Continued)

man I saw operating the camera during that kidnapping operation. Bigelow's another man altogether. I got him mixed up with a fellow named Baxter. Sam Baxter. They tell me at the studio he's gone out to the coast."

Barry made a careful note of the name.

"I'm going to get them ginks," he said, "if it takes me ten years. Nobody can put anything like that over on the New York police and get away with it. Anything about this Baxter that would serve to identify him?"

"Yes," I replied. "Come to think of it, he had a sort of a cast in his left eye, and a cauliflower ear."

Barry carefully noted down what I told him, and I left.

All of which goes to show how much a man will do for the sake of a pretty woman.

Gathering the Nuts

(Continued from page 45)

gorical to carry it along." If pushed on the subject they will dig up notes on the allegory. "The History of the American Flag" is a prime favorite. I have on my desk now awaiting the office boy's attention two scripts on this subject, one done in free verse, the other in a form which I take to be hexagonal pentameter.

It might be remarked in passing that I am often offered liberal commissions if I will arrange to see these scenarios through to finished production. I am, however, still practically dependent on my salary.

The perennially blossoming and everlasting hopeful near inventor is also one of my frequent callers. This type is always mysterious, cautious and much given to pledging me to profound secrecy. Processes for making motion pictures in natural colors offer the favorite dream motif for these chaps. It is quite useless to point out to them that we have several million feet of color pictures now in the junk pile and that the public doesn't want them, we do not want them and that nobody wants them. Color processes must and shall be invented. Then there is the lad who has achieved the deep secret of stereoscopic motion pictures. He can be put out but he can not be subdued.

Perhaps you have been wondering what has become of that occasional freak who offers in the newspapers to sell his body to the experimenting surgeons for $1,000 at the end of thirty days. I can tell you. The fashion for this pattern of nut now is offering to commit suicide for the motion pictures at so much per commit.

I have made strenuous efforts to close contracts with several of these gentlemen.

"You are just the man we are looking for," is my opening response. "We have a scenario right now which calls for a scene in which a man is killed by a horde of Asiatic rats. We have the rats and all we need is the man—when do you want to start work?"

This usually closes the interview and ends the negotiations.

The fellow with the troupe of trained fleas has been in to see me too. He had his entire road company with him. I asked him to shake hands with another caller, the owner of the "Talking Dog," offered for picture purposes. I had in mind a five reeler entitled "Fido's Revenge" using both offerings but the suggestion was taken rather coolly by both parties.

Once or twice a week somebody comes in with "a big feature picture which we made ourselves." It sometimes happens that the local amateur theatrical club of Wahoo decides to purchase a second-hand motion picture camera and preserve their creations for all time. When positively forced, I take these persons into one of our long dark projection rooms and have the picture put on the screen. It doesn't hurt the screen much and I never mind a nap in the afternoon.

Among our amateur offerings was a production from an Alabama "pleasure club" consisting entirely of persons of color.

"We dun organized a company and has made us a comedy and the club 'lected me to bring it to Nu Yok and present hit," the large, aromatic convoy of the picture announced.

I was extremely bored but decided to see the picture. It was clearly worth it. The subject was in two reels. After a brief introductory scene the hero produced his full dress razor and took after the slapstick lead. Said deep dark comedy lead started up a railroad track. He ran several miles up the railroad track and off into the second reel when I inquired of the colored impresario about when it might be reasonable to expect something to eventuate on the screen.

"That's the plumb funny part of hit," he explained. "Youall keeps expecting somethin' to happen and hit don't."

More German Conspiracy Next Month

The second big installment of "The Eagle's Eye" fictionized motion picture serial, in the June PHOTOPLAY, will reveal more of William J. Flynn's disclosures of German plotting in America. There will be four big chapters—each with it's own group of thrills.

"Who—Zat Lady?"

(Continued from page 79)

of moving pictures thought it would be quite a lark, a pleasant holiday in fact, to take a day off and immortalize it on the screen.

He took along the cast of the theatrical production of which Miss Kane was the star, and accompanied by Larry McGill, who had had some picture experience, set bravely forth on his first adventure into Cinemaland. He knew a sandy spot on Staten Island that would serve as the state which was named after his play, and had the foresight to take along an ancient property cactus, a veteran performer, to lend atmosphere to the sand and register southwest "desert stuff."

That cactus had to appear in every scene, and they photographed it from every possible angle except upside down. All went well, as things went in those antediluvian days of the screen, until Miss Kane's horse became frightened, bolted, and threw her, with the precision of a sharpshooter, directly on the "atmosphere"—thus ending the historic career of the cactus. That discouraged Mr. Thomas, and his cactus and his inspiration ruined, he quit moving pictures forever and decided to continue the comparatively easy work of writing successful plays.

Miss Kane wasn't so easily discouraged, however, and her next screen venture was as the star in "Via Wireless." Here again she had the pleasure of working under the direction of a director who had never directed, but in spite of its shortcomings in the light of recent pictures "Via Wireless" was a tremendous money-maker, and George Fitzmaurice has since made some of the best pictures on the Pathe program. That was in 1915. The following year she went with the World Film Corporation, and when the Equitable Company was formed, starred under its banner until she went with the Mutual, and buried herself at the American Studios at Santa Barbara for a year.

Now she is back in New York.

What's that?

No indeed, she isn't married.

Moving Picture Law

When a new business springs up overnight, and there prove to be big profits in it, the most natural consequence is that there will be a wild, chaotic scramble of competition. Competition, in turn, naturally brings to the surface a certain number of unscrupulous persons who are always skating along the thin edge of illegal practice, seeking to profit by trickery when they lack real, constructive ability. Then there inevitably follow a great number of law suits, many of them bringing up questions which puzzle the courts themselves, dealing as they do with problems that are as new as the business itself.

This has been true of the moving picture business. There have been almost countless suits filed, scores of which have been permitted to die peacefully on the court calendars. In many other cases the judges have seemingly been unable to take seriously the arguments of "movie" men. Several lawyers in New York have specialized on moving picture law, but there has always been a feeling that celluloid litigation was merely a form of gambling.

Into this chaos there has come a volume compiling all there is of law and court decisions relating to pictures. It is "The Law of Motion Pictures and the Theatre," compiled by Louis D. Frohlich and Charles Schwartz, of the New York Bar, and published by Baker, Vorhis & Co., of New York. It will provide first aid to many moving picture writers, actors, directors, producers, distributors and what-not, who have often wondered what the law really had to say about pictures anyhow.



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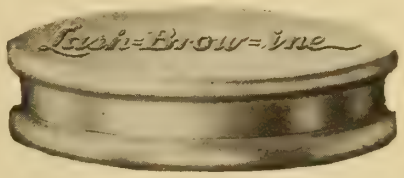
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Heiress for a Day

(Continued from page 28)

SHE returned to the hotel in triumph and took a suite after having made a round of the milliners and dressmakers. In each place she studied more and more to acquire the air of hauteur which she had gotten into her head was a mark of aristocracy, and the acquisition of which she felt to be absolutely necessary for her to attain Jack's position in life and to be worthy to marry him. Between milliners, she visited Tiffany's and brought back with her to the Ritz a gorgeous lorgnette with plain glass in the frames, with which she practiced for an hour or two that evening before the pier glass in her bedroom.

After a day or two at the Ritz, giving interviews to reporters, Sunday feature writers and the like, she departed *en suite* to Rye where Spindrift, expecting to welcome an humble little working girl, was swept off his feet by the little golden princess who arrived.

He actually fell in love with her, as far as he was capable of falling in love with anyone besides himself; but she laughed him to scorn, practicing on him the little devices she fancied were employed by women accustomed to wealth. Poor little Helen had not had the opportunity to discover the difference between snobbery and dignity.

For three or four days this continued, and then the lawyers arrived and the will was read.

At the end of the reading, she fainted. Her wonderful dream of lands and houses, of jewels, social eminence and Jack fell crashing about her. She was the mistress of a paltry thousand which she had already spent three times over.

The old lawyer paid her the thousand, and with a black look at Spindrift, told her that if she ever got into trouble, financially or otherwise, to come to him.

It was a very wilted little princess indeed who went to bed that night, with a big tear in each blue eye for her ruined fortune, and a great big ache in her heart for Jack.

In the morning, Spindrift offered her marriage again but though she gazed upon him jealously, she returned to New York, to sit appalled in her expensive suite at the Ritz, wondering what to do next.

After reviewing the situation she became desperate and decided to travel as far and fast as she could on the reputation for wealth she had acquired. When the crash came—Well, like Madame du-Barry she would shrug her pretty shoulders and wait for the deluge.

She found that the credit of the supposedly rich is unlimited. Offering to pay three of four hundred dollars for a costume, the milliner refused to accept cash. The thought of the vast possibilities of the situation of being able to buy fortunes in jewels without paying a penny for them, went to her head. Assisted by one of the guests in the hotel who had been friendly towards her when she was still in the barber shop, she bought an exquisitely choice selection of jewels, and arrayed in these and the completed creations of the most artistic costumieres of the metropolis, set out with her patron, a Mrs. Rockland, as the special guest of Mrs. Standring. Thus does fate weave its wondrous fabric.

In the meantime, Jack, positive that Grace Antrim would not be hanging around his mother's house when she discovered that he was not there, returned home. The first thing his mother told him upon his arrival, was that there was a beautiful young heiress, who had just burst upon their world, coming to visit them.

She arrived, and Jack was thunderstruck to recognize Helen. He was more amazed at the way she acted. Her affectations were astounding. Trying to assume the bearing and dignity of a great lady, she gave only every indication of being a dreadful little snob.

Unhappily, she misinterpreted the cause for the glances of disappointment she was appalled to see him cast towards her. Her efforts to appear perfectly at ease served only to make her more ridiculous; she appeared to be more and more unbearable. Jack felt that the sincere little girl he had met in the barber shop was gone forever.

While she was visiting the Standring's, an ominous event took place at the hotel. Spindrift met Grace Antrim. They were mutually attracted. Her beautiful sensuousness and thorough unscrupulousness appealed to him, and his fortune was a sufficient inducement to Grace to be on her very best behavior.

With his interest in Grace, his feeling for Helen turned into hatred. He was the type that cannot dislike without hating, and cannot hate without desiring revenge.

It did not take them long to discover each other's sentiments towards Helen and they inspired each other towards efforts to "get even."

Under the circumstances, the task was a pitifully easy one. Spindrift dropped in upon several of Helen's creditors and gave out evasive hints as to her inability to pay her bills. The result, were insistent collectors calling continually on Helen at the Standring's, until Mrs. Standring and Jack were mystified; and poor little Helen, broken-hearted over Jack's attitude towards her, was frightened half out of her wits. She tried to get her grandfather's lawyer, but he was out of town. Without realizing what she was doing, or how it would look in the eyes of the law, she pawned some of the gems she had bought on credit.

Spindrift got wind of this one day by chance, and determined upon a *coup d'etat*.

The Standrings had planned a ball at the Ritz, and Spindrift and Grace determined upon a spectacular finish for poor Helen on that occasion. In their jubilation over the pain the forthcoming exposure would give their victum, they got married the day before the ball.

On the night of the dance, Spindrift had a detective whom he had secured to arrest Helen on complaint of her creditors, introduced to the ballroom. The detective stepped up to her on the floor and whispered to her to come into the conservatory.

At this Spindrift and Grace spread

Heiress for a Day

(Continued)

it about the room that she was to be arrested for her unpaid bills and that her supposed wealth was a fraud.

The crowd stopped dancing, and buzzing with gossip at the dawning scandal, crushed into the conservatory, where the detective was loudly demanding of the white faced, trembling girl, payment of her bills.

Jack, following the crowd, took in the situation at a glance. His feeling of aloofness vanished. She was again the sweet little girl he had met in the barber shop, this time menaced by the heavy hand of the law over some inexplicable complication which he felt she could not be responsible for. He fought his way through the crowd and stood beside her. She had cowered before her tormentors before; but when she saw Jack beside her, drew herself up to her full height, glared defiance at her tormentors and looking magnificently beautiful, cried out so that all could hear her:

"You hypocrites! I hate every minute I spent trying to be one of you! I couldn't be a snob if I tried a thousand years!"

The reason of Helen's behavior dawned upon Jack. He laughed and drew her towards him.

"Imagine you pretending to be a snob! The real aristocrat is never a snob, dear." He laughed again and whispered to the detective.

The sleuth touched his forehead and went out.

And then Helen and Jack, and Jack's Mother, who joined Jack in his laughter at his explanation of Helen's attempts at hauteur, left the ballroom, took their car and went home.

That evening, the whole story came out and there were a few tears and much more laughter.

The following day, John Hodge's old lawyer sent Helen the following telegram:

"The following is the rescript of the codicil of your grandfather's will:
"All that precedes this codicil "shall be voided in the event that "John Spindrift shall misuse his "knowledge of the terms of this will "and aid Helen to disinherit her-"self, or in any way injure her finan-"cially or otherwise. In that event, "my whole fortune shall be turned "over to Helen Thurston as my sole "heir."

When Jack read it, he took Helen in his arms and kissed her.

"Beggar-maid or golden princess," said he, "I love you."

And then she had to try to explain to him why women cry when they are very happy.

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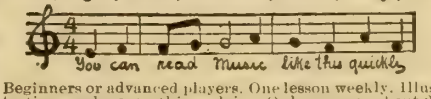
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With the Big Show

(Continued from page 84)

baseball perhaps. His proficiency in that game has gotten him out of many a scrape.

"But speaking of getting stranded," he said, "The worst experience I ever had was one time when we went stranded in Boston. I woke up one morning to find the company gone and myself dead broke. After weeks spent trying to get work, I finally managed to earn enough money to get me back to New York—steerage. I walked on board the boat with just sixty-five cents in my pocket, and I hadn't been on board an hour before I began to actually suffer from hunger. With just the smallest little ray of hope that everything would be all right, I called a steward and asked if the meals were table de hote or a la carte. Another blow, he said, a la carte. I stood it as long as I could before going to the dining room, and there I found that the only thing on the menu for fifty cents was beans. I couldn't even get coffee. I took the beans and threw the waiter my much-needed fifty cents. Anyway, I didn't tip him.

"Arriving in New York, I took the elevated down town, got some coffee, and then walked the streets without a penny. I remember it was St. Patrick's day, and cold—Lord! About eleven o'clock I stopped on the corner of 42d and Broadway, intending to wait until the crowds had left and then dive into the lobby of a theater—no one would be likely to find me curled up in a corner, I thought—in New York, you can't sleep in a park, they run you right out. But luck was with me. While I was standing there, I saw a man I knew who was passing by on the other side of the street. I ran after him, and you can believe that when I caught him, I fell on his neck! Made him take me home with him, give me something to eat, and put me up for the night."

Wheeler Oakman has been on the stage since he was seventeen years old, starting with his sister in repertoire. One of the plays he appeared in at that time was "Under Southern Skies"—"Just about every actor in the world has played in that, I guess," he said—at nineteen, he was stage manager of a "Strongheart" road company and it was at this period of his career that he contracted his only case of "swelled head."

"Speaking of exalted ideas about a mission in life," he said, "I firmly believed that when it came to real managerial ability David Belasco had nothing on me! I used to smoke big, black cigars, wear eccentric hats, and systematically snub the members of the company for the good of discipline. Incidentally, I found that the job of being a stage manager was a long way off from being the most pleasant job in the world—not even when you think that you're a Belasco."

Oakman never tried stage managing again. Six years ago, he came west with a company playing "Checkers" and left them in Los Angeles to make pictures with Lubin. His reason for leaving was a good one; they were going to cut off most of his salary. He played leading parts with Lubin. From there, he went to Selig. "The Spoilers," "The Rosary," and "The Ne'er Do Well" are three of his best-known pictures with that company. Then came the long period of time spent making Mabel Normand's "Micky"—"Speaking of a steady job," he laughed.

"But when things got dull all we did to stir them up again was to start something with Minnie, a great, big fat Indian woman who is just about as good an actress as you ever saw. The joke of it is that one of the best ways to roil her up is to suggest that she is acting.

"'I'm no actor!' she'll yell, 'I just go ahead and do a thing the way it should be done!' But the worst insult you can give her is to call her a squaw. She's an American woman, she is, and she's likely to let you know it with her fist. Also, she can be witty enough when she wants to. She was educated at Carlisle. And she's not lacking in real dignity, either. On one occasion I know of, Minnie got into a crowded street car, and a woman promptly decided to use up all the available room in order that Minnie should not sit beside her. The conductor asked the woman to move over, but at this point Minnie interfered.

"'No thank you,' she said, 'I'd rather stand than sit next to SOME white women. Their teeth are full of gold, their breath smells and I am afraid I might get GERMS.'"

One guesses that Wheeler Oakman must have taken quite a fancy to Minnie. No wonder; her forceful way of "livening things up" must have given him many an amusing hour.

Following "Micky" came "Princess Virtue" with Mae Murray at Universal, "Revenge" and "The Claim" with Edith Storey at Metro—

"What was your impression of Miss Storey?" he was asked.

"Well," he answered, thoughtfully, "First, I was impressed by her attractiveness; next, by her intelligence; but the strongest impression I have is that she CAN'T play poker."

And now he is to appear in The Biggest Show on Earth, with Uncle Sam.

Attention, Mr. Fairbanks!

THE following is to Old Doc Cheerful, from M. Lucile Cornet, of St. Louis, Mo. Doug will please forward his autographed photograph. "The Man from Painted Post" told "The Matrimaniac" to come "Down to Earth" and stop "Reaching for the Moon." "The Half-Breed" caught "The Good Bad Man" through seeing "His Pictures in the Papers" when he was trying to break into "American Aristocracy," and in a "Wild and Woolly" way caused "The Modern Musketeer" "Double Trouble" by "Flirting with Fate." "The Americano" knew it was just a case of "Manhattan Madness" and would stop when "Reggie Mixes In." "The Lamb" solved "The Mystery of the Flying Fish" by going "In Again and Out Again" and "Headin' South."

Mile-a-Minute Kendall

(Continued from page 49)

Rose turned to Kendall, her assurance somewhat shaken. Deliberately he pulled out his check book. "I'll make it worth your while to go with Lund," he said. "And I promise you that as Jack's wife you'll never spend a cent of my money—and I'll guarantee you won't spend much of his. He's never earned a dollar in his life."

Then Kendall added to his argument by bringing out the typewritten report which he had obtained from a detective bureau, regarding Rose. "And I'll see that he gets this, too. He's a fool, but I don't think he's an utter imbecile, my dear. When once he's read it—"

Rose knew she was beaten. There was nothing to do but make the best of it and exit with as good grace as possible. With a fine show of reluctance she took the check that Kendall offered her, tucked it in her handbag, and haughtily removed herself from the scene.

When Jack returned, to his amazement the place was empty. "Why, where are all the folks?" he demanded. "Weeks is hurrying to get here. Where's Rose?"

With the utmost pity in her heart for him, Joan was obliged to explain that Rose had taken his father's money, and had gone back to New York, with Lund.

And then Jack frightened her by collapsing, this time completely.

Panic stricken, Joan called her uncle, who came on a run. "If this ain't the limit!" he cried "Orders a dinner and don't eat it nor pay for it. And now he's get delerium tremens, prob'ly. Amelia, telephone to the county hospital."

"Oh, no, Uncle," pleaded Joan. "He's ill—don't you see? His father will pay you, surely. Don't send him away. Let's carry him upstairs and I'll take care of him."

Old Evans had been going through Jack's pockets, and finding that he still had on his person some bills of large denominations, was somewhat mollified.

"All right, if you want to take the responsibility. But I wash my hands of him," with a gesture of finality. "And he pays as he goes."

For days Jack lay in delirium and in his fevered dreams spoke aloud. Then Joan learned that which made her change her mind about writing to Morton Kendall. Over and over Jack protested that he would never go back to his father until his father sent for him. Joan learned the details of the quarrel between them; learned how Jack had longed to do something worth while, how his every effort at individual expression had been thwarted. Again and again Jack would cry, "All my father would let me have was money."

So Joan took up Jack's cause and resolved that she would not appeal to his father, in his extremity. No; Jack should make something worth while of himself and go back with colors flying.

For weeks she was his devoted attendant and nurse. And as Jack's brain slowly cleared and his fever left him, for the first time in his life he had long hours of enforced idleness.

He had nothing to do but lie and think; he could not even read. The incidents of his past life rose up before him; they seemed, in this new atmosphere of peace and quiet, like a jumbled, fever dream. Slowly, with that clarity of mind which comes with a weakened body and a rested brain, he came to see Rose as she was. And to contrast her selfishness, her unworthiness as confessed by her acceptance of his father's money, with Joan's tireless, always cheerful, willing care of him.

As he began to recover, Joan encouraged him to talk of his inventions, and cunningly, in ways which were not apparent, she stimulated the dying embers of his ambitions. As he grew able to walk about, it was Joan who suggested, casually, that he make an automobile repair shop out of an old barn on the place, and in his leisure hours continue work on his invention. He was sure, he told her in one of his minutes of enthusiasm, that if he could get together a little capital or get an automobile company to back him, he could make a success of his engine. That was the day he showed her his patents.

He was indebted to Joan more than he knew. When his money had all been used and old Evans had insisted upon sending him away, Joan went to the bank and drew out her small savings. These she tendered to her uncle with the explanation that Kendall, senior, had sent them. Joan had the blood of generations of sportsmen in her veins—though her inherited pluck had somehow failed to be transmitted to her uncle's branch of the family. But now, even her own money was most gone. There would have to be more forthcoming, and soon. Jack, being prodigal of soul and indifferent to the cost of material things, never thought of his indebtedness to Evans. Or if he did, it was with the unspoken understanding that he would soon wipe it out in his usual open-handed way. It is a little hard to get out of the habit of being a rich man's son.

But Joan trembled for the future. So she secretly sent a description of Jack's patents to the Barrett Automobile Company, and quietly "sat tight" and waited.

One day Beth, who had always liked Jack, called to see him, at Hawson. He greeted her with his old time exuberance, for he was daily growing more like himself, showed her his engine and told her something of his ambitions. In the old days he had been too busy burning gasoline when with her to take time to talk about the possibilities of crude oil. His enthusiasm interested her, although she confessed that all machinery was to her a Chinese puzzle. So she said: "Why don't you form a stock company to develop your thinggumbob, Jack? I'll put in five hundred dollars."

Jack's eyes glistened, but he said doubtfully: "I don't know, Beth. I'd hate to see you lose your money."

"I've taken many a chance on a horse," she assured him. "Why not on you?" drawing out her check book. "Now, who else wants to go in on a sure thing?"

Joan, coming in, had caught the drift of the conversation. With sparkling eyes, she stammered eagerly: "I've only got a little, but I'll put it in. And let's call it 'The Mile-a-Minute Engine Company.'"

"Fine!" said Beth. "Now go and round



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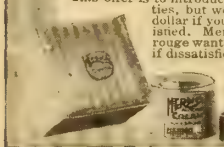
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Mile-a-Minute Kendall

(Continued)

up a crowd. We've got the thing going."

Then Amelia, the slatternly house servant, surprised them all by subscribing a hundred dollars which she had saved, with the philosophical remark, "I been expectin' the bank I had it in to bust, anyway." Judge Weeks, who had become interested, made up the rest of the first thousand.

But Jack needed a thousand more, so the brand new stockholders turned the batteries of their persuasion upon Uncle Evans. "I know you've got the money, Uncle," pleaded Joan. "You'll never get another chance to turn it into a million," affirmed Jack with his old breeziness of manner.

Amelia went for the old man's check book. He stood hesitating, greed devouring him, avarice holding him back. Finally Jack put the pen in his hand and guided it for his signature. Evans fell back with the ejaculation, "I know I am a ruined man!"

* * * * * * *

A month went by. The two thousand dollars was gone and success was still in doubt. Evans' complaints were loud and long: Jack had stolen his thousand dollars; he must have it back. And presently the boy, who had been working desperately, battling with the fear of failure, called another meeting of the stockholders.

Evans arrived first of all. "This engine thing's a failure. It's durn near made me commit suicide. I'll give ye one more chance to see if it will work at all."

When Beth had come, Jack explained to those present that he had used up all the money and would need five hundred dollars more. "I'll give all my stock to Evans, if he'll let me have a thousand dollars more," he said. "I know he's got it."

The old man gasped for breath. "Of all the impidence! Just wait till you get through, young man. I've got a thousand dollars' worth of remarks to make to *you!*"

Carefully Jack started the engine. A faint "sput-sput" came from the engine, swelled a little in volume, grew fainter—and died. Evans sprang to his feet. "You—you—" he started furiously. "Oh, what's the use—I can't think of words." He stamped his way from the room.

Joan came over to Jack, who sat completely crushed by the failure of his invention. "You mustn't give up," she pleaded. "Try again."

"Beg pardon; maybe I'm intruding," came a deep voice. A man stood in the doorway.

"Oh, not at all." Somewhat flushed, Joan greeted him. "Did you wish to see my uncle?"

The visitor gestured toward Jack's machine. "No; I'm from the Barrett Automobile Company, and I want to look at this young man's invention. Make it yourself, son, or borrow it from Rip Van Winkle?"

"Start 'er up," he grunted, when Jack had completed his explanation. Jack's enthusiasm had not been contagious. Your modern gas engine expert, surfeited with claims of inventors, is immune to enthusiasm regarding improvements.

"Young fellow, there's one thing I like about you," he continued. "You're the first inventor I've met in a year who did not claim he was going to 'revolutionize' something or other.

Chagrined by his first attempt to start his motor Jack started to crank it again. With every turn his hope sank lower and lower. Then, with a last desperate whirl of the handle he let go.

For half a minute the explosions were regular and Jack pulled down the throttle to slow them up. The engine died like an age and work worn truck horse, right in its tracks.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted the engineer, who had been examing the carbureter. "How do you expect to start a cold engine on a lean mixture like that? There—now give 'er a whirl." And he completed a slight adjustment of the fuel feed.

Jack went at that crank handle like a man ready to go over the top in the face of a hundred machine guns.

And the explosions of those cylinders was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"It's a knockout," said Blake, with satisfaction. "I congratulate you, my son. You've got a good thing. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for the patents."

Jack laughed. "It's either worth a fortune, or it's junk. I know enough for that. I'll give you a forty per cent interest for one hundred thousand cash. I can use the money."

Blake argued; Jack was firm. Finally the big man capitulated. There was wild rejoicing among the stockholders.

As Blake started to leave he encountered Kendall, senior, who was driving in with his machine. Mrs. Kendall's tears and her pleadings for her son had finally prevailed upon the old gentleman, and he had decided to find out what Jack was doing, although, as he told his wife, "I shan't encourage him in any way until I see he's made a man of himself."

"Hello, Kendall," cried Blake. "Do you call yourself a financier and let home talent go to waste? Why didn't you grab onto your boy's patent, yourself?"

"Do you mean to say Jack's machine is any good?" asked Kendall.

"Good!" chuckled Blake. "Ask Jack to show you the check I just gave him."

But something more wonderful than even all that the check meant to him, was Jack's at that moment. He was standing beside Joan in the deserted workshop, a shaft of sunshine through a crooked window bathing them in glory at their lives' great hour.

"Joan," whispered Jack; "Joan dear, I owe it all to you. Nobody believed in me—but you."

Her voice dropped to a whisper also, and she hung her head. "I—nobody ever knew you—as I do."

Gently he drew her to him; her shining head lay on his breast.

"And you're going to know me better—soon? Say 'yes,' dear."

And Joan answered "Yes,—dear."

Waiting for Tomorrow

(Continued from page 70)

I was a grown woman. As a matter of fact I was fourteen years old. It was a severe strain for so young a girl. I went on without any rest for years until at last my vitality was exhausted and I had a nervous collapse.

"I feel stronger now than ever before in my life. I am physically equal to the battle."

I asked her what changes she expected to find in pictures when she goes back.

"Better stories," she said. "During the period of my retirement, I have been a devoted movie fan. I had never seen so many pictures before. What particularly impressed me was the marked improvement in the scenarios.

"When I left the screen, the literary end of pictures was at its lowest ebb. The old method of having hired scenario writers to turn out cast iron plots like wagon wheels had given way to a plan of coaxing writers of established reputation into the movies.

"They were all practiced authors but they didn't understand the screen. Some of the stories they put out were enough to make angels weep. Many of them wrote in a kind of condescending way that was particularly irritating. Those who did not patronize the movies by trying to 'get down to the level,' were worse: they tried so hard they got stage fright. The result was about the same.

"It was a dreadful experience to work in some of these plays. Those they gave me seemed to be always dolorous and dismal tragedies about girl dope fiends.

"I don't mind underworld stories. 'The Escape' was the finest story I ever acted in. But the girl in that play gained something; she arrived somewhere. There was a point of emergence. These dope stories had no point of emergence nor any other point. They just wallowed around in gloom and despair."

My favorite Blanche Sweet play has always been "The Captive"—the story of the Turkish officer set to work on the farm of an orphaned Bulgarian girl as a war captive.

"That is Mr. De Mille's favorite too," said Miss Sweet. "For some reason it has faded almost entirely out of my mind. I have only the vaguest recollection of it."

"The Captive" led quite naturally to the dramatic literature about which she expressed the most remarkable opinions I have ever heard on the subject.

"These plays they are writing now are not war literature," she said. "These are only the dramatic communiques from the front as it were.

"The real war literature will not be written until long afterward. We are too close to it. The finest play written about the Civil War was "The Clansman"—fifty years afterward. The conflict is too huge; too enormous. We cannot get the perspective. I have met war correspondents who tell me the operations are so big that the closer you are the less you know. In Washington, for instance, you can find out more about the war than in Berlin or Paris.

"No one will ever be able to tell the story in a material way. The dramatic unities are absolutely submerged in the appalling expanse.

"I don't know if I make my meaning clear. In 'Shenandoah' for instance, the crisis of the drama depended upon the charge led by General Sheridan at the Battle of Cedar Creek. Can you imagine a crisis in this war which could depend upon a single charge?

"Here is the hero coming back from the charge. The dramatist asks him, 'And did your charge win the battle?'

"'Well not exactly,' says the hero. 'There were three thousand, nine hundred and forty-eight charges that morning in our sector and mine was one of them.'

"Whatever real drama comes out of this war must be spiritual rather than material.

This interview seems to be wandering far from motion pictures, but Miss Sweet made one remark that seems to be the most profound, the sagest remark I ever have heard about the war.

"The war must be fought," she said, "to prevent Germany becoming the ruler of the world. It would be unthinkable. Germany is too cruel and exacting. When I say cruel I do not mean the physical cruelty of the Germans toward the Belgians. I mean something deeper and more essential than that. After all, the world can endure a good deal of physical cruelty. The reason why a Teutonic world could not be endured is this: Germany expects all the weak and inefficient nations of the world to behave like officers on the General Staff in Berlin. She expects an efficiency that less intense races are incapable of. When you come to analyze this, it becomes evident that there could be no sharper cruelty. Germany must never be a world ruler. She expects too much perfection."

I have rambled all over the war and literature because these remarks from this slight little girl with her Indian sash and her girlish blue walking gown told me a good deal of what she will bring back to the screen. She has been thinking great thoughts.

Back of a remarkable intellect, she has a keen, unselfish appreciation of good work.

She told me that she is an ardent movie fan. During her year's rest, she has scarcely missed a week when she did not go to the pictures.

I was rather surprised to hear her say that two of her favorites were Charlie Chaplin and Louise Fazenda.

"I adore comedies," she said. "In fact I don't care much what it is as long as it is well done. There is nothing I like better than a good old fashioned pie-throwing comedy if it is good pie throwing.

"Charlie Chaplin of course is one of the greatest artists that the screen or any of the—shall I say the fine arts?—has produced. He is funny; but being funny is only an incident to his art. I imagine he could be anything else just as well."

Presently this little girl with the sardonic curl to her lips and the eyes of Viking blue will go back to the studio herself and then we shall see—what shall we see?



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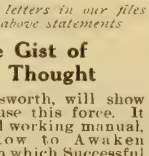
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These Are Russians

(Continued from page 51)

sequently the motion pictures in Russia are on the same high plane as the legitimate stage. There is no chance for an outsider to break in; all must go through the regular channels, from apprenticeship to minor roles, then better ones and finally star parts if ability justifies.

This system makes it difficult for young aspirants to stage honors to reach the pinnacle of fame; the leading woman who has passed fifty has the greater opportunity because she is in a position to dictate. The younger player must wait, and play the roles assigned to her. The system has its advantages, however, because it makes every artist a player of many parts until finally there is developed a versatility almost unknown among Americans.

Moscow, the heart of Russia, is really the centre of its artistic achievements. To go from almost any important place in Russia to almost any other important place, the way invariably lies through Moscow. Especially is it true that Moscow is the centre of motion picture production in Russia. Petrograd is seldom used by the companies except when the scenario calls for a scene in the capital. There is little sun there and much fog and atmospheric gloom.

From Moscow companies go to Kiev, to the Caucausus and to the Crimea. The Crimea is really the California of Russia from the cinema point of view. It lies far south near the Black Sea and furnishes a variety of locations.

The traveling company of players as known in the United States is almost an unknown quantity in Russia. It is true that the great permanent companies visit other cities, but they do it much as one preacher exchanges pulpits with another. And these trips are always in what corresponds to Lent in America. And when the Moscow Art Theatre Company goes up to Petrograd for the month of April the seats have all been sold since January.

Photoplay Writing

(Continued from page 82)

consider in themselves bad, and which are justified only by the exigencies of the matter in hand. We refer first, to the use of the dream idea, which has been terribly overworked in the pictures, and second, to the wildly fantastic ambitions of Alexis. Had we been writing this story simply as a story with no particular actor in mind, we should have made Alexis ambitious to become a Rockefeller or a Carnegie or a Schwab and we should have given him some real experiences along this line.

But the value of Mr. Fairbanks' unique personality and of his extraordinary ability in the matter of athletic prowess was so great, that we felt justified in stretching the probabilities enough to give him the opportunity of exercising his unique and most interesting powers. To do this, we had to put our hero in an atmosphere to which he could never have *really* attained. Therefore, his experiences, must of necessity be unreal—hence the dream.

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 94)

as Grant and several helpers fell into the room they saw Schmidt dart toward the open manhole. Grant leapt at him but the German slid out of his grasp, and disappeared below, pulling the lid after him.

Grant broke in the manhole and fell to the earth below. Around the bend in the sewer Schmidt delivered his controller then rushed back to meet Grant.

Grant closed with him and managed to stifle a half finished sentence:

"Start that torpedo! They've—"

Grant dragged the clinging Schmidt after him to the torpedo. But he was too late. For even as he gripped the German's body and flung him far out into the water below, he saw the water beaten into a white foam by the propeller of the deadly missile just launched.

There was no joy in having conquered his man. In spell-bound horror, Grant watched the torpedo moving toward the flagship, its aim unerring. He leapt for the controller and lifting it high over head, crashed it to the platform. But it was too late. The controller had fulfilled its mission.

On—on sped the torpedo toward its object. On and on, as the gray alligators of the sea slid past the reviewing stand, filled with light hearted men and officers, guns booming, sailors smiling. The entire scene was one of fascination. Of the thousands that witnessed the spectacle none realized that death was heading straight for the big flagship—even as Grant clenched his hands at the sewer exit, crying out in a sense of futility. Then he started shouting. But shouts in that merry pandemonium availed nothing. His brain red with the fire of fear and the flame of horror, the president of the Criminology Club stared after the torpedo.

Why couldn't they know, he debated hysterically. Why couldn't they see that—that thing coming toward them—AT them! Could they not discover the living thing of destruction trailing after them with the surety of a nemesis? A trickle of blood ran across his right palm from where the nails had cut in. He felt a choking sensation. His eyes were glued to the torpedo, ever nearer the flagship. Nearer—nearer—

Then suddenly Grant straightened.

What was that? That thing of flying white and spurting flame? There it sped, veering here and there, twisting, turning, shooting on and then doubling back.

Once more Grant shouted and his shout bore the tone of joy.

For there—out in the bay—urging their high-powered launch along the course of the torpedo—were members of the Criminology Club.

A hundred yards—then a hundred yards again. They were gaining!

Now someone was leaning over the launch's side. A plunge and he was in the water. Arms and legs sprawling, he settled onto that speeding devil of death. He jammed the rudderpost and brought the thing to a stop.

Unknowing—tranquil—the pride of America's naval forces slid on past the President's boat, "Mayflower."

Grant breathed deeply. Beads of sweat were cameoed on his brow. Then he laughed. Laughed loud and boyishly. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket. With it came the reticule that the chauffeur had handed him as he alighted near the shack. He opened it absently. And as he looked within, his mind drifted for a moment.

For, inside the reticule was a card. And on the card was the name of one whom Grant believed he would some day love, but a woman who must now be branded as an associate of spies—perhaps a spy herself!

The name on the card was "Miss Dixie Mason"!

CHAPTER IV

"THE DESTROYER"

One night about a month later Harrison Grant stood at the outside door of one of New York's biggest stevedoring plants, talking with the night watchman, attempting to glean verification of reports that automobiles, crated for service in France, had been crippled by German plotters. As he strayed away into the night he was stopped by three men, who challenged his passage.

"Yer a Secret Ser—" one of them started to shout, clutching him by the left arm. But Grant had pulled out his little "watch revolver," quite casually, and fired point blank at the man. As he fell, Grant fired at a second who charged toward him. The third ran off in a panic, Grant after him. Into the stevedoring plant they went where Grant cornered his man in the wireless room.

While the night watchman held guard over the prisoner Grant wirelessed to his club for reinforcements.

And while this was going on Dixie Mason herself was busy. Disguised in working girl's clothing, she had run out in her auto to Blue Landing, where, she had been informed, river pirates and supplies destroyers worked from their base in a rotting shack that set on pilings in the water off the Landing.

Inside this shack she crawled but as she did so into the room stalked one of the pirates. She hid under the table and grabbed his ankles as he came by, sending him on his head. Then she fled. While her victim called for assistance and while this assistance came running up in the form of three or four others, Dixie plunged into the water from the platform and hid under the piling.

"Guess she's drowned if she's still down there," came a gruff voice to her ears. "Let's beat it. Ain't got time to fritter away here. Not if we're goin' t' burn them British horse barns tonight."

And the men went into the shack. Quickly drawing herself out of the water, Dixie grabbed up a rope from the platform and fastened one end of it about the rotten piling supporting the shack. The other she quickly carried to her auto and fastened to the rear axle. Then she put on all speed ahead and was gratified



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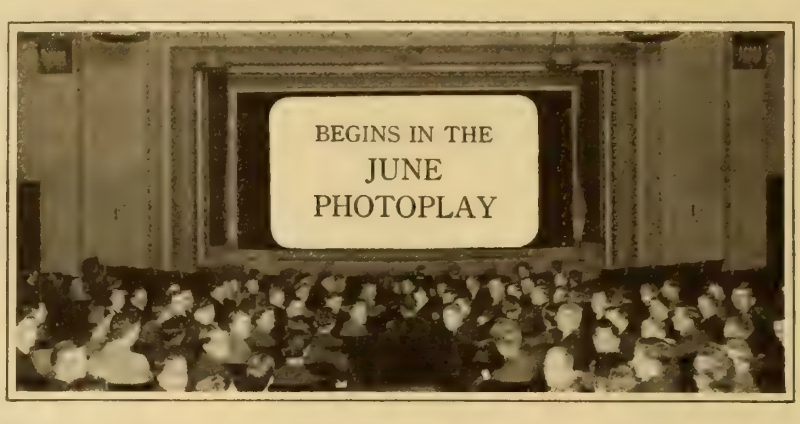
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Photoplay Magazine's
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The Editor

The new department will be in the hands of one of the few experts on the subject in the country. He has an A.B. degree, is a former educator, newspaper, advertising man, and editor of film magazines and has studied the educational film field since the beginning. He knows his subject from the roots up. His reflections of this new field will be vital, forceful, and helpful.

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A Great New Field of Motion Pictures

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

to see the rotten piling give way and the shack go crashing into the water, its occupants screaming and floundering about.

"Now for the horse barns," she gasped as she detached the rope and put on all speed forward. On and on along the roads she raced. From over in the railroad yards came to her ears the sounds of rioting. That was Grant and his men raiding the plotters. But Dixie did not know that; nor did her mind dwell on it. Her destination was the horse barns and no time could be lost in getting there.

Now before her loomed the hulks of these stables. She sent her auto thundering along the road to the big barn and even as she did so the figure of a man climbed up a telephone pole adjoining the building.

Without an instant's hesitation she steered her car into the barn doorway and thundered up the runway to the second floor. Then, straight at the stooping figure of the fire fiend she steered. But it was too late. Already the match had been put to the bomb and he flung it even as her car struck him. The man jumped at her as her car stopped. Dixie felt a dazing blow on the head and fell over across the car. The fire fiend fled.

Arising after a few minutes the girl saw the flames and smoke increasing in volume about her. How could she escape?

She ran over to the open window and peered below. Cattle and horses swirled insanely about, being led out of the building by aroused tenders. Death would probably result from a jump into that maddened mass. And then her eye caught a slender pole at the side of the window, leading below. Quickly she stepped out and swung to the ground.

A second more and she was on the ground, running for safety—eluding the heels of the panic-stricken horses. Down the street she heard men shouting and knew that the fire-fiend and his aides were being cornered. "At least," she thought without slackening her pace, "I arrived in time to thwart the fiend from throwing any more bombs."

Deep in the railroad yards she saw, standing not twenty feet from her, the figure of a man she recognized. With a half-muffled shriek, she darted in between two rapidly closing freight cars of a flying switch and thus eluded him.

Then she cautiously trailed back from the yards, the full weariness of the night's adventure full upon her. She was weary but happy. For she had helped save the lives of thousands of horses through her timely arrival. And as she hurried away from the smouldering ruins, she looked back and saw hordes of horses, far from the embers, safe for the British.

Harrison Grant stood out in the railroad yards, trying to convince himself he had not seen Dixie Mason. What part could the girl have played in this latest evidence of Germany's ghoulish cruelty, he asked himself.

(To be Continued)

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 100)

J. B., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Yes, her right name prior to going on the stage was Olive Duffy and now it's Mrs. John Charles Smith. Mr. John Charles Smith, you may have heard, is none other than Jack Pickford, film star.

JACK, NEW YORK CITY.—Sorry Jackie, but we cannot comply with your request to become the medium for a private interchange of pictures, etc. Keeps us busy keeping up on the players and telling you people about 'em.

E. R., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—*Dr. Reynolds* in "The Voice on the Wire" was played by Joseph Girard. He is at Universal City. Francis McDonald is an actor at Culver City, Cal. He is the husband of Mae Busch. Write E. K. Lincoln at 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Neva Gerber is single. Would like to oblige with a list of unmarried actors "who will answer letters" but don't feel like discriminating against the unfortunates.

DOT, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Harry Carter is 38 years old and may be reached at Universal City. In addition to "The Gray Ghost" he has played in many other Universal features including "The Measure of a Man," "The Fugitive," and "The Shadow." So far as we know he is unencumbered but you might call him up and get the dope directly.

F. S., ROSWELL, IDAHO.—*Billy* in "The Fall of a Nation" was played by Paul Willis who is now seventeen years old. The others in the cast were: *Virginia,* Lorraine Huling; *Angela,* Flora MacDonald; *Vassar,* Arthur Shirley; *Waldron,* Percy Standing; *Thomas,* Philip Gastrock.

SELMA, DETROIT, MICH.—So far as we know June Caprice never appeared in "A Girl's Dream." She has "natural curls." We would be no gentleman to say otherwise.

RAMONA, SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, the stars continue to send out their photographs despite the raise in postage. Theda Bara's birthplace was Cincinnati. Here's the "East Lynn" cast: *Isabel,* Theda Bara; *Arch Carlisle,* Ben Deely; *Capt. Levison,* Stuart Holmes; *Barbara Hare,* Claire Whitney; *Mrs. Hare,* Eugenie Woodward; *Judge Hare,* William Tooker; *Richard Hare,* Stanhope Wheatcroft; *Otway Bethel,* H. F. Hoffman; *Old Hellyjohn,* James O'Connor; *Cornelia,* Emily Fitzroy; *Little Isabel,* Del Stewart; *Willie,* Eldean Stewart.

H. C., BOSTON.—House Peters has not been playing for nearly a year although he has not retired permanently. He can be reached at Beverly Hills, Cal.

MID L., LIMA, O.—Your criticism is well founded. Mary Pickford is a half inch under five feet and it was incorrect to say she was an inch over that mark. Hope you'll forgive us. Mae Marsh has appeared recently in "The Cinderella Man," and "Fields of Honor." Mary Pickford's latest is "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley" and her next one will be "M'liss," Bret Harte's famous story.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

June
20 Cents

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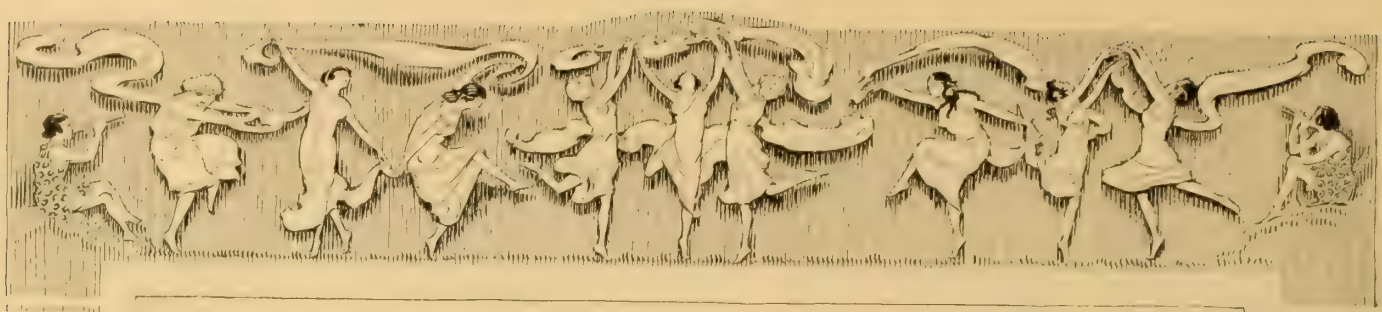
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The Eagle's Eye

Thrilling Disclosures of German Intrigue Told for First Time

"Star Dust"

—What Makes Them Shine?



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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James R. Quirk, Editor

No. "P-27"

VOL. XIV No. 1

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Next Month

"Hearts of the World"

The editor of PHOTOPLAY feels very fortunate in being able to present to our readers in the July issue the soul-stirring story of "Hearts of the World," D. W. Griffith's wonderful new war play, beautifully illustrated with special pictures made for this version. Just so you will know the writer is worthy of his task—he is Julian Johnson. As beautiful and simple as the characters in "The Birth of a Nation," is the love of Marie and Douglas. "The Little Disturber" and Monsieur Cuckoo, the tranquillity of a little French village suddenly concerted into a hell of battle and rapine; the first barbarous onrush on the Huns—all these combine to make a romance that does full credit to the photoplay art's greatest genius.

Working for Father

Alice Brady jumped out of her chair and became beautifully angry when the photoplay interviewer suggested it was "pretty soft" to become an actress when she had a father like William A. Brady. "That's a horrid thing to say. If you had my father to work for—" then she suddenly dimpled and laughed outright. An interesting interview.

Orange Blossoms

July PHOTOPLAY will show you three full pages of real June brides, fresh from the studios. To name them would be to half-spoil your anticipations.

Introducing—

Wouldn't you like to know that man, the artist, who has made such wonderful successes of Elsie Ferguson's pictures, and who made Maeterlinck's beautiful fairy story, "The Blue Bird" into a wonderful picture? The July issue will introduce Maurice Tourneur.

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Next Month

Third Episode of "The Eagle's Eye"

If you haven't read the first installment of this thrilling story of the secret warfare which the German Government waged on America through her spy system, start with this issue. And then there will be no necessity of urging you to watch for the third installment in the July issue.

The July Cover

Haskell Coffin has outdone himself on the portrait of Doris Kenyon which will adorn the July PHOTOPLAY. It is worth saving and framing.

The Magazine Beautiful

In the July issue there is a treat awaiting you—that is, another treat and as per usual, a "different" one. Sixteen pages of beautiful rotogravure art pictures. These are not ordinary portraits and photographs, but a series of photographic illustrations made especially for this new feature of PHOTOPLAY.

Did You Ever Parade?

You know Delight Evans has always wanted to be in a parade; not as the featured member, of course, but just as one of the folks who passes along the streets smiling at folks crowding against the curb. But to parade with Marguerite Clark—well, that was beyond her expectations. However, the thing was achieved. Miss Clark was selling Liberty Bonds in Chicago recently and Miss Evans wanted to interview her. The only way possible to even get within speaking distance was to go along in the Liberty parade through the "Loop." So Miss Evans was given a place at the head of the parade and—but she'll tell you about it in next issue.

As Well As—

many other features. For instance you will find out about the importance of the "film surgeon"—an obscure person who can make or break a production; of Louise Huff and her fairy-friends, of Marjorie Daw, of Pauline Starke—such personality "squibs" as well as an array of other articles now on the fire.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley	Artcraft
Huck and Tom	Paramount
The Shell Game	Metro
By Right of Purchase	Select
Who Killed Walton?	Triangle
Love Me	Paramount
Woman and the Law	Fox
The Brass Check	Metro
Innocents Progress	Triangle
Three From O. Henry	General
Wild Youth	Paramount
The Answer	Triangle
Carmen of the Klondike	Selexart
Ruggles of Red Gap	Essanay
Inside the Lines	Independent
Within the Cup	Paralta
Sunshine Nan	Paramount
La Tosca	Paramount
The Girl and the Judge	Mutual
The Claim	Metro
Hearts of the World	Griffith
The Life Mask	McClure
The Kaiser	Universal
The Hillcrest Mystery	Pathe
The House of Hate	Pathe
The Whispering Chorus	Artcraft
The Boss of the Lazy Y	Triangle
A Daughter of France	Fox
The Lie	Artcraft
The Finger of Justice	Independent
Mack Sennett Comedies	Paramount
Over the Top	Vitagraph
Humdrum Brown	Paralta
Social Hypocrites	Metro
The Splendid Sinner	Goldwyn
My Four Years in Germany	Independent
The Business of Life	Vitagraph

Taking the Shell Off Dad



DOESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

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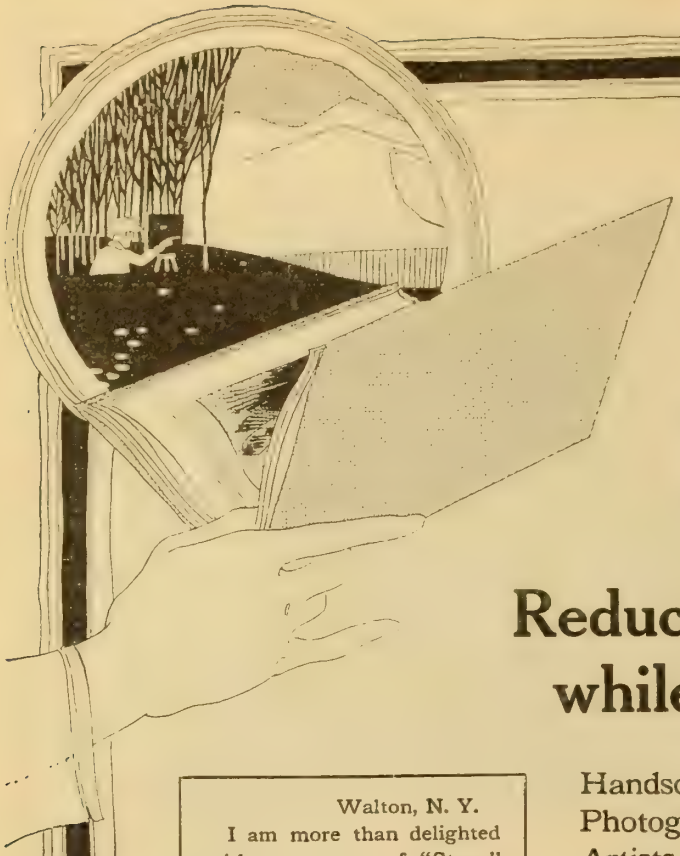
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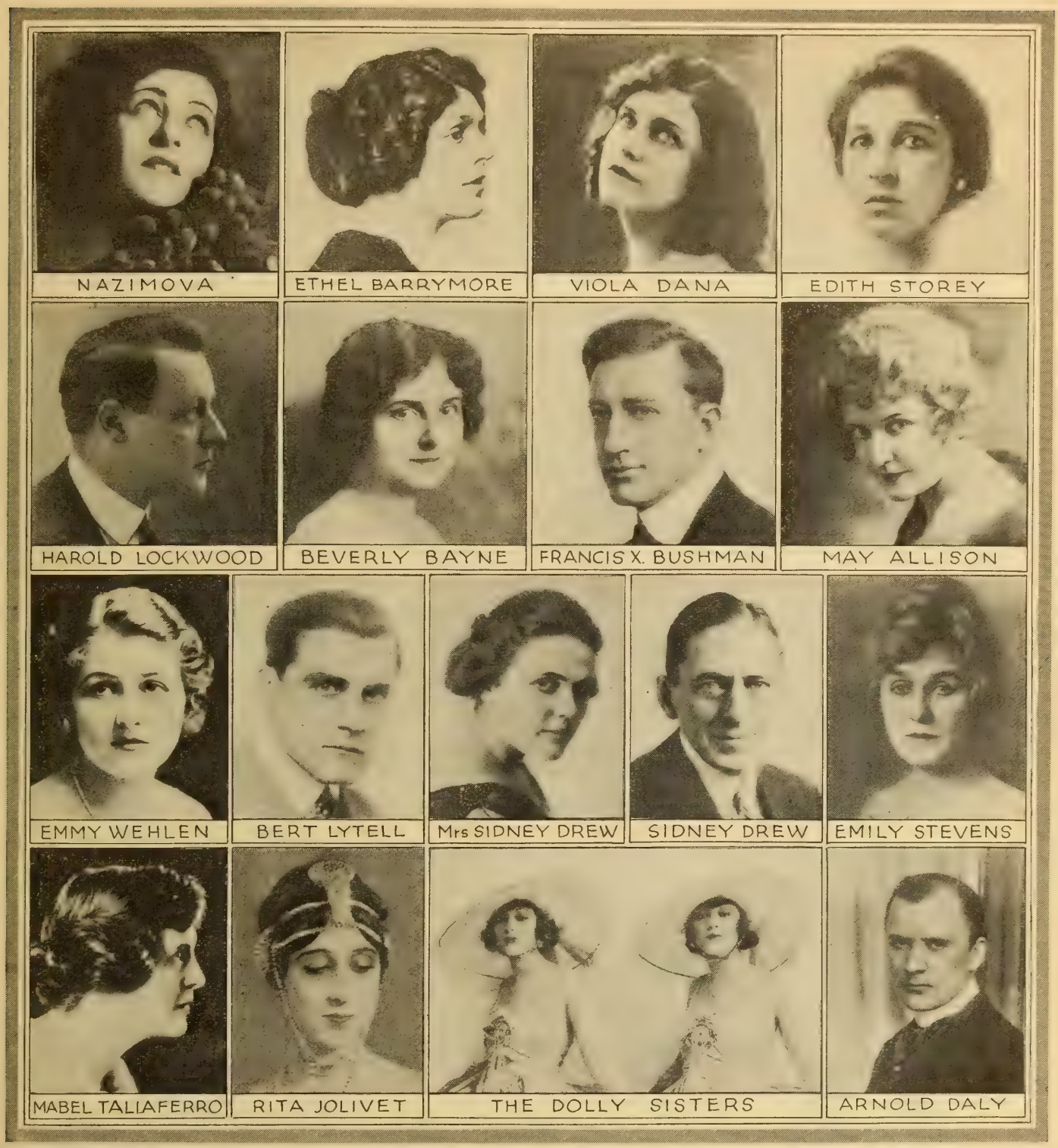
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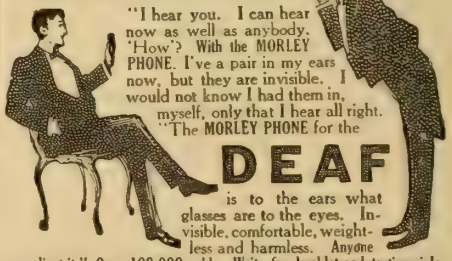
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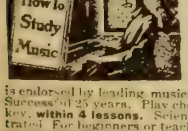
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To The Readers of Photoplay Magazine:

MANY of you have no doubt often taken "pen in hand" to write a moving picture scenario. But whenever you had penned a few sentences, the same old qualms overcame you. You hesitated, pondered, chewed the penholder—and then scratched what you had written. Re-wrote, and scratched once more. Finally, you gave it up.

You considered yourself unequal to the task. You "laid down on the job." You promised yourself to try again, "some other time." And, therefore, your story remains locked up in the memory-vault back in your head.

The reason for this is simple.

Your Big Worry was "literary style." You knew you had a story to tell, but you were at loss *how* to tell it.

"Style" bothers you dreadfully. You think there are certain rules and regulations governing the manner wherein a story ought to be told. And you worry about sentences, grammar, punctuation, terms, expressions, words, literary curly-cues and what-nots. Forget about them all. They are only bugbears. They do not exist. *Tell* your story. Never mind *how*.

Just tell it!

Every story to be made into a picture must first be translated to the screen. Such a translation, or "continuity," must be done by someone thoroughly familiar with the "inside" of screen craft. It is the work of experts. No writer is expected to do it. We doubt whether Kipling, Conrad, or Robt. W. Chambers could write "continuity." But they certainly can write stories. And their stories, if adapted to the screen, must be made into "continuity" just the same as yours.

You can tell the same story as a poem, as a play, as a short story, as a novel, as a song. It'll be the same story every time. It's like putting one person into various clothes. Long coat, short pants, short coat, long pants, green vest, silk hat, blue vest, plug hat; he'll remain the same person inside different clothes.

Substituting person for story; when it comes to writing "continuity" the person must be stripped of whatever clothes he happens to be wearing and measured all over again for his "continuity" outfit. That has got to be done, and to the same extent with a play by Shakespeare, or a novel by Dickens, or a scenario by you, or by Mr. Jones in the next block.

Once again let us ask you not to bother about *how* to tell us the story that's in your mind, but tell it in your own way and your own words.

But do try to write a story which you believe will fit one of the four Paralta Stars.

You have a wide choice:

J. Warren Kerrigan, who can make love like the original Adonis, and fight like sixty;

Bessie Barriscale, who can equally portray a cute little waif, or a proud and languid society leader;

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Be sure to see these stars in all of the Paralta Plays, so you will know exactly just what kind of stories we want for them.

Then write your story and send it to us.

There is no "catch" in this announcement, no hidden "joker." If your story is "there" and suits the talents of any one of the Paralta Stars, we will buy it. If not, we will tell you so.

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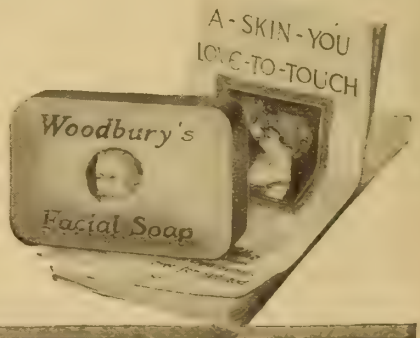
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Victor Georg

OLIVE THOMAS is the pert little Twinkletoes of the silver sheet. From her epigrammatic toes to her fluffy hair, she is the Manhattan show-girl ne plus ultra. *Her husband, Jack Pickford, has enlisted; but Olive will continue her solo.*



VIOLA DANA is the poor-persecuted-child of pictures. It was in an Edison that the village gossips first began to talk about her. Since then she has wept much and often for Metro. Her husband, John Collins, directs her pictorial activities.



Arnold Genthe

David Powell is the young Englishman who is called "the Military Heart Burglar." Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, Olive Tell, and Clara K. Young are a few of the women-he-has-loved.



Campbell Studio

When Earle Williams' latest picture was being shown, and Earle was kissing Grace Darmond on the tip of her ear, a girl behind us thrilled, "Ain't he the perfect gentleman?"



Witzel

As the gentleman crook of the screen, Herbert Rawlinson stands alone. Since going in for the real Raffles stuff, he has scored in such exclamatory photoplays as "Come Through!" and "Brace Up!"



Pedro de Cordoba, though not a native son, is true to the best little traditions of Spain. Besides looking like a Zuloaga toreador, he acts. If you saw "Barbary Sheep," you know.



Sarony

BEFORE the arrival of Florence Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, we talked about Billie Burke and Billie Burke's screen debut and Billie Burke's little white dogs and Billie Burke's gowns. Now it's Billie Burke's Baby—and here she is.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV JUNE, 1918 NO. 1

The Fifth Estate



AT one time the King was supreme.

Then the powerful Nobles wrested from him a share in the ruling power.

Then the Common People, by industry and education, became aware of their own strength, and forced their entry to the councils of the nation.

About the time of the American Revolution, Edmund Burke said: "There are three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sit a Fourth Estate more important far than them all."

From that day, the Press was known as the Fourth Estate, and King, Nobility and Commons were compelled to recognize it as a force in the government. It was an influence that, by sheer will and intelligence, has become one of the dominating elements in the political and social life of the world.

Nor is this true alone of monarchies. What would the will of the President be worth without the support of Congress? What would the will of Congress be worth without the support of the People? And how could the will of the People be made operative without the support of the Press — the Fourth Estate?

The Moving Picture is today the Fifth Estate, by virtue of the fact that it has come into the life of the people, not merely as a plaything, but as a revelation of their own existence, in form so vivid and true that for the first time in history they recognize themselves as they are.

The Moving Picture is the Fifth Estate because it is Democracy's own child, and not the outcome of an intellectual movement, a political upheaval, a religious revival. It is the Fifth Estate because the vast, mute, unlettered masses, demanding a voice, found it in the Moving Picture — a silent voice, speaking the language of common men.

It is the Fifth Estate despite the fact that its speech is not always coherent, despite the fact that certain academic snobs are prone to look upon it with scorn, despite the fact that unscrupulous men frequently betray it for quick profit, despite the fact that it has not even yet found the keynote of its full diapason.

It is the Fifth Estate because it lives in the hearts and the lives of the millions, because it is armed with the magic sword of simplicity that severs all Gordian knots and cleaves down into the fundamental meaning of things.

It is the Fifth Estate, last-born of Humanity's brood — yet who shall say that it may not be first in influence?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!



Star

Being an examination into how stars are made, and the

By James

SPEAK up, little star—what are you? Certain producers have called you a parasite, draining them of their profits and, like an overfed Oliver Twist, still asking for more. Certain other producers have declared that you are a myth, and no more necessary to good pictures than a pair of silk socks to a legless man. Still other producers insist that you are the one infallible means of luring the public into the picture theatres in great numbers

Which of them is right, little star?

No answer? Then I'll tell you. Each of them is right, for the reason that each of them is speaking of something entirely different from what the others have in mind. But perhaps the best way to determine how important the views of any one of them are, would be to set up our own private telescope, and examine a few typical luminaries in the light of cold reason and plain common sense.

First of all, it is a curious telescope I am using. Through it I cannot see the hand-picked, made-to-order stars. In fact, I can't see them either with or without this telescope of mine. They do not exist, for the simple reason that they are not stars. They are names, and nothing more. You know them as well as I do, but because they are nice enough girls and boys, making their living even as you and I, we'll just forget them. Besides, they do not make any too luxurious a living, these hothouse stars. Their originators, in an endeavor to convince the public that they are real members of the great constellations, usually spend far more in advertising them than they do for their salaries. A certain producer decided that he needed an ingenue star to complete his galaxy, and "discovered" a young girl, who received, for a long time, only $50 a week, while between $500 and $1,000 a week was spent in "putting her across." That was two years ago, and now she is about half way across, while her salary has been increased to $75 a week.

THE nebular theory of the creation of the world is that originally there was nothing but a lot of loose matter floating around in space—star-dust. Slowly it took form, moulding planets and stars. And there is material everywhere for moving picture stars. But who is to recognize it in this chaos that attends the creation of a world art?

These are not stars, but products of the star system, which has nothing to do with stars. The minute the star principle becomes the star system it ceases to concern stars and deals only in names. It should be called the "name system." It is based on the theory that if the public becomes so fond of Mary Pickford that it pays the theatre owner to put her name in big lights so that everyone may know her picture is being shown, then if Mary Jones' name is put up in letters of similar size the stupid public will think she is as great an artist as Mary Pickford, and flock to see her. Curiously enough, it doesn't work that way. The public, when examining stars, uses the same telescope that I am using.



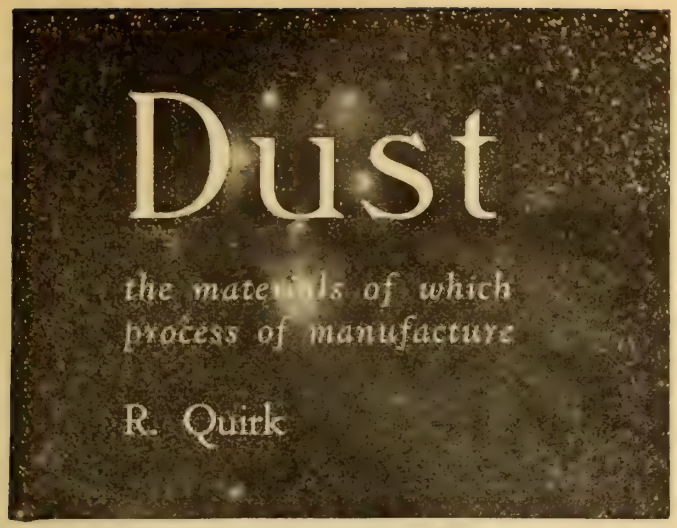
What is it, then, that makes a star? The nebular theory of the creation of the world is that originally there was nothing but a lot of loose matter floating around in space—star dust, we may as well call it for present purposes. Slowly this began taking form and whirling about certain centers, gradually forming stars and planets. Well—there is a lot of human star dust in the world. There is material everywhere for moving picture stars. But who is to recognize it in this chaos that attends the creation of a world art?

Ask the average producer and he will tell you that prettiness and advertising are the only star dust there is. Ask the average star, and he or she will tell you it is dramatic talent. Ask the average fan and she will tell you a star is a star—well, because she likes her, or him. Ask me, and I'll tell you a star is principally brains. Next to brains, physical attractiveness is valuable, not only prettiness, but adaptability to the requirements of the drama.

Dramatic talent comes under the general heading of brains. Imitation dramatic talent, which is nothing but parlor tricks—virtuosity—and does not call for brains, is of no importance whatsoever. Of such are Billy West and the other imitators of Charlie Chaplin, George Walsh and the other imitators of Douglas Fairbanks, and so on.

Mary Pickford is, obviously, the best example of a star in the world of pictures. She was one of the first and today is the greatest. Her popularity is increasing daily, fluctuating only with the merit of the stories in which she appears. Nor is this because of tradition. Men and women are being converted from scoffers to fans through the Pickford genius. I know a man with whom it is a fad to run counter to popular opinion concerning anything. For years he refused so much as to look at a Pickford photoplay. He knew they could not be good because so many people who, he felt, were his mental inferiors, liked them. He knew Mary Pickford was nothing but a pretty girl with a lot of curls. In fact he had been told that Mary's curls were not her own, even, and that she wore a wig. One evening he was induced to go to see "Less Than the Dust," and while this is probably the least meritorious of all the Pickford productions, this superior personage became a Pickford fan instanter. He told me the reason was that the memory of the way she rolled her eyes as she ate a sweetmeat filched from a vendor in a Hindu street scene, haunted him constantly. The real reason, behind this fact, was that while this incident intrigued his eye, the Pickford intelligence had intrigued his really acute mind, and despite a poor story, his interest was captured.

Miss Pickford is a brilliant woman, and this is the secret of her success. I can name dozens of prettier girls who

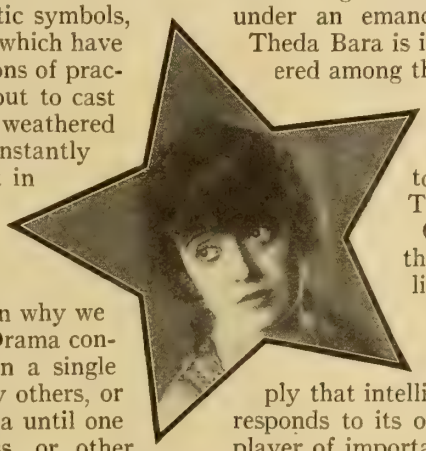


have appeared and disappeared while she goes on her upward way. Nor is there any sense in the argument that she is enhaloed in mystery and romance. She lives in the limelight, her marriage is known to all picture fans. Every admirer knows that this charming person appearing as a bit of a child, is a mature woman. But by dominating mental force, Mary Pickford holds her place.

Mental force, it must be understood, is something very different from cold intellectualism, such as tradition says is the product of Boston. Mental force may emanate from a person who has never been in school, who is illiterate, who lacks all the refinements of education and graces of society. It is a curious thing, a divine afflatus, having more to do with soul than with brain. It is unconscious, often, and affects the person who perceives it, without effort on the part of the one who projects it. Yet on the other hand, it may be supremely conscious, as with Olga Petrova.

MARY PICKFORD is a brilliant woman and that is the secret of her success. I can name dozens of prettier girls who have appeared and disappeared while she goes on her upward way. She lives in the limelight, her marriage is known to every picture fan in America. But by dominating mental force, she holds her place.

The stardom of Petrova is one of the most interesting phenomena of the picture play. Her popularity has defied weak stories and bad productions, and defied also the obstacle of Petrova's inflexible determination to act her roles as she believes they should be acted, regardless of the popular trend of the art of acting, and the ideas of her directors. Madame Petrova has explained her theory of acting to me, quite patiently, and it amounts to this, that she is an ultra-realist. I am confident that the vast majority of the public does not want realism in any art, preferring the romantic symbols, the accepted methods of suggesting ideas which have come into general usage through generations of practice. These methods should be varied, but to cast them aside is perilous. Yet Petrova has weathered this peril, and her popularity increases constantly because she uses her remarkable intellect in every role she essays, in every scene she plays. Consequently the Petrova characters mean something to the audiences, no matter how weak the tale.



Here we have, after all, the basic reason why we have stars and always will have them. Drama consists, almost invariably, of focusing upon a single individual various forces set in motion by others, or by that person himself. Life is not drama until one individual, through bigness or littleness, or other potent reasons, becomes the center of interest of moving events. The player who impersonates this central role must be the star of the drama; it is because there are not enough players capable of dominating, that producers of pictures feel compelled to "star" boys and girls whom they try to "make" by giving them big parts—parts which dwarf the player, not enhance him.

There is no more interesting contrast between the two forms of star intelligence than that offered by Douglas Fairbanks and William Hart. Fairbanks is plastic, Hart is adamant. The Fairbanks intelligence is possessed of an easy geniality that adapts itself to circumstances. The Hart intelligence takes the narrow trail, and drags everything along with it. This is why there is more variety in Fairbanks pictures than in Hart pictures. Perhaps this is what Mr. Hart himself felt when he said—or his press agent said for him—not long ago, that he did not believe any star could last more than five years, and he intended to retire when his five years had expired. Where there is possible such infinite variety as the plastic intelligence makes possible, there can be no time limit. Yet with this advantage that Mr. Fairbanks enjoys, there is a corresponding danger. Give the smiling Douglas a great story, and his personality rises to it, expands, becomes magnificent, almost epic. But give him a flimsy yarn and it drags him down. There have been Fairbanks productions that were nothing but common melodramas, punctuated by close-ups of his mesmeric smile, a smile that loses its value when it is not given a worthy setting.



Mae Marsh enjoys and suffers from the same advantage and disability as Fairbanks. Compare the subtle, fascinating Mae Marsh of "The Wharf Rat" with the sad little star in "Fields of Honor" and you will understand.

In other words, the brains behind the star are almost as important as those of the luminary himself. While personality will often triumph over the most depressing conditions, just as William Farnum has made himself a great star in spite of the sordid fact that he works for William Fox, the vampire producer, it requires remarkable inward power to accomplish this end. Mr. Farnum is the only Fox star of any importance, probably for this very reason. What Virginia Pearson or Gladys Brockwell might become under an emancipating connection is mere guesswork.

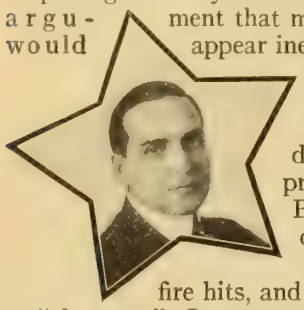
Theda Bara is in a class by herself, and not to be considered among the stars of healthier growth, since her success has been based upon a constant appeal to low sensationalism and morbidity. I believe this appetite has been, to a great degree, satiated. I believe the Theda Bara star is on the wane.

On the other hand, consider the result that is achieved by a constructive brain like that of a Griffith or Brenon. Men of this type attract to their studios the most intelligent of players, and then are given the credit for creating stars. It is simply that intelligence attracts intelligence, recognizes and responds to its own reflection. That is why nearly every player of importance in "The Birth of a Nation" is today a star of national note. It was an early day in producing—the movies, one might almost say, were then in their infancy. Ambitious youngsters flocked to Griffith's studio.

The problem was one of selection only. Is it any wonder, with all this mental energy behind it, that "The Birth of a Nation" was such a production as may never be equalled in the history of the world? It will be indeed difficult, again, to assemble such an array of picture intelligence. "Intolerance" brought only one new star—Constance Talmadge. D. W. himself seems now inclined to take the easier way, employing players whose talent has been proved, thus saving the time and energy required to muster such a force as he gathered for his masterpiece.

> DRAMATIC talent comes under the general heading of brains. Imitation dramatic talent, which is nothing but parlor tricks—virtuosity—and does not call for brains, is of no importance whatsoever. Of such are the imitators of Chaplin, Fairbanks and of others.

There is another phase of this matter of the power of mind in silent drama that is as fascinating as it has been surprising to many who do not yet understand it. If my argument would appear inevitable that where there is great fame backed by unusual intelligence, and supported by unusual beauty, the supply of star dust must be adequate for the production of a splendid planet. But what happened to Mary Garden and Maxine Elliott? Here were two stars that seemed sure-fire hits, and the Goldwyn company expected to "clean up." It was soon discovered, however, that their fame had to be discounted as an almost total loss. Picture fans did not consider them more important than Norma Talmadge or Ethel Clayton. But the main difficulty was that the intelligence of both of these great artists had been devoted for many years to intense thought in a direction that unfitted them for work before the camera. Their intelligence was not adaptable. On the other hand, in the same corporation, there were the picture-wise Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, and the youthful and therefore pliable Madge Kennedy, and these have proved the valuable members, their successes being modified only by the lack of producing genius.



Following this same line of reasoning, consider Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson came to the screen, an actress who had reached the highest eminence on the American stage, a woman of remarkable beauty, an individual of the strongest personality, and withal a brilliant mentality. But she did not come to the screen as a Czarina to take possession of new territory and make it accept her as an autocrat. She told me that when she went to the studio to begin work on her first picture, "Barbary Sheep," she cast from her all that she had ever known of acting, and resolved that she knew nothing of this new art, but would learn. In her first production she was a magnificent picture, but it needed no keen observation to realize that she had not yet found herself. Then came "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose of the World," and "The Song of Songs." With each picture Miss Ferguson has gained a firmer grasp upon the secrets of picture art, so that today she has few equals. I can recall no success so swift and splendid as hers—a veritable triumph of intellect. That she was so fortunate as to be directed in her first work by Maurice Tourneur and Joseph Kaufman, contributed to the speed of her progress, but the end was inevitable.



Much more might be said, but it would be only the application to a variety of individuals of the same principle, which operates constantly. I would like to speak of minor unstarred stars, —of the deep impressions made by such players as Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Milton Sills, Helen Eddy, Warner Oland, J. W. Johnston, Gustave von Seyffertitz, Mary Alden, and all the other representatives of the great class of brilliant artists whose principal occupation is lending substance to pretty romances. Such a task is not for the tail end of a magazine article, rather for an encyclopedia. My desire here is to establish this one principle, that whatever other qualities a player may possess, there can be no great and enduring success without intelligence.

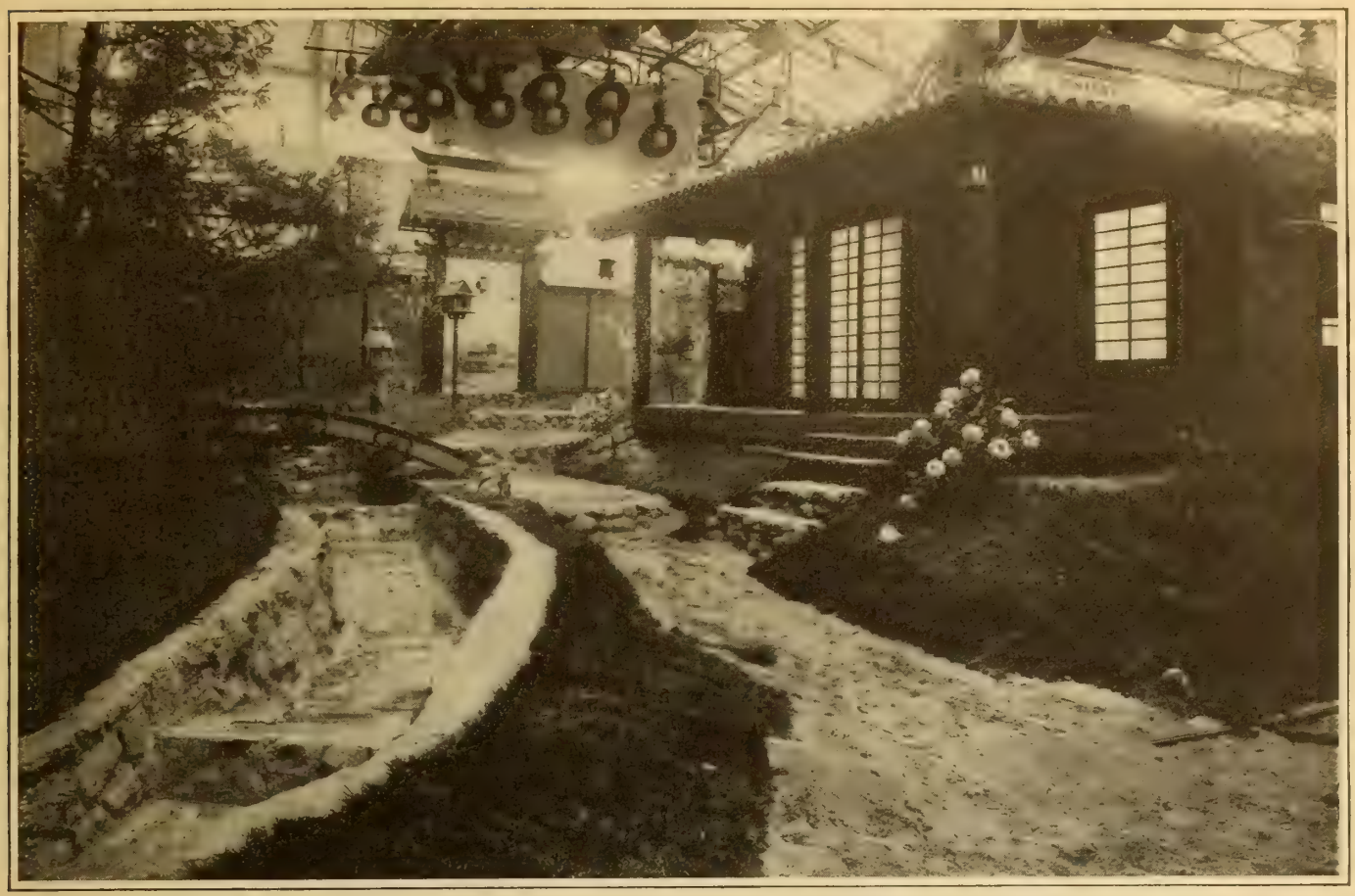
Star dust, I find, as I gaze through my telescope, is grey matter.

Pity the Scenario Editor

SCENARIOISTS, gaze upon this—a busy corner of the scenario department at Universal City—and read over your 'script, thoughtfully, before you send it off. The assistant scenario editor is shown filing addresses of return manuscripts. On the desk in the foreground are more than 600 "regret-unavailable-thanks-for-submitting-it" efforts, all fated for return trips to their creators. Most of them contain not even the germ of an idea—the scenarios, that is. So, if your scenario comes back to you in its stamped, self-addressed return envelope, don't blame the poor scenario editors, and the assistant scenario editors—they would be only too glad to accept a scenario once in a while, goodness knows.



MAKING MOTHER NATURE SHOW A LITTLE SPEED



Japan was too far away for practical purposes, so Edison's pinch-hitters for Nature — every real studio has 'em — got busy and turned a bit of arid studio into a cozy little Nipponese tea garden. High speed carpenters planted the bungalow in a few hours. The whole job didn't take two days.



You can see by this picture just how it all came about. Notice the trench, constructed of wood, about which was piled some of Nature's most select turf. And about ten minutes after this picture was taken water was turned in. Note the battery of lights overhead. And the flowers are real ones.

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

"HAVE You
Met Mabel Condon?"
It was About
The Fourteenth Person
Who had Asked me that.
And I always Had
To Say No.
It was Terrible.
I Knew
I should have Met her;
It wasn't My Fault;
It wasn't Mabel's Fault.
And then—
She Came Through Chicago
On her Way West.
I Met her;
And Talked to her.
They Say
She's a Press Agent; but
She Isn't.
She's a Business Woman.
A Little Girl
With a Smile
And a Quiet Way
Of Getting What she Wants
And Making Everybody
Want her to Have It
And Help her Get It—
That's Mabel.

Then
There was
Edna Earle.
Edna
Is the Prettiest Girl
You Ever Saw.
She had
A Blue Dress
The Color of her Eyes;
And Bright Hair,
And an Ermine Scarf,
And a Poke Bonnet.
She's Twenty-one.
She was with Mabel,
And they were Going West.
In New York
Edna Played
In Metro Pictures,
And with Constance Talmadge
And Bessie Love.
Then
In California,
She's Going to Play Opposite
A Famous Man Star;
And she's Going to Share
A Hollywood Bungalow
With Mabel—
Mabel Condon.
(I don't Know her.
Half Well Enough
To Call her Mabel—
But I Wish I Did.)
You'd Never Think
Edna Earle
Had been on the Screen
For a Year;
And on the Stage
Four Years before that.
She's just Twenty-one,
And She's
Awfully Real.
She Likes
Work on the Screen; and
She wants You
To like her.
You will.
As I was Leaving,
I Looked Over my Shoulder
At them.
Edna Earle
Had Taken Off her Hat—
But I wasn't at all Disappointed.
And there was Mabel—
Mabel Condon.
Oh, I
Wish I were a Film Star,
So Mabel could Manage Me!

I'd never Seen
A Press Agent before—
I'd Read
Press Stories
About Stars who Rescued
The Extra from Drowning; or
Stars who
Make their Own Clothes;
Or Stars who
Drive their Own Cars;
Or Stars—
Just Stars.
But
When Douglas Fairbanks' Press Agent
And Charlie Chaplin's Press Agent
Came to Town—well—
I do like Doug,
And I do like Charlie.
Doug's
Is Bennie Zeidman; and Charlie's
Is Carlyle Raleigh Robinson.
Isn't that
A Lovely Name?
He should have Been
An Actor.
He's Named
After his Home Town; he's
One of those Southern Gentlemen,
I Guess—
"Raleigh South Carolina, suh."
Bennie
Is Little; and
Carlyle Raleigh Robinson
Is Tall—
Very Tall.
Bennie
Is Always Talking About
Doug.
Now,
I like Doug.
I always Have.
But Bennie
Doesn't want you
to *like* Doug.
He Wants you
To think of him
As
America's Joy Boy;
America's Greatest Exponent
Of the Happy Smile;
The Genial Smile-star—
Ebullient Douglas.
Before Bennie
Could say Anything Else,
Carlyle Raleigh Robinson
Was Saying
That the Chaplin Page
In the May Issue
Was the Best in the Book;
But Bennie
Said the Fairbanks Rodeo Page
Was the Best in the Book.
They
Were still Talking it Over
On their Way Out.

And Doug and Mary and Charles
Are Coming Through
Next Week.
I hope they stop off.



C. Smith Gardner

Then There Was Edna Earle.



White

My Lady o' Dreams

Marie Doro the spirituelle, is a real person, though you might not have thought it

By Randolph Bartlett

GREAT discoveries are often accidental. Columbus ran into America when he thought he was headed for India. I was looking for Elliott Dexter and discovered Marie Doro. And when I say "discovered" I mean it. I had seen Miss Doro—most perfect of names, the Golden Girl—on the screen and on the stage. Still I had not discovered her.

In my quest for Mr. Dexter I had been referred by the Paramount publicists to a certain telephone number. Upon taking Mr. Bell's well known invention into my confidence, there floated through the receiver a voice that no mechanical contrivance could disguise. Then, with all the sudden illumination of a bursting rocket, the idea arrived. Mrs. Dexter is Miss Doro.

It never had occurred to me before, except as a bit of abstract knowledge. I had seen Miss Doro in a play, "Barbara," a week or so before the adventure of the telephone. She was a creature of such airy lightness, that, if I had given the matter serious thought, I should have come to the conclusion that when the performance was



White

A piano which enjoys the privilege of daily association with the Doro voice.

over she was put away carefully and tenderly in a nest of roseleaves until the next performance. It was impossible to think of her as stepping out of the theatre into a common automobile, driving to a restaurant and partaking of common food, buying gowns and hats, or talking over telephones.

Yet there it was. The voice coming over the telephone was, unmistakably, the voice I had heard in "Barbara"—a voice of velvet shot with threads of silver; a voice that, without physical effort, made music of our too hard English words; a voice designed by nature for reading the poetry of Keats.

From the discovery that Miss Doro does not live in an invisible, enchanted palace, issuing forth from time to time in form visible to men only at the call of the camera or the footlights, but in just such a Fifth Avenue apartment as you or I might live in (if we could afford it) equipped with telephone and everything—from this discovery to the invasion of that apartment was a step soon taken. And just as its mistress is unlike any other person, so is the apartment unlike any other apartment. It has windows, doors, floor, ceiling, and so on, of course, but there the similarity ends. Nor does it conform to any period or follow any mode. There is a tapestry from Spain, an antique table from England, a still more antique leather screen from somewhere else (for by law of contrast it is natural that Miss Doro revels in antiques), there is a fireplace that is chummy and dreamful, chintzes that merrily tease the dignified antiques with their graceful youth, candlesticks of dateless Flemish origin, and so on, not forgetting a piano whose exquisite tone you unhesitatingly ascribe to the fact that the instrument enjoys the privilege of daily association with the Doro voice.

In this quaint setting, Miss Doro is a figure as enchanting as that which she presented in "The Wood Nymph," her one—to my notion—unforgettable picture, directed by the master dreamer, Griffith. I could not quite hit upon the word to describe it all—a word which flitted back and forth and eluded me just as I thought I had it. And I never did find it until the lady herself supplied it in describing someone else. She was speaking of Charles Frohman, under whose management she played until he was murdered by William Hohenzollern.

"We all loved Mr. Frohman," she said. "He was the greatest theatrical genius of modern times. He had such a fund of unfailing humor, whimsical and fine. He was really elfin—"

That was the word—*elfin*. Her word for Charles Frohman was the word I had been wanting for her. "Wistful" is the word certain superficial observers have used in and out of season, but it will not do, for wistfulness is essentially sad, and Marie Doro is anything but that. In such a naive tale as "The Morals of Marcus," or such a drama of the drawing room as "Diplomacy," no matter how different may be the characters, the elfin quality is always there.

How did she happen to go on the stage? It didn't happen. Marie Stewart of Kansas City wanted to be an actress. She persuaded her mother to bring her to New York where she studied all things useful to such a career. Incidentally, she became a great favorite in a group of Italian artists, who, devoting much serious consideration to the matter, decided that Stewart would never do as a name for her, and after earnest conferences christened her Marie Doro. It may be unpatriotic, but I insist that no American could have done it. We haven't the sense of poetry in names that is the birthright of the Latin. Then Charles Frohman met her, name and all, fully equipped for a career, and because she could sing and dance, gave her a part in a musical comedy, "The Girl From Kays."

"I wasn't starred, of course," says Miss Doro, "and I shall never forget the curious incident of my first intimation that such an honor had been selected for me. We were playing up state somewhere, and Mr. Frohman had

come from New York to see the performance again. As I was going to my dressing room between the acts the stage manager stopped me and said:

" 'Mr. Frohman is going to star you, Miss Doro.'

"It sounded preposterous to me, and like all novices I was suspicious of everyone. I thought he was trying to be fresh, and told him not to dare talk to me like that. I was furious, and not until they brought me a copy of a paper with Mr. Frohman's announcement would I believe that my innocence and ignorance were not being imposed upon. Then I was delighted, not only because of the success but because dancing did not agree with me.

"The play in which I made my first dramatic appearance was not a success, and Sam Bernard who was starred in 'The Girl From Kays' sent word to Mr. Frohman that he must have me back in the cast, as he could not dance with my successor. When Mr. Frohman told me, I wept bitterly, and said I simply could not do it, as the dancing was ruining my health. A few days later, Mr. Frohman told me he had decided upon my next play, and the way he broke the news was typical of his whimsical humor.

" 'I have selected a part for you in "Little Mary," ' he said, 'with great care and due consideration for your delicate health. You will be wheeled about the stage in a rolling chair throughout the entire piece.' "

Whether or not it was because Mr. Frohman took such excellent care of her health, at least Miss Doro thrived, and soon was a star in her own right. In "The Morals of Marcus" and "Oliver Twist" she scored successes which are now stage history, later repeating these successes on the screen. One of her greatest triumphs, however, was in a brilliant cast of "Diplomacy," which she played first in London for two years. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because of her lifelong interest in antiques, Europe always fascinated her after her first visit, and until the war she was one of the most regular patrons of the liners. She returned to America shortly before the war, intending to ask Mr. Frohman to relieve her from her American engagements entirely.

It was in the American revival of "Diplomacy" that Miss Doro met Elliott Dexter and, simultaneously, her fate. Her own version of the romance is delicious.

"It was while we were playing 'Diplomacy' that Mr. Frohman suggested that I try moving pictures. I didn't want to do it, but he had a way of persuading people. It was 'The Morals of Marcus.' The scenes were being made at Lakewood, New Jersey, and the new work was so trying that what with traveling back and forth every day and playing in 'Diplomacy' as well, I was almost a nervous wreck. On top of all that, they informed me one day that a change would be made in the cast of the play, and Mr. Dexter would play Julian. I rebelled. I never had met Mr. Dexter. I didn't want to meet him. I knew he must be an inferior actor. I didn't see how I could find time to rehearse with him, and do everything else I had on hand as well.

"Of course they talked me out of my meanness, or at least made me stop talking about it. Mr. Dexter went on with only two rehearsals and, naturally, was fearfully nervous. That renewed my spiteful attitude toward him. I told Mr. Frohman he would never do. I said it simply was ruining the whole play. Both he and Mr. Gillette argued with me, but I wouldn't be soothed.

" 'I like this boy,' Mr. Frohman said. 'I like everything about him. Please try to get along with him.'

"When I saw that I couldn't get them to give Elliott his notice, I thought I might as well make the best of a bad situation, and began to try to help him, and show

(Continued on page 107)



White

By law of contrast it is natural that Miss Doro revels in antiques



The other actors about the studio mostly made fun of him, but beneath the shell I saw a great soul in a jitney body.

Jimmy Stars at Last

They called him "the nut" but not after he went to France

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"NOBODY'S got anything on me when it comes to patriotism," the Chief grumbled, "but this war is sure playing the devil with the fillum business."

"Thank God they're not drafting the women," I laughed, thinking of Cynthia Love and the rest.

"I wouldn't be sorry if they did—some of them," the Chief returned, with a frown, and I remembered having heard rumors to the effect that he and his wife didn't get along well together.

We had been waiting to go down to the projecting room to see a new picture run off, but some trouble with the projecting machine had delayed us for a few moments. Our service flag was fluttering in the breeze just outside the window and the Chief had been looking at it. There were a great many stars on the flag and some of them were stars in more than one sense of the word.

The immediate cause of his remarks, however, had been our latest contribution to that gallant little army "somewhere in France." Wallace Richwood, our famous leading man, had felt the call, and had marched off that very morning, clad in sober khaki, amidst the God-speeds of everybody in the studio, looking very stern and determined now that he was to live tragedy, instead of merely acting it. I imagine it must have been something of a wrench, to Wallace, whose handsome face and six-foot-two of well-knit frame had made him the idol of the petticoated fans from coast to coast.

There was a letter lying on my desk. I took it up and glanced at its closely written pages.

"There are a lot of men," I said, "who might get a chance over there that they'd never get here."

"What do you mean?" the Chief asked. "Acting?"

"Yes—in a way. There's acting in real life as well as on the screen. Wasn't it our old friend Bill Shakespeare who said 'all the world's a stage'?"

"What's the idea?" said my companion, turning from the window.

I glanced again at the ragged handwriting on the pages before me.

"Here's a letter I just got from Norton," I replied. "He's in the trenches now." Norton had been one of our best scenario writers before he went to Plattsburg, and the Chief was very fond of him.

"Anything new?" he asked.

I laid the letter on my desk.

"It's mostly about Jimmy Caldwell," I replied.

"Caldwell?" The Chief glanced at me inquiringly through the smoke of his cigar. "Don't seem to remember him."

"No. You wouldn't. He only did bits. Slapstick comedy, mostly. Sort of handy man about the studio."

"Oh." The Chief seemed to lose interest. "Plenty like him to be had." He tossed away his cigar.

"Not so many, I guess, from what Norton writes. It seems we were entertaining a hero unawares. He's done things. Quite an interesting story."

"Let's have it, while we're waiting. It may be good publicity stuff."

"I don't think so," I said, "but you can be the judge."

You see, he wasn't known to the public at all. Just a queer, thin, undersized little chap that no one paid any attention to. Came to us about a year ago looking as though he'd never had a square meal in his life. It wasn't as bad as that, of course, for he had done some excellent work, on the legitimate stage, and made something of his parts, even though they were small ones. But he hadn't any assurance—none of that chesty, up-stage stuff that so often makes high-priced stars out of bum chorus men, or second-rate vaudeville actors. Couldn't seem to understand how to advertise himself, he was so painfully modest. That's fatal, in the picture business. Many a man of far less ability passed him by, on account of having the effrontery of a cigar store Indian and a pair of leather lungs.

But if he couldn't impersonate a human jazz band, Jimmy Caldwell was an actor to the core. Even while he was playing custard pie comedy he cherished dreams of doing Hamlet. Never saw a comedian in my life that didn't secretly think himself a second Edwin Booth. When he came to us I used him, off and on, in some of our lighter films and found he fitted in very well, doing comedy tramps, funny policemen, eccentric jags and the like. But he didn't seem satisfied with the work, and later on I learned that he really lived in the hope that he'd some day get a chance to star. Not as a second Charlie Chaplin, either, but the regular goods, like Wallace Richwood. There was something almost pathetic about it, because, whatever Jimmy's natural abilities may have been, nature had never intended him to fill the part of a matinee idol. No woman would have looked at him twice, with his thirty-four inch chest and his Chippendale legs. Only through his eyes did I occasionally get a glimpse of his soul, of the fire in him, and then quite accidentally, when he happened to be watching Wallace Richwood in one of his big scenes. Then his fingers would twitch, his shoulders would straighten up, and his whole being would undergo a sort of transformation. The other actors about the studio mostly made fun of him, and referred to him as the 'nut,' but I saw beneath the shell and recognized one of those tragedies that nature so often plays on us, a great soul in a jitney body, a blue-white diamond in a setting of cheap brass. There are lots of people like that, people whose most tragic moments the world regards as slapstick comedies, whose efforts to be heroic usually seem ridiculous.

I have said that no woman would have looked at Jimmy twice, but there was one exception, and of course it was his mother. The only love that is really blind is mother love, take it from me. The old lady came to see me once, when Jimmy was sick and couldn't show up for work, and we had quite a talk. She was the real goods, and then some. I remember telling Richwood afterward that the only thing I ever envied Jimmy Caldwell was his mother.

He left us, about six months ago, to go into the army. I never heard him say anything about making the world safe for democracy, or doing his bit. He was just caught in the draft. At least he said he was caught. I don't know. Offhand, I'd have said he was over the age limit, but it was hard to tell about Jimmy. Maybe he lied about his age in order to get in. I know a lot of fellows who have dreamed all their lives of great adventures, of doing something fine and big and out of the ordinary, while adding up columns of figures at a book-keeper's desk, and who have put on khaki to get a chance to make their dreams come true. Jimmy may have been like that. He wasn't the sort to say anything about it. Maybe he concluded that since he couldn't get a chance to play a star

part here, on the screen, he'd try his luck over there, in real life.

I had a talk with him before he went.

"There's nothing in all this glory stuff," I told him. "War is a bitter business. You won't like it. You'll be disappointed. A lot of fellows dream about charges, and waving flags, and medals of honor and all that, and what you'll actually have to do is stand in some stinking, rat-infested trench till your feet are half frozen and then pass out by the gas route, or drown in a greasy shell hole."

"That's what makes it so wonderful," Jimmy came back at me, "that men are willing to do all those things, cheerfully, for the sake of a principle. I guess I'm not one to whimper, or complain. I'll take my medicine, same as the rest."

And he was right. My hat's off to the boys over there. And to Jimmy. He didn't whimper, when the big chance came. Oh yes, he got his chance.

I'm putting the story together, from what Norton has written. His letter is good reading—the kind that makes a man proud of his country, and his flag.

Jimmy was in Norton's company, a private in the rear ranks, just one of those plodding nonenities that are never heard from except in the casualty lists. The supers in the game, theatrically speaking. I'd heard from Norton once or twice before, but he had never mentioned Jimmy, except to say that he was there. That was all I had expected, for, as I've explained before, Jimmy's methods were anything but spectacular. I just imagined him washing the mess pans, sweeping out the officers' quarters and doing as much of the dirty work as the other chaps in the company could force on him, just as he'd always done at home, playing his unimportant little parts at the studio without a word of complaint, but with eyes always eager for the big chance he seemed to think was right around the corner.

A few weeks ago the company, with a lot of others, was sent up into the front line trenches for a little taste of the real thing. The game there, as no doubt you know, is night raiding. Well, it seems they didn't give Jimmy a chance at that. Nobody suggested it and Jimmy didn't offer himself. Even in that game he couldn't push himself forward, couldn't advertise. Yet I know there wasn't a braver man in the company, or the whole battalion, for that matter. But he had that ingrowing modesty I've told you about, so I guess he just sat back in the trench and watched the other fellows go and return—not always return, more's the pity—and listened to their grim tales of adventure in "no-man's-land" in the same eager way in which he would listen to Wallace Richwood telling how wonderful he was in this, that or the other part. And then, one morning, a raiding party came back to discover that the young lieutenant who had been in charge of it was missing.

The raid had been timed for that darkest hour just before dawn, and everything had been planned with the greatest secrecy. But from what Norton writes I guess the boches must have gotten wind of it, for just as our men got up to the enemy's wire entanglements, they were met by a burst of machine gun fire that sent them reeling back toward our trenches in double-quick time. The lieutenant in charge of the party—his name was Watson, Norton writes, from Chicago—ordered a retreat at once, and everybody started for home. The success of these raids depends almost entirely upon taking the other fellow by surprise. If he's ready for you, it's all off.

"Well, a retreat in such circumstances means a crawl, each man for himself, wallowing along in the mud, seeking cover in every depression, lying motionless in imitation of a dead man whenever a flare goes off, gradually worming your way back to the friendly shelter of your trench, and if you have luck, finally getting there. Wounded you bring along, if you can. The dead lie where they fall.

The party at length reached our trench, after suffering a number of casualties. It had not occurred to anyone, however, that the lieutenant was one of them. Hearing his voice commanding the retreat, everyone supposed he was all right, and coming along in the rear. It isn't the custom in the United States Army for officers to lead retreats, thank God. They're not that sort. Well, to make a long story short, when the raiding party finally tumbled over the parapet and lined up to count noses it was discovered that the lieutenant was among the missing. Every moment they expected him to come crawling out of the darkness, but he didn't show up. And just about then the first flush of dawn came, and our fellows were horrified to see, as the grim objects in "no-man's-land" were slowly revealed, the figure of the young lieutenant, lying against the enemy's wires, wounded and helpless, with only an occasional twitching of his legs, and a far-off, pitiful moaning, to show he was still alive.

Volunteers sprang forward at once, hoping they might have time to bring him in before it got so light that rescue would be impossible. Two men made the attempt, one after the other. Both were killed—shot by the enemy's snipers. They hadn't a chance of success, and now that it was broad daylight, the officer in command of the trench section refused to allow any others to make the attempt. As a matter of fact, with the sun shining brightly, and all the desolate waste between the trenches in full view, it was worth your life to even attempt to *look* over the parapet, much less climb over it and try to cross fifty yards of open ground. War is a bitter business. To lose any more men even to save the life of an officer was not good policy. So our fellows were forced to stand by hour after hour, all during the day, watching the quivering figure against the entanglement through their periscopes and

Opera Plus

By Will H. Johnston

I pity opera goers, for they couldn't
tell you plain
Just what the blessed show is all
about;
They see the tenor wring his hands
and groan as if in pain,
But what his trouble is, they're
much in doubt.
Now here's a bright suggestion—rig
a picture screen up-stage
And dim the footlights every little
while;
Then let the lantern tell 'em why the
basso's in a rage
And why the fair soprano has to
smile.



"They slipped noiselessly over the parapet some time after midnight and began to work their way across that pock-marked and desolate waste."

wondering whether the wounded man would be able to hold out until the coming of darkness made further attempts at rescue possible. There wasn't a man in the trench that wouldn't have braved the entire German army to go out and do his best to save the lieutenant, darkness or no darkness, but all they could do was swear at the Germans and pray for the wounded man's strength, which they did alternately. I tell you, the spirit of our men at the front, as Norton describes it, is magnificent. It makes a fellow feel proud of being an American.

All this time Jimmy Caldwell must have been doing a lot of thinking, and saying nothing, as usual. But when night came, and the rescue party was being organized, it seems he went to the commanding officer and had a long talk with him. All by himself, Norton says, explaining some idea he had about Lieutenant Watson's rescue. And it must have been a good idea, too, for when the rescue party was made up, it was announced that Private Caldwell was to be one of them.

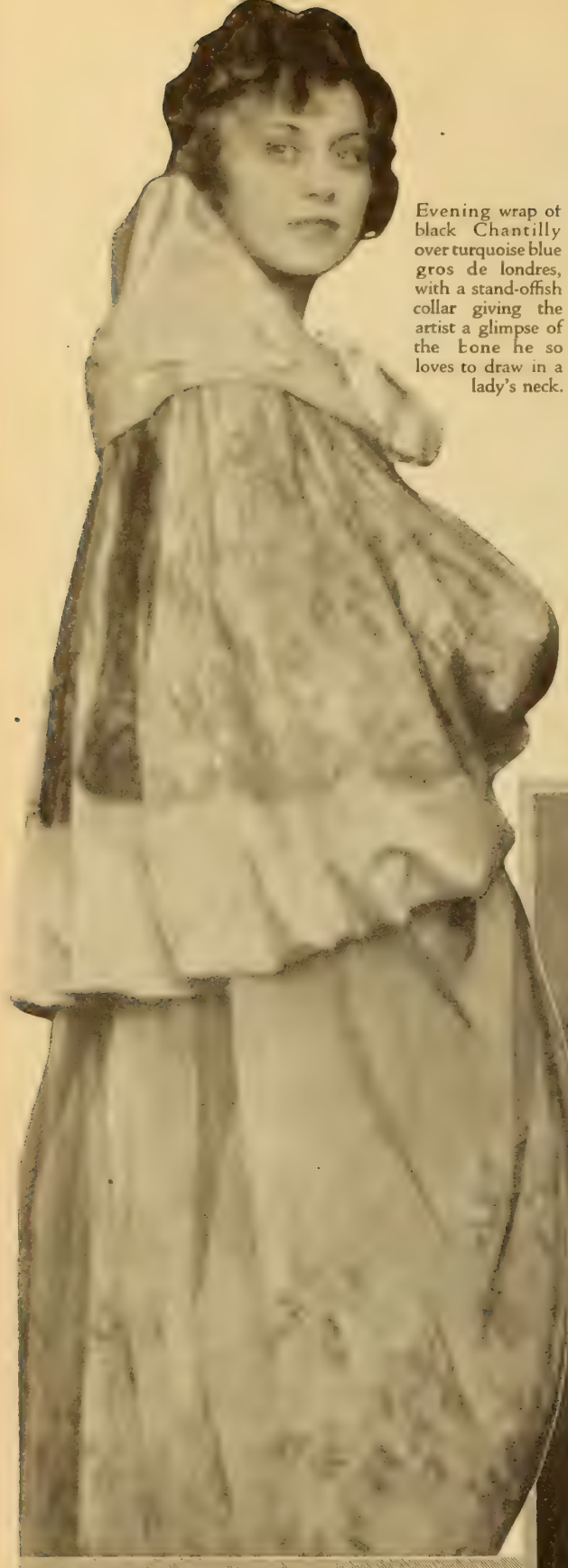
Norton was another, and this is his story of how the thing came off. It was dark, that night, very dark, and of course the wounded man couldn't be seen except when the Germans set off a flare, which they did pretty frequently during the early part of the evening, evidently expecting that an attempt to rescue the lieutenant would

(Continued on page 112)

Jackie Saunders *in*

She went on a clothes "spree" in New York—

Photographs by



Evening wrap of black Chantilly over turquoise blue gros de londres, with a stand-offish collar giving the artist a glimpse of the bone he so loves to draw in a lady's neck.

WHEN all the beauties in the movies stood in a row and cried out to these particular Spring and Summer models, "Come to the one you love the best!" they slipped right off their hangers and fell on the neck of adorable Jackie Saunders. She couldn't have escaped them, so perfectly did they suit her.

When Jackie Saunders went from Long Beach, California, to New York recently she hurried for a clothes spree, and bought a thousand dollars worth of tailleurs, one sided sailors, summer dolmans and beaded bags right away—all designed by Harry Collins.

The two great outstanding facts of this Nineteen Eighteen Style Exposition are two kinds of fashions: Conservation and Non-conservation. Mr. Lamb is bleating hard for his troops abroad, but Mr. Silk Worm and Mrs. Cotton Blossom are keeping up the morale of the army around the home fires.

In the smart walking suit a new influence is felt, a sort of second cousin to the new Spanish modes; hence the Apache collar and coat hem snug to the figure. Straight lines, long and slender, are not merely a personal affection with Miss Saunders. All the smartest women wearing street wools are assuming this tight fitting simplicity in their dress.

Spanish styles are excellent, not only in Etons with tinsel embroidered and fringed satin sashes, but also in Toreador capes for street wear and in such evening wraps as the exquisite one shown



In center panel—the silhouette of this cape is a camouflage, for there's really a barrel of heavy gray satin in it. But it's all shirred and held in with stays of gray velvet. The deceptive ostrich, whose fronds are spread out over the shoulders of this wrap, is not a bird of war.

At right—are you convinced on your third guess that Alice blue gros-grain ribbon has been run through the pink Georgette of this frock to make the basket weave? Well, then, you guess right. The smockish look of this tunic and its large, loose armholes are especially apropos of summer dictates.

Her New Togs

see what she found "the morning after."

Victor Georg

here of turquoise gros de londres and black Chantilly lace.

Of course our sudden interest in South American trade has brought the Spanish influence to the fore with a rush. But our continuous concern for the allied armies is not to be outdone. And thus we see in the season's fashions a dash of the military, Scotch and otherwise, a touch of French and Russian peasantry, and by deduction from the British, a strong East Indian flavor in some of the models prefiguring fall styles. America is, indeed, the land of free verse in human accoutrements and the great melting pot of fashions.



In oval — The Summer's black velvet, irregular as to coat length, has double cupped cuffs and a crushed Spanish girdle with tie ends. Below which we find a straight lined skirt of French blue sport satin, the whole aided and abetted by a black velvet tam.



This cunning little dance dress all rosey-hued gros de londres with upturned frills and slender stalk of silver lace. contradicts the bustle, the designer thinking it time to question the self assurance of that perky mode.



This slim, trim, braided white tricot with its oh, so diffident hem, has many good points to comment upon! The diagonal opening of the coat and its snug fit to the hips, its upstanding, open collar, tiny yoke, tight cuffs, and cut buttons for ornamentation rather than use.



At right — Miss Saunders cap-a-pie for a saunter down Fifth Avenue. Blue gabardine is requisitioned for the coat, except for yoke, snug cuffs and pipings, which are of blue and white woolen check. Blue tooled buttons are the outposts at yoke and elbow.

And the Elephants Beckoned

What if the tuskers were only of stucco? Carmel Myers believed in signs and David Griffith, so—

I HOLD no brief for Youth, ebullient, effervescent, vivid, alluring; Youth in its springtime freshness—Youth that so lightly scoffs at Age. I hold none, for none is needed: Youth is its own brief, its own argument.

I but introduce you to—Youth!

Its name is Carmel Myers.

Going back into ancient history for such a topic as this—three or four days at the least: Jack Conway, the director, and I were discussing the popularity of a seventeen-year-old film star whose name and face are known to the four quarters of the globe.

"Why is it?" I asked. "What does it? There are dozens who can act as well—"

"Thousands, you mean," he said. "But I'd give my right arm to direct that girl. She's got all I ask—a plastic body and mind, eyes that talk to you, and more—youth, the only quality that will stand the acid test of the close-up."

And Miss Carmel, reverting to her, intends to make the most of that youth.

In emerald-and-gold Hollywood she lives in a big house that everybody and his little brother in Los Angeles know as the home of Rabbi Isidore Myers. He is, so there will be no mistake, Miss Carmel's father, and I'll venture there's no cleric in the wide world so immensely proud of his daughter and her rise to success as this same veteran Jewish teacher, lecturer and writer of the Pacific Coast.

But it was to her mother, jovially rotund and frankly pleased with her seventeen years of daughter Carmel, that I put the question of parental opposition to or encouragement of a stage career. Frankly, Mother Myers paid more attention to me than Daughter Myers. Carmel sat in a window-seat and knitted something for the soldiers. She has "adopted" a number of army boys at Camp Kearney, and between scenes she makes them things to eat and wear.

"Oppose Carmel in her career?" asked Mrs.

Although Carmel Myers swore (the verb is her own) she'd never thedabara, the puppy is, you will note, thoroughly vamped.



At the age of one year, Carmel registered Youth into the camera and has been doing it ever since.

"Come On! Come On!"

By Verne Hardin Porter

Myers; "certainly not! Although I prophesied it when she was two years old, I had no particular desire for her to become an actress, but I believe that talent, once shown, should be encouraged and fostered. But if Carmel can't go to the top, I'd rather she'd have gone into the profession of washing dishes or some such thing. If she can't be the best, I want her to quit."

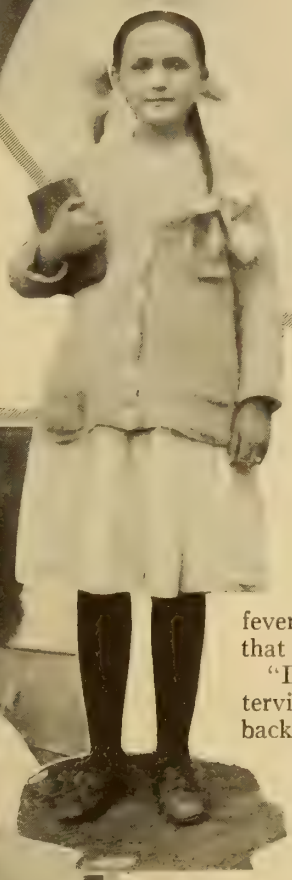
Carmel smiled. "Me too," she said.

Miss Myers was born in San Francisco seventeen years ago, as has been recorded, and going with her family to Los Angeles, was snatched out of high school during her first year there to become a film actress.

As a child she was a leading lady with trimmings. "She acted all over the house," Mrs. Myers bubbled, chuckling; "upstairs and down and principally in the basement,—admission, one pin. She scorned any other part but that of the leading lady, and her reward of merit was tears from her audiences of little girls. When they cried she knew she'd made a tremendous hit. She would come to me all a-flutter with pride, and say, 'Mother, I made 'em cwy.' She thought it was rather wonderful that they should really exude a few tears, and so did I; but I was never quite sure whether they cried because her performances were good or awful. I know they were always sad plays; Carmel used to worry me trying to get me to suggest new material. She wanted nothing but tragedy.'"



Do you notice that Norma Talmadge droop to the mouth?



Shades of pigtails and gingham! Who'd-a thunk it? Carmel emphasizes the fact that this picture was taken in 1909. Which proves that some ducklings really do become swans. Cheer up, girls!



Merely attesting that she is doing "her bit." And there are hosts of Sammies to verify that statement.

"I had always wanted to go on the stage," explained Miss Carmel, now bending her dark head over her knitting to correct a dropped stitch; "But it seemed such a big jump from high school. Motion pictures were all around us here in Hollywood, and the first thing I knew I had the movie fever. And my chance came so unexpectedly that there's really nothing romantic about it.

"David W. Griffith had come to Dad and interviewed him concerning some of the historical background for 'Intolerance.' One day when I was with Dad I met Mr. Griffith. I had been passing the 'Intolerance' 'sets'—the walls of Babylon and all that,—almost every day on my way to and from school, and I had taken particular notice of the two stucco or papier mache figures of elephants with their trunks curled up.

" 'They—those elephants—always seem to be beckoning me,' I told Mr. Griffith, 'saying, "Come on! Come on!" '

(Continued on page 116)

Devotion *to* Detail *at* Lasky's



As no immigrants are coming into Ellis Island now, the Lasky research department was forced to get the picture at the right from an old magazine. From it they reproduced the sets in George Beban's photoplay, "One More American," correct as to scenery, costumes and types of extra people.



The upper and lower pictures, scenes from the photoplay, illustrate the results of this attention to detail. Beban and Camille Ankewich (above) have faithful settings for their Italian characters; below, in the immigrant station scene, the extras might be real immigrants, so real are their surroundings.





"I haven't any money," said Phyllis forlornly, her blue eyes hazed with tears.

A BIT OF JADE

These stolen Hindu treasures are always causing trouble

By Elizabeth Sears

INTO the temple a white clad figure softly stepped. The gleaming knife in the upraised hand drew a sinister flash under the dim light. The kneeling brown figure in front of the squat Hindu goddess droned sleepily on at his worship. A ray of light fell from the swinging lamp and censor straight into the heart of the wonderful jade pendant that lay on the smooth brown throat of the goddess. Her half-opened eyes looked straight at the approaching figure in white; but in them was no power to warn—no force to protect.

The intruder came steadily on. A swift downward stroke—and the worshipper rolled face down to the floor. The necklace was stripped with a swift triumphant gesture from the throat of the quiescent goddess—the white figure glided silently out.

Came a High Priest to the spot. His rage was vented on the unfortunate worshipper who lay prone in a welter of his own blood, muttering a prayer in his great fear.

"Up, wretch," shouted the High Priest. "Thou hast allowed the goddess to be robbed of a jewel that has been on her neck for centuries. I charge thee to wander the world about until thou hast found the sacred jade and restored it to the temple. Accursed and forlorn, thou shalt not know peace nor rest, until this is done!"

And with bent head, guarding his wound as best he might, the worshipper went forth into a strange world to enter upon his weary quest for the bit of jade.

* * * *



NARRATED by permission, from the scenario of Mildred Graham, produced by the American Film Company, with the following cast:

Phyllis King...Mary Miles Minter
Grayson Blair.....Alan Forrest
Rhi.....Alfred Ferguson
Cuthbert King.....David Howard
Aunt Abigail.....Vera Lewis

Grayson Blair closed at once with the dealer who offered him the antique jade necklace.

"I have gone to a good bit of trouble to get you that jade, sir," said the dealer. "I've been on track of it for four years; but it was hard to come by. But there it is at last. And I'll warrant that it is the finest bit of jade you'll see in a life time."

Blair handled the wonderful bit of carved jade lovingly. His one passion was his collection of antiques. This bit of jade was the gem of them all.

When the dealer had gone, Blair spread out the necklace on his writing table and examined it closely. It was fortunate for his peace of mind that he did not see the exultant gleam in a pair of eyes that peered from behind the curtain of the study. These eyes watched his every movement. They gloated over the beauty and the lure of the necklace. Yet when the bell for his valet summoned the owner of those eyes, the Hindu entered the library humbly and with an impassive face.

"Bring me the small lacquer box from my desk, Rhi,"

ordered Blair, "and have my things ready for a trip to the country. I will finish my monograph at Glenhurst where we can be away from this infernal racket of the city. Tell Burton to help you with the collection. He has always packed it for me."

"Truly, Sahib," responded the smooth voice of the Hindu, "it shall be done." But as he parted the curtains, he turned his head—and once more those black eyes, gleaming with triumph, rested on the jade necklace.

Blair lazily lit his favorite pipe and gazed with increasing satisfaction upon the bit of jade on the table before him.

"Queer chap, Rhi," he muttered, "I'll back a Hindu valet for comfort and service against anybody—but—somehow he makes me nervous. I'll be glad when Burton's ankle has recovered from its sprain—I'm used to Burton.

The prospect of a quiet summer at Glenhurst where he had leased the country home of a friend, was pleasing.

"I'll finish my monograph this summer," he mused, "and then for a long wandering trip. I might as well take Rhi along—he's a good traveler and might be of service. I think I'll spend the winter in India."

Rhi, however, had other plans. For Rhi, there were memories of a far-off day when he had been a servant in the Temple—a guard before the shrine of the Goddess so powerful that her name was not to be spoken. She was the spouse of Krishna and powerful above all other goddesses. And upon Rhi, who, in sleepy worship before the Adored One, was recalcitrant in his duty, there had come the swift and terrible curse, that echoed now in his brain.

Stepping softly to the curtain where nightly he watched his master work and where every movement of the jade necklace was as an open book to his eager eyes, he murmured: "Praise be to Krishna, who rules! It is found! My wanderings are over!"



"Do as I say," whispered the Hindu, "and we will get the necklace once more."

After a night of long hours of toil over his studies, Grayson Blair dropped the necklace lightly into the velvet lined case in the drawer of his writing desk, rose and walked to the library shelves.

Behind him a brown face, clear cut as a cameo beneath its huge white turban, silhouetted itself between the curtains. The Hindu, trembling with excitement at the thought of ending his years of search for the bit of jade, slipped a slender brown hand into the drawer of the writing desk.

In the reflected gleam of the glass door, Blair saw the turbaned form stealing slowly into the study behind him. Only a second he watched the reflection. Then with a swift turn and a stride he was upon the thief.

"Drop it," he said, sternly. "It is the necklace, you brown thief. Drop it!"

Blair wrenched the necklace from his grasp and threw the shrinking Hindu from him.

"Get out of the place," he roared, "before I break your bones."

Rhi slunk from the room, his vengeful eyes darting sharp looks of hatred at this white man, who had overpowered him. In his heart, he still nursed a bitter hatred and revenge.

It was a distinct relief to Blair to have rid himself of the Hindu.

"Might have known he wasn't to be trusted," he thought as he anxiously examined the jade. "Perhaps the legend that the dealer told me was true, after all. It may have been a part of the equipment of some Hindu god lady. At all events, it must go to the jeweler now to be mended. That brown devil wrenched the fastening off."

At noon the next day Blair thrust the jade necklace in his overcoat pocket and stopped in at his usual cafe for luncheon before his appointment with the jewelers.

At the next table to Grayson Blair's, Phyllis King sat demurely eating an expensive and well chosen luncheon. Not five minutes before the deferential head waiter had taken Blair's overcoat and hung it on the rack near her table, Aunt Abigail King had left her pretty neice to finish her luncheon alone.

"I really must hurry to our club's directors' meeting," she said, departing. "You won't be lonely, dear, will you?"

Phyllis lifted her sweet face to her aunt. Phyllis never gave Aunt Abigail a bit of trouble. It was Cuthbert who kept the King household upset all the time.

"Lonely? When I have a strawberry parfait?" she smiled. "Don't mind me, auntie."

"Little Phyllis loved her brother Cuthbert very dearly. Loved him in spite of the mess he was making of his embryo law career. Carefree and irresponsible, he whiled away his time, following the lure of the "full house" and "royal flush"

As she finished her strawberry parfait, Blair, who was most respectfully noting her every movement and wondering why such pretty young girls were left to roam about public cafe's by themselves, rather resented the attitude of the excited young man who rushed in and seated himself at her table.

"Sis, I'm in the dickens of a scrape," he exploded.

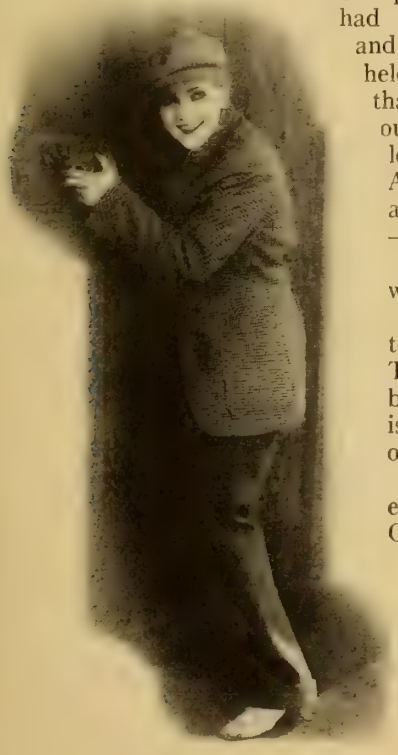
The girl smiled understandingly.

"I gotta have money, sis," Cuthbert went on. "Think of it! I stand a chance to make some money in a—er—big business deal! Why, if I had the money that's in those rings you wear—if you'd only loan me those rings for a day or two, Phyllis—it would put me right on my feet."

Smilingly, Phyllis stripped her pretty fingers of the rings. She tore off the watch from her wrist and she emptied her purse for her beloved brother.

"There you are, dear," she said. "Sister will stand by you!"

Blair saw the anxious-browed young man gather up the pile of jewels and money and leave hastily. The proceeding interested him. And there was an appealing quality about this girl that drew his eyes on her again and again. Her oval face was framed in a mass of softly glowing hair. Her eyes were blue and friendly and her smile seemed to allure and yet to dispel attention. Fortune had been kind to Phyllis and her young life had held no other problems than to help Cuthbert out by friendly, sisterly loans now and then. And Cuthbert appreciated it and repaid them—when he could.



But just now Phyllis was in for trouble.

Cuthbert had forgotten about the check. The waiter set it down before her with a flourish suggesting promise of a generous tip.

And Phyllis had given all her money to Cuthbert!

"I—I haven't any money," said Phyllis, forlornly, her blue eyes hazed with frightened tears. Blair caught the frightened look as he shouldered into his overcoat, held for him by an obsequious waiter. He heard the frightened little whisper, too.



"Can you tell me any reason why I should not call the police?" Blair asked politely.

"I'll take the check," he said authoritatively.

The waiter turned at the business-like tone. As long as the bill was to be paid, he cared little who paid it.

Blair waited until the rosy face had cleared and walked with Phyllis to the door. He felt decidedly awkward before this frankly grateful girl.

"Would—may—perhaps—you would like a card?" he asked, stumbling over the words. Her candid blue eyes had shot a glance straight to his heart. And for the first time in his life Grayson Blair, wealthy collector and club man, despaired of by all the matrons and young women of his acquaintance, was attracted by a girl. He wanted to know who she was—he wanted keenly to meet her in a proper fashion and to have the privilege, perhaps, of taking her to luncheon some time himself.

"Why—yes," she answered gayly. "If you want to get your money back, of course you must give me your card, you know."

It was not until he had almost passed the door of the jeweler's that he remembered his errand. And even then his brain was so stirred with whirling memories of the girl in the blue suit and the glowing curls that he only stared at the jeweler vaguely when he discovered that the envelope containing the precious jade necklace was gone.

He notified the police of his loss. That seemed all he could do. And then he bade Burton pack his collection and come with him, sprained ankle and all, to Glenhurst.

Cuthbert meekly joined Aunt Abigail who loved him deeply though decrying his "loose ways" and with his friends, went for a hunting trip to the hills. Phyllis invited a party of her chosen friends for a week end at her aunt's country place. And everybody forgot the episode of the



Blair, with a mighty thrust, threw the panting Hindu from him.

cafe. Everybody but Blair, that is. He inserted a rather peremptory ad in the morning paper, asking the return of the necklace.

"The boys will come down Saturday night for a dance," Phyllis said, gayly.

"Sure, sis," said Cuthbert, "we'll leave our suit cases at the place as we drive by and dress when we get back from the camp. And I'll bring a gift for you. I've a little confession to make to you, too—about those rings, you know. But I hope you'll like the present I brought you."

But the joys of hunting held the boys. They forgot the party, and dancing is no good without a masculine partner.

"We might put on the boys' clothes," suggested Phyllis, doubtfully. "Perhaps that would put some pep in this party. Otherwise I'm afraid it's going to be deadly dull."

It was when she was donning her brother's clothes that she found the gift in Cuthbert's pocket. It tumbled out in an envelope at her feet. It was a queer pendant set in silver and shining with a wicked green lustre that shone vividly in the light.

"My gift," she cried. "Only it is broken. Isn't that just like Cuthbert—to buy a broken bit of jewelry? I'll put it on anyway," and twisting it about her neck she ran down to dare the girls to go with her and get a launch from the boat house of their neighbor.

"I'll take you out on the river for a boat ride," she promised them. "When Mr. White lived there, he let me take the boat any time—I have the key to the boat house. Auntie said there was some horrid, old grouch living there now that Mr. White is away. What a lot of fun it would be to steal that boat right out from under his nose!"

Grayson Blair strolling quietly in his garden after dinner, had no intimation of this raid on his property. He would have been more annoyed at the thought of a party of girls so near him than at the thought of burglars. But when he saw a trousered figure stealing through the shrubbery toward the boat house, he decided to follow. He saw the marauder fumble with the lock of the boat house—open the door—and slip inside. And he was upon him in a moment, clutching his arm. There was something wrong about the grasp. His strong fingers met only a soft bundle of flesh and seemed to melt in his fingers.

A stifled scream that sounded anything but masculine struck his puzzled ears. The form in his grasp twisted vainly for a moment before he snatched off the soft cap.

A flood of glowing, tumbled curls fell about a flushed and defiant little face, in which fright and mirth was so mingled that it would have been difficult to tell which was which.

"Jove!—" he stammered, "—a girl—my girl of the cafe!"

Something tinkled on the stone at his feet. As he stooped to recover a shinning bauble that fell from the girl's neck, she deftly evaded his hand, shook back the curls from her face and in a second, her white satin shod feet were topping swiftly over the path to the King home, where the girls listened with gasps of enjoyment to her story of capture and escape.

But neither of them saw a dark face that peered stealthily out from the shrubbery. Neither saw the flittering form that slipped lightly from bush to bush until it was level with the window in the study, where Grayson Blair once more held the jade necklace in his hand and speculated upon its mysterious disappearance.

"So she really took it, after all," he said. "A girl with those candid eyes! Well, the best of 'em can deceive you."

Next morning, Phyllis saw the advertisement for the jade necklace in the paper. It offered to take back the necklace with no questions asked, if brought back at once.

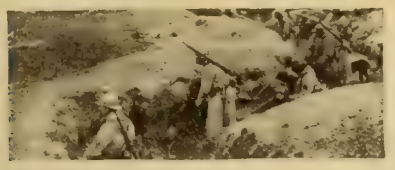
"Otherwise," read the ad, "the matter will be put in the hands of the police. It was known to have been taken from a cafe by some one in great need of money."

Phyllis, sitting under a tree near the river—her favorite place since she was a child to think out her little problems—looked up from the paper to see the gleaming black eyes of the Hindu gazing straight into hers.

"You, too, know of the necklace," he said, soothingly.

(Continued on page 117)

A Tip for Pershing



"Call the officers 'directors,'" says Jimmy Morrison, "and the film-war veterans will make great fighters."

By Dorothy Scott



"I HAVE played so many war scenes," said James Morrison to me, "that when I finally get into the real trenches I will be looking about for the director. If they will provide the Captain with a megaphone and keep a few cameras clicking through the charge, it will simplify things for us film folks."

This is what comes of playing in film battles all day and drilling in a very real army at night. For Mr. Morrison, when he was not going over the top in the new Empey war play, was training in the Twelfth Regiment Armory as a "non-com" officer. Half the time, he says, he didn't know which was which except that the film work is far more like his original idea of war. At the Armory, he often longed to stop and discuss the script with the drill-sergeant and on the lot he begins to wonder how the newspaper "extras" will handle their victories.

"They stood me up against the wall to be shot the other day," he told me. "I knew that it wasn't real when I found myself alive and able to go on with the next scene, but not before. The director should be satisfied with that bit, for there was nothing stagey about the nervousness I registered."

These confidences came at the end of a perfect luncheon, in that confidential stage when the serious business of eating is over and only the demi-tasse is left to inspire them. Before we touched on the war, he had been posing, at my request, for a "Portrait of a Moving Picture Pioneer." Now luncheon with a pioneer sounds about as exciting as tea with a mummy, but Mr. Morrison is not that kind of a pioneer. He lacks the whiskers and slouch hat and dust of the Forty-niner, and looks less like Daniel Boone than anyone you could imagine. In fact I suspect him of wearing his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses to look older than he really is, and his excessively boyish smile makes you understand why he is the natural prey of every vampire who wanders into the scenario.

One thing he shares with the prairie schooner variety of pioneer, however, and that is his talent for reminiscence. He took me back to the very beginning of the Vitagraph enterprise, when the new venture was regarded as an amusing experiment which could not possibly have any serious future.

"I had been working with Madame Alberti in pantomime," he explained. "I thought it would be a stunt to see how that medium of expression worked out before the camera. What I didn't realize was that the screen work had about as much relationship to pantomime as to shadow-boxing. But I got along all right," he added modestly, "except that at first I was so utterly ignorant of the work that I lived in hourly fear of being fired."

> "EVERY Saturday Norma Talmadge, Lillian Walker, Earle Williams and I would sneak out behind the studio to open our pay envelopes together, so that if any of us found the fateful blue ticket we would have the support and consolation of our friends."

That fear was shared by almost every other member of the company. "We felt that we were only holding our jobs from week to week," he told me. "Every Saturday Norma Talmadge, Lillian Walker, Earl Williams and I, would sneak behind the studio to open our pay envelopes together so that if any one of us found the fateful blue ticket we would have the support and consolation of our friends. After the harrowing moment was over, we would go contentedly back to our set, safe for another week!"

His first picture was "A Tale of Two Cities." This was a wild and reckless experiment because it was to be done in three reels, and the longest picture then printed was finished in two. The stand-patters of production didn't believe that a story could be stretched to that length without boring the audience. They had put "Othello," "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" into one reel and paraphrased their illustrious author by insisting that brevity was the soul of a good scenario. The radicals, on the other hand, believed that perhaps the attention of the audience could be held for three reels if the suspense were strong enough. Anyway, they went ahead and tried it. And the increasing public demand seemed to indicate that it was difficult to have too many reels of a good picture. It is significant that the hero of the first third reeler is now playing in a feature that will probably not be finished under ten reels.

Mr. Morrison first played opposite Lillian Walker whom he then regarded with awe as an experienced screen



Out of the distant past, when Jimmy Morrison played comedy with John Bunny and Mabel Normand.

actress. She, in her turn, was a bit nervous in the presence of this seasoned legitimate juvenile from Broadway, and the two were on exceedingly formal terms when the ice was broken by the common fear of being fired.

A little later, his work with Dorothy Kelly started the demand for those juvenile combinations which has been followed by so many romantic teams. The public seems to have a peculiar affection for two young stars playing together in a series of romances which lead them into all sorts of sentimental complication but which always are happily solved in a turtle-dove fade-out.

The names that he mentioned casually in his memories of the old days, sound like a list of "Who's Who" in the film world. Mabel Normand was working in the quieter forms of comedy, just before she began her strenuous career with Arbuckle. John Bunny and Flora Finch were already popular and Earl Williams was beginning to establish himself in the "Soup-and-fish" roles which he has clung to ever since. Mary Maurice was identified with the character work which has made her "Mother" to thousands of film audiences. Harry Morey and Edith Storey were turning out really lovely two reelers, he told me. "I wish I could remember the names of those things," he sighed with quite the air of a venerable pioneer, dreaming sadly before the fireside. Norma Talmadge was enjoying herself hugely as the foreign little sweetheart to various noble Parisian artists and Clara Kimball Young was doing maid roles and tragic bits that always ended happily.

The directors in those days were the living examples of necessity being the mother of invention.

"Often," Mr. Morrison said, "they would write a story at night and turn it out as a completed film by the next evening. And the dearth of actors was so great that our doubling was frantic. I remember one director making up as a cop, chasing himself off the set, and then dashing back as the criminal who had just made his escape. Lots of queer things happened but just the same we worked hard and were awfully in earnest. And our delight when the pictures first began to be taken seriously gave us the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. They were taken seriously very soon, all over the globe. I have had letters written about them even from Turkey," he added impressively.

"What sort of letters?" I asked, brutally.

Mr. Morrison blushed, "I can't read Turkish," he said hurriedly, and changed the subject.

I have my own reason for suspecting, however, that they were written on whatever is the Turkish for pink paper, scented with violets.

His loyalty toward the old days and the people he worked with is characteristic of the Vitagraph *camaraderie* felt by all the members of that first company who embarked on an untried professional venture together. Nevertheless, he can laugh at the absurdities they turned out and he has an open mind toward all innovations in the film work, however radical.

"We began with Laura Jean Libby ideals," he says, "and we are only gradually getting away from them. A development of this kind rests largely upon the character of the heroine, for the hero always has to take his cue from her. The Lydia Languish style of young thing is going out and in her place we are getting a modern girl with a sense of humor. A hero can fall for her and still keep his self-respect. You don't mind being vamped, either," he confided, "if the author has given the vampire brains as well as a clinging gown and jade ear-rings."

Like most very young men, he doesn't like to be wept over, except perhaps by motherly people like Mrs. Maurice.



When Clara Kimball Young played maids, and Jimmy was a crook, and Van Dyke Brooks dominated the scene.

I refrained therefore from telling him that there was something in his curiously picturesque career which made me feel much like Mother Maurice in a very tearful mood. It was the unconscious pathos in the young, eager personality which played in the first three reeler and now waiting to be called into history's greatest drama.

How Some "Vamp" Stories Are Committed



TIME: Now.

Place: Office of Scenario Editor, Faque Films, Inc.

Cast of Characters: Scenario Editor and his Private Secretary.

Scenario Editor: "We gotta get a new story for Cleo Clux by tomorrow."

Private Secretary (snapping her gum): "My Gawd."

Scenario Editor: "Yeh. We gotta tip that Fancy Fillums is gonna spring a new Vamp next month; so we gotta keep Cleo going. Well, what'll it be?"

Secretary: "I was reading just the other day about Russia's part in the war. We might make her a Russian spy."

Scenario Editor: "Great! Now, lessee. Let's lay it in Moscow. She's a member of the Imperial Russian Balley—and when the Czar fell, she went with the Bolsheviki—(look up that spelling)—and became a Spy. Now, let's shift to London—"

Secretary: "Paris."

Scenario Editor: "Well—Paris, then. There's a young French officer, and he's ordered to Moscow. Now—to Berlin. There's a young German officer and he's ordered to Russia—he's a Spy. Get 'em all together, see? Now Cleo—we'll call her Demetrie—well, Demetrie meets them both at a Bolsheviki ball, and falls in love with the German—"

Secretary: "No; with the Frenchman."

Scenario Editor: "All right, the Frenchman, then. His name's Jules De Monde. But something tells Demetrie the German's a spy and she makes up her mind to get the papers. So she disguises herself and rides to—"

Secretary: "What for?"

Scenario Editor: "Well, we oughta have a ride—"

Secretary: "No."

Scenario Editor: "Well, then, they're still at the Ball; and she helps the German to the wine and loosens his tongue. But just as she's getting the papers, Jules comes in and sees them there together—get that; and the caption'll be: 'Demetrie—you here?' And he shoots them both. And then Cleo—Demetrie—looks up at him and gives him the papers and says: 'For my country,' and we fade-out. Call it 'Honor's Revenge.'"

Secretary: "Make it 'Soul'."

Scenario Editor: "All right — 'Her Soul's Revenge.' Great stuff, eh what?"

Secretary: "It's twelve thirty."

EXIT.





William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Through that momentous period before we entered the war, he and his men—the nation's Eagle Eye—struggled to stop the bestial plottings of Germans within our gates.

The EAG

By Courtney

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN,

Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive

Novelized from the photoplay

SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such distinguished men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to co-operate with the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, who are attempting to cripple and demoralize America. Harrison Grant, the Club president—young and fearless—has secretly installed a dictaphone in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies. Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictaphone aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe. Dixie Grant, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He sees her in company with Heinric von Lertz, whom he knows to be the New York secret representative of Ambassador von Bernstorff, and wonders if she is German aide or American. He hopes the latter, for he admires her greatly.

CHAPTER FIVE

"THE STRIKE BREEDERS"

A SHADOW on the glass panel of a door, then the clicking of a key in the lock. A moment more and a tall, bearded man, his shoulders humped and misshapen, his cheeks "highlighted" in an almost puerile effort at disguise, his clothing distorted in an attempt to change the conformity of his body, had entered the room, snapped on the light and stood smiling at the name on the panel of the door—a name which announced this to be the office of "E. V. Gates, Contracting Agent." Then he quietly removed his melodramatic false beard, took off the coat with its padded, humped shoulders and became again the person he really was—Franz von Rintelen, friend of the Crown Prince of Germany and special emissary of the Hohenzollerns, sent to America with $50,000,000 to spend as he saw fit, on death, devastation and destruction in the Hohenzollern campaign against the sending of supplies from America to the Allies.

For, Franz von Rintelen, since the capture of his gang of auto-axle burners, through the activities of Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, and the outwitting of his paid incendiaries by Dixie Mason of the Secret Service, assigned to German intrigue, had decided it best to drop his real name and his real identity for the time being. The result was that he had assumed the cognomen of E. V. Gates, moved his offices, slept by day and assumed almost Nick Carter disguises when he went about his work at night. But never for a moment had he lost connection with his aides and colleagues of Imperial Germany. For, by some strange means, the German Embassy at Washington knew immediately the change of address and the change of name. More than that, the German Embassy kept in even closer touch—

And just how close was indicated a moment later when Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy for the German government, entered the office and handed Franz von Rintelen a telegram. It read:

"Meet me Gates office tonight. Important.

"BERNSTORFF."

"He is anxious about the chance of a 'longshoremen's strike," said Dr. Albert as the telegram was returned to him. "What's been done about it?"

"A good deal—and yet very little," was the answer of Franz von Rintelen. "Through certain of my agents, I caused the leaders, O'Connor, Butler and Kelly to be approached in the matter of a bribe. My men offered them $1,035,000 for a five weeks strike of the 23,000 longshoremen. Then my men almost ran. The union leaders threatened to punch their faces. I—."

There was a sound at the door. A moment later and Capt. Franz von Papen, military attache, Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, naval attache, and Heinric von Lertz, unofficial aid to Imperial Germany's spy system, also summoned to the conference, had seated themselves. Then a sudden stir, a sudden circle of bows, a sudden outburst of greetings. Count Johann von Bernstorff, Imperial Germany's Ambassador to the United States of America, had arrived.



"So this is my reward for trapping Grant in the lighthouse?"
ing over by the

LE'S EYE

Ryley Cooper

Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

serial produced by the Whartons.

"Gentlemen," he announced as he faced his assistants, "this 'longshoremen's strike must go through! It means more to Germany than a victory at the front—and it must come to pass! When the 'longshoremen strike, it means that the ports of the East will be tied up. Not a ship will move. Industries will be paralyzed and consequently the Allies will be deprived of the necessities of war. Of course," he added with a bit of a smile, "it will be hard on America, but—."

"These idiotic Yankees deserve something like that anyway," growled Captain von Papen. However, Bernstorff had turned his attention to Rintelen.

"Agitation has failed, attempted bribery has failed—some other means must be found," he muttered.

Rintelen was pacing the floor.

"I have it!" he announced, clapping his hands together, "I know the way! There is nothing that angers a man so much as depredation against his property. That's what our spies must commit and then we must fasten the blame on the 'longshoremen. It will create a breach that nothing can close!"

Hurriedly they gathered in consultation.

And while they plotted the stagnation of all Eastern America, Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, sat at his desk in his office, studying a report. Only a few words it contained, but they were important to Harrison Grant:

"Dear sir:

"Beg to report that I can learn nothing concerning Miss Dixie Mason except that she is constantly in the society of the Germans, especially Heinric von Lertz.

"BAILEY—OPERATIVE."

Did it mean that Dixie Mason was really a German spy, that she went with these people because she sympathized with them? Gloomily, Grant laid the letter aside. He did not know that at that moment Dixie Mason was reading an interview with Harrison Grant in the evening paper and smiling to herself at the thought of him—the one man in the world for whom she had ever held more than a passing interest.

But Grant had no way of knowing and he turned with a little sigh as Tom Rawlins, one of his operatives, entered the room to say goodnight.

"Anything else?" asked the operative as he reached for his hat.

"Nothing, except to fix the catch of the burglar trap at the window," was the answer of the master-detective.

Tom turned to the window, adjusted the trigger that cocked the hammers of the concealed revolvers there, then started toward the stairway. Grant followed him. Downstairs they hesitated at the door while Tom fished for his keys and then—

The crashing detonation of a revolver shot—from upstairs! Then another, and another and another! The two men rushed up the stairway and toward the half-open window, through which could be seen the writhing figure of a man in the agonies of death.

Old he was and bearded, his nostrils covered by a germ mask, his hands protected by rubber gloves. Beside the convulsing figure lay a "pump-gun" or air-injector, and Grant knew the contents!

Deadly germs!

"Careful now!" he ordered. "Search him—but look out for cultures and bacteria!"

A moment later and his operative raised his head.

"Here's what we want, I think—" was his announcement. "His name and address."

Leaving the attendant of the club in charge of the body, the two men hurried away. Far across town they hurtled in a taxicab to discover, hidden away in an obscure attic, the bacteriological laboratory of the man who had made the attempt against their lives. And more, they found the evidence which connected this man with the Imperial German government.

"From what I can gather," said



Madame Stephan broke forth. "Sh-h-h!" Von Lertz cautioned, but Dixie Mason, standtable, had heard.



The man — old and bearded — had been imported from Germany to make disease raids on American workmen — particularly on the 'longshoremen, did their strike plot fail.

Harrison Grant as he searched the papers he had found in the laboratory, "this man was imported from Germany to make disease raids against American workmen. It's been done, you know. Furthermore—ah, just what I thought."

He had discovered a memorandum book which bore instructions to consult Franz von Rintelen regarding methods to decrease the number of 'longshoremen. Grant smiled grimly at that line. But when he read farther:

"This is necessary—especially if the projected trouble at the docks fails," he repeated from the memorandum book. Then he swerved in his chair and faced his companion. "Get busy on the 'phone," he ordered. "Summon every member possible to seek work at the docks as 'longshoremen. Tell them to keep their eyes and ears open for anything that looks or sounds like German propaganda."

But as Grant gave the order, Heinric von Lertz was already conspiring with a spy in a Hoboken saloon—and giving instructions.

"A lighter loaded with freight cars containing more than 150 automobiles for France will cross the river tomorrow to be loaded on its freighter. I want those cars sunk," he ordered.

"They'll be sunk," came the quiet answer of the spy.

Also in another part of the city, Franz von Rintelen, forgetting his disguise in his excitement, was giving instructions to the dock foremen of one of the biggest shipping companies of the city.

"Load the biggest boat you've got on one side only," was his command. "You can handle that easily; the men won't know what you're doing. I want that boat loaded in such a way that it will turn over the minute the hawsers are loosened. Start to work in the morning."

And when morning came, Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club were also at work—seeking to ferret out the trouble they knew to exist about the docks, to strive to learn what this German contamination was which they felt sure was gnawing apart the bonds which had held the shipowners and the 'longshoremen in unison. But it was a hard task.

More than that, the doomed freight shipments of automobiles already had reached their lighter and were starting down the river, while concealed behind the freight cars were two of Rintelen's paid agents, waiting for the time to strike.

And that time came. Far out into the river swung the lighter. The workmen were gathered at the far end. Everything was clear. Hurriedly the spies ran to the end of the lighter where the freight cars had been blocked and snubbed. Quickly the ropes were loosed. The brakes were released. A few quick movements of a pair of pinch bars and the cars had been started toward the river. A moment more—

A resounding, crashing splash, which seemed to echo from one side of the Hudson to the other. The box cars, with their precious autos had been sent, bobbing and careening, to the bottom of the river, and already a spy was on his way to a telephone to report:

"Hello, Mr. Gates! Those cars have been accounted for!"

"Good!" Franz von Rintelen, alias E. V. Gates, hung up the phone, then turned to write a scrawling letter which read:

"Say, you shipowners. Either you give us longshoremen what we want or you'll get worse than what happened when we turned over those box cars.

"The Committee."

The letter reached the shipowners by special delivery as they were considering the granting of every demand of the 'longshoremen. The result changed their attitude.

"Call up Union headquarters and tell them everything is off!" roared the president. "If those 'longshoremen think they can bully us, they're badly mistaken. "We'll give them nothing!"

The reply came—

"We know nothing about the sinking of your lighter. But if you can't take our word for it—then our only reply must be a strike."

. Through the city the word radiated—"a strike meeting called for tonight!"

Down at the docks Harrison Grant heard it and sent his men scurrying about in a last effort to gain some information that would give him a positive clue to work on. But there was none. And in her way, Dixie Mason also was working, for she had met Heinric von Lertz and had gone with him to the Ten Mile House, a fast place just outside the city, that she might ply him with wine and seek to gain the secrets that she knew he carried concealed about him. But at union headquarters, the preparations already were being made for the strike meeting that would stagnate all Eastern America!

CHAPTER SIX

"The Plot Against Organized Labor"

A strike—and less than half a day for Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club to ferret out the plot of Imperial Germany that was behind it all!

The effort seemed fruitless. Throughout the great docks of New York were scattered everywhere members of the Criminology Club, seeking information and finding little. Here, there, everywhere, the atmosphere seemed permeated with the strike spirit, but traceable directly to no one person. Nor was it possible for those members of the great detective society to see behind the doors of the German Embassy in Washington, where Ambassador Bernstorff had returned with his colleagues to gloat over the possibilities of the coming strike—that strike which would weave the spider web of inactivity over half the industries of the United States!

At last the quitting bell rang. By the hundreds the dockmen thronged forth toward union headquarters and the meeting hall to decide the question of the strike. In a private room, the union leaders and the shipowners were having their last conference—each still hoping for the impossible.

"Understand, gentlemen," the president of the shipowners was saying, "it is possible that there might have been some mistake about that lighter sinking. We want to be fair. But if another depredation occurs, we'll lock you all out, strike or no strike. Now, talk quickly. What are your demands—tell us exactly the least you'll settle for. And I might as well remind you that we're not any too amiable since that lighter sinking."

In the meeting hall the 'longshoremen continued to assemble and down at the docks, Harrison Grant and his men took a last skirmish in the hope of additional clues. Suddenly Grant veered as he walked along a dock and made his way through a portside hatch into the hold of a great steamer which lay there. Inside he glanced the great piles of bales and barrels and boxes, then turned at the sound of a voice.

A repulsive fellow, whom Grant recognized as the dockmaster, grinned wickedly into his face as his arm swung flail-like. A box hook cut its way into Harrison Grant's head. The detective fell with a groan while the dockmaster, scurrying to the hatch, glimpsed the speeding forms of Criminology Club members as they ran to their chief's aid.

A leap and the spy had hidden himself in the bales and boxes. Then as the Criminology Club members raced within, he sprang through the hatch, slammed it shut and battened it, imprisoning the men who had gone to Grant's assistance. He whistled. A second spy sprang forth from his hiding place on the docks.

"Hurry!" shouted the dockmaster, "cut the hawsers!"

Inside the great boat, Harrison Grant opened his eyes as the Criminology Club members arrived. The big vessel suddenly veered in its position and started to capsize. Outside, two men were running from



"Careful now," Grant ordered. "Search him—but look out for cultures and bacteria!"



A repulsive fellow grinned wickedly into his face as his arm swung, flail-like. A box-hook cut its way into Harrison Grant's head. He fell with a groan.

the dock—the spies who had sent the freighter to its doom.

Shouting and struggling through the darkness, Harrison Grant led his little band of men higher and higher upon the boxes and bales as the water poured in around them.

In the office at union headquarters a telephone jangled. The call was for the president of the ship owners. As he put the receiver to his ear, an ejaculation broke from his lips.

"What's that? Say it over again—the Arsulus? Impossible! I— I can't believe it. Well, that's the end of everything!"

He returned the receiver to its hook, then rose white-faced from the table.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the end has come. I told you that if another depredation occurred against us that we would lock you out, strike or no strike. Some of your men loaded our ship, the Arsulus, so it would sink at the dock—then cut the hawser. A million dollars' worth of goods has been destroyed—to say nothing of our ship. Now, go ahead and strike—we'll fight you every inch of the way!"

He strode from the room. Imperial Germany had accomplished the longed-for breach. There was nothing left for the union men to do but to go forth to the meeting that was to mean the ruin of American industry.

Meanwhile, down in the dank hold of the steamer, Harrison Grant and his men still struggled for freedom. Above was only the cold facing of steel, below the steady rush and churn of water that told of the steady settling of the vessel.

"Jim—your balehook!" called out Grant suddenly, "I want to signal with it against the steel. There's someone outside!"

A second more and a clanging blow sounded as Harrison Grant struck the balehook against the steel. Again and again—finally to be answered by a blow from without. Then came a queer, blowing, singing sound that seemed to circle upon the steel without—a reddish glow that crept through the plates of the vessel—

Then a greenish-blue flame shot through the steel—the flame of an acetylene torch, lighting the watery, floating hold like the glint of vagrant lightning. Again and again it came—then the hole widened.

Swimming and fighting their way through the floating debris Grant and his men made their way toward the place where the acetylene torch was cutting their way to freedom. Soon they felt the rush of fresh air from without. Their rescue had been accomplished.

They were facing three policemen as they crowled forth from the hold and in the clutch of one policeman hung the shriveled, bearded form of the spy who had cut the hawsers and sent the vessel to its doom.

"I was working for the foreman of the dock," he wailed. "He told me to cut the hawser and I did it. He was working for somebody 'higher up,' some fellow that was paying him to help bring about a strike of the 'longshoremen."

"Where's that man now?" Grant demanded.

"Over at the strike meeting—agitating for the strike."

Grant seized him by the collar of his coat and dragged him forward. Ten minutes later he forced him into the hallway of the 'Longshoremen's Meeting Hall, just as there came the droning voice of the clerk:

"And now that the speeches have been finished, it is moved and seconded that a vote shall be taken as to whether a general strike be called by the 'Longshoremen against the shipowners of the port of—."

Harrison Grant leaped forward, pushing his man before him.

"Stop!" he shouted. "No vote must be taken until this man tells his story. Now, point out the spy who ordered you to send that boat to the bottom!"

"There he is!" cried the cringing prisoner.

Far down in the great, milling assembly, a form rose and struggled to reach the door. Twenty pair of hands seized him and brought him forward. He soon confessed.

"I was a German reservist. I thought it only right to work for Germany. I don't know the man who hired me—except that he called himself Gates."

Already the clerk had hurried to inform the shipowners. The president of the 'longshoremen stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "this brings a new phase of the matter. We must declare ourselves. Which shall we be—the tools of Germany, or loyal, free Americans?"

A mighty, surging, tumultuous shout was the answer: "Americans—we're Americans!"

The mask of intrigue and false accusation had been removed! The shipowners had granted the 'longshoremen's every demand!

Harrison Grant stood watching, triumphant and happy. Another blow by Germany had been averted, another—

But out at the Ten Mile House, where Heinric von Lertz had taken Dixie Mason for a round of dance and frolic, there was quite a different atmosphere. Von Lertz was dancing with a girl of the Secret Service, placed there as a decoy by Dixie Mason. And Dixie, her eyes wide with fright, was staring at a report she had purloined from the compartment cane which Heinric von Lertz always carried, a report which breathed of death and destruction, which told of horror and danger—yet told nothing!

CHAPTER SEVEN

"The Brown Portfolio"

It was the next afternoon. Dixie Mason had despaired of a solution of the report which she had purloined from the cane of Heinric von Lertz, and which read:

Report for von Lertz.

Bombs manufactured	400
Bombs delivered to agents for coming explosions	72
Balance	328

That was all. Where the bombs had been placed, when they would explode—all such information was missing.

"Mamette," called Dixie, frowning, and her maid came forward. "See that this report reaches Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club without him learning who sent it."

A half hour later, Harrison Grant puzzled over the information, while Jimmy McAdams, the messenger boy who had brought the note, pleaded with the famous detective.

"Jiminy Crickets," he announced, "I wish you'd let me help you catch spies, Mr. Grant. Y'know, I can talk German."

"We'll talk about that some other time, Jimmy," said Grant somewhat absently, as he walked into his office. The report of bomb activities had claimed his whole attention.

Meanwhile, in a room of a Fifth avenue residence, Dr. Heinric Albert, fiscal spy of the Imperial German government, was quarrelsome.

"This report says that five bombs were placed on the Cragside," he announced. "The Cragside is still held in port. There'll be an investigation."

"We couldn't read minds, Herr Doktor," replied the bomb spy at Dr. Albert's elbow. "We had to place the fire bombs on all the ships at once. The others are at sea and are scheduled to explode tonight, setting the ships afire."

Dr. Albert grunted, yawned, then, gathering his precious portfolio close to him, left the house to doze in an elevated train on the way to the Hohenzollern club, to awaken suddenly at the call of his station, to leave the train—and then to realize that he had left his portfolio behind!

The portfolio of secrets! Of von Papen's reports. Of Boy-Ed's letters! Of Rintelen's record, his aliases and addresses—even of the list of ships doomed to burn that night, and among them the Cragside!

Albert almost ran for the Ritz Carlton, where Ambassador von Bernstorff was at that moment consulting with Boy-Ed, von Papen and Rintelen.

As for the portfolio, it already was in the hands of Harrison Grant, brought to him by Jimmy McAdams, the messenger boy, who had sat opposite Dr. Albert on the elevated train, found the portfolio where the spy had left it, looked into it curiously, discovered its contents and then hurried for the Criminology Club. More, Harrison Grant had already translated the secrets of the brown bag, found the shipping list which solved the problem of Dixie Mason's mysterious report, ordered the wireless to warn all ships at sea of bombs and with his men was hurrying to the rescue of the Cragside. But he arrived there too late. The bombs, hidden in sacks of sugar;

(Continued on page 104)



"Gentlemen," von Bernstorff announced. "This 'longshoremen's strike must go through! It means more to Germany than a victory at the front. Industries will be paralyzed—not a ship will move. Of course, it will be hard on America, but—"

At left, sitting—Dr. Heinrich Albert. Those standing, from left to right: Ambassador von Bernstorff, Heinric von Lertz and Captain Franz von Papen.

Sitting at von Bernstorff's left is Captain Boy-Ed. Sitting at extreme right—Franz von Rintelen.



Robert Andersen is the typical Griffith star, and probably the shining new example of 1918 creation.

HEARTS *of the* WORLD

A Review of Mr. Griffith's New Photodrama.

By Julian Johnson



Dorothy has ceased to be a Gish. She's Gallic, fiery, audacious, swift, fascinating.

NO motion-picture production under any auspices, with any star, would prove a superior first-night attraction to a premier by the celebrated gentleman whom Potash and Perlmutter refer to as "Mr. Grifficks." Notwithstanding few recent appearances in the squared circle of the silver-sheet, David Wark Griffith is still heavy-weight champ of the movies, and Spring's largest single interest is undoubtedly his new war play, "Hearts of the World," first publicly presented at the Auditorium, Los Angeles, in March and viewed by many Allied notables.

"Hearts of the World" is, as the programme states, the story of a village. I suspect that there is considerable camouflage in the accredited authorship. Screen and programme allege that the scenario was written by one Gaston de Tolignac, and translated by Captain Victor Marier. Why give Mr. Griffith two extra names?

The camera provides a full evening's occupation, first unrolling the intimacies of a French village in time of peace, and then displaying the lurid scroll of its destruction, occupation by and final recovery from its rabid northern neighbors, the Huns. As an apotheosis, the triumphant Frenchmen, holding a festival of reunion with their wives, sweethearts and children, behold the first of Pershing's columns swinging into the end of the long street. You may imagine that this epilogue of Americana, and what follows, causes the audience to resemble nothing but an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration before we became safe and sane.

There is no name, real or imaginary, to suggest any particular sector along the warfront. While large masses of troops and famous leaders are introduced from time to time, the story concerns no part of the great conflict but those phases which have to do with the little town. This is characteristic Griffith simplicity, in fine contradistinction to the screeching ambitions and booming platitudes of those ruthless kings and people's leaders chucked lavishly about in the average war fillum. As a drop of water epitomizes the ocean, so one of her little towns epitomizes France, and the happiness or sorrow of a single family, the joy or tragedy of one pair of sweethearts, sums up the tranquilities of peace or the terrors of tyranny.



Stagg

Robert Harron has grown to maturity—full maturity—in his acting, while keeping all the charm of boyishness.

While "Hearts of the World" covers great areas and contains large scenes and many people it is not, primarily, a spectacle, as was "Intolerance." It is not even as much of a spectacle as "The Birth of a Nation." It has not the irresistible dramatic unity and power of "The Birth of a Nation"—that perfect picture!—nor the splendor of imagination and bewildering variety introduced in that noble mystery, "Intolerance." But it has warm humanities, great sincerity and sweetness, those delectable touches of intermingled laughter and tears which are the hallmark of genuine art, and—as we have indicated—subject-matter which comes rousingly home to every man on earth who has not been mechanically deprived of his virility or born with his foot under the neck of an infallible monarch.

I think the main secret of Griffith's clutch at people's hearts is his patient preliminary exposition of every detail of his characters' lives. It doesn't jar you to read that private 'arry 'opkins, of the New Zealand Fusileers, has been gassed to a horrible death in Flanders. You don't know 'arry and you recognize only that he died for the sake of liberty and to uphold the government which sent him there. But Charlie Smith, the enthusiastic college boy who lived next door, and sat on your front porch to read the Sunday paper, and whittled your kiddie a wooden dog, and brought his girl around so your wife could pass on her—Charlie loses a couple of fingers in a little skirmish on the Chemin des Dames, and, somehow, it breaks you all up and you hope they'll invalid him home right away.

So in our little French village we see Douglas Hamilton, an artist who has adopted France as his home, in the varied channels of his life and occupation; we see also Marie Stephenson, chasing her stray gosling into Hamilton's backyard—and in that funny meeting altering the lives of both of them; Hamilton's father and mother, comfortable folk accepted in the village as though they had always lived there; the girl's mother and her placid old grandfather, unswerving in his childlike faith that *nothing* can harm France; the gay-ferocious M'sieur Cuckoo, village clown, yet something finer than

(Continued on page 111)



George Hernandez is irresistibly funny in a tragic role in "The Vortex."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett

WITH a few more months like the one during which those moving pictures were released which are scanned in this installment of The Shadow Stage, all censorship will cease of sheer malnutrition. At a council of war—war upon salacious pictures—the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY could discover only a half-dozen productions of all they had seen within the month, which could possibly offend the most squeamish.

Nor, with one exception, were the violations flagrant, and also with that one exception they may have been almost unintentional. Or where intentional, they may have been done with the highest of motives. For example—"Within the Cup," surely no story for the puling infant, perhaps not quite a tale suited to the mental and moral needs of adolescence, is yet a noble theme. Its sole offense, if offense it be, is that it tells truths which unformed minds are not yet ready to assimilate. To class this as salacious would be as idiotic as to call the Book of Deuteronomy immoral. So you will understand to what lengths we went in our council to try to unearth pictures that might, by some stretch of imagination, offend.

On the other hand, "Carmen of the Klondike," a remarkable story, suffered from the injection of one of those disgusting scenes wherein a man and a woman engage in physical combat, after the man has become intoxicated. Here was a story in which the radiantly beautiful idea was presented of a woman rendering herself immune through her merry smile, and then this idea was smashed to smithereens in order to present a thrill that was not needed, and which was soon lost in a bigger thrill. This was silly and amounted to an aggravated invitation to the censors.

In "Wild Youth," Theodore Roberts is required to look upon Louise Huff with expression so disgusting that the gorge rises. Yet the remainder of the tale is told without making use of the idea thus implanted. Either the director did not know what he was doing, or having done it he realized how offensive it was and avoided a repetition.

"By Right of Purchase," on the other hand, presents no scene that offends the moral eye, but is made up of constant suggestions which are more subtle. The picture is offered of a young woman—wife in name only—whose actions are such as to suggest that she has violated the matrimonial code. Great care is taken to emphasize the objectionable, general idea.

The fifth offense is committed by William Fox, to whom attention is paid more specifically in another part of this magazine. I am not aware whether or not Mr. Fox has a family, but if he has a daughter of sixteen to twenty years of age, I hereby invite Mr. Fox to have her write for PHOTOPLAY a description of the emotions aroused in her by the sensational pictures he is sending out into the world to be viewed by the sixteen-year-old daughters of other parents. And Mr. Fox does not need to be told what pictures I mean.



Pauline Frederick translates the opera "La Tosca" into terms of the silent drama. She sweeps you from emotion to emotion with all the force of a personified tempest.



Mary Pickford repeats her "Stella Maris" achievement in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley."



The portraits in "Ruggles of Red Gap" are well done, by Taylor Holmes as Ruggles, Frederick Burton as Cousin Egbert, and others.



Irene Castle is charming as ever in "The Hillcrest Mystery" though she deserves greater acting roles.

With these five exceptions, I defy the supermoralists of America, the most intense Puritans, yes, even the prudes, to examine the films of the month, so far as they have been viewed at this writing, and find any reason for the existence of censorship. Pictures are being emancipated, not by rule of thumb, but by reason of a growing realization among producers that they can entertain their public to their own greatest profit, by presenting drama that is not robbed of its true power by indulgence in nauseating sensation.

AMARILLY OF CLOTHESLINE ALLEY—Artcraft

Mary Pickford follows her remarkable "Stella Maris" with another character study scarcely less remarkable, Amarilly Jenkins in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." The role is midway between the hopelessly tragic slavey in "Stella Maris" and the pathetically optimistic Stella herself. Amarilly is happy with the happiness of the alley child, than which there is nothing more buoyant nor so swiftly and suddenly attacked by woe. Hers is the merry heart of the Irish girl, which needs so little sunshine because it is a little sun in itself. Nor is there the customary sop to the romanticists, or garbing Amarilly in satins at the end and marrying her to the millionaire; she blithely turns down the rich man and marries her bartender sweetheart. And why not? Bartenders are always total abstainers. All this is done in Mary Pickford's blithest vein, reminding us once more that she is the greatest of all screen actresses.

HUCK AND TOM—Paramount

"There comes a time in the life of every well-constructed boy when he is overcome by a raging desire to dig for hidden treasure." This is the kernel of "Huck and Tom," a sequel to "Tom Sawyer," made from the second of the Mark Twain books of boyhood. The story is not so fascinating, being an unbelievable mixture of boyish fancy and Brady melodrama. Jack Pickford, Robert Gordon and Clara Horton bear the brunt of the task of making it seem real.

LA TOSCA—Paramount

Give Pauline Frederick a role that is worthy of her, and she is pretty nearly the greatest actress in moving pictures. In "La Tosca" she sweeps you from emotion to emotion with all the force of a personified tempest. The coquette, the jealous woman, the despairing woman, the woman who takes a terrible revenge for an awful deed and finally goes to her own death, epically tragic—all these moods are understood and personified by Miss Frederick in one of the greatest works of her entire career. It is a problem to get a play big enough for this great artist. "La Tosca," with all its trickeries of plot, is such a role, for it was big enough for Bernhardt, who was, in fact, Sardou's model as he wrote. Frank Losee is Scarpia and Jules Raucourt Mario. Edward Jose directed, and handled the difficult torture scene with the utmost delicacy, using suggestion almost entirely to tell the fearful story. This is great drama, the kind of drama the screen needs and for which it is clamoring. It is not an entertainment for children, but it is the sort of play and the sort of acting that both the stage and the screen must have if they are to be anything but soothing syrup for the kindergarten.

THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE—Mutual

Clyde Fitch's play, "The Girl and the Judge," done for the screen with Olive Tell as the girl and David Powell as the judge, gains little and loses much by its expansion of incident from the Fitch version. Yet it is

not without its charm. One thing about the Empire All Star productions that pleases, is that they have to do with well-dressed people, well-fed, and well-mannered. Miss Tell and Mr. Powell play with their customary ease and grace.

THE BOSS OF THE LAZY Y—Triangle

The reformation of a grouch through the patience of a girl who is installed as boss of the ranch he expected to inherit from his father is the theme of "The Boss of the Lazy Y." Roy Stewart proves that he can scowl with the best of them. The story is livened with considerable gun-play, and embellished with the finest outdoor photography that even Triangle has offered in recent months.

THE WHISPERING CHORUS—Artcraft

It is strange that, with one of the epic ideas of human history and experience as their theme, Cecil DeMille and Jeannie MacPherson, who are jointly responsible for "The Whispering Chorus," could have blundered so completely in the last reel as to destroy the entire effect. A man, coward and weakling by nature, runs away from the results of a comparatively small misdeed, and in doing so his character disintegrates, and he becomes a pitiable thing. Yet when the final test comes, the spark of manhood awakes, and he rises to the ultimate possible sacrifice. But the entire value of this sublime idea of inherent "good in the worst of us" is lost because the sacrifice is made in order that a woman may keep her husband ignorant of certain facts. It is revolting, this contemplation of a noble deed performed that two persons may base their happiness upon a lie. Also the final scenes are unnecessarily terrible, with awful, subtle suggestions that will drive sensitive spectators almost into hysterics. Much of the tale has been splendidly told, with the shadowy representations of silent voices handled in manner most artistic. It is supposed to be a non-star production, but Raymond Hatton is the unmistakable star, in as brilliant a character study as the films have ever produced. Elliott Dexter, with more than his usual force, bolsters up a conventional role.

LOVE ME—Paramount

The story of the woman who silently permits herself to be unjustly suspected, to shield her erring sister, has always been popular. Also there is a certain public that believes bad manners and sterling character always go hand in hand. These two elements make the story of "Love Me," in which Dorothy Dalton is seen as one of nature's noblewomen. This story has never been told better.

WILD YOUTH—Paramount

The theme of "Wild Youth" is that December should not mate with May. In this instance December is a brute, in the form of Theodore Roberts, and May is plaintively presented by Louise Huff. Comes Jack Mulhall a'riding, and youth calls to youth. The difficult situation is solved by a Chinese servant in a manner unique and logical—a role in which James Cruze wins second honors in the acting. First honors go to Theodore Roberts, as is customary when he is in the picture at all. Reference has been made already to an objectionable phase of the story.

THE SHELL GAME—Metro

One of the cleverest stories of the year is "The Shell Game," which serves to bring Emmy Wehlen back to the Metro fold after several months' vacation. The tale of the

(Continued on page 92)



Bessie Barriscale has done some excellent acting on the screen, but none so full of power and feeling as in "Within the Cup."



In "The Brass Check," a farce melodrama, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne find their forte.



One of the cleverest stories of the year is "The Shell Game" which brings Emmy Wehlen back from her vacation.

Education

A department of service in motion picture to one of its



Benjamin Chapin's rendition of Lincoln in "The Son of Democracy" teaches history to children along with its maintained entertainment-interest.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

LOOMING up in the distance along the skyline of time is a new motion picture continent of unguessed dimensions. This new world is roughly designated as "the educational film field." Within its elastic boundaries are 300,000 public schools, a thousand colleges, 240,000 churches, 75,000 Y. M. C. A.'s, clubs and lodges, and an unreckoned number of other social, educational, religious and state institutions and organizations, including convents, prisons, orphan homes, community centers, army camps, naval stations, farmers' clubs, and hospitals. Many private homes have brought the screen into the intimacy of their own family.

State and city governments are now using motion pictures, and they have been adopted by Uncle Sam himself as one of the most powerful defensive weapons in the winning of the war. The United States government has made a series of films on war subjects and these are now being distributed throughout the country by the State Councils of Defense. More about this important matter in another number.

Compare the vast numbers mentioned above with that of the picture houses. There are less than 20,000 film theatres in the United states, supporting the entire photoplay industry as we know it today—the fifth largest industry in the country, according to President Wilson himself.

The "educational" film field is now the rear appendage of the motion picture business. Your children—perhaps you—will see the tail wag the dog.

A few individual citations of the use of pictures in manners new will hint at this ponderous and significant broadening of the motion picture industry.

A patriotic town in Illinois has an "Emergency War Committee," with a fund to be used in the encouragement of patriotism and in the aid of liberty loans and other war measures. The viliage community house is equipped to show motion pictures and the committee has found films to be the most popular drawing card for patriotic meetings and the most powerful generator of real win-the-war determination. Strong, informative war films are used, taken in one of the allied countries and showing the grim realities of



Schools and other institutions for a long time have been using pictures of general entertainment and educational nature—stories from history and from literature. "Little Red Riding Hood" is one of these.

al Films

the application of the greatest fields of usefulness



Illustrating the limitless possibilities for educational "movies." These are scenes from an Atlas picture that shows—all in several hundred feet of film — the process of hatching chickens.

war. "France at Arms," "The Battle of Arras," "Under the Stars and Stripes in France," "Food Will Win the War" and that powerful feature, "The German Curse in Russia" are some of these.

A civic club in another city has just finished a series of well-attended meetings at which were shown such pictures as "Absorbing the Alien in the City," "A City's Milk Supply," "Helping Men Go Straight," "Teaching the Blind to See" and "How a City Cares for Its Poor."

An Irish society in Cleveland desired a motion picture for its annual banquet. A splendid story filmed on the "auld sod" itself was discovered.

By employing films of a serious and interesting sort on Sunday evenings and big pictures on special occasions, a pastor in northern Indiana has added more than one hundred earnest members to his church. He uses war and patriotic pictures, films on sociology and picturized literary works such as "Ivanhoe" and "Les Miserables," the latter a seven reel feature. With "The Life of Our Saviour," a beautiful and reverent French production in colors, this progressive preacher filled every seat in his gallery for the first time since Christmas. And he declared he could never hope to preach a sermon so effective. This experience has, of course, been repeated by many other churches.



The Lane Technical high school in Chicago wished to use a motion picture showing modern bread making upon the occasion of the opening of its new domestic science rooms. Principal Bogan had his doubts as to the possibility of finding appropriate pictures. But a film was found covering bread from flour to finish.

This high school uses fiction stories and general entertainment pictures regularly in its community center assembly hall. Mary Pickford in "Rags" and a brand new four-reel "Cinderella" were the last two features shown.

A certain wealthy family in Chicago wished a special sort of entertainment for a children's party one evening last spring. The "movies" were suggested. A portable projector was sent out and that evening the youngsters gurgled and shouted with glee over the adventures of "Robin Hood" and the antics of a cartooned comedian.

Of course, schools and other institutions and organizations for a long time have been using pictures of a general entertainment and educational nature—stories from history, like "Paul Revere" and "The Inauguration of President Wilson," and from literature, like "Ivanhoe," "Little Red Riding Hood," Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and scores of others. The time is near when pictures with educational value uppermost and on all topics will be as habitual as the use of butter upon bread.

Marguerite Clark in her delightful picture, "The Seven Swans," appeals to children of all ages—'way up into the fifties.



Places Other Than Theatres Now Using Motion Pictures

Public Schools
Parochial Schools
Convents and Boarding Schools
Colleges and Academies
Medical Schools
Universities
Churches
Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s
Orphan Homes
Infirmaries and State Institutions
Hospitals and Prisons
Army and Navy Camps
Red Cross Branches
Clubs and Organizations
Technical Societies
Community Houses
Private Homes
Business Firms
Chambers of Commerce
State Capitols
State Councils of Defense
The United States Government

Impressions

By Julian Johnson



JEWEL CARMEN

A red rose in the snow;
Elman's tone upon the open E-string;
the Parisienne of 1918;
orchids.



ANITA LOOS

The soubrette of literature;
Little Miss Voltaire:
a pocket Balzac, bound in celluloid:
Oh Henry!



PAULINE FREDERICK

Cleopatra in London;
blue diamonds:
a vampire who can't help laughing;
Thais in Chicago;
Coty's Jasmine.



J. BARNEY SHERRY

The Hero, twenty years later;
Beau Brummell—had he not insulted Wales;
The Prince of Fifth Avenue;
the Bank President.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

A Rupert Hughes man:
Thomas Moore;
The Young American Husband:
Christy's big fellows.





EUGENE O'BRIEN

Romeo at Rector's;
any girl's lover — as he seems in her dreams;
rapiers and lace handkerchiefs;
chocolate and rum:
a portrait of Byron painted from his poetry



CARMEL MYERS

Bathsheba;
the Rose of Sharon;
violet twilight on a tropic river;
'cello melody.



GEORGE BEBAN

Cameos and spaghetti;
Tonio and Canio in one:
garlic on the breath of Salvini:
Naples in Ottumwa, Ia.



Hope dies hard in a woman's heart, and Ted had said that he would send for her and the baby as soon as he was on his feet.

The CLAIM

Belle Jerome changes her name — and her mind

By Frances Denton

BELLE JEROME stripped the soapsuds from her arms, left her washtubs, and went to the window of her miserable shanty to watch the train go by. Yes, it was the mail train; she could tell by the long line of black Pullmans. She threw a shawl over her head, took up her whimpering baby, and started for the postoffice. There was no reason why she should expect a letter from her husband, for he had been gone three months now, and he had not favored her with a single line. But hope dies hard in a woman's heart, and Ted had said that he would send for her and the baby as soon as he was on his feet again. He had gone broke at faro and had left the little mining town of Acme to perform his sleight of hand at poker and with the little rubber pea, before a less sophisticated audience in pastures green and new.

Belle waited in line at the postoffice window, only to be greeted by the negative shake of the postmaster's head. There was a despairing expression on her face as she left the window; and two men who had been watching her, and evidently discussing her in low tones, now moved forward with seeming carelessness and blocked her way. "Howdy, Belle," said one of them. "Any word from Ted?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I'm a fool to expect any."

"Well, look here," he dropped his voice confidentially. "We've heard where he is. And we think he's played it low down on you—so here goes. He's up at El Dorado, sailin' pretty high, shinin' up to the women considerable and passin' as a single man. So if I was you I'd take the kid and light out after him."

Belle leaned against the door frame for support. Her face was pale but her eyes gleamed. "I'll go," she answered grimly. "I'll go tonight. Thank you for telling me, Bill."

The two men watched her as she went down the dusty street. "If I was Ted I wouldn't want to be around when Belle lands in El Dorado," observed the man named Bill. "She's desprit—and who can blame her?"

"Too bad she ever hitched up with a skunk like Jerome. Belle's hard—but she's a clean stepper, at that. What'll it be?" As by common consent they adjourned to the nearest saloon.

After a sleepless night Belle arrived in El Dorado. She had been obliged to ride in a stuffy day coach, her arms were breaking with the fatigue of dandling her fretting, ill-nourished baby, and she was weak from hunger. She stumbled into the depot, and fumbling in her purse, found a solitary dime. She sat down on a stool before the depot



That night Belle and her baby were guests of the El Dorado.

lunch counter, and with her child on one arm, swallowed a cup of muddy coffee and managed a few bites of an ancient sandwich.

El Dorado was a town of more pretensions than Acme. It boasted thirty saloons where Acme had a meager dozen, several flourishing blacksmith's shops, a large general store and a fairly good hotel. Ted must have found good pickings there, thought Belle, as somewhat refreshed by the food and warmth of coffee, she leaned forward and asked the proprietor of the lunch stand, "Can you tell me where I'll find Ted Jerome?"

The proprietor set down a cup which he had been polishing with a napkin, and made no reply. A group of loungers in the depot stopped talking; there was complete and sudden silence in the place. Belle looked from one to another inquiringly.

The lunch counter man cleared his throat. "Who—who did you say, lady?"

"Ted Jerome. I'm his wife and this is his baby."

Again there was silence. Then the proprietor said, with some hesitancy, "Why, he generally hangs out at the El Dorado hotel, don't he boys?"

No one answered. Belle slid briskly from the stool and started for the door. "I'm due at the El Dorado then, right now," she said.

One of the loungers stepped forward. "Wait a minute, lady." Then to the group about him, as if answering a protest, "I tell you, it ain't square to let her go unwarned." To Belle, "Did I understand you to say you was Ted Jerome's wife?"

"I sure am," impatiently.

"Well, I think you ought to know he's—he's met with an accident. He's bad hurt."

Belle staggered. The man stepped forward and helped her to the seat. "Boys, some water for the lady," he called. "Now, ma'am, don't take it so hard. It's got to come to all of us, you know—

"You mean he's dead?"

"He—he got into a shooting scrape yesterday. Shut up, Tom," to a man who had started to speak. "I don't know the p'ticulars. He'll be at the El Dorado pretty soon—they're bringin' him there. If you want to see—him—

An hour later Belle sat in the parlor of the El Dorado hotel, wide eyed and dumb. Beside her a girl dressed in deep black sobbed and wrung her hands. Upstairs lay the lifeless body of the man who had deceived them both, for now the depth of her husband's perfidy was revealed to Belle. This sobbing girl, Kate MacDonald, had believed herself the lawful bride of Ted Jerome. And her brother, John MacDonald, a poor prospector, had discovered Jerome's deception of his sister, and had marched him over a cliff at the point of a revolver.

Belle sat watching the grief-stricken girl and something like pity came into her face. She, herself, had suffered so much through Jerome's worthlessness that she had few tears to spare. She was more concerned over her own and her child's future than over the loss of her husband. But Kate MacDonald's heart was broken. She had loved the handsome, charming scapegrace devotedly, and it was her first and only romance. Her reason told her that under the rough but chivalrous code of the West her brother was blameless. He must avenge the wrong done his sister or cease to be a man among the men of his kind.

But her heart cried out for the man who had whispered words of love to her, and would not be comforted.

That night Belle and her baby were guests of the El Dorado. Now that Ted was gone, she had not even a broken reed to lean upon. Her efforts at the washtub had not been lucrative. Miners were not over particular in the matter of clean linen, and even had they been, Belle was not strong enough to earn a living wage as a washerwoman. But she could sing—and she remembered that there were many dance halls in El Dorado. But the child—she could not take

The Claim

NARRATED by permission, from the four-act stage play by Charles Kenyon and Frank Dare. Produced by Metro with the following cast:

Belle Jones.....Edith Storey
Kate MacDonald....Mignon Anderson
John MacDonald.....Wheeler Oakman
Pansy Bryan.....Marion Skinner
Mike Bryan.....Paul Weigel
Ted Jerome.....Fred Malatesta

it with her; she would not be able to earn a living and care for it, now that Ted was gone.

In the early hours of the next day, before the blackness of the night had shown a rift of gray, Belle stole past the nodding night clerk of the El Dorado and softly laid her sleeping baby on the bar, its little head pillowed on a pile of newspapers. Then, like a shadow, she stole to the door and was gone.

* * * * *

Four years later El Dorado was still a brisk little metropolis of the West. John MacDonald, who was now a citizen of substance, chanced to enter a dance hall one evening. A woman was singing. John listened, enchanted,—the full rich notes were vastly different from the raucous screeching of the average music hall performer. She sang again, and the sweetness of her voice seemed to cast a golden radiance over the murky atmosphere of the place. There were cadences in song that made him think of tinkling church bells in the sunshine of a summer Sunday morning; there was the freshness of soft, rain-laden winds in apple blossom time.

John looked at the woman; her face was comely, but smooth and hard. "Who is she?" he asked of a stooped little man beside him.

"Belle Jones." The speaker had a slight foreign accent. "Ah, her voice! She should have it trained. It is glorious. I am a musician and I know."

John looked at him curiously. "Why don't you advise her to do so?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "So many times have I told Mees Belle of the fortune that lies in her throat. 'What use?' she says. 'I am poor; and it takes much money.' Miss Belle—she is what you call—good. She have no money."

John left the place, thoughtfully chewing on a cigar. The golden voice haunted him. He came back a night or two later to hear it again. But the girl was gone; in her place was a loud-mouthed darkey accompanying himself on a banjo. John approached the bartender and casually asked what had become of Belle Jones.

"Search me," answered the white-aproned dignitary. "That batty old has-been of an opry singer that used to hang out here was always puttin' the idee into the girl's head of havin' her voice trained. He got her plumb nutty at last. She said she'd got to figure out a way to get more money." His voice rose aggrievedly. "If she'd 'a loosened up a little and smiled onct in a while and helped sell drinks, she's 'a got more money. But a guy ain't keen on the frozen face—

But John MacDonald had lost interest. That night he went to several places, but he found no trace of Belle.

His faith in human nature might have received a severe jolt had he known that the object of his solicitude was, that very evening, calming working out the details of a blackmailing campaign with himself and his sister as its objects. It seemed that the night John had heard Belle sing in the cafe, she had chanced to overhear a conversation concerning him. One man had said to another:

"Did you see John MacDonald settin' over there, listenin' to Belle's singin' as if he was in a trance?" He had winked prodigiously at his partner as he saw that Belle was listening. "Now, there's a chance for you, Belle. Stiddy bachelor, rich, no strings on him—and I could see you had him locoed."

"Who's John MacDonald?" Belle had asked.

"Never heard of Big John—him that got tangled up in a shootin' scrape here about four years ago and killed his man? The jury set him free without leavin' the court room. And about the little kid that him and his sister adopted, that was left on the bar of the El Dorado? They say he never had a stroke of luck till then, and afterward, everything he touched turned to gold. They fair worship that child, John and Kate. Pretty kid, with yellow curls and blue eyes."

Belle's quick brain immediate-



It seemed that the night John had heard Belle sing she had chanced to overhear a conversation concerning him.

ly grasped the situation, and "Here's your chance!" rang in her ears as if it had been spoken aloud. The MacDonald's were rich and they had learned to love the child she had deserted. Very well; they would undoubtedly part with money before they would part with the child. Belle was determined to obtain money. The possibilities of this source seemed more reliable as she pondered over it. After some hard thinking, she decided that it would be safest to approach Kate first. She produced the following letter after many laborious trials in which she wasted a great deal of paper:



"Is this all the kid is worth to you?" she sneered. "You'll have to come across with twenty thousand."

"Miss Kate MacDonald,
El Dorado, Nevada.

The mother of the little girl that you call Goldie wants her child. If you want to keep Goldie you will have to hand over some money. So don't say anything to anybody and meet me at the big rock at the end of Bowman street at seven o'clock tonight. If you tell anyone, the deal is off and she will come and get the girl. She can do it. BELLE JONES."

When Kate MacDonald had taken Belle Jerome's deserted baby to her aching heart, that cold morning in the barroom of the El Dorado, it had seemed to her that the little one was directly a gift from God; that Ted Jerome's child had been sent her to love, to help heal the grievous hurt its father had given her. The little one had grown up in an atmosphere of love and sunshine; she was a laughing, dancing little elf, and Kate and John had told each other that no hint of the dark tragedy of her baby years should ever cast a shadow on her life. And now—Kate read Belle's letter over for the third time and frantic terror seized her. In one breath she was determined to take it at once to John, and in the next, she shuddered lest Goldie's mother should make good her threat. She happened to have quite a sum of money on hand that morning, which John had given her for the purpose of settling their account at the El Dorado general store. Kate counted it—it was almost three hundred dollars. Perhaps if she gave that money to the woman she could gain time by it. Something might happen—she would take Goldie far away—

Feverishly Kate thrust the money in her bosom and hurried to the meeting place given in the letter. She would do *anything*, rather than give up Goldie.

Belle was waiting. Without words, Kate handed her the little roll of bills. Belle looked at them contemptuously.

"Is this all the kid is worth to you?" she sneered. "This is nothing. You'll have to come across with—" she made a quick mental calculation, "with twenty thousand dollars."

"Where can I get twenty thousand dollars?" gasped poor Kate. "It's impossible. I've given you all I had."

"That brother of yours has struck it rich, I hear. What's that much money to him? And Goldie changed his luck, didn't she? Well, I won't be hard on you; I'll give you a week to raise it in."

Kate wrung her hands. "I can't," she moaned.

Belle put the little roll of bills in her pocket. "I'll come to your house a week from today," she said coolly. "And I'll take the money or the kid. If you try any funny business, you'll be sorry. Goldie's mother has friends that will look after her."

With this threat she turned on her heel, leaving Kate a prey to dread fears. She ran all the way home and burst in, breathless. "Goldie!" she called. Suppose that dreadful woman had already made good her threat. Kate had

(Continued on page 114)



Wandering With Wally



Wallace Reid has outdone Ulysses as far as wandering is concerned — but is he a better artist?

Art by Wallace Reid
Literature by Kenneth McGaffey

TAKING it by and large, to and fro, pro and con, back and forth, as someone else has said more ably but not so prominently, it was *some tour.*

Would that I had the pen of a Gibbon or a John Fiske that I could chronicle in detail the events as they took place and thus contribute my bit to the pages of history.

Little did we—referring to Wallace Reid—(hereinafter known as "Wally"), the celebrated cartoonist and well known Paramount star—little did we—I repeat—dream of the adventures which would befall us when—like the innocent little babes in the woods, which we are—we set forth, hand in hand on our voyage of discovery.

You see, it was this way—Wally had been a resident of California for a constant period of six years; had graduated from the rank of "native son," and been promoted to the exalted degree of "California pioneer." It is the concensus of opinion that six years is too long to keep away from any one place, and Wally was eager to make a trip to New York to attend the opera season and perhaps run up and hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And I yearned to once more gaze upon Grant's Tomb and see what new finny treasures had been added to the Aquarium.

When it was breathed in the daily prints that Wally was threatened with a



"And if the porter hadn't broken in to see if we were still alive—who can tell?"

visit to New York to do a picture, large portions of the public began clamoring for him to stop off in their respective towns and show himself in person, so that they might observe what a real actor looks like.

The itinerary was duly organized, and heart-light and fancy-free, we set forth. Around the studio we had bragged at great length on how we were going to



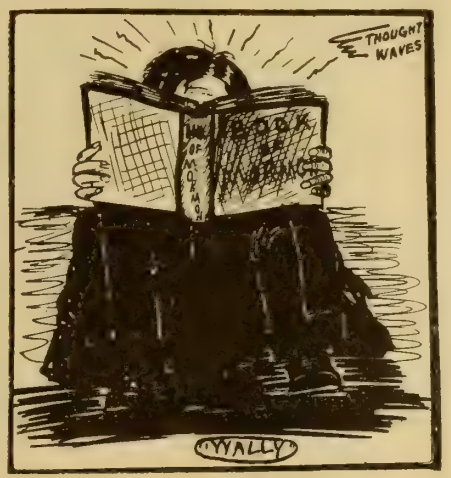
The camera caught Wally on the observation platform. Here, at least, he can be recognized.

"knock 'em dead" with our "act" once we began to appear at the different theatres. Anyone believing our conversation could have visualized a performance that would have made vaudeville's greatest headliners look like a deaf and dumb duo in a dark cellar.

It was not until we had commenced to climb into the hills that Wally remarked:

"Now that we have this tour of personal appearances what are we going to do with it? What have *I* got to do?"

"All you've got to do when we get to a town," said I, "is to be met by a



"Ken bought the Book of Mormon at Salt Lake and liked the idea."

delegation of prominent citizens, fed, and then escorted for a little talk at from five to fifteen theatres, get on the train and then try to get a nice sleep before doing it over again in the next town."

"What do you do?" demanded Wally.

"Well," I explained, "I have really the hard part. The burden of toil is upon my humble shoulders for while you are entertaining the audiences and yourself with your feast of reason and flow of soul, I have to stroll casually about the town, inspect the various points of interest, view the exhibits at the Chamber of Commerce, and select suitable souvenir postcards to mail to my friends out West."

"Is that all?" asked the noted star.

"Yes," replied the lowly companion.

"No, it *ain't!*" he retorted, using a common colloquialism to make his point more effective. "There is one more slight duty you will have to perform, namely this: *You will appear on the stage each and every time I do —or I'm going to be awfully hard to catch.* You don't get me thrusting my shy young self before an audience without both physical and moral support—and *you are it.* Any stage that is denied the privilege of supporting your slight form will also have to get along without me.



"In Kansas City they rolled our remains out of town."

"That point being settled to the satisfaction of all," he continued, stretching his legs and sprawling his feet on the opposite seat in utter defiance of Pullman regulations, "what am I going to talk about?"

"Tell them how good an actor you are," was grouchily suggested.

"No, I've got to talk longer than that," mused Wally, pensively knocking the ashes from his pipe into his confer's open suit case. "What will I talk about? How pictures are made is old stuff and would take too long. I must talk about something that won't take too long, because after three or four min-

utes out there, I am going to pass away—and besides, I can't stand long on this bum hip."

"Well, it's a cinch you'll have to explain your limp anyway. Tell how you got it, and why," the *real genius* of the troupe suggested.

"Good idea," complimented the artist, "what are you going to say when you introduce me?"

"I shall wait until I hear what you have to say," responded the introducer, "and if it is good stuff I shall use the best part of it in telling about you, thereby leaving you flat when you come on and paying you off for forcing me to introduce you. In military nomenclature this is called reprisal."



"In Baltimore the darkness of sleep was dispelled by the entrance of two reporters. Oh boy! *some* reporters!"

It was warm when we retired but some time during the night a blizzard sneaked up on us and when our little pink eyelids began to flutter at daybreak it was raging as strong within the drawing room as without. The push button had been worn out the night before and as the celebrated cartoonist wouldn't get up to close the transom and turn on the steam, we were due to lay there freezing until a relief expedition arrived. Along in the afternoon just as we were about to pass away from frost bite and starvation, the porter got curious as to whether or not we were dead, came in and fixed things so we could get up by the time we reached Salt Lake.



"In Pittsburg we met a girl who confided that she was Miss Clark's double. (Get the eyes.)"

A lot of nice people met us at the train, drove us up to the hotel, forced food into our starving forms and then we were dragged over to the theater to make our first public appearance, still with no speeches. Just as we were leaving the hotel, I grabbed the trusty fiddle and stuck it under my arm.

"'What's that for?" asked the Charles Dana Gibson of the silent art.

"That," explained the rest of the organization, "is the life preserver. When you get out there on the stage and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen' and then can't think of anything more, I'll hand you this and say, 'For heaven's sake,—fiddle!'"

Tears of gratitude sprang into the strong man's eyes.

As we started back stage for our first conquest, Wally whispered—"What will I talk about?"

"Tell them how you got hurt in 'The Woman God Forgot,' and frozen in 'Nan of Music Mountain.'"

"Gosh!" said Wally.

I had an original introduction all framed up in the back of my head to spring as a surprise. It began, "Mr. Mayor, Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen! We have with us tonight the most famous, the most popular and most beautiful masculine exponent of the silent drama, etc., etc." I had it all set. Knew what to do with my hands and feet and all that. In the dark, back stage, we both got stage fright and to hide it we both started kidding each other in whispers—then all of a sudden someone pushed me out in front of a lot of footlights, faces, orchestra, spot light and things. After crowding my heart down where it belonged and adjusting my soaring Adam's apple, I began—"Ladies and Gentlemen." That concluded my portion of the entertainment. The rest of the oration was elsewhere—it was not with me. Wally blocked the wings so I couldn't get off so there was nothing left for me to do but to fall back on the kidding we had done in the dark, so I told the audience about it, knowing that I would be shot at sunrise anyway. After four long years of conversation I managed to mention Wally's name and ducked during the applause. Wally stepped out with his knees and teeth sounding like the dance scene in "Carmen."

"For once," I thought, "the handsome actor has met his Waterloo."

By the time the applause had subsided he got his nerve back and without trying to be a Daniel Webster, told about the snow scene and how it was taken up in Truckee. He got away with it. My stuff was probably over their heads. Reid finished with a lot of applause and every one seemed to take to him. The nice, hearty reception we were given afterwards gave us our nerve and by the time we had finished the fourth and last appearance in Salt Lake we had enough to borrow money from the audience if the orchestra hadn't been in the way.

The next afternoon we headed for Denver. I knew we would be a big hit in Denver because at one time I was a prominent citizen in those parts and the papers could come out with headlines, saying: "Local Boy Back With Star"—and other thrilling headlines.

To cheer up the Wyoming plains, Wally dug out his little soprano saxaphone and began to render a little harmony. Wally had just reached the second or third bar of some lilting ditty when the train stopped with a jerk, doors flew open and the train crew jumped out. I rushed to the platform and saw a whole gang looking under the cars and back along the track. "Somebody thought we hit sumpin'," explained a porter. The train started and we started more melody in the drawing room. With a jerk that nearly threw us out of our seats the train stopped again. More excitement on the part of the train crew and as I stuck my head out of the drawing room door, I heard the conductor say: "Check up the women and children." Then I realized. Saxaphone! That was it! The train crew thought murder, not music was being committed.

Back went the saxaphone out of sight and from Denver it went home. No use taking chances with the railroads and police.

(Continued on page (110)



"Ken wanted to see Grant's Tomb, but this is what he saw the most of."



"And most of my 'grand opera' looked like this."



"Our first night in New York we saw lots of Spanish at the cocoanut grove."

A FILM SATIRE

"Nut Stuff." And it's all that its title implies.

"NUT STUFF" is the first moving-picture satire on the movies. Rather a burlesque than a satire; but still the first. Of course Anita Loos has satirized everything from the New-thought faddists to Pacifism; but she has not yet done the movies. Until she does, "Nut Stuff" stands alone.

It is a one-reel Essanay comedy, arranged and directed by Arthur Hotaling. It exposes the methods of the "Hardly Able Feature-Film Company" whose eminent director conceives a brilliant scenario entitled, "Whose Girl is She?" He induces his company to stage the picture on credit, and takes them out on location—where he throws his arms about, stands in front of his own camera, and in other ways proves himself a real artiste. He carries his finished product to the Purchasing Department, where it is run off to the buyers. And we have on a smaller screen "Whose Girl is She?" There is the sweetly-simple heroine; the stalwart hero; the heavy-mustached villain; the screen butler. There is a travesty on the quick-change artists of the serials; on the careless direction that permits a player to enter a room in one costume and leave it in another. There is the abduction in broad daylight; the incriminating hand-print; the fight at the finish; the nick-of-time rescue. The close-ups are unique; the whole picture is slanted like the scenes in a ship at sea. And after "Whose Girl is She?" has been run to the thrilling finish, there is its director, somewhat shaken out of his self-esteem by a comedy-kick out. Finally we see him entangled in his roll of film, misunderstood by his long-suffering company. Yet there may be some who will take "Nut Stuff" seriously.



Arthur Bates, as the director of the "Hardly Able Feature Film Co.," thinks he has found a whale of a melodramatic spectacle in "Whose Girl is She?" He wrote it himself.



He reads the 'script to his company, who finally consent to stage the picture. Observe from left-to-right: "Whose Girl is She"; her mother; her father; the heavy-mustached villain.



The big scene—the thrilling episode in the man hole from "Whose Girl is She?" The heavy-mustached villain has the heroine in his clutches; but never mind—our hero is on his way.

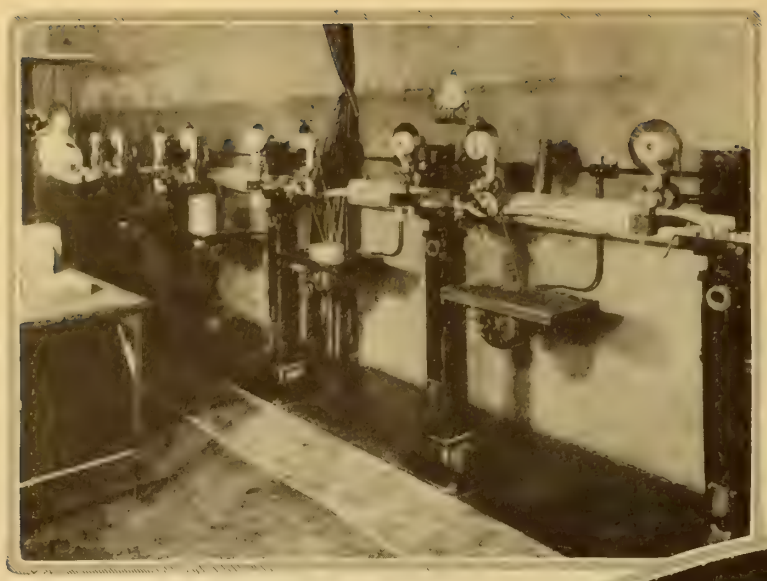


The director calls through his megaphone for more action. He's standing in front of the camera; but the cameraman doesn't mind. You know every good director wears a cap on location.

Stars That Do Not Shine!

Proving, however, that "Doug," Mary Pickford or Bill Hart aren't "the whole show"

Illustrations from Rothacker Studios, Chicago



While the director is assembling his company for a new picture, down in the factory a group of young ladies are running "raw" film through the perforating machine. All film must be perforated down both margins in order that it will run over the cogs of the camera.



The photographer then fills his camera with the perforated, unexposed film and takes the scenes as you see here.



The exposed film is taken down to the developing room. This film is the "master film" or the negative, from which are made prints that go to the theatres. The principle on which this is developed is the same employed in developing your Kodak snap-shots. It's a wary process —for a tiny bit of light would spoil everything.



Now that the negative is developed, it is placed over a strong light. And an inspector stands over it, hunting for flaws. One time a well known producer filmed five hundred or so feet of a spectacular "costume" picture on what proved to be imperfect film, discovered by the inspector. The scenes were re-taken at great loss of time and money.

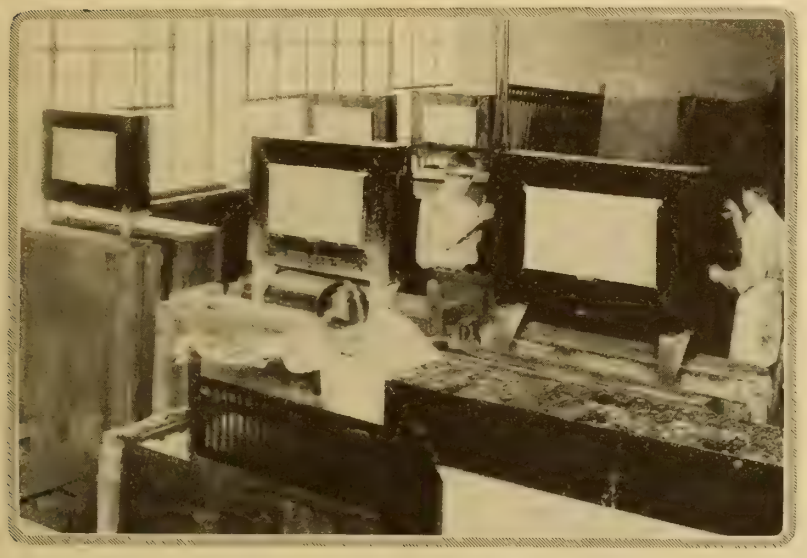
YOUR beloved faces of the shadow stage aren't "the whole show." There is a world of talent—genius—off the studio floor necessary to complete a photoplay. Imagine! "Our Mary" could never have become the celebrity she now is were it not for the helping hand of these studio folk.

There's Jimmie the cameraman, Louise the perforator, Jerry the negative developer—and scads of others. In obscure corners of the studio factory they employ brain and finger that the movie goer may sit in his favorite theatre and forget about the war cost of living.

And so—in order that these "stars that never shine" may receive due recognition, let's be off to the Mills of Make-Believe. (And Mary pul-lease don't pout! These folks are entitled to a little publicity, aren't they? Of course.)



Here is the sub-titling department where the lines you read on the screen are photographed. These subtitles are "set up" in type and printed on a heavy piece of paper. They are then photographed.



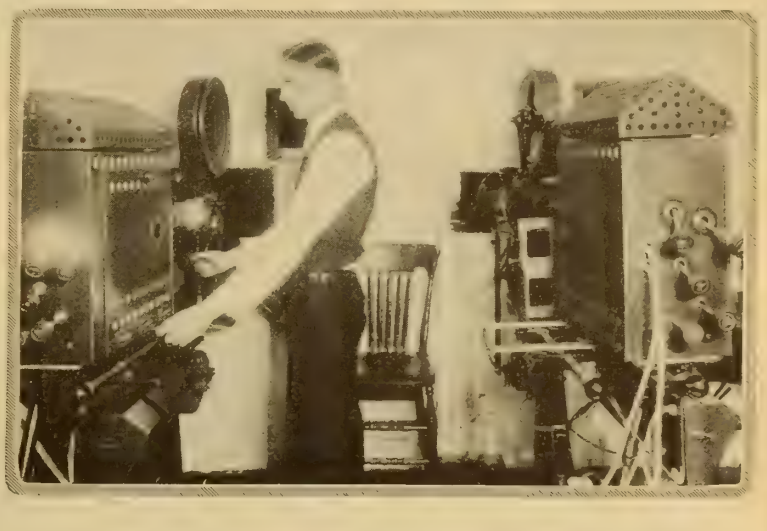
After inspection, the negative is washed in pure water. A speck of dust on this negative would be magnified many times when the picture is shown in the theatre. The air in the developing rooms is kept immaculate by vacuum cleaners.



After the strips of positive film are developed, they go to the assembling room, where nimble-fingered young ladies put them together. Extreme care must be exercised to see that the strips are pasted in their proper places.



Here we see the establishing of printing time for the positives. The expert-looking gentleman is studying the details of the negative, ascertaining how many seconds the exposure of the negative against the positive film will be necessary.



And now the picture is ready for your favorite theatre. The operator is an "unseen star" too. For the movie goer is at his mercy. He must see to it that the picture is run off at proper speed and with the proper amount of light. Vastly unlike the old-day projection room, the modern place is a marvel of fire-proof construction. Should a piece of film catch fire, all windows and trap doors automatically shut, preventing the fire from spreading.

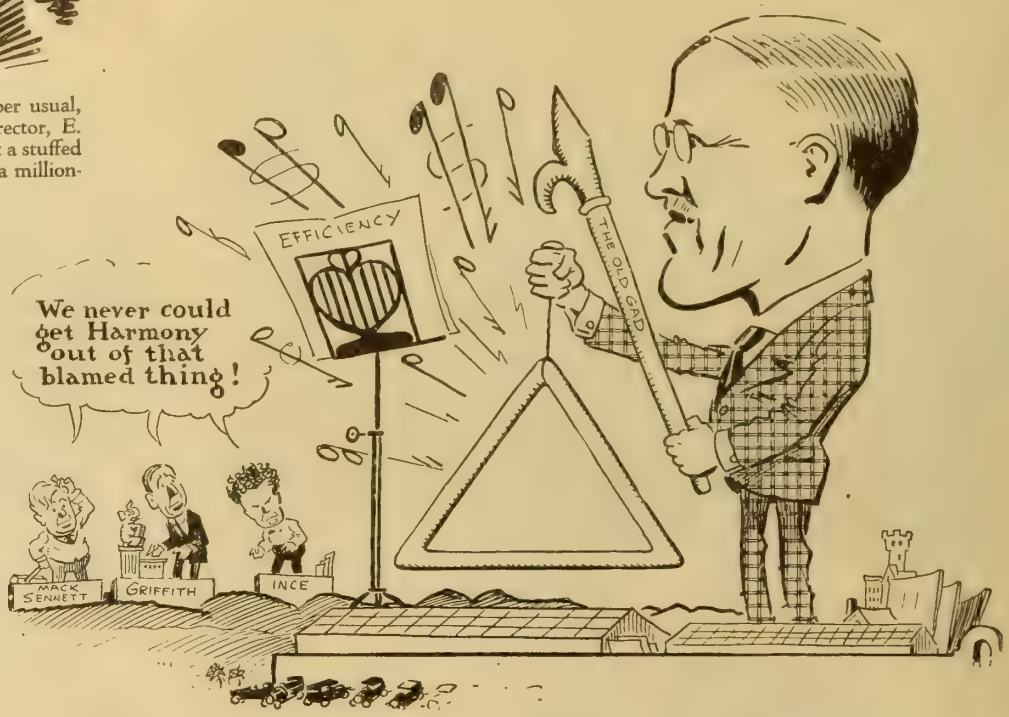
Artist Gale's Impressions of the Triangle Studio



Texas Guinan radiating good cheer as per usual, because it's her nature to, while her director, E. Mason Hopper, glooms because Props put a stuffed pin cushion on what was supposed to be a millionaire's dresser.



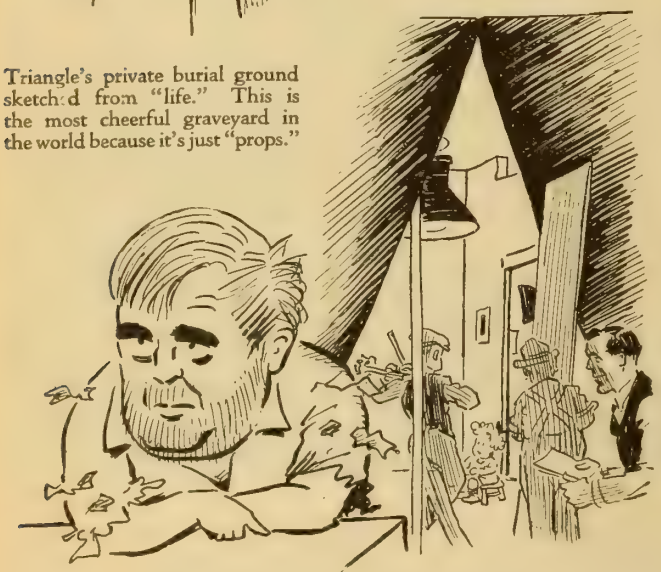
Like a good director Frank Borzage is seeing that his star, Bill Desmond gets all the calcium that's coming to him.



Mr. H. O. Davis, the Triangle Virtuoso, rendering his favorite ditty "Work for the night is coming."



Triangle's private burial ground sketched from "life." This is the most cheerful graveyard in the world because it's just "props."



Jack Curtis, who plays the Drainman in "The Servant in the House" and a glimpse into his humble abode.



Roy Stewart posing for us real pretty while Director Cliff Smith has Josie Sedgwick all worked up and shedding real tears as she takes the cheeild from Walt Whitman.

Helpful Helen

In which it is attested that elasticity, plus willingness, plus George Beban, can carry one to glory

By Kenneth McGaffey

AS a scenario writer, Helen Jerome Eddy proved she is a clever actress. She hadn't thought about being an actress at all. She had pinned her hopes of immortality firmly upon the plan of writing scenarios, from the time she saw her first moving picture. But that just goes to show the kind of girl Helpful Helen is. She's elastic. Not like the Keystone ladies, after the manner of their kind, but speaking mentally. She's the kind of girl, for example, who, desiring a diamond sunburst for a birthday present and receiving only a pearl necklace, wouldn't ever be sniffy about it and hand back the pearls. Not Helen. Like the busy little bee, she flits from photoplay to photoplay, gathering what honors there be and finding many where others would scorn to look. Which is why she has become acknowledged as the clever-



Photoplayers Studio

est young character playeress in the Morosco branch of the Paramount family.

When Helen was four years old, her parents lived in New York and evidently received a booklet from the Chamber of Commerce, or a souvenir postcard from Los Angeles, for they promptly packed up and moved to the "land of the orange, the citron and vine," and little Miss Helen was sent to school. She went to see moving pictures and decided that her place in life was as a writer of scenarios. She promptly took her little pen in her little hand and set about to be a big noise in the preparation of the silent drama—but, as fast as she would send scenarios to the different studios around Los Angeles, so fast would these scenarios come back. Finally, being in San Diego, she decided to beard the

Helpful Helen Jerome Eddy is versatile except as to whiskers. And she'd wear 'em if the 'script required it. She's that helpful.

lion in its very den, and with a scenario clasped firmly in her right hand, and with eighteen years of confidence behind her, Miss Helen called upon Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studios.

The Captain regretted that he could not use the scenario, but asked the writer if she wouldn't like to be an actress. This had never occurred to Miss Eddy, but she said that she would. So she was cast to play the twig in a production entitled, "As the Twig is Bent."

Miss Eddy liked herself so well as an ingenue that she stayed at the Lubin plant for nearly six months and then returned to Los Angeles. She showed up at the Morosco studios one day when a girl of her type happened to be needed and before many weeks Helpful Helen was a regular member of the stock company. She made her first appearance with Dustin Farnum in "The Gentleman from Indiana."

About this time George Beban came out to the Morosco studio to produce "Pasquale," one of his clever Italian characterizations. It was suggested that Miss Eddy play the role of his leading woman. Mr. Beban promptly threw up his hands in holy horror, saying it would be impossible. Did Helpful Helen grieve and sigh? Not Helen. She went to her dressing room and when she returned as an Italian girl, Mr. Beban greeted her with shouts of approval. Since then, Miss Eddy has frequently been a Wop.

Helen's tresses were black and long, hanging nearly to her waist, and could not be dressed in the true Italian manner. Did Helpful Helen hesitate? Not she. Art called and she obeyed. Without the knowledge of her parents, and with the assistance of a barber, she bobbed her hair in the interest of the photodrama and she has not been so popular around home ever since.

She appeared with George Beban in "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," and "The Cook of Canyon Camp"—always as an Italian. In "The Wax Model," however, she had an opportunity to wash the brown paint off her face, and appeared as a young American girl in love with an artist. She also had an opportunity to be a regular society girl in "As Men Love," but this was only when Beban was not using her in a picture, for now he swears by Helen and will have no other.

Miss Eddy is not yet well enough acquainted with the stage to be superstitious, consequently when everyone in the company, including Mr. Beban, refused to break a mirror in "The Cook of Canyon Camp," it was Helpful Helen who stepped forward and shattered it, thereby precipitating upon herself seven years of bad luck. She is still waiting for the bad luck to set in.

When George Beban was getting ready to do "One More American" Miss Eddy was tied up in another picture

(Continued on page 109)



They call Helen a pinch hitter and a hit in the tightest pinch. And she has glorified the Wop woman. Here she is verbatim from some Beban productions.

Annexing Bill

A million dollars that caused a lot of trouble

By Frances Denton



"I know Billy loves me," sobbed Enid, "but he'll never marry me on account of this wretched money."

MR. WILLIAM DOW, Attorney at Law, bachelor and unattached, didn't approve of the way his brother, Richard Dow, was very much married.

Not that Billy was any advocate of single-blessedness; on the contrary, he was deeply in love with one of his clients, Enid Barwell, and he intended to put the momentous little four-word question to her before long. He intended to have a home of his own, and have it soon. But it would be a home built on the right kind of a foundation. He didn't intend to occupy any such infernally humiliating matrimonial status as did poor Dick.

Not that there would seem to be anything the matter with Dick's home, at first glance. It was furnished in luxury and taste and situated on a most fashionable street. But alas! Dick's money hadn't paid for the rare rugs and pictures that made it a place of comfort and luxury. A poor man, he had married the daughter of a millionaire—and never for a moment was he allowed to forget it.

So when Mr. William Dow entered his brother's library one evening, pulled off his gloves and glanced around, its beautiful appointments left him cold. Dick came forward leisurely, holding a newspaper spread open. "Congratulations, old boy," said he. "Enid will make you a wonderful wife, too. Quite a windfall for her, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean?" Billy's face showed his bewilderment.

"Haven't you heard the news?" Dick shoved the paper toward him. "Enid Barwell had just inherited a million dollars."

"What!" The color left Billy's face. "What do you mean?"

"It's all here. 'Enid Barwell proves to be the nearest relative of the eccentric oil queen who went down on the ill-fated steamer Palamic. Henderson and Henderson—' What's the matter, old chap? You look as if something had hit you."

Billy took the paper and sank into a chair. A moment later he looked up with distress in his face. "This alters everything. I can't marry Enid now. No reflection on you, Dick, but I can't see myself with a wife that has more money than I have."

Dick flushed slightly. "Oh, you're an idiot!" he exclaimed impatiently.

Billy's retort was silenced by the entrance of Mrs. Dick, a thin, vinegary-looking blonde. "Congratulations, brother Billy!" she said with a little, edgy laugh. "The Dow brothers certainly go in for rich wives."

Being a gentleman, Billy did not comment aloud. Instead, he smiled grimly and thanked Bessie for her congratulations. He'd show her!

But it was going to be a good deal harder to "show" Enid. Billy smoked a good many cigars and paced a good many miles of floor before he finally decided that he wouldn't see her at all. He was afraid he couldn't trust himself. So he sent her a little note of congratulation, which was also a queer mixture of apology and renunciation, and began, "My dear Miss Barwell."

Enid received the note while she and her chum, Mrs. Maude Frayne, were engaged in the fascinating occupation of arranging the furnishings of their handsome new apartment, for when one falls heiress to a million dollars one doesn't live in a battered studio in Washington Square a minute longer than it takes to find a new dwelling place.

Eagerly Enid tore open the note, but a second later an expression of surprised dismay erased the happiness in her face. "For goodness sakes, read this," she ejaculated, holding it out to Maude. "You'd think I had measles, not money, the way Billy has written."

Maude read the formal, "My dear Miss Barwell," and her eyebrows lifted. "Billy's frozen by your gold," she said. "Let me think a while."

Five minutes' cogitation produced an idea, and Maude went for pen and paper. "Don't pay any attention to this," she advised. "We'll give a house warming and invite him. When once you get him here—"

"To think of his calling me 'Miss,' " Enid broke in with trembling lips. She rose and went to the window, playing dejectedly with the curtain tassel.

Annexing Bill

NARRATED by permission, from the scenario of Tom Cushing, as produced by Astra-Pathe, with the following cast:

Enid Barwell.....Gladys Hulette
Bill Dow.....Creighton Hale
Maud Frayne....Margaret Greene
George Frayne.....Mark Smith
Aunt Abigail.....Kate Lester
The Minister.....Claxton Kling



The Sheriff had refused to listen to Billy's plea of mistaken identity, or to consider proofs.

"Cheer up," came the vivacious answer. "Here; you copy this and we'll send it right away."

Billy received the note and as he recognized the handwriting, his heart leaped. He frowned; this was a bad beginning. He'd control his own emotions, by George, or—

He tore the note open, and read:

"Dear Billy:—

"It was sweet of you to congratulate me, but the 'Miss' did seem distant. A miss is as good as a mile between friends. Please come to my house-warming on Thursday, and I'll forgive you.

"Ever yours,

"Enid."

Billy groaned a little. The thing was going to be hard, devilishly hard! And Enid evidently wasn't going to make it easier. Well, he'd go to the party and see her for the last time. He'd make her understand. But in spite of his stubborn determination an insistent pang in his heart would not be stilled. His conscience reproached him—he had given Enid cause to think he cared for her; might she not have learned to care for him. Was he doing the square thing by her? But, fortifying him in his resolve, there came the memory of the times he had seen his brother humiliated in the little differences of opinion that had arisen between him and his wife, simply because she was able to use the weapon of her wealth upon him.

Of course, Billy did not realize that he was paying Enid a small compliment in refusing to be similarly circumstanced. He was no analyist; just an ordinary, bull-headed, lovable man who wanted his wife to depend upon *him*.

So he went to Enid's party, his knees weakening, but his determination adamant. And he came home late that night, pale and shaken, but still firm in his resolve. Almost he had wavered—she had looked so desirable and her eyes had been like stars, as she greeted him. The music, the flowers, her sweet presence—how he would have enjoyed them but for the hateful dollar sign that seemed to mock at him, half-concealed everywhere. And when Enid had told him, "I'm afraid your love isn't much if you put money above it," he had groaned aloud, but his stubborn will had conquered.

She had gone farther than that; she had told him she would give all her money to charity. But that wouldn't do, either. A husband that had cost a million dollars! Billy refused to be bought in that way, either. What woman on earth would not live to regret the price?"

In the meantime Enid and Maude were cold-creaming themselves and making other feminine preparations for sleep. But Enid's mind was far from her efforts. As she lay in bed her tears suddenly overflowed

"I know Billy loves me," she sobbed; "but he'll never marry me on account of this wretched money."

"Billy's a fool," observed Maude, tartly. "I wouldn't make myself miserable over him; there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"There's no one like Billy," retorted Enid, her eyes flashing through her tears. "But I'm not going to lose him on account of the money. I'll get rid of it some how. Let me think."

"Get rid of a million dollars!" ejaculated Maude.

Suddenly Enid's face lightened. "I've got it! You know your husband has a positive genius for losing money. I'll let him speculate with mine."

Maude had a husband with whom she was on more or less friendly terms—according to the condition of the stock market. Just at that time George was in hard luck, having made a failure of trying to float an "Unsinkable Ship" proposition; and just at that minute he was sound asleep, dreaming dreams which were much rosier than his prospects. His telephone rang. Sleepily George turned over and rubbed his eyes. It rang again, insistently. Glaring at it, he raised on his elbow and said, "Hello! Who?"

Over the wire came sweetly: "It's Maude. Don't you remember me? It's Maude, your wife."

"Oh, certainly," with the



A day or two later there was another meeting

utmost politeness. "What can I do for you, Maudie?"

"Enid Barwell wants to speak to you."

There was a pause, while the telephone at the other end changed hands. Then, from George's end:

"Oh, yes. How are you, Enid?"

"It will be a pleasure. Meet you at Clayton's bank tomorrow at ten. Certainly. . . . How much?"

A second later a gasping breath—from George.

"How—er, I don't think I heard correctly. *How* much?"

Back came the answer, unmistakably plain. Feebly George hung up the receiver and wiped his forehead. His eyes were bulging.

"One million dollars!" he gulped.

He pinched himself and the resultant "Ouch!" reassured him.

"One million dollars and I'm awake. Ye Gods!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

Next morning, Billy, very low in mind, was disconsolately getting the best of a poached egg when a messenger boy brought him a telegram. He tore it open, ran his hands through his hair in bewilderment, and observed "Great Scott!"

Then he looked at his watch, jumped up from the breakfast table and began throwing things into his suit case. He looked at his watch again, grabbed his hat and coat and suit case, rushed down the steps and hailed a taxi.

Three hours later, when the conductor called "Hoskins Village," Billy who had been gazing with unseeing eyes out of the grimy window of a day railway coach, came to earth with a start. This was the place. He climbed off, and after a scrutiny of the one main street, started toward a signboard which he saw dimly in the distance, labeled "Hoskins Hotel."

Entering the place he held a few minutes' whispered conversation with the white-whiskered hotel clerk who pointed mysteriously in the direction of the stairway. With a nod, Billy followed the directing finger and presently tapped on the closed door of an upstairs room. There was no answer. He knocked again, and then the door opened the veriest crack and an eye was applied to the other side of the opening.



in the office of the president of Clayton's bank.



Billy was just an ordinary, bull-headed, lovable man, who wanted his wife to depend on *him*.

"Harry!" said Billy impatiently. "What the dickens—"

The door opened wider and a beckoning finger was thrust through. Mystified, Billy entered. The shades were pulled and the room was in semi-darkness, but there was light enough to reveal the owner of the beckoning finger as a pale, anxious-looking, unshaven, but otherwise attractive young man.

Billy put down his suit case and grabbed the young man's shoulders delightedly. "Gosh, Harry, I'm glad to see you! But why the hurry-up call and what are you doing so far off the map?"

The other put his finger to his lips and tiptoed over to the window, nervously drawing the shade closer. Then he said in a whisper:

"I'm hiding from the police."

Billy laughed. "Come off! What joke is this? The Reverend Harry Denton of Wisconsin—"

He stopped as he saw the woe-begone expression on the other's face. "You don't mean it, Harry?" he continued. "What's wrong?"

Denton sat down on the edge of the bed and clasped his knees. "You see, my secretary, Smith, skipped with the building funds. He left me a clew, but my parishioners thought I was the thief, and while I've been following Smith, they've been following *me*. Detectives are after me and I'm out of funds."

"You poor old fellow," said Billy. "How much do you want?" pulling out his bill case.

"Enough to take me to New York. You see—" Denton hesitated "—if I can find my secretary tonight I can clear myself. Tomorrow will be too late." Again he hesitated. "I know it's a lot to ask—but think of my position. Would you—would you mind being arrested so I can give them the slip? You can easily prove your identity after I'm gone."

It was Billy's turn to hesitate. He did not particularly relish the idea, but after all, it would only mean an unpleasant experience of a day or so. He could do not less for his friend. So hastily they began changing clothes.



"I'll go with you peaceably," protested Billy, "though of course you've made a mistake."

Some heavy steps were heard on the stairs. "I think they're coming now," said Denton nervously. "Pretend you're asleep, Billy, and hold them off while I slip out of the window. The side piazza is clear." He suited his actions to his words and raised the window sash.

"Who's there?" called Billy sleepily, in response to a thunderous knocking. With a glance to see that Harry was safe he rose and opened the door, stifling another yawn. The detectives pushed into the room. One of them held a telegram in his hand. Consulting it, he said: "Yes, it's him, all right. 'Five feet nine, smooth face, blonde, blue eyes.'" He pulled out a pair of handcuffs. "Put on the bracelets, young feller."

"I'll go with you peaceably," protested Billy, "though of course you've made a mistake. Leave my hands free."

"We ain't taking no chance," said the detective. "A parson that goes wrong'll do anything." So the handcuffs went on.

And Billy, for the first time in his life, saw the inside of a jail. But he managed to persuade the sheriff, after a while, to send a telegram to George Frayne asking him to bring or send five thousand dollars so that he might be released on bail. The sheriff had refused to listen to his plea of mistaken identity, or to consider any proofs; but if he could furnish cash bail— Well, he'd ask the Judge; that might be a different matter. It couldn't do harm to wire for the money.

As the sheriff laboriously spelled out Billy's copy for the telegram a lugubrious voice beside him uttered:

"You'll never get that bail if George has a wife like my Annie."

Billy turned. "So I've got company," he said pleasantly.

The man in the opposite cell dragged his cot to the door so that he might be comfortable and talk to Billy. "What's your graft?" he inquired. "I'm in for vagrancy. Can you beat it? A fine comedown for Spike Pollit!"

"What's your regular line?"

"I'm a dip. Vagrancy! If it hadn't been for my wife, Annie—" Fluently Pollit swore vengeance upon the absent Annie, who in some vague way was responsible for his social downfall.

So the evening passed, Billy listening to Pollit's harangue and wondering what the morning would bring to him. He tried not to think of Enid, but he dreamed that she was a queen on a golden throne, and though she stretched out her hands to him in eager appeal, he could not reach her because of a bristling guard of dollar marks that barred the way.

Billy's dreams might have been pleasanter had he known what was actually transpiring in New York during his absence. The pleasant little meeting at Clayton's bank, where Enid, in spite of the banker's protestations, was arranging to put her fortune into the hands of George Frayne, was suddenly interrupted. A tall, angular lady stalked in, followed by lawyer Henderson, and announced coolly that she was Miss Parr who had gone down on the Palamic. As a matter of fact, she had not stayed down; she had come up again. And she was here in flesh and would be pleased to handle her own investments, with all due thanks to George Frayne for his kindness; and she would require of Miss Barwell a strict accounting of every nickel which she had used of money not hers.

After the first shock and surprise, Enid's heart grew light. She was so happy that she even asked ' it to share her apartment with her, until their affai .l be settled. Miss Parr, upon seeing Enid's luxur .y furnished rooms, reproved her severely for her sinful extravagance; but Enid did not stop to listen. She must find her beloved Billy and tell him the glad news!

More easily said than done. At his rooms it was said that he had left suddenly two days before. His club had no trace of him. Bewildered and worried, Enid and Maude returned home, where they encountered George Frayne who excitedly waved a telegram at them.

Enid snatched it. "It's all right," she cried. "Billy's safe; he's in jail."

(Continued on page 108)



MR. and Mrs. George Walsh. George is a Foxy exponent of the art of jumping-over-things-instead-of-going-round. One of his late leaps bears the title, "The Kid is Clever." But George's first claim to fame was as Seena Owen's husband.



Evans

IT seems incredible that Edith Storey was born in New York. She has all the warmth of the Latin with the intensity of the Slav. She is forever contradicting herself by playing an American girl one day and a tragic child of Russia the next.



Evans

KATHERINE MacDONALD, the sister of Mary MacLaren, might write a book on "Men Who Have Made Love to Me—on the Screen." A chapter each would be devoted to Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, Jack Pickford, and now Bill Hart.



THE nicest thing about Mary Miles Minter is that she's really an ingenue. Off screen she lets her hair hang and wears white and eats apples and swims and drives her own car and plays tennis. Would we call this a love game? Yes.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Mr. Fox's Charity. Mr. William Fox, you are noted for your charity. Your publicity department is advertising it. You have sent out long articles describing your generosity, together with a photograph of a tablet inscribed "From the friends of William Fox, assembled at a banquet—a tribute to his record of public service, not only in his own profession, but also in the field of sacrifice and charity."

But there is a quality that comes before charity, and without which charity can be nothing but ostentation—justice.

What is your record for justice, Mr. Fox?

Mr. Fox has advertised broadcast that a certain feature made by his company is based upon a recent case in which a young man disgraced his family, was divorced by his wife and later killed by her, the wife being exonerated by a jury. To name the picture would be but to advertise it to the morbid. Willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, the employes of Mr. Fox reflect his character so long as they are in his employ, just as the employes of all other producers reflect the ideas of the guiding mind. It is, therefore, literally true to say that it is William Fox who has dragged before the public gaze the unhappy and blameless men and women who were made to suffer, through the misdeeds of a dissipated young man, to the last degree of human endurance. Nor was Mr. Fox satisfied with this. His publicity department caused to be circulated a story stating that there was a general belief that the leading role in this picture was played by none other than the unhappy woman who had killed her husband, following this report with the smug statement that the belief was unfounded. In all this Mr. Fox uses the real names of the principals in the tragedy. There is no grief that excites his pity or forbearance. Here was a chance to "clean up," and no means was overlooked in the campaign to excite the unhealthy curiosity of the kind of people who rush to the scene of a murder and carry off souvenirs.

But mark the subtlety of Mr. Fox! In an attempt to cover his tracks and not appear openly as a purveyor of scandal, he spreads upon his film long harangues describing the wonders of mother-love, with all the ingenuousness of one who has just made a great discovery. Thus he seeks to disarm the pity of women by the most insidious form of flattery, taking advantage of their most sacred emotions to blind them to his nefarious deed. Thus he pretends to make a heroine of a woman whose only desire is that the world shall forget her, and permit her to bury her wrecked life in devotion to her child.

Contemplating this record, Mr. Fox's charities become as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Charity that does not emanate from a heart imbued with love for humanity is the charity of the rich man flinging crusts to beggars, which is not charity at all, but an effort to still the voice of conscience. Let Mr. Fox consider this the next time he gives from his well-filled coffers and directs his publicity department to tell the world of his charity.

❦

As to Slap-Stick. Some of our high-brow readers have been writing to us, asking why do we not excoriate the common or macksennett comedy? The principal reason is that we get a good many laughs out of them ourself. Let him who is without sin among you cast the first pie.

❦

"The World Do Move." The action of Mr. George K. Spoor, president of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company and one of the real pioneers of the flickering films, is significant of the changing conditions in a business that moves closer each day to the principles that must underlie all enduring commercial institutions.

Mr. Spoor comes out frankly and tells us that he has changed his producing policy because he recognizes a new trend, and is going to follow it.

This is very refreshing. This moving picture magnate is talking like a business man. It is a hundred to one shot that most of the men dominating the motion picture industry, instead of making an out and out business-like statement, would have attempted to cover the movement by a camouflage barrage of hot air shells from his publicity department.

He recognizes that the public taste has changed—that it will be satisfied with nothing but the highest class productions. And he realizes that the man who pays the dime rules the screen.

There will be no permanent stock companies at Essanay hereafter, no overhead expense between productions, no heavy payrolls. Every picture will be cast from the best available players to be found in the New York and Chicago theatres and studios, and produced under the supervision of Victor Eubank.

Looks like business. Sounds like business.

❦

Who'll Win This Prize. A suitable reward awaits the actor or director who will devise some new method of expressing the arrival of an idea, at present invariably "registered" by smiting the left palm with the right fist.

Over-Production. For two years we have been hearing the cry that there is a disastrous over-production of pictures. Yet, in going to and fro among the theatres of late, we have noted an extensive revival of a film made in Italy years ago, "Quo Vadis," and everywhere it seems to draw crowded houses. If there is over-production, why is the exhibitor going back to the dark ages and fishing this celluloid out of the vaults? Simply because it is a good picture—a classic, based upon a tremendous theme. And the tragedy of Petronius brought back a thrill as fresh as if it was of yesterday's invention, with the line, "What is death? 'Tis but as when one lays his worn out robes aside and says, 'This will I wear today.'" The idea has all the cumulative force of centuries driving it home, recalling, among other things the lines from "Thanatopsis,"

> Approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the mantle of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant
> dreams.

The producer of pictures who gives the world photodramas based upon such immortal ideas as this cannot over-produce.

❦

Diamonds and Coal. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who have more laughs to their credit than any other producing unit in all picturedom, may retire from the screen because it seems impossible to make exhibitors understand that a short picture may have a bigger drawing power than a long one. The Drews have been successful—make no mistake about that. But their dividends are out of proportion to their capacity to entertain, and unless exhibitors wake up, they will embark upon other enterprises.

Diamonds and coal are made of the same material—carbon. Yet you don't buy diamonds by the ton. Still, the exhibitor, having a five-reel feature, Jennie Jones in "The Marble Heart," and a one-reel comedy, The Drews in "His Unearthly Calm," will put Jennie's name in electric lights and merely display a one-sheet of The Drews in the lobby. The big business is then attributed to the long picture.

This is the sort of stupidity that is making the way of the producer with ideas and ideals hard and heart-breaking. One of the most enlightened exhibitors in America, when he heard that the Drews might retire, voluntarily offered to pay almost double what he had been paying for these one-reel comedies, saying that it would be an actual misfortune to lose them. The education of the one-horse exhibitor is the big problem of the industry. It would be a tremendous forward step for the National Association to establish a correspondence school for such of these exhibitors as are able to read.

Prize for Inventors. There is a vast fortune awaiting the man who will invent a form of artificial light which will be sufficiently brilliant for studio photography, and will not cause blindness. "Klieg eyes" is a terror that haunts all actresses in pictures, the harmful rays from the tubes causing fearful pain and temporary blindness. Surely there must be some means of "sifting" these harmful rays out of the light vibrations. There are any number of stars who would pay a king's ransom for such an invention.

❦

Really, Now, Mr. Klaw. Mr. Marc Klaw of the ancient and honorable firm of Klaw & Erlanger, which was the theatrical trust in the good old days, excites himself over the fact that a spokesman for moving pictures tried to have the war tax on theatre admissions so framed as to exempt picture houses, claiming that pictures were the poor man's amusement and of educational value. Mr. Klaw holds that pictures are of less educational value than the drama because they lack the flowing language of "Hamlet" and "Ben Hur." We immediately turned to the theatrical advertisements in the New York newspapers to find where "Hamlet" and "Ben Hur" were playing. Instead, we found that the drama was offering the following highly educational entertainment in the theatres controlled by Mr. Klaw and his allies: "The Cohan Revue," Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, "Going Up," "Sick-a-Bed," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Polly With a Past," "Business Before Pleasure." Thus does the stage perpetuate the great dramatic classics. We do not know who it was advanced the idea that films were of such great educational value, nor do we, as a rule, go to a picture theatre with the specific intention of finding therein any post-graduate mental pabulum. Mr. Klaw was flaying a man of straw, but when he advances the ancient Shakespearean argument as proving the superior educational value of the spokies, it is to smile.

❦

Advertising Fillums. Guess what company used the following phrases in advertising a recent production:

> *"Picture a beautiful, daring and courageous woman defending a helpless husband as a tigress defends her cub. Depict her facing poverty for the man she loves and spurning jewels, untold luxuries and power in the world's capitals from the hands of a man she despises."*

Universal? No. World? No. Vitagraph? No. It was the erudite Goldwyn, elevator of the cinema, exploiting the classic art of Mary Garden.

Taking It Easy

OLIVE TELL has temporarily forsaken the movies for the spokies. She appeared in "General Post," one of the successes of the early season on Broadway, and now is with Henry Miller in "The Fountain of Youth," which opened Mr. Miller's new theatre April 1. But when summer time comes and the footlights begin to pale, if not to pall, it is on the cards that the lovely Olive will be once more casting her shadow upon the silversheet, for the Empire All Star productions.



Photos by White



Miss Tell is a devotee of both indoor and outdoor sports. Her principal indoor sport at present is reading plays, and memorizing lines. The far-away look in her eyes is caused by the fact that Riverside Drive is just a block away, and Miss Tell prefers horseback riding to reading.

They don't allow dogs in the hotel where Miss Tell lives, and so this is the substitute she has acquired. Yes, it's alive and everything.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Fifth of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art



By
John Emerson
and
Anita Loos

JUDGING from the letters which come to us from ambitious amateurs, we would say that the subject on which the amateur needs greatest enlightenment is the subject of the working script, technically known in the studios as the continuity. Hundreds of letters come in every year, asking how to put a photoplay into technical form.

It would be just as easy to tell how to compose an orchestral symphony or construct an epic poem, for the continuity is the finished product of the photoplaywright and as such, becomes not merely a set of ideas or incidents but an art form, and the ability to construct even a moderately good art form requires many years of constant work and application.

This may sound discouraging to the ambitious amateur who possibly has a great desire to make a finished product of his story; to work out his entire play and see it produced on the screen just as he wrote it. But why be discouraged, when the inability to write a perfect continuity does not at all preclude the selling of ideas and stories to the picture companies? Be content if you have an idea, for you may be sure there is a market for it somewhere, and leave the writing of continuity until you have found means to study it.

Be content if you have an idea, for you may be sure there is a market for it somewhere, and leave the writing of continuity until you have found means to study it.

At the present time, the only place where continuity writing can be successfully studied is in the studio itself, although some very fine work is being done by Professor Freeberg at Columbia University in New York City and by Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who gives frequent lectures at the University of Chicago on the photoplay. But until the importance of the photoplay in the art life of the nation is more generally recognized, and until Professor Freeberg, Mr. Lindsay and men of equal vision are given a freer hand and greater means to develop their work (and we hope this may be soon), the studio will, of necessity, remain the one and only place where the art of photoplay writing may be definitely and thoroughly learned.

It is always hard for the outsider in any art to realize the importance of technical knowledge and the necessity of form. Now art is of necessity a thing of form. Form is its first essential. There is a skeleton under every great work of art; a skeleton of perfect proportions. This skeleton never just "happens." It has to be built there consciously by the artist. It should never obtrude itself, however; in fact, the height of art is to so cover it that it is not apparent to the casual observer.

The one thing that we would impress on the amateur's mind, is that he learn to recognize the presence of form or the absence of it in every piece of art endeavor he happens to see; for the ability to recognize form in paintings, sculpture and poetry will help him to recognize the need of it in all art and so aid in his own endeavor. Consider, for instance, photography, which for years was a perfect medium for producing accurate detail but did not become an art until it was taken up by workers who understood composition, which is the necessary skeleton of every good picture.

Nothing has more confused amateurs in all the arts or led them further astray than the modern school of realism, exemplified by the work of Henrik Ibsen. For the first time in the history of drama the domestic problems of the common, everyday type of person were taken as themes and for the first time the questions which every human being has, at one time or another, to thresh out in his own life, were placed upon the stage. The flood of drama and fiction that grew out of these dramas has come to be known as the Realistic School.

In the first place, the very name "realistic school" has led the amateur astray, because he sees so much in these masterpieces that touches his own life, he comes to have the idea that any *real* happening, such as may occur almost any week in his own life, is drama.

In looking over the scripts that come from amateurs probably fifty percent of them are based on incidents which the writer states really happened in his or her own life or the life of some friend. The amateur mind seems to run to this type of manuscript and his attitude on this subject is the outcome of his failure to recognize the necessity of form in all things. Drama is Art and Art requires form. However amusing or thrilling an adventure may be it is not drama unless it is the outcome of some conflict; otherwise it is mere incident, and incident, no matter how in-

teresting in itself, is not worth much as drama when it is not tied up in theme or in action to plot.

Real incidents are the ones which have to be most carefully handled and which require the expert technician. For instance, when a great dramatist takes a historic event as the basis for a play he usually uses the event as a mere background for a dramatic conflict that he has himself conceived.

The one thing that we would impress on the amateur's mind, is that he learn to recognize the presence of form or the absence of it in every piece of art endeavor he happens to see.

Suppose we take the "Birth of a Nation." If the Civil War had been shown in the exact sequence in which it occurred it would have bored an audience to tears and twelve reels of it would have cured the most violent case of insomnia.

Therefore we would say to the amateur that when D. W. Griffith takes a real happening of the calibre of the Civil War and, to hold his audiences' interest, has to add to it the fanciful but dramatic love story of Elsie Stoneman and the Little Colonel, the amateur can scarcely hope to sell as drama "an amusing little incident that occurred on the subway while on his way to work last Tuesday."

A quite opposite fault of amateurs which we have learned through reading many scripts, is the desire of the author to choose as a subject something of which he knows absolutely nothing. It is the favorite ambition of a budding author who has been born, reared, nurtured and confined in Philadelphia to write of the Banditti of Corsica. Such a script, of course, is never considered seriously for a moment by the reader, whereas a story that might have no more dramatic value but whose subject is one of which the author apparently knows something, will at least receive the respectful interest of the editor who may say to himself, "Well, here at least, is someone that understands the subject he is writing about."

Another "don't" to add to our list is, Don't be obvious. The amateur mind take delight in seizing on some public incident and dashing off a story around it. For instance, when Hoover cuts down our food, a perfect avalanche of scenarios on this subject floods the office. When the word "Camouflage" suddenly enters our vocabulary, two or three hundred scenarios with this title show up promptly and thoroughly expected at the scenario office. Any story built on such a subject is bound to be out of date in a few weeks and unless a company can produce such a thing immediately, it is pretty sure to be a dead one by the time it reaches the screen.

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods



Witzel

Nativity of Herbert Rawlinson, Born Nov. 15th.

THIS nativity as given, 9 a. m., would have inclined the subject's mind to the ministry, higher science, or the law, but, as I know that Mr. Rawlinson is an actor and a good one (not that ministers are not good actors) I would conclude that he must have been born about forty-four minutes earlier, which changes the position of the most essential planet, the lord of the first, from the ninth to the tenth house. This indicates that he would make a name and fame for himself without the help of anyone. Born an actor, he can interpret drama correctly without the aid of direction, is quick to see and understand, has a good memory, is very artistic, and is inspirationally correct. He is much given to poetry, is refined, and a great reader and scholar. He is generous to a fault, but he must not believe everyone who comes to him with "Get-rich-quick Wallingford" schemes. He would have been an excellent judge or legislator in connection with divorce laws. He should not go into partnership or take a room mate. He should avoid narcotics, especially tobacco and alcohol. He has indications of being married twice, the last late in life. He was born fortunate, that is, he came from refined, gentle folk, but I cannot say so much for his health. He is not so strong as he looks, and should not take food or drink when sick from strangers, as there is danger of getting the wrong bottle. As a last caution, let him remember the advice of the elder Weller to his son, "Bevare of vidders."



Witzel

Nativity of Bessie Barriscale, Born Dec. 8th.

THIS nativity is very confusing, as there are so many positions and aspects that promise mildness, gentleness, and a most lovable character, and there are others to the contrary; but one thing, this little girl must not be left alone too long or morbidness comes to stay, and she knows no way to drive it out. She should not read harrowing tales or witness distress in any way, as it brings tears and tears destroy youth. She is shrewd, capricious, dreamy, and loves poetry. She prefers to read about the love affairs of royalty. Her temper is fiery, bellicose, and easily aroused, somewhat rough and even violent, but never unkindly. There is a love of danger for its own sake. She is the one woman in the world who will not repeat what you tell her. She is slow to forgive once her pride is hurt, but she is really more dangerous after her anger has cooled down than when she is in a bluster. She has three inheritances coming to her. One will be fought out in court and will eventually be gained by her, but it will cost as much as the bequest. This little lady had better stay single if she wishes to be happy, as it is not foreordained that she should be wed while in this incarnation. (Of course, this is only true if the nativity was given to me correctly—hour of birth 5 a. m.) Miss Barriscale can attribute her great success to her personal magnetism, which is given her by the benevolent rays from Venus, the goddess of love, to Uranus, the great god Pan.

The Blue Bird

The children's own fairy tale, retold from the play of Maurice Maeterlinck, with pictures from the Artcraft photoplay, by Maurice Tourneur.

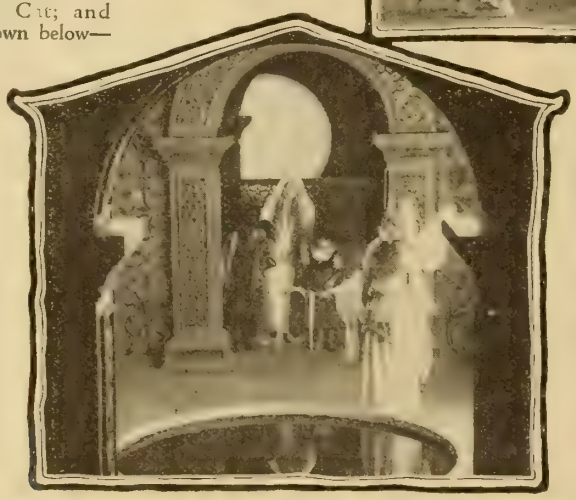
Parents—read this story to your children as you show them the pictures. Every child should know the message of "The Blue Bird."

BOYS and girls, wouldn't it be perfectly splendid to be in a Fairy Tale—to be *written into one?* Haven't you always rather wanted to? Now you're going to hear the nicest fairy tale of all—the story of Tyltyl and Mytyl, two little peasant children who left their home and their father and mother to go on a quest for the Blue Bird—("the Blue Bird" is just another way of saying "Happiness," you know). It is a tale of Things-as-They-Really-Are. A strange tale, in which Things and Animals and Elements are turned into people. Tyltyl and Mytyl are put to bed as usual one night—it's Christmas Eve—but they steal to the window and watch a merry party of wealthy children at the big house across the way. They are enjoying the party almost as much as if they were there, when a Fairy named Berylune appears before them and gives Tyltyl a diamond which, when he turns it, changes Things into Beings. Then they start out on their search for the Blue Bird. This story has been put into pictures; and it is told so you can understand. And here's a secret—*you* are Tyltyl, or Mytyl; and you are hunting for the Blue Bird. This is *your own* Fairy Tale!





1—Just before the children start on their search for the Blue Bird. Here are their companions—look! There at the left is Bread, come to life—a fat; pompous old man; and next is Water, a tearful girl. Behind Water is Sugar, a sweet sticky fellow—each of his fingers is a stick of candy; but too much of him at a time makes one ill. Next is the Fairy Berylune, with her arm about Milk, gentle, timid Milk. See the Cat, up there? Crafty Cat; and there's the Dog, down below—the faithful dog, who stands by Tyltyl through thick and thin. And at the right is Fire—one can't play with him, you know; he's a dangerous fellow.



2—The first place the children visit is the Fairy Berylune's own Palace—a beautiful place where they see many strange things. Besides the Fairy and Tyltyl and Mytyl there is Light—radiant and kind, who is to accompany them all through their journey.

3—On the way to the Palace of Night. "The first place you must search for the Blue Bird of Happiness is the Underground Palace of Night, where I may not enter," says Light. The Cat goes on ahead to warn the Queen of Night that the Live Children are coming to hunt for the Blue Bird. The Dog, you see, has the cage all ready for it.



4—The children, with their faithful friend the Dog, approach the Palace of Night. Mytyl is a bit frightened at the place, but Tyltyl is not afraid;—why, later on he faces bravely the terrible Wars, and the Sicknesses, and the Ghosts which the Queen of Night keeps locked up inside her Palace.



5—This is the Queen of Night with her twin children, Sleep and Death. The Queen finally consents to Tyltyl searching for the Blue Bird in her Palace; and to his joy, he finds not one Blue Bird, but many - more than he can carry!



6—The children leave the Palace of Night, and rejoin Light. They show her all the birds they caught —but Light tells them that these birds are dead. They were only the blue birds of the dreams that live on the rays of the moon and die as soon as they set eyes on the sun.



7—Light and the children in the Enchanted Forest, which they next visit. When Tyltyl turns his diamond, the trees come to life, and try to do harm to the children because their father is a wood-cutter, the enemy of all trees. But Tyltyl turns the diamond again and the trees become Things again.

8—Tyltyl and Mytyl then visit the Graveyard of the Happy Dead. At the stroke of midnight, the gates swing open. Mytyl is afraid, and wants to run away; but Tyltyl comforts her, and together they go in.



9—After Tyltyl has turned the diamond, the graves of the Happy Dead open. To the surprise of the children, the graveyard is blooming with flowers. They look about them for the tombs; there are none, only flowers. "Where are the dead?" asks Mytyl. "There are no dead," Tyltyl replies. All this, without finding the Blue Bird.



10—The two children return home. Bread, Fire, Water, and Milk have returned to their old forms. The Dog and the Cat have lost their tongues. Light, of course, is with them; but they do not always see her. Then Mytyl takes from it's cage a bird which they have owned, to give it to a little neighbor who is ill—and to their joy the children discover it is blue! After all their searching—to find the Blue Bird—Happiness—at home. They hadn't noticed the bird was blue, before. Funnier yet, their mother said they'd been dreaming—that they had never been away from home at all!

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

REMEMBER Eileen Percy's offer to the first American soldier who wrote to her from France care PHOTOPLAY? The lucky man who received the scarf that Eileen knitted all by herself, the personal letter and autographed photo, is E. A. Gould, of Co. A, 29th Eng., A. E. F.

THE other day Billie Burke sent her check for forty dollars to the Red Cross. That wasn't the largest check she sent in by any means; but it meant the most. It represented the amount of money sent to her in very small sums from 10 cents to $1.00, by persons, mostly children, who have written her in the past few weeks for autographed photographs. She figured that she received from twenty-five to thirty requests each day, and in returning the pictures enclosed a little note asking that the recipient send her such a sum as he or she could spare to devote to the Red Cross. One little girl in Lincoln, Neb., sent twenty-five two-cent stamps and a two-weeks' allowance from her father. A little boy sent ten pennies in an envelope—and they were so heavy it cost nearly that to send them—but of course he never thought of changing them to one piece for the ten, as there must have been a sacrifice in every penny. Miss Burke received a splendid letter from the Red Cross thanking the kiddies through her; and as she doesn't want to spend any of the money in writing the children, she asks that we thank them for her.

OUR little act of kindness for the month will hereafter be a Helpful-Hints-to-Press-Agents paragraph. Here are some old gags that should be revived—they haven't been used for a whole month now: The Vamp from the Pyramids of the Sahara (all our near-vamps for some time now have hailed from Russia); the daughter of an old Chicago fambly going into pitchers as an extry girl; the popular Blank star who in the "fight scene" walloped the professional heavyweight so hard he was unconscious for ten minutes. More next month.

THE Essanay company is no longer active. The Chicago studio suspended operations recently and released its two remaining stars, Little Mary McAlister and Taylor Holmes. Essanay will make only an occasional photoplay, with specially engaged players.



The gateman of the Paralta studios knows Bessie Love—almost as well as he knows his instructions. "Absolutely no one admitted without orders," he is telling the little star. So she has fished down in her bag for her credentials—and everybody's agreeable and happy once more.

LOTS of people think nothing Charlie Chaplin could do is quite as funny as the line he was careful to have inserted in his contract, to the effect that he was not to be required to do anything that would detract from his dignity as an artist.

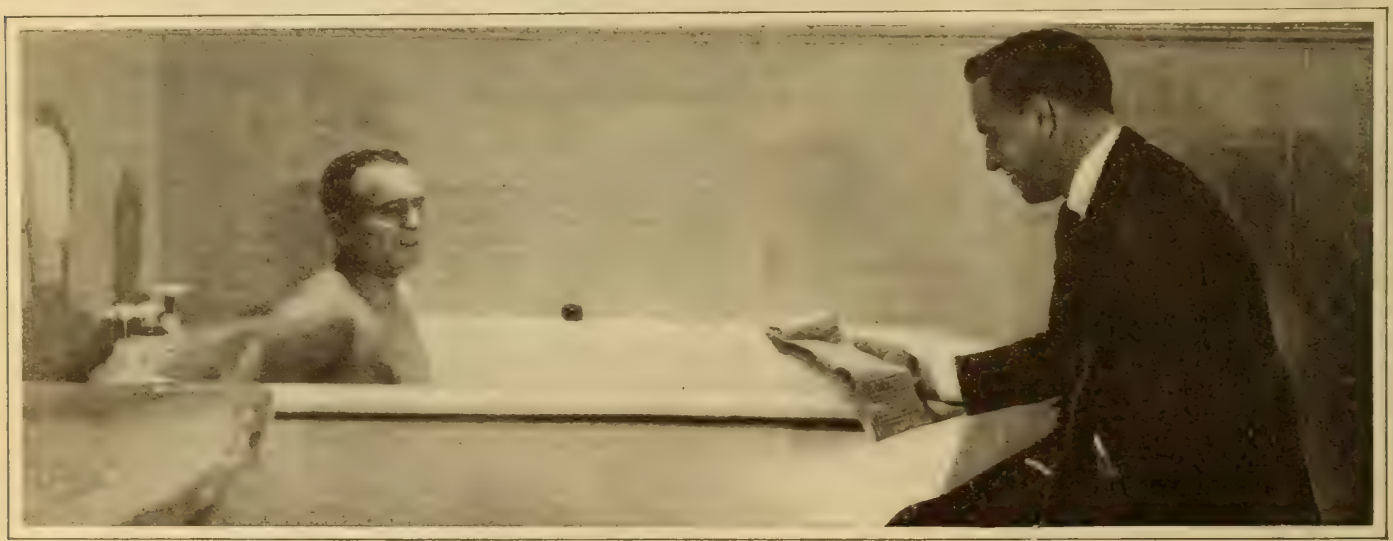
J. A. BERST has resigned as head of the Pathe company. No reason has been given. Berst was for many years the vice-president and general manager of Pathé Freres in this country. Paul Brunet, who has been comptroller of the big concern, has been appointed to succeed Berst in both executive positions.

KENNETH McGAFFEY, who is said to be the handsomest publicity man in the motion picture business, reports that Miss Lucile Zintheo, the winner of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Beauty and Brains Contest, is appearing in important parts in the production "Missing," which is being directed by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton and James Young, and in "The Firefly of France," with Wallace Reid.

WILLIAM HINCKLEY, who died the latter part of March in New York, was very well-known to screen followers. He was a Chicago man, born in 1894, and educated at Northwestern University. He made his stage debut at 15 in a Denver stock company, and later appeared in stock at St. Louis. During his stage career he supported Charlotte Walker, Amelia Bingham, Marie Doro, Hattie Williams, and other stars. Hinckley deserted to the movies and played in many of the old Majestic and Reliance photoplays, with Dorothy Gish; he had important parts in the Fine Arts productions, "The Lily and the Rose," with Lillian Gish, and "The Children in the House," with Norma Talmadge. Later he did "The Amazons," with Marguerite Clark, for Famous Players.

JAMES YOUNG is back in the harness on the West Coast. He was re-engaged by Jesse Lasky to direct Sessue Hayakawa in one production and following that directed another under the supervision of J. Stuart Blackton. Mr. Young has long been regarded as one of the most artistic directors in the business.

IRVING CUMMINGS is now a father. He says he's glad because it's a boy.



Douglas Fairbanks seldom has a minute to himself. Gosh! he can't even bathe in privacy! Here he is listening to Director Alan Dwan reading a new scenario. Time: just after a busy, mussy day at the studio.

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, JR., died recently in New York, a victim of pneumonia. He was playing at the time in Lou Tellegen's "Blind Youth." The last film in which he appeared was Norma Talmadge's "By Right of Purchase." He had appeared in Famous Players films with Marguerite Clark. He is survived by his wife, known professionally as Ethel Fleming.



"—and then you've got to jump off that rock," advised director Neilan. And did Mary jump? The rest of the story isn't told. You'll have to see "M'Liss" to find out. This picture was snapped near Mount Lowe.

BY this time you have probably heard of Bill Hart's Red Cross Hat. It is to be autographed by the President, and the Vice-President, and Cabinet members, and everybody else in Washington; then it will be sent abroad for the signatures of King George, Lloyd George, Poincare, Joffre, Pershing, and every one of the Allied leaders. When it comes back, Bill himself will sign it, and it will be auctioned off to the Red Cross. Well, it's a good story, anyhow.

MARSHALL NEILAN, after completing the Pickford picture "M'Liss," journeyed to New York, where he will direct George M. Cohan, and later on other Artcraft stars. William D. Taylor is Mary's new director.

D. W. GRIFFITH tried out his new warplay lately and found it not wanting. The production was taken to Pomona, a thriving fruit metropolis thirty miles from Los Angeles, and shown at a picture theatre without any announcement. Guards were stationed at the entrance to keep out spies from rival camps who might have "got next" to the maneuver, and only the villagers were allowed to enter. According to the report next day the production was a "riot," than which there is no more enthusiastic word in the showman's lexicon. It has since been shown to the public, and is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine.

HERE'S a new Fox press story. Virginia Pearson was making a war picture and had to wear a German uniform. She was about to mount a horse for the "wild ride" after the papers, when the horse saw her German uniform and bolted.

THE other day Montagu Love was reminiscencing on the days when he was an artist on the *London Sketch*, and he told this story of a time when he was tempted. He was assigned to interview the leading lady of a melodrama which was playing the provinces. Of an age near the half-century mark, the honor of being feminine lead had just about turned her head. Mr. Love had been talking to her some time when she said, "I'm afraid you'll be thinking me very in'ospitable for not offering you a bite." And with a *grande dame* air, she walked to the stairs and shouted, "Teresa, Teresa! Ain't them two beers come as yet?" Mr. Love doesn't say whether or not he remained for the repast.

NILES WELCH, the good looking young juvenile who has been seen in the support of many stars, is playing opposite Mary Pickford for the first time. He was shipped west to play the chief male role in "How Could You Jean?" and will probably remain for another picture with Miss Pickford, which, incidentally, will be her last under her present contract.

WORD has been received from Captain Robert Warwick, now over there with the U. S. forces. A cablegram from him contained just one word, "Safe."

LILLIAN WALKER is going to have her own company again.

GEORGE LOAN TUCKER is no longer with the Goldwyn company. He severed his directorial connections and responsibilities and paid his own real money to announce the fact in very large type in the motion picture trade-journals. This announcement is gratis. At this writing his future plans have not been announced. Tucker made most of the few good Goldwyn films released. Recently that company announced he was to be director-general, but the arrangement seems not have been particularly successful.



SHE LIVES IN THE DARK

Hetty Gray Baker passes her life in the dark, scrutinizing and editing Fox pictures, and yet she is a merry lady with a fine sense of humor. What Fox pictures would be without her delicate touch, goshonly knows. She is the supreme authority, once the film is put into her hands, responsible only to Fox himself. How does one become a film editor? Well, you are born in Hartford, and work in a Public Library, and try Boston and don't like it, go back to Hartford and study law and don't like it, decide to write scenarios and succeed through persistence, and make the grand tour to California and meet Griffith and everything. And then Fox has a row with Herbert Brenon and needs some one with intelligence to edit "A Daughter of the Gods," and if your name is Hetty Gray Baker he sends for you to come from the Coast where you had a job in his studio, and there you are. Quite simple.

JACK CONWAY, the Triangle director who is now making a film version of "The Servant in the House," insists on music for all his scenes. It was necessary that his private orchestra play hymns for some of the church scenes in the classic. The orchestra was playing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," when Conway raised his hand as a signal and said: "Now, let's have something betokening deep and holy love." The orchestra had exhausted all its knowledge of sacred music, but it obligingly struck up, "They Go Wild Over Me."



After a screen career whose sparkle was just reaching the dazzling point, William Hinckley died in New York. Born in 1894, Mr. Hinckley had been a "professional" from the age of fifteen years on. He did splendid work with Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Marguerite Clark.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE doesn't have to go to war. He was rejected by the examining board because of—yes, that's it—overweight.

EXTRY—EXTRY! Eileen Percy is married! Her husband is Otto Busch of the family made famous by the Anheuser-Busch beverage. Will Eileen retire from the screen? Maybe so; maybe not.

YOU may never have heard of an Antony Byrd (colored) in moving pictures, but he's a great actor. Recently he went down to Florida to take part in a picture. A citizen, amazed at the dignity of the cinema actor, questioned him as to his importance in this film and the industry in general. "Now, my dear sir, may I ask what part you are playing?" blandly inquired the native son. "Colored, sir, just colored," answered Antony Byrd, just as blandly.

WHEN Olive Thomas left New York for California and moving pictures, Wallace McDonald, of Vitagraph, was among those of her friends who came down to see her off. "Goodbye, Wally," cried Olive; "you'd better come out and be my leading-man." Wallace agreed, laughing; and the train pulled out. Now Triangle has announced Olive's new picture, with Wallace McDonald, new Triangle leading-man, in the supporting male role.

ALLA NAZIMOVA has returned to the stage and Bert Lytell will come back to the screen to stay. Lytell made several subjects for Herbert Brenon. This time he has signed a contract with Metro to star alone.



Ann Pennington's forgotten she was ever the petted darling of Ziegfeld's Follies and Frolics, and has become an alley chee-ild—on the screen. Director Giblyn is telling Ann and the kiddies how to do this scene of squalor for "Calvary Alley."



It was while playing in Lou Tellegen's "Blind Youth" in New York City that William Courtleigh died from pnuemonia. His last screen appearance was with Norma Talmadge in "By Right of Purchase."

MARGARET MAYO has resigned from the Goldwyn company. She says her year with Goldwyn in the scenario department was the most strenuous of her life.

MONTE M. KATTERJOHN: "I had just finished a scenario when my sister's little boy got hold of it and tore it up."

RHEA MITCHELL: "Is that so? Why, I didn't know your sister had a little boy who was old enough to read." (They call her Ginger.)

SAM MAYER is the "location man" for World pictures. What the ivory hunter is to baseball, the "location man" is to movies. They pick locations for pictures, and everything. Well, Sam was to get a Southern farm-house with cotton fields on either side and a bunch of flowers in front. Mayer saw the very place he wanted when he got off the train at a small Kentucky hamlet, and he went up to the owner and asked him to let the company use his front yard as a location. "What fur?" the farmer asked suspiciously. "We want to take some moving pictures here," replied Mayer. "Moving pitchers—what's them?" asked the farmer. Mayer nearly collapsed; but recovered sufficiently to tell the man that they are photographs that move and are shown in theatres. "Theatres" was enough. "You clear out o' here," yelled the farmer; "or I'll sick the dog on ye!" Mayer moved; but it was some time before he found a similar location.

PICTURE studios continue to be robbed of their players who are of military age. Rex Ingram who directed several of the Henry Walthall Paralta photoplays has joined the Canadian flying corps. Freddie Goodwins, another British subject who has played with Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford during the last year in comedy roles, has joined the colors. In addition to the players, many cameramen have joined the photographic section of the signal corps.

(Continued on page 102)



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

As an Australian Rabbit Vendor Would Put It

Deer Mister Photoplay,

I SEEN you're a-looking fur truble in these 'ere movies, axin' "Why does they do it?"—Gawd knows but 'ere's my dinkum views. There's that pretty-boy 'Arold Lockwood. Me missus and me 'as taken a shine to 'im. We likes 'is actin' and he spoons as pretty as a bloke cud wish wiv all them nifty skirts. He's all there when the scrappin' is on and kin do 'is bit nice an' proper wiv 'is mitts, but Gorstruth mister, I'm arskin' yer, why dont 'e rumple 'is blanky 'air a bit arter a box-on wiv the villun? Strike me 'e cums out as eemaculate as 'Erb Rawlinson at a tony hash-foundry. Never aint no tear in 'is pants nor 'is neck-tie swivelled an' blimme it aint true ter nature, leastways I aint never bin able ter do it. This is all I got ter gnash me gums over just now but I'm willin' to push me barrer in anytime I sees sum uver bloke or tart makin' foolish breaks. The missus 'as jist brought in me beer so 'eres lookin' at yer old sport. Yours trooly

WILE-RABBIT ED. (E. H. W.),
St. Peters, Adelaide, S. Australia.

Can't Prove It by-Us

I HAPPEN to be a signalman in the R. A. Navy, and was forcibly impressed by the following: The heroine in "Captain Sunlight" uses a small vanity mirror as a heliograph. Very ingenious, I admit, but it is far from practicable. A heliograph requires very careful adjustment, and an excited woman's hand is anything but a steady support for the mirror. Then again, the heliograph is read by flashes from the mirror to the observer's eye; not from the mirror to some object. Let anyone who doubts the veracity of my statements experiment with a small mirror and see if they can obtain a clear reflection on any object, even 50 yards away.

ALBERT DEANE, Sydney, Australia.

Scenario Editors Please Note

"WE'RE goin' to give a party fo' Carolyn and would like to have yo' all come."—"Southern Justice." Bluebird. The above is a sample of hundreds of its kind which we see flashed upon the screen as subtitles. There are four words only in this subtitle that may be given provincial enunciation. They are, "are, party, for, Carolyn." A "stab" is made at the word "for" but the attempt is not even good "darky lingo," while all the others are left to take care of themselves. "You all" is not a provincialism; but "yo' all" is not heard anywhere outside the scenario editor's sanctums. "Yoeh" is heard in enunciation, as a Southern provincialism, in the possessive pronoun "your" but never in the personal nominative "you." Why attempt flings at the culture and intelligence of the southern people? Did such editors live in the South they perhaps would receive the treatment threatened the villain in "Southern Justice." Poor Carolyn lived in the 19th century but wore a 20th century costume as late as '17 and rode in a 19th century phaeton while her lover, a banker, drove a Ford and the villain sported a Packard. Gee!

G. W. GUYER, Clayton, N. M.

Maxine's Superb Poise

IN the picture "Fighting Odds" Maxine Elliott is put into an air tight vault by the villain and locked in. About twenty minutes later, she is rescued by the valet, who so suddenly turned against his master that we don't know yet why it happened. Anyway, when Miss Elliott was finally rescued, she walked out as composed as if she had just stepped in from a balcony refreshed by balmy breezes. "Funny isn't it!"

MRS. T. A. S., Peoria, Ill.

Tom Sawyer's Perfect Manicure



JACK PICKFORD gave us an excellent characterization of Tom Sawyer in the photoplay of that name; so real, that one feels almost ashamed to criticize it. He was Tom, the slouchy, careless, unkempt boy of Mark Twain's story, in all but one detail, and that was the condition of his finger nails. Fancy Tom with clean nails, filed and polished. Isn't it too absurd? Now I don't mean that Jack should have neglected his nails to accurately portray the role—certainly not. But it should be an easy matter to camouflage a perfect manicure and it would have made his portrayal more convincing.

D. C., Mason City, Ia.

The Old Novel Modernized

"WOMAN AND WIFE," adapted from the story of "Jane Eyre," is neither one thing nor the other. The novel, due to its style, perhaps, was intensely fascinating to read. Modernized and changed, it lacks distinction, and results in—just another play. Alice Brady is too utterly contemporaneous and sophisticated a type to fit into our conception of the demurely subtle Jane Eyre. If the story, as it is held in our minds, cannot be made into a play that visualizes our imagination, the undertaking seems hardly worth while. Modern novels, founded on our present-day psychology, can be transferred readily, and without serious deviation, to the screen. But unless the atmosphere of a story of a previous generation can be preserved, and some suggestion of its quaintness be conveyed, the time might be better employed in dealing with different phases of our up-to-date problems, many of which have been scarcely hinted at.

LIZZIE C. WARD, Denver, Colo.

No Shadow Within!

IN the Petrova film, "The Light Within," shown recently at the Rialto Theatre, there is a scene where the husband, supposed to be dead, stands outside a window and sees on the curtain the shadows of his wife and of the man who is in love with her. She is almost in his arms, and the shadows are very strongly and clearly defined. Yet in the parts of the scene shown inside the room, though the tender little love scene takes place directly in front of the window shade, at no moment does either one cast the vestige of a shadow on it! I know, for I watched! A. DUNBAR, New York City.

Lost—A Little Xmas "Package"

IN "The Awakening" Montagu Love is seen staggering home from a saloon on Christmas Eve — a beautiful little Christmas "package," I should say. On his way he encounters Dorothy Kelly, the heroine, lying on the church steps covered with snow, and nearly frozen. The pitiful sight so touches Monty that he becomes sober instanter, and bears his burden home in true hero fashion.

EMMA CLARKE,
Pitman, N. J.



"News-Weekly" Inserts

WHY do they insert scenes from pictoral news weeklies in movie plays? In "Under False Colors," released by Pathe, an ocean liner was torpedoed and they inserted a picture of a wrecked coal-ship or collier to represent the torpedoed liner. In Fox's "Pride of New York," George Walsh as "Jim Keeley" spoke to French, Russian and German soldiers and all of them understood him. J. B., Portsmouth, Va.

The Brand, Essanay; Made in Chicago

IN "The Killjoy" I noticed that the villain went to sleep without extinguishing the candle and when he awoke the next morning the candle was still burning, and as long as before. Where do they make 'em, and what is the brand? E. JACKSON, South Bend, Ind.

I'm a-Coming Bill

NOW Bill Hart, I'd walk ten miles to see one of your pictures, I'm for you, and everything, and it isn't often we sharp-shooting fans are able to get one on you, Bill, and I'm a piker to go a criticizing trifles; but Bill, in "Wolves of the Rail" those assistant directors of yours, or maybe the cutter, or the supervisor—or someone—should have noticed that when that engine started to run wild it was emitting steam, but after it was going awhile on its crazy, dam-fool way, it began to throw out thick clouds of black smoke (meaning someone was in the cab heaving coal into the firebox). Bill I didn't mind myself; but a lot of those rough railroad fellers began to snicker, and I asked them to drop in next door and see Francis Bushman or Charlie Chaplin and have a real laugh. Remember Bill, I'm for you.

AN ERIE CONDUCTOR, Newark, N. J.

It Happens in the Best Studios

IN "Broken Ties" Mrs. Fleming went to the apartment of Arnold Curtis expecting to find her daughter-in-law. There, she came upon the body of Arnold's uncle who had been stabbed. She leaned over him, unconsciously placing her hand on his blood-soaked clothing, and shocked on discovering that the man had been murdered she withdrew and in someway the imprint of her bloody hand was transferred to her light-colored coat. The next morning seeking to destroy the evidence of her guilt she took a *black* coat to the basement and put it in the furnace.

LESTER C. WILLARD, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Select" English

IN one of the scenes of "The House of Glass" Clara Kimball Young picks up a newspaper, on the front page of which are headlines printed in very large letters across the entire page. She sees an article and immediately starts to read it. A "close-up" of the article shows it to be printed at the top of the front page. The "close-up" then fades into the next scene, which is the same as the one preceding, and the same large headlines are still in view. I am wondering where the article she read really was, as there was apparently no room for it at the top of the page where the "close-up" showed it to be.

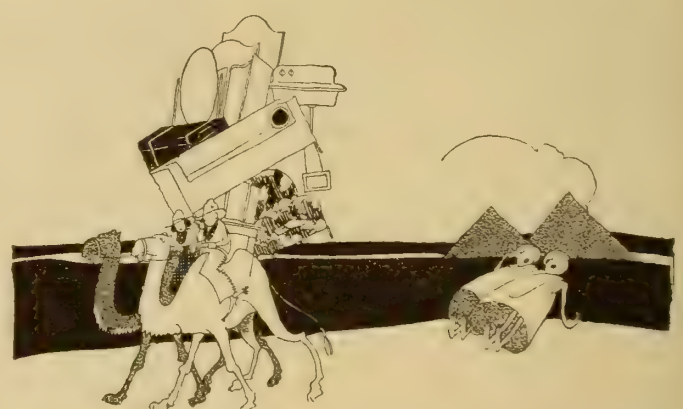
My understanding has always been that verbs must agree with their subjects in number. Corliss Giles told Miss Young that "The Board of Directors are going to elect me General Manager." As "Board" is the subject of the sentence, and singular number as well, why not "is" instead of "are?"

Yours truly,
A. S. EATON, Cambridge, Ohio.

Edith Hooverizes on Hats

IN "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," Edith Storey leaves the little western village to return to the east. She wears a close-fitting straw hat with large cherries all around it. Three years later she comes back to the town and, wonder of wonders, she is wearing the same hat! Remarkable economy in these days of constantly changing modes.

E. W., Calumet, Mich.



For the Love of Allah!

WILL some one kindly tell us where Thomas Santschi and Helen Ware procured the furniture shown in the tent scenes in "The Garden of Allah?" They were traveling by caravan through the Sahara Desert and had two couches (one a heavy leather one), a table, a large mirror and a dressing table with them. Also whoever heard of a caravan leaving a village and entering the desert when a sand storm was at its worst?

"The Heart of a Lion," featuring Wm. Farnum, though a good picture, had a very perceptible mistake, two letters from Brother Dick, each in a different handwriting.

MRS. C. J. D., Buffalo, N. Y.



Campbell Studios

A Gentleman and a Scholar

Milton Sills wanted to be a philosopher—and came pretty close to it.

By Alison Smith

I KNOW a leading man, famous for his suave, dress-suit roles, who was once determined to end his days driving a locomotive; a sweet old character woman confessed to me that she had always wanted to own a cattle-ranch, and a frail little ingenue has for years nursed a secret longing to join the woman's police force, insisting that she may get there yet if the stage or screen ever fail her. But there is something particularly characteristic and illuminating in the youthful aspirations of Milton Sills which he revealed to me quite as an incidental part of a wholly incidental interview.

Milton Sills wanted to be a university professor.

You begin to suspect something of the kind when you first enter his spacious, dimly lighted apartment on Riverside Drive, which is, appropriately, just around the corner from Columbia University. It is put together in simple, unobtrusive lines that serve as an ideal background for study and contemplation. The chairs are the sort that you could sink into and solve any problem of the universe and there is no possibility of distraction from the few quiet prints about the room. The walls are literally lined with books from floor to ceiling. It is the type of library which has been lovingly gathered together instead of being ordered by the square foot through a conscientious interior director. The books are obviously in daily contact with the life of their owner and have been taken from the shelves and replaced without regard for the card catalogue. Thus you find several little scarlet volumes of French tales propped against a brown set of Kantian philosophy much like John Knox supporting Madame Du Barry. This library dominates the room; you feel that all the rest was built about it and that the whole belongs to a scholar and a gentleman.

Mr. Sills stretched his long legs before the fire and beamed hospitably over a volume of Lord Dunsany. He showed a strong disposition to talk about the rise of the one-act play when I tried to make him talk about himself; but I finally managed to steer the conversation into more

personal channels. His biography, when it is written, will probably be entitled "Campus versus Green Room, or From Teaching Fellow to Leading Man." He began his academic career at the University of Chicago when he won a scholarship with philosophy as his major subject. In his lighter moments, he amused himself with the college theatricals, playing everything from leading man to "a crash without." An actor from one of the Chicago companies who was giving a series of Ibsen lectures at the University, was attracted by the natural distinction of the young senior which stood out far beyond the level of undergraduate talent. After much discussion over the collegiate steins, he finally persuaded the budding professor to leave with his company, on the understanding that he could come back later for additional degrees.

The Clyde Fitch comedies were then at the height of their vogue and Mr. Sills was soon so absorbed in plays like the "Happy Marriage" that he forgot all about the extra letters which were to be added to his name. After a season with Belasco in "The Governor's Lady" he began his screen work in "The Deep Purple," apparently without any of the misgivings that torment legitimate actors when they leave the stage for the screen.

He seems always to have had the serene confidence in the films that comes from an abstract view of the work in relation to other forms of the profession. He did not talk about the banality of the scenario writers or the crudity of the directors or the commercial instincts of film producers. Not once did he mention the infancy of the moving picture industry. Beneath his reserved, almost laconic review of his own work, I could sense a deep satisfaction in the new art and a realization of its possibilities which transcended the petty flaws that still remain within it.

"Shakespeare was scorned as playing to the gallery, you remember," he said. (I didn't remember, but recalling my early bluffs in English classes, I tried to agree intelligently.) "Almost everything that has been said against the moving picture was originally said against him because he appealed to the masses. Always there is that vanguard of conservatism, working on the principle that because a thing is popular it cannot have real merit. There are some authors even now who would have apoplexy if you asked them to write a scenario. I believe however that their number is growing less and less with every excellent production."



He confessed to a boyish delight in the thrillers. "I had a good time in 'Patria,'" he admitted, almost shyly.

He confessed to a boyish delight in the thrillers. "I had a good time in 'Patria,'" he admitted, almost shyly. Evidently when a high-brow has a taste for melodrama he feels it more intensely than the most rabid gallery-god. It is significant that another leading character in this serial was Warner Oland, an authority on Strindberg translations and one of the most scholarly men in film work. Possibly your learned man finds a certain relaxation in hanging by his toes from a cliff, rescuing the heroine with one arm while strangling a boa-constrictor with the other. It seems to offer the necessary antidote to the effort of reading Aeschylus in the original.

We discussed "The Honor System" as an example of the sort of play that can drive a message home without an obvious sermon either in its action or sub-titles. He seemed to forget, modestly, that much of the sincerity of that play depended on the leading man, who might have made a melodramatic martyr of the principal role instead of the victim of society that the author intended.

All this talk of theatrical shop was punctuated by sudden allusions to the books which were scattered over the tables and chairs and all but under our feet. Most of them he has picked up himself in his ramblings about the country and he seems to remember the exact circumstances of their discovery as he handles them with the careless affection of the true booklover. Without making odious comparisons, I couldn't help recalling the type of leading man I have seen on the screen, who picks up a book as if it were some strange bit of stage property, moistens his fingers to turn the leaves and gives the impression generally of reading it upside down.

He also brought forward with much pride a fabulously expensive microscope which he had bought to teach a young lady botany. As near as I could gather from her snap-shots, the young lady is about three-going-on-four, and she is known to Mr. Sills as "my kiddie." "She thinks it is a game," he told me as a great joke on the kiddie. "I intend that she shall always think study is the most fascinating game in the world. So at least we may have one Phi Beta Kappa in the family after all."

On my way home over the campus, I found myself musing on the possible consequences if the Ibsen lecturer had not come to Chicago University and induced Mr. Sills to come out of the class-room. I had a vision of a class of eager, impressionable co-eds awaiting the instructor who is about to direct their young minds in a course on the "Critique of Pure Reason." They are expecting, naturally, the usual near-sighted pedagogue, well past fifty, with a few straggling grey hairs on his classical forehead and one shoulder slightly higher than the other. Enter Professor Sills through the class-room door, looking taller and keener than ever in his cap and gown. Surely one could not fail to note the picturesqueness of the actor, violating—against all resistance—the attempted stolidity of one who would hope to be deemed a mere professor. I would not venture to state off-hand what the effect would be, but I can confidently say that the general result would not be academic. After all, perhaps it is just as well for the peace and comfort of feminine higher education that Milton Sills turned to the stage instead of the lecture platform for his life work.


CUTEX
NAIL WHITE
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CUTEX

PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

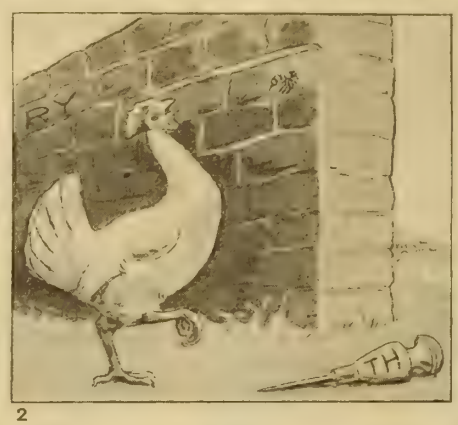
Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE $10.00 SECOND PRIZE $5.00 THIRD PRIZE $3.00 FOURTH PRIZE $2.00 TEN PRIZES EACH $1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a suggestion from you for similarly picturizing some popular photoplayer's name. This being our readers' remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.



1



2



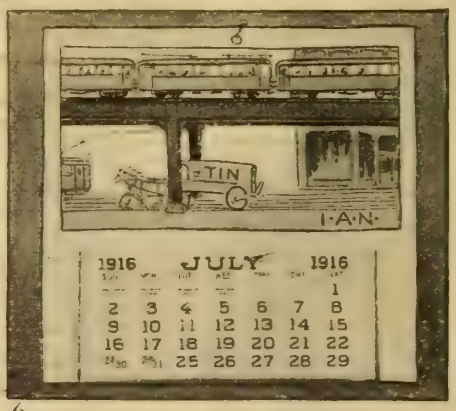
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4



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7



8



9

DIRECTIONS

THE actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Send in as many suggestions for other players' names as you care to, although only one is necessary. Use separate sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set must be mailed before June 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

WINNERS OF THE MARCH PUZZLES CONTEST

First Prize, $10—Merrill de Maris, 52 Benson St., Bloomfield, N. J. Second Prize, $5—Ernest M. Thul, 1430 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Third Prize, $3—William Jordan, Jr., 126 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. Fourth Prize, $2—Jain Wood, 2012 Raymond Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. One Dollar Prizes to Marjorie Hume, 207 14th Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, Mrs. Sherman P. Congdon, 230½ Forest Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, Naomi Pratt, 812 E. Ash Street, Salina, Kansas, Mrs. D. D. Meredity, 274 Nineteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mrs. Lenore Robinson, 748 West North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, Sara E. Kephart, 261 South 53rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Ann L. Galloway, 702 East Fourth Avenue, Winfield, Kansas, Dorothy Hoover, 7301 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, Harry T. Plumer, 5239 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. W. B. Aspley, Glasgow, Kentucky.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES

1—Ethel Barrymore. 2—Harry Hilliard. 3—Virginia Pearson. 4—Carmen Phillips. 5—George Fawcett. 6—Mary Garden. 7—George Beban. 8—Kitty Gordon. 9—Billie Rhodes.



The waist of years ago

Rub-rub-rub—fabrics had to be strong to stand being washed with cake soap

The sheer blouse of today

Washed the modern way—the Lux way—pure suds and no rubbing

Modern materials won't stand the old way of washing

Remember the dreadful things we used to wear? Sturdy wash waists, heavy enough to stand hard scrubbing. Or else dark silks and plaids that were never tubbed at all! Heavy muslin underwear. "Dark" petticoats. Cotton stockings.

But now—look at the things women wear even for every day. Handkerchief linen. Crepe de Chine. Georgette. Chiffon. Dainty colors. Shimmering textures. Silk and lace underwear. Fine silk hosiery. The daintier the better.

The old-fashioned rub-rub-rub

For the clothes worn years ago, the *old way* of washing answered the purpose. You rubbed the cake of soap directly on the garments—and rubbed hard. Sometimes you even rubbed over a washboard. You rubbed out the soap and you twisted and wrung out the garments.

Now there's a better way—the Lux way, that keeps the daintiest things new—cleanses them tenderly with never a bit of rubbing.

Delicate as the very things it launders

Lux comes in light, transparent, fluffy, white flakes—they dissolve instantly in hot water, and whisk up into a wonderful lather.

You don't rub! You simply dip your blouse up and down in the rich, warm suds, squeezing the suds again and again through the fabric.

Lux dissolves so absolutely that three rinsings of clear lukewarm water will carry every trace of soap out of the fabric.

You lift your blouse out. It is spotlessly clean. It's all so easy. No wonder the old way of washing seems to you as out of date as grandmother's hoopskirts!

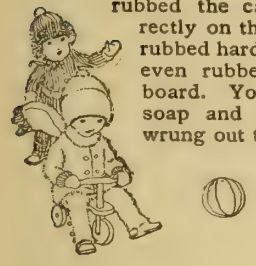
Write for free booklet with simple Lux directions for washing. Learn how easy it is to launder your finest things perfectly. Get a package of Lux today at your grocer's, druggist's or department store—Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G-4, Cambridge, Mass.

Lux is unequalled for—

Flannels	Children's white dresses	Washable Satin Collars and Cuffs
Sweaters	Fine Linen	Silk waists -Georgette, crepe de Chine waists
Blankets	Fine laces	Silk underwear
Knit leggings	Lace curtains	Chiffons
Knit mittens	Muslins	
Knit shawls	Fine hosiery	
Corduroy	Washable gloves	
Babies' clothes		

Use Lux for anything that water alone won't injure

LUX



You plop the children's little sweaters into the rich Lux suds, souse them thoroughly, and out they come just like new—not a thread shrunken



Don't keep your finest linens laid away in a drawer. Now you can use them every day and launder them often the Lux way without a bit of injury to them



© Lever Bros. Co., 1918

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 51)

bunko man who provides a mourning parent with a long-lost daughter is given a new twist that sends you away with a chuckle.

BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE—Select

It isn't so much originality of plot that counts, as manner of treatment. We are all quite familiar with the girl who marries because the family needs the money, with the understanding that it is to be a "name only" marriage until her husband wins her love. But when the bride is Norma Talmadge and the husband is Eugene O'Brien, and the other man is William Courtleigh Jr., and the other girl is Florence B. Billings, the result could not be banal.

THREE FROM O. HENRY—General

With so many elaborate productions, well acted in beautiful settings, of stories that are ancient and rusty, it is maddening to see the productions of the O. Henry classics occasionally drop to the lowest level of careless direction and scenario writing. "By Injunction," "The Rathskeller and the Rose," and "The Song and the Sergeant" fall far short. This is a capital offense in a day when producers are scurrying for original material. The one bright spot in these three pictures is Alice Terry in the role of a peppery actress, in "The Song and the Sergeant."

WHO KILLED WALTON?—Triangle

"Who Killed Walton?" is a mystery story in which the mystery does not appear until the fourth reel. Personally it would have mattered little to me had the entire cast been killed off in the second reel, so little value is imparted to the people involved.

INNOCENT'S PROGRESS—Triangle

"Innocent's Progress," beginning with the unpromising situation of an oppressed orphan running away to the city to become a great actress, suddenly develops a theme of such nobility of purpose and action that it dignifies picturedom. Pauline Starke, as the waif, and Lillian West, provide vigorous, human portraits.

OVER THE TOP—Vitagraph

Since it is almost impossible to say anything new about war and war conditions in pictures, the interest in "Over the Top" centers in Arthur Guy Empey, who has won much prominence through his book, by the same name, and his lectures. Empey is not an actor, but he knows it and therefore he is a remarkably good actor in the scenes of action, though he is a sorry figure in the occasional drawing-room scenes. He seems to typify the average soldier, in his bearing, to which is added a certain intensity of determination which makes the extraordinary soldier. While the story of "Over the Top" is a series of disconnected incidents, I believe it gives a clearer idea of war from the viewpoint of the soldier himself than anything previously done. Betty Blythe is the most fascinating figure in the picture, from the dramatic viewpoint, playing the part of a French artistocrat who voluntarily allows herself to become the victim of a German officer, in order that she may gain information of value to her country. With a name -less suggestive of curls and pouts, this statuesque young woman would seem to be headed toward real stardom. James Morrison, Lois Meredith, Arthur Donaldson, "Mother" Maurice and Nellie Anderson are all entitled to high commendation.

THE LIE—Artcraft

Elsie Ferguson in a Henry Arthur Jones play—a symphony orchestra playing Irving Berlin's latest—Michael Angelo painting the portrait of a week-old infant—Goethals making mud pies—John D. Rockefeller selling soda-water. Sir Henry said all he had to say when he wrote the great scene in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," a scene which, unfortunately, was badly done on the screen. "The Lie" is a repetition of an artificial situation, which needs eavesdropping and coincidence to give it the least semblance of a story. It is the tale of a woman who is believed guilty of her sister's unfortunate love affair—yes, as old as that. Miss Ferguson does wonders with the hand-made scenes, and makes them live. Higher praise than this I cannot give her. John L. Shine as the tipsy father is a joy. David Powell has a part that makes him as nearly a durn fool as so clever a man as he can seem. This production is not up to the Artcraft standard, except for its beautiful scenery.

THE BRASS CHECK—Metro

For sheer entertainment there is nothing to compare with farce melodrama, and in this form of entertainment Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne seem to have discovered their real forte. The entire production—direction, titles, and all—is made in a merry mood. The only other B. & B. picture I like as well is "Red, White and Blue Blood."

MACK SENNETT COMEDIES—Paramount

The pie is going out of the Sennett comedies and Teddy the dog and Pep the cat are coming in. "Those Athletic Girls" and "Friend Husband" are notable instances. A fat woman next to me said the first named was silly. She was right. But not the way she meant.

THE FINGER OF JUSTICE—Independent

Take any picture showing how girls are victimized in a great city, add several hundred feet of sermon, and you have "The Finger of Justice." It emanated from San Francisco, when that city cleaned up the Barbary Coast. It is fine for prayer meetings, but should be kept out of the Sunday School. Crane Wilbur is the star. The only player to be remembered is a young woman, Jane O'Roark, who is now unknown to the screen, but should be "discovered" through this picture.

WOMAN AND THE LAW—Fox

Many good but unthinking people will be deceived by the platitudinous praise of motherhood in "Woman and the Law," into thinking this picture was produced with a high moral motive. Motherhood is an estate too highly venerated by the masses of mankind to need bolstering up by Mr. Fox's salacious story, which he brazenly announces is based upon a recent tragedy in fashionable society.

THE CLAIM—Metro

Edith Storey is at her best when she is at one of the extremes of impersonation—extreme gaiety or extreme sternness. It is long since Miss Storey has been permitted to be gay, as in "Mr. Aladdin From Broadway," but she is, in "The Claim," as stern as her greatest admirer could wish. The story of the picture will be found in another part of this number of PHOTOPLAY.

THE ANSWER—Triangle

Now and then Mr. H. O. Davis of Triangle sends out a picture which, in a measure upsets his favorite theory, with which I partly agree, that the story's the thing. With all respect to the Triangle policy, it is Alma Rubens who makes this picture what it is—one of the best from Culver City this year.

CARMEN OF THE KLONDIKE—Selexart

How Clara Williams keeps off the screen for so long at a time is a mystery. In "Carmen of the Klondike," an independent production directed by Reginald Barker, she returns brilliantly. Her beauty and keen dramatic instinct never had a finer medium than that of the courageous girl who smiles her way through the perils of an Alaskan dance hall. A fight in rain and mud between Herschell Mayall and Ed Coxen is ferociously thrilling. It is unfortunate that the producer saw fit to introduce an offensive scene showing a struggle between a man and a woman.

THE HILLCREST MYSTERY—Pathe

Without any pretense, "The Hillcrest Mystery" is a mystery melodrama, containing two murders. But since it was produced by George Fitzmaurice, it has a flavor of luxury that is not customary in such entertainment. This is a real production, without the serial flavor that is expected of the picture thriller. Irene Castle is charming as ever, though I am anxious to see this clever young woman given more opportunities for acting in roles which are not subordinate to plot.

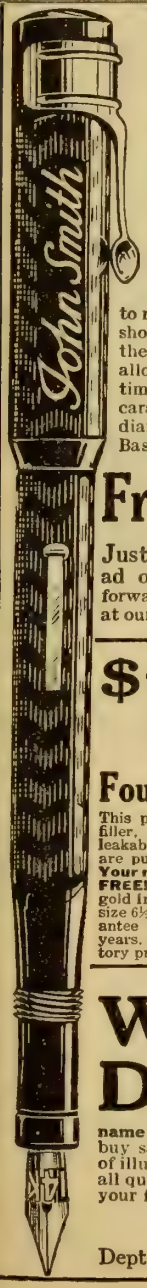
(Continued on page 94)



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 92)

SOCIAL HYPOCRITES—Metro

May Allison makes her first appearance as a star in "Social Hypocrites." It is a drama of English society, well calculated to bring out the personal charm of Miss Allison, but lacking in the keener qualities of photoplay art. Yet the involved plot is redeemed, in a large measure, by the presence of such artists as Joseph Kilgour, almost unrecognizable behind his luxuriant moustache, Henry Kolker and Marie Wainwright. There is real aristocracy in the impersonations of aristocrats, a welcome fact that so many producers consider a full dress suit in itself sufficient to suggest society. Miss Allison is pleasing, but she will make a stronger impression in a more closely-knit story.

THE HOUSE OF HATE—Pathe

Serials are seldom interesting to the more discriminating audience because they are so unattractive in appearance, and therefore, "The House of Hate" is entitled to a line of commendation. It is done in handsome style, and with a cast containing Pearl White, Antonio Moreno, Paul Clerget and John Webb Dillion it can never be stupid, no matter how strong a demand it makes upon the credulity.

HUMDRUM BROWN—Paralta

"Humdrum Brown" is a tale of homely folk in a quiet town, with a melodrama at the finish. It is an interesting story, but the most important character is a high-grade crook, whose activities keep all the others going, but always just a few jumps behind him. Henry Walthall has the role of Humdrum himself, and while he humanizes it he cannot make it dominate, and therefore it fails of essential drama. So this is not a picture to see when you want a thrill, but for a quiet evening when you would be content with some such book as "Cranford." Occasionally the comedy verges on the burlesque, but for the most part it is of the variety known as "close to the soil."

THE SPLENDID SINNER—Goldwyn

Having made a botch of "Thais," Goldwyn apparently decided to do it all over again in new garb. This time it is modern, and called "The Splendid Sinner." There is little other difference. It is the story of the courtesan who reforms and dies. Mary Garden confirms the early suspicion that it is harder for Billy West to be original than for an operatic singer to succeed as a screen actress. Between her incessant posing and the inept handling of the story, the picture is just another movie. And while the wages of sin is shown to be death, the world is a bit weary of stories of fallen women.

INSIDE THE LINES—Independent

"Inside the Lines" is a screen version of the story and play by Earl Derr Biggers. Like most scenarios dealing with spy plots, written by men whose principal knowledge of the clan comes from eating Northern Spy apples there are numerous inconsistencies. But this is melodrama, so no matter. As a contribution to wartime anthology it is unimportant, but as entertainment it is entirely satisfactory.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Essanay

There is material in "Ruggles of Red Gap," the Harry Leon Wilson satirical novel, for a dozen excellent pictures. The Essanay production attempts to cover the entire tale from the game of "drawing poker" to the marriage of the Earl. The result is a series of photographic illustrations of the story. The portraits, however, are well done, by Taylor Holmes as Ruggles, by Frederick Burton as Cousin Egbert, by Lawrance D'Orsay as The Honorable George, and by Virginia Valli as the Widow Judson.

THE LIFE MASK—McClure

"The Life Mask" is the third picture made by Petrova under the McClure management. While it lends a certain variety to the Petrova list, it is not the sort of story in which this clever woman is at her best. The woman of the play is buffeted by circumstance, virtually forced into a marriage with a man she dislikes while in love with another, is suspected of the murder of her husband, and only by the confession of the real slayer convinced that she may not actually have poisoned the man while sleep-walking. Much can be forgiven, because of the beauty of the staging.

By Staff Reviewers

MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY —Independent

"My Four Years in Germany" is a forceful example of the relations of the films to contemporary history. It is a faithful and impressive transcript of Ambassador Gerard's book, screened without the slightest suggestion of melodramatic "punch" or straining after effect. The result is a consistent indictment of the German policy beginning with the Zabern incident and leading to our own declaration of war. In the midst of the massing of troops and clashing of armies, there are sudden, poignant flashes of stricken Belgium, which are all the more impressive for their briefness and simplicity. The entire production stands apart from the eagle-screaming variety of war films, which are only too common in these martial times. Its value in the interests of sincere, determined patriotism cannot be exaggerated. William Nigh is the genius of the production—a combination of fine direction and remarkable assembling and editing.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE—Vitagraph

When Robert W. Chambers wrote "The Business of Life," he knew exactly how picturesque the combination of an antique shop and a beautiful girl could be. We have the hero reforming his lurid past as soon as he meets the divinity of the antiques and immediately breaking off his other affairs, of which he had as many as the celebrated Anatol. The screen version has caught all that is clever and delightful in the novel and has added a vivid quality of its own.

SUNSHINE NAN—Paramount

In "Sunshine Nan," Ann Pennington forgets that she was ever in the "Follies" and becomes entirely a screen actress. She plays the little girl who rises from rags and alley fights to flapper frocks and a happy marriage through her own vigorous efforts.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE—Fox

"A Daughter of France" begins with three reels of outrages upon women by drunken German soldiers. In the fourth reel, the film begins to show symptoms of a plot and by the fifth we know all. The "big scene" comes when a German officer who has been annoying a French girl in a particularly offensive manner, is revealed as a spy operating for the Allies, which makes everything all right. Virginia Pearson, as the French girl, repulses her numerous assailants with fiery scorn and looks handsome in a series of gowns, most of which are torn violently from her shoulders. If the play were stripped of its disgusting scenes there would hardly be enough action for one reel. This is a salacious thing, done in the belief that any attack upon Germany will "get by," and make money, no matter how foul.

WITHIN THE CUP—Paralta

Bessie Barriscale's remarkable acting as Thisbe Lorraine, the woman who would defy the laws of life and of love, lifts "Within the Cup" into the first class. Miss Barriscale has done some excellent acting during her career on the screen but seldow so deep, so full of power and feeling, as her role in "Within the Cup" reveals.

THE KAISER—Universal

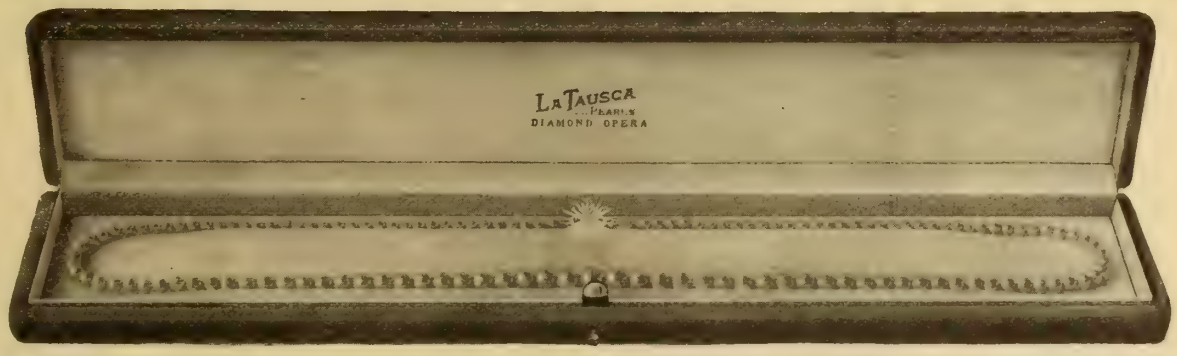
"The Kaiser" is less a photoplay than a dramatic presentation of the crimes of Germany dominated by the Satanic sneer of her leader. It shows the invasion of Belgium, the wreck of the Lusitania and the attempted drive toward Paris all guided by a fiend in a royal helmet and spiked moustache who does everything but snort fire. Rupert Julian impersonates this master-villain so successfully that his entrance is greeted with spontaneous hisses.



She Delights to Wear
the Necklace Beautiful

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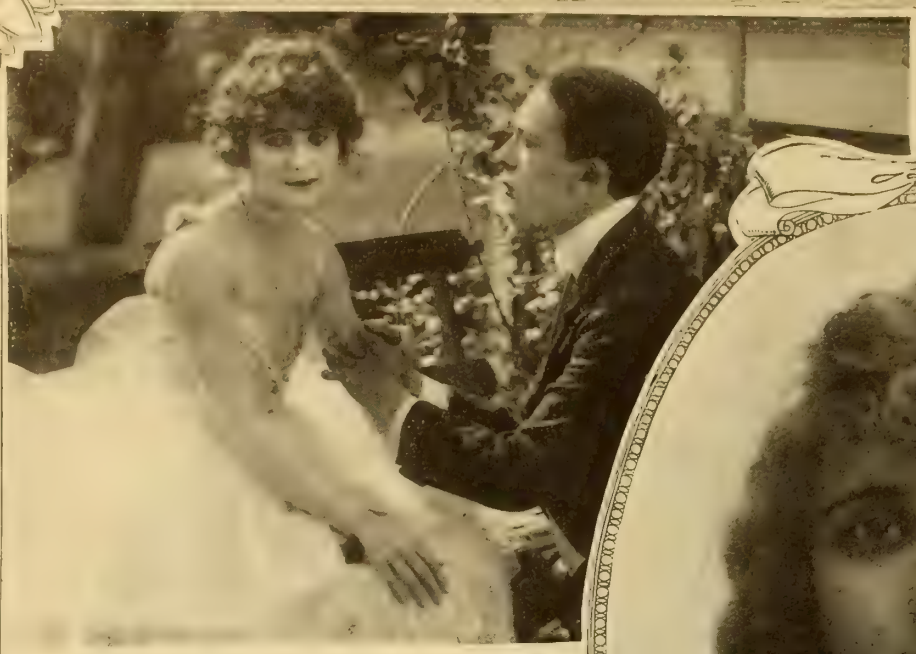
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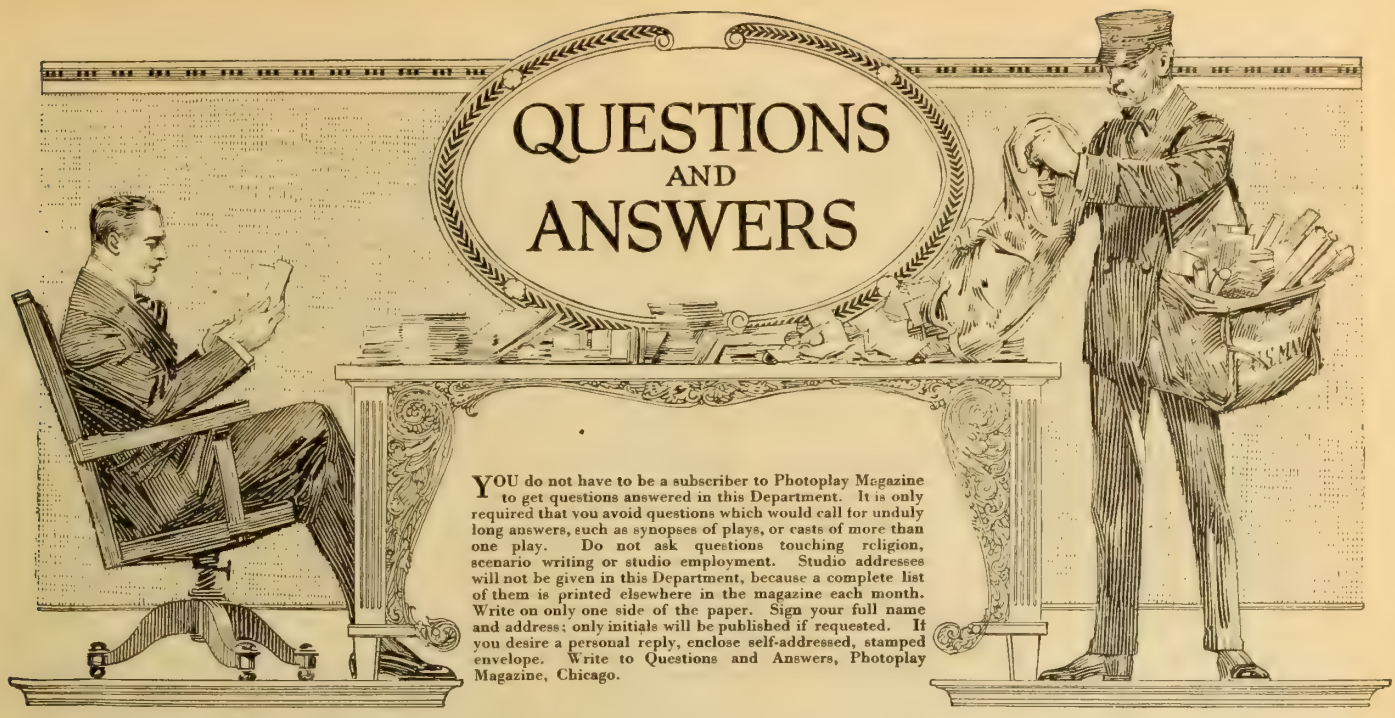
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(88)

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

A. G., CHICAGO.—Yes, Bill Hart told us he shook hands with you. He thinks you're a nawfully nice gal. Harry Watson (Musty Suffer) isn't that bad looking in real life. He is a native of West Bay City, Mich., and traveled with a circus before going into vaudeville. Elmer Clifton is at Universal City, Vivian Martin at Morosco's; Harrison Ford at Lasky's and William S. Hart with his own company in Los Angeles, Cal.

F. M., ST. PAUL, MINN.—We thank you for the snapshot of yourself. You look as though you may be Pavlowa's own rival, just as you say you are. But who ever saw Mme. Anna trying to look graceful in tennis slippers and a middy blouse? About a likeness of ourself; the only time we pass out those is on the thirtieth day of February, every leap year. Get your order in early. Quit your crowdin'.

J. J., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Broncho Billy is filming a wild and woolly production which is heralded as being the greatest western picture ever made. It is to be called "The Naked Hands." G. K. Spoor has gone to court and is trying to barr Mr. Anderson from using the title of Broncho Billy in his new pictures. Mr. Anderson has been producing stage plays for a year or two. Eddie Polo is with Universal.

BAMA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Rudolph Cameron possessed grit and sand. And for that won Anita's heart and hand. And upon her third finger placed a platinum band. One of the luckiest men in the land. Sometimes we just have to burst into verse. Some of the best known Griffith pictures have been "The Avenging Conscience," "Ghosts," "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Escape," "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance."

ELTINGE ADMIRER, KANSAS CITY, MO.—You got a perfectly wonderful photo of Julian Eltinge? May Allison is five feet five inches tall; Anita Stewart and Enid Bennett are the same. Did you know that Miss Bennett was recently married to Fred Niblo? Naomi Childers is playing on the legitimate stage with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." Miss Childers is five feet five and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She was born in St Louis, Mo., on the 15th of Nov., 1894. Violet Mersereau was born in 1899.

G. B., ELGIN, ILL.—June Caprice is eighteen. Mary Miles Minter is most charitable and we're quite sure she wont' mind sending you a photo even though you do live in Elgin. You might sorta break it to her gentle like. Tell her all your ancestors weren't reared there, etc. We wouldn't feel so sensitive about that if we were you. Why, we once had a great aunt (or was it an aunt?) who lived in Kankakee and we know you're not going to believe it but it's the truth nevertheless—we've outgrown it wonderfully. No, all the actresses haven't curly hair, but it does seem to help one a lot if nature, irons or rags have endowed them with marcelled locks.

THEY'RE ALL MARRIED

By James Clyde Bailey

"She's married too,"
Says Answer Man; I think he's mean.
"She's married, too,"
He lightly knocks my dreams askew;
Ana when again I search the screen
And find myself another queen—
"She's married, too!"

D. K., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—You don't like Douglas Fairbanks because he is a handsome heartbreaking hero with a pompadour and a smile and you don't think Mary Pickford is too sweet for words? We really haven't the heart to tell Doug and Mary. We really think though, that you are modest. That simply because you are told you are Mary's double, only better looking, you hesitate to say you think Mary sweet.

C. J., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—"Stars of the Photoplay," sells at fifty cents, all mailing charges prepaid. Send remittance in the form of an International Coupon or a Postal Note.

F. W., CAMP GRANT, ILL.—E. A. Gould, a private in the 29th Engineers, A. E. F., won the photograph of Eileen Percy and the scarf knitted by her.

MISS CANADA, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.—Tom Moore recently signed a contract which will enable him to make love to Madge Kennedy, Mae Marsh, and Mabel Normand during the next twelve months at the Goldwyn studios. Maurice Costello isn't. That is he isn't appearing in pictures at present and we haven't any information about him.

G. R. WENDELL, N. J.—Bill Hart really truly isn't married. He told us so himself. Address Willum in care of Artcraft, Hollywood. Juliet Shelby is the name that used to was Mary Miles Minter.

W. F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Kate Lester was the elderly widow, *Mrs. Farrington* in "Today." Pathe is going to make a production of "The Yellow Ticket."

B. S., MONTREAL, CANADA.—We are sorry that you miss the city and we are sorrier that you don't like the country and we are sorriest that you burnt your finger. Mighty tough being in a strange land trying to learn French with a burnt finger. One consolation: it won't last forever—the burnt finger. Address Mahlon Hamilton and Arline Pretty in care of Pathe.

CARMEL MYERS ADMIRER, DETROIT, MICH.—Mary Miles Minter was sixteen on the first day of April, this year. Harold Lockwood is fourteen years older than Mary and Olive Thomas ten years younger than Harold. Francelia Billington played opposite Bill Russell in "New York Luck." Chicago is the birthplace of Clara K. Young. Barbara Tennant has only appeared in pictures occasionally in the past two years. There is a Mrs. Harold Lockwood.

O. B., OGDENSBURG, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet hasn't made a picture in over a year. There have been many rumors of her return, but as yet no definite arrangements have been made. Watch PHOTOPLAY, for if she does come back you will find an announcement of it between the covers of said magazine. Oh yes we always have the very first news. Address Miss Sweet in care of Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Her communications are forwarded from there.

Photoplay Magazine Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. Y., Chicago, Ill.—Lottie Pickford is the one you refer to. Mary hasn't any children. We haven't heard of any reformed coal miners becoming picture stars, but we'll inquire for you.

Hilda, Newark, N. J.—Gosh, all that to wunst. Now that you ask us to enlarge the magazine every month and promise to love us more if we do so, how could we help but try and make it better than ever, though that seems impossible. What do you mean Hilda about us keeping out of mischief? We haven't played any Kelly pool or listened to a Jazz band for a month of Mondays (heatless ones). Irene Fenwick was last on the stage in "Mary's Ankle." Surely she will come back to pictures. They all do. Charlie Gunn wont tell his age.

Billie & Bobbie, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Well, you wanted to know *all* about Alice Howell, so here goes: She was born in New York in 1892. Just subtract four hundred years from the number of years ago that Columbus arrived and you'll have the age of Alice. Perfectly simple. Miss Howell was educated in New York and started her stage career there in 1907. She was in musical comedy, then burlesque for five years, then with Howell and Howell, vaudeville team for three years and in 1914 she splashed into pictures. She has been with Keystone and L-Ko.

L. D., New York City.—How can we go out and ask Mary Miles Minter what brand of hair curler she uses? We think her hair is honestly naturally curly and even though you do represent the very best hair curler in the world, we're not going to tell Mary about it.

H. L., Tulsa, Okla.—Now don't you go and jump on us about "The Secret Game." We didn't have anything to say about that production and if it was pro-German, we canna help it. Besides we've had any number of letters about it and every one of them have been kicks and from the tone of your note we can't be lead to believe that you love the kaiser any more for having seen it. So if it didn't make the country in any way sympathize with Bill, what's the difference?

L. M. D., Momence, Ill.—Douglas Fairbanks is married to Betty Sully and he is seventy inches tall and he weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and he is an Artcraft star and he is very popular. You aren't married and are five feet three inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty-one pounds and you want to become a star right away quick and do we think you can and is it hard work and don't we think you are just as clever as "Doug." You'll have to decide that trying question yourself, L. M. D. Quite sure, however, handicapped as you are, Vivian Martin will send you a photo if you write and ask her for one. Inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing.

F. F., Pittsburg, Pa.—Nope, you are wrong and lose the bet. Mary Miles Minter was not a chorus girl. She was born in Louisiana on the first day of April, 1902.

A Fan, Portland, Ore.—That was David, not Frank Powell in "Her Sister." Address David Powell at 22 E. 33rd St., New York City. Yes, we think he'll come across with a picture if you tell him you'd like one.

H. M., San Francisco, Cal.—Haven't any record of a Sue Clements. Sorry.

R. E. L., Green Bay, Wis.—That was Jack Sherrill in "The Witching Hour." Haven't noticed the slightest resemblance between Mr. Sherrill and Theda Bara. You think they vamp alike? Jack's never vamped us a mite and we've seen him often. You say, "I nearly died laffing." You actually laughted at a he-vampire? How could you do it? We should have cringed with fright. We always do when we see Theda, or Louise or Sonia or Virginia. George Chesebro is the one you adored so in "Broadway Arizona." He's with Triangle. Roland Bottomley is in France. No, no, no, he didn't play The Shielding Shadow in "The Neglected Wife." He appeared in that production though. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph. Better go to the Home for the Incurables if you are "movie struck" for there is absolutely no cure.

E. F., New Bedfort, Mass.—Address Dorothy Phillips at Universal City, Cal. Annette Kellerman's last picture is a Fox production. Olive Thomas spent sometime in the East during the early part of the year. Just now she may be reached at Culver City, Cal., Triangle studios. Marie Walcamp is serialing at Universal City, Cal.

Peggy, Hannibal, Mo.—We're quite sure Mrs. De Wolf Hopper won't mind your inquiring about her husband. De Wolf was born in New York City. He is the son of John Hopper and of Rosalie De Wolf Hopper. De Wolf Hopper is his non as well as professional name. Like it?

J. A. G., Detroit, Mich.—You needn't be all puffed up about us saying Detroit is built by with and for speed. The very best of things aren't built in that way you know. Of course you are handicapped for you are always associated with a four legged animal made by and with, but not for speed. Goldwyn studio, Fort Lee, N. J., is the address of Mae Marsh. Did you know her sister Marguerite Marsh played in "Fields of Honor?"

Enid Bennett Admirer, Warren, R. I.—Mighty sorry, but you just put in your application too late. Fred Niblo beat you to it and is now Mr. Enid Bennett. Edna Purviance played opposite Charley Chaplin in "The Adventurer." Miss Purviance is to be leading lady for Charles Spencer Chaplin in his new company.

A. Silva, Trinidad, Colo.—Pack all your troubles in an old tin can and can the worry. Write Billie Burke at Famous Players studio. Florenz Ziegfelled, Jr., wont object to a strange young man writing to his wife. He's used to it. Your letter didn't arrive in time to be answered in the April issue.

M. P., Indianapolis, Ind.—Arthur Ash is the real name of Arthur Ashley. Mrs. Arthur Ash a non-professional and he, are separated. He's directing for Goldwyn now. Did you know that? Oh yas, we remember "Our Mutual Girl." She was Norma Phillips and her last appearance was on the legitimate stage in New York. We'll see what we can do to induce her to come back into pictures. We'll plead with the lady and tell her you are most anxious to have her "come back."

J. A. L., San Antonio, Texas.—Paul Willis was "Blackie" in "The Trouble Buster." Nope, we couldn't get Vivian Martin to tell when she was born. She's too young to have learned yet.

Z. K., Crandon, Wis.—Creighton Hale is 25 and married. Eyes, blue; height, five ten. With Pathe yet. Cast of "Poor Little Rich Girl": *Gwendolyn,* Mary Pickford; *her mother,* Madeline Traverse; *her father,* Charles Wellesley; *Jane, the nurse,* Gladys Fairbanks; *the plumber,* Frank McGlynn; *the organ grinder,* Emile LaCroix; *Miss Royle,* Marcia Harris; *Thomas,* Charles Craig; *Potter,* Frank Andrews; *the doctor,* Herbert Prior; *Johnny Blake,* George Gernon; *Susie May Squiggs,* Maxine Hicks.

Chatterbox, Fort Worth, Tex.—*Marna,* the maid who escaped in "The Woman God Forgot" was Olga Grey. You may recall her as the *Magdalen* in "Intolerance." Florence Turner is again abroad. Can't say as we have indulged in any wild hankerin' to see your old friend R. F. back on the screen.

Nancy, Ft. Smith, Ark.—Bessie Barriscale lives in Los Angeles. She has one young son. Her hair is light, as you may have suspected and her eyes are brown. Henry Walthall has no children. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional.

Francis, Cincinnati.—Blanche Sweet is taking life easy in California but she expects to return to the screen soon. Kitty Gordon and Julia Swayne Gordon are not related.

Mildred, Miners Mills, Pa.—Sorry, Millie, but it's kinda outa our line to make actors outa our inquisitive friends. Try to content yourself with seeing 'em on the screen.

F. G., Oak Bluffs, Mass.—Pauline Frederick is married to Willard Mack. Margaret Loomis was the girl opposite Hayakawa in "The Bottle Imp." Jay Belasco has been playing opposite Billie Rhodes. He's in the army now. Some of Jack Pickford's recent pictures are "Tom Sawyer," "Huck and Tom," "The Spirit of '17," and "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer." The cast of "Little Miss Optimist": *Maizie,* Vivian Martin; *Deal Hendrie,* Tom Moore; *Ben Carden,* Charles West; *John West,* Ernest Joy; *Samuel Winter,* Charles Gerrard; *Belle Laurie,* Helen Bray.

L. G. B., Los Angeles, Cal.—The girl in the picture you send for identification is Mildred Harris, now starring with the Lois Weber company.

L. M., Shenandoah, Pa.—The battle scenes in "For France" were taken in and around a place in New York state called Brooklyn. Edward Earle is married; Theda is not; Harold is; Gladys Brockwell was; Vera Sisson is and Anita King just was.

Madeline, Quincy, Ill.—Helen Ware is back on the stage. Sidney Mason played opposite Violet Mersereau in "The Honor of Mary Blake." Frank Borzage is now directing for Triangle. It's hard enough, child, to give you the dope on 'em without trying to guess which you've gotta a case on. Have a little mercy. Shirley Mason is Edison's most luminous star at present.

E. C., Springfield, Mass.—Eugene O'Brien played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Miss Pickford will send you a photograph free gratis for nothing but if you enclose the twenty-five cents it goes to her orphan fund. Mary Miles Minter is at Santa Barbara, Cal., and Harold Lockwood in New York.



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Exact Size 25c Bottle

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)

HELEN, BROOKLINE, MASS.—Anita Stewart is now Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. She is to come back to the screen via Vitagraph unless the court makes another decision. We are quite sure that if she asked you to write her again she meant it. If your letters to her are as interesting as the ones you write us, we can readily understand why she wants to hear from you often. Mrs. Stewart lives in New York.

V. E., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—That mysterious food that you see in EVERY American made picture composed of fruit served in a large wine glass is a fruit cocktail. Really a polite word for fruit hash. Yep, it's very good and we United Staters of America like it very much. She isn't Mr. Delight Evans. He is Miss Delight Evans. She writes free verse and prose and poetry and is right smart. The stories you like of hers with "one two or three words on each line and with some big and other small lines" are free verse. Sure we know an awful lot.

CURIOSITY, STURGEON BAY, WIS.—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—control. We see—we see—we see Ethel Clayton. The dark haired man who you inquire about—the one who has been playing leads in so many of Miss Clayton's recent pictures is vague. Ah, he becomes clearer. And still clearer. We see him. His name—his name—his name is J-J-John—John Bowers. Control, control, control. Edward Earle was the hero in "For France."

K. L. H., BOSTON, MASS.—Wallace Reid was born on the 15th of April, 1890. "Doug" Fairbanks, Jr., is eight years old. His father may be addressed in care of Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal. Geraldine Farrar is with Goldwyn company now. She may be reached there. Quite sure you'll get the pictures if you write for them. Some people are sending a War Saving Stamp now when asking for a photo in place of inclosing the customary twenty-five cents.

N. S., SANTA BARBARA.—We's taken heed of your plea for the Bill Hart and Lina Cavalieri stories. It's up to the editor now.

JERRY, PATERSON, N. J.—Kenneth Harlan is playing with Kathleen Clifford. Address him at Balboa studio, Long Beach, Cal. Mr. Harlan has applied for an appointment in the aviation branch of the service and by the time this is circulated Kenneth may be a "high flier." Write Sessue Hayakawa at the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal.

EVERYBODY'S FAN, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Some undertaking of yours. Everybody's Fan? You'll have nervous prostrations or St. Vitus Dance or the mumps before the year is out unless you decide to fan for not more than half a dozen persons. Wallie claimed temporary exemption. He'll send you a photo, we believe. We haven't been corresponding with Mr. Fairbanks so can't say whether his signature is faked or not. We're quite sure though that it is the real thing, so worry not!

E. A. J., MEMPHIS, TENN.—Address George Ovey in care of Horsley studio, Los Angeles, Cal.; Billie Burke, Lasky, New York. Her last release was "Eve's Daughter" picturized from the play of that name that ran in New York the early part of this year. "Something for nothing is usually worth little." What did you mean by that? Weren't insinuating were you? Guess you couldn't have been, for we get paid for giving information.

R. A. B., RIVERSIDE, CAL.—King Baggot will soon be seen in a Hoffman-Foursquare production "The Eagle's Eye." William Clifford is fair, fat and forty and admits it. Tom Powers was Bob in "The Auction Block." He's in France now, driving an ambulance. Pedro de Cordoba was Benchaalal in "Barbary Sheep," with Elsie Ferguson. Pictures are shown in practically every nook and corner in the world. There are more theaters in America than in any other country and more films are manufactured here. The American made pictures are the most popular productions. We occasionally see a film of foreign make on this side. From time to time a Russian, an Italian, an English or a French production will creep in. That is not the case with American subjects in other countries. Our stars are recognized and our films are sought wherever pictures are in vogue. "Limousine Life" is an Olive Thomas production. That was Pauline Curley in "A Square Deceiver." Virginia Rappae was *Marcia Van Wyck* in "Paradise Garden."

E. A. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The only way for your brother to do is to apply at some studio and see if he can secure work. Living in Brooklyn you will not find it out of your way to make a personal application, for there are studios galore in and around your city.

S. H. T., FRANKLIN, TENN.—Lucille Satthewaite, Lucille Zintheo, Mildred Lee, Alatia Marton, Florence Gray, Estelle Judy, Peggy Bloom, Helen Arnold, Phyllis Curl, Vivian Suckling and Lois Butler Lee were the eleven fortunates in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE "Beauty & Brains" contest. Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players studio; Vivian Martin, Morosco studio and Charles Gunn, Triangle studio.

H. S. B., SANTA ROSA, CAL.—Theodore Kosloff is a very famous Russian dancer. He appeared for the first time upon the screen in "The Woman God Forgot." Mr. Kosloff has brown hair and eyes and is about five feet ten inches tall. The title of the first Geraldine Farrar-Goldwyn picture has not been announced as yet.

H. B., .OAKLAND, CAL.—Alice Marvin played the part of *Mary*, Tom's cousin in "Tom Sawyer."

YOUR CROSS-EYED, BOW-LEGGED ADMIRER, PHILA., PA.—Our name aint Herman and it aint agona be Herman so quit callin us that or we'll be mad. We like the name and all that, but we won't be accused of stealing anything that doesn't belong to us and all the Hermans hereabouts might object, so lay off it. Richard Barthlemess is the one you refer to in "Bab's Burglar." Regina Quinn with George Walsh in "The Pride of New Yori." Lillian Cook was *Alicia* and Edward Burns, *Dick Christie*, the lover of *Alicia* in "Her Hour." Juliette Day, not Julia Sanderson in "The Rainbow Girl."

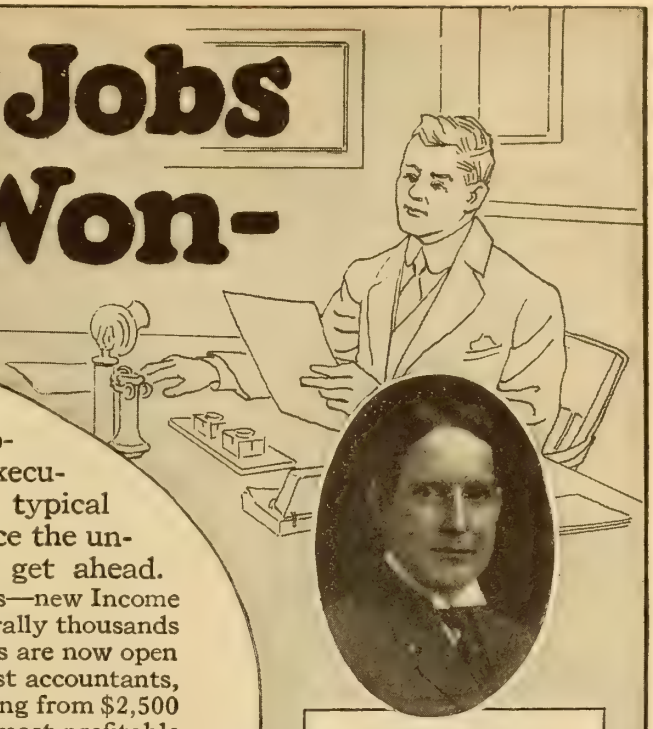
EDNA, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Harold Lloyd was born in 1893—about twenty-five years old. Pearl White is twenty-nine; Bebe Daniels will soon be eighteen and Francis Ford says 1883 is his birth year. Pearl White is not married. Elsie Ford is Mrs. Francis Ford. Earle Foxe is married to Betty Scott of the New York musicale stage.

R. P., AUGUSTA, ME.—Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players studio. She is not married.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

(Continued on page 118)

How Bigger Jobs Are Being Won-



This is a day of big opportunities for men trained in Accountancy. Frequent promotions—generous salary increases—unfilled executive positions paying large salaries—all are typical of the accounting field to-day, and evidence the unusual possibilities offered men seeking to get ahead. The War has intensified the demand for Accountants—new Income and Excess Profit taxes have brought home to literally thousands of firms the necessity of accurate records. Positions are now open in every community for auditors, comptrollers, cost accountants, credit men and Public Accountants at incomes ranging from $2,500 to $12,000 and even higher. Fit yourself for this most profitable of professions and you can almost **dictate your own salary.**

Study Accountancy

The Need for Higher Accountants is Urgent

Look ahead. Whether your salary limit will be $1,000 to $2,500 yearly, or $2,500 to $10,000 and upwards—depends upon the field of future work you choose NOW. Higher Accountancy is a field in which the income possibilities are boundless. Just in the past few months the U. S. Government has raised the Civil Service salary limit and is now holding Examinations for accountancy positions paying $2,400 to $6,000 per year. Let us help you to qualify. Through the **new** Tanner-Gilman Elective Course in Advanced Accounting you can secure the most **thorough** and **practical** training. Previous accounting experience while valuable, is not necessary. Just the gritty determination to make good—plus a few hours of conscientious spare-time study a week in your own home—is all you need with this course to fit yourself for a higher salaried position as trained Accountant.

Incomes Range From $2,500 to $10,000 Yearly

Every member of our faculty is a Certified Public Accountant **actively** engaged in the practice of his profession, with extensive and successful experience in the teaching of Accounting. New and original teaching methods are employed insuring a rapidity in progress almost beyond belief. A fifteen-year successful record backs up the school—among our graduates are over fifty Certified Public Accountants. Read at the right the statements of four students who have made good—stories typical of the success of the hundreds of others. Surely you can do what these men men have done—and with the increased opportunities offered in the accountancy field to-day your chance for success is even greater. The coupon below is **your opportunity**—mail it to-day.

From Clerk to Comptroller

"At the time of completing your Course, I was chief clerk in our Accounting Department. Since May, 1907, however, my position has been that of Comptroller of the Company. The foundation of my success I attribute to the very instructive work in connection with your Course."

W. A. Thompson,
Comptroller, Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co.



150% Increase in Salary

"Since completing your course, my salary has been increased 150 per cent. It has given me a measure of confidence in the line of work which I feel I never could have had otherwise. It has taught me to initiate rather than follow."

Wm. J. Bockhoff



A Godsend to the Man in a Rut

"I can truthfully say that I have benefited a hundred times the price of the Course. It surely is a Godsend to the man in a rut but who has a spark of ambition left."

John Chynoweth

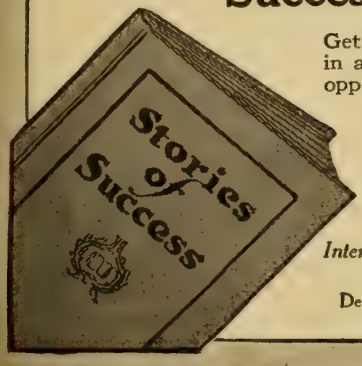


Completed Course in 5 Months

"I completed your Course in about five months. Now have a reputation as an Accountant, and my earnings have increased over 100 per cent."

James C. Bruce

Get This 64-Page Success Book—*TODAY*



Get this book—**at once.** It describes in a simple, straight-forward way the opportunities in Higher Accountancy to-day—contains letters showing how hundreds of others have won bigger jobs—tells how you, too, can fit yourself for a bigger job. The evidence in this book will certainly convince you.

International Accountants' Society Division
Tanner-Gilman Schools, Incorporated
Dept. 679, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY COUPON

THE TANNER-GILMAN SCHOOLS, Inc.
Dept. 679, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me at once your book, "Stories of Success", and full particulars of the new Tanner-Gilman Elective Course in Advanced Accounting.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Please Try Freezone

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS



Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. *Ask your shoe dealer or druggist.* Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufacturing Co.
First National Bank Bldg., Dept. 35, Milwaukee, Wis.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.
CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
538 South Dearborn Street, Suite 251 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Plays and Players

(*Continued from page 84*)

ROBERT ANDERSEN, a star in Griffith's new picture, "Hearts of the World," was a thirty-dollar-a-week actor, it is said. It is now up to some thicker-headed producer to induce him to leave the man who made him, for a lot of money. Griffith's stars are never borrowed celebrities. They are flexible, pliable young people whose minds and bodies are entirely open to the expression of the Griffith idea.

MARGUERITE CLARK passed the first part of April enjoying an attack of mumps. Honest! She's been playing kid parts so long that when she has an illness it must be one that seldom occurs to any person older than ten years.

WANDA PETTIT is the latter no more. That is, she has assumed her honest-to-goodness name which is Wanda Hawley. The change came about when the blonde lady quit the William Fox concern for the Douglas Fairbanks corporation. Allan Dwan, the director, didn't like the Pettit part—said it wasn't euphonious, or something, so Wanda had it deleted without a murmur.

E. K. LINCOLN, long absent from moving pictures (his last venture was with Goldwyn) has left for the West, where he will appear in a new photoplay.

THE income tax has hit some of the young actors in I. A. in an unusual manner. Owing to the sudden drop in production a number of people who formerly earned large salaries are now out of employment and in most cases without funds. Several men who during 1917 earned an average salary of $300 a week have been drawing practically no salary at all during 1918. Unfortunately these same men saved little money during their period of affluence and even in cases where they did they exhausted these savings in their "at liberty" period. It will, however, be imperative that these people in some manner obtain the money necessary for paying their tax.

ACCORDING to a press agent story, Billy West has received a love letter, and the missive is published, with the name of the misguided girl who wrote it. Perhaps this was such an event in the life of this shameless imitator of Chaplin that it was considered worth recording publicly. It is the first case on record, so far as we know where any actor has been such a cad. But then, perhaps it is just another example of the Billy West idea of humor.

CARL LAEMMLE is now introduced as a purist in language, and has ordered his publicity and producing departments—so the printed tale goes—to discontinue using the words camouflage, intensive, psychology, and others. We agree with Professor Laemmle when he bans "hit of the season" from the advertising of Universal production, but we feel that he is flattering his own erudition when he says the word "psychology" is used "by so many persons who seek to appear learned that it has lost its effectiveness." We shall continue to use it a while longer, and leave to Professor Laemmle such kindergarten substitutes as "the convolutions of mental processes dissociated from purely physical reactions."

WHO would have believed that such a classic as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been overlooked this long by producers? The discovery was made by Paramount, and Marguerite Clark will be seen before long as Little Eva.

WINIFRED ALLEN participated in a romance which is more thrilling than any picture in which she ever starred. She married Lieut. Lawrence Sperry recently while out for a ride with him in his airplane. They were engaged and expected to be married before Lieut. Sperry sailed for France, but the wedding was hastened when the bridegroom suggested that they alight and get a minister. The minister and the Sperry family were corraled and after the ceremony the bride and groom flew away, the groom to report for duty and the bride to wait for his return from war. Miss Allen's last picture was "From Two to Six"; and she had previously appeared in "The Man who Made Good," and other Alan Dwan-Triangle pictures.

CHARLES RICHMAN is again before the footlights, in a vaudeville playlet. This is his first appearance on the stage for three years, during which time he was with Vitagraph and an independent organization.

METRO has organized a new concern to produce big features. It is known as Screen Classics, Inc., and will handle all special productions, some with big stars and some without.

MABEL VAN BUREN, well-known film actress, and the wife of Ernest Joy, didn't altogether want to have her daughter go on the stage or on the screen. The daughter, Miss Kate Charlton, has accordingly done both. She is a member of the "Peter Ibbetson" company with John Barrymore and Constance Collier, and as to her film work—well, let her mother tell it. "I went into a picture theatre the other night," said Miss Van Buren; "to see a Lasky play in which I appeared. The comedy came on first—one of the O. Henry stories. I looked up listlessly as the heroine entered the room—and if it wasn't my own daughter! She hadn't told me she was doing any picture work at all."

EDWARD J. LANGFORD is now a corporal in Co. K of the 107th Infantry, stationed at Camp Wadsworth, S. C. He was a prominent member of the World Film Co. He says he finds the work very interesting and is eager to get a chance to do his bit in France.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

AND now comes a real government picture. The first of a series to be made by and for our own country. It is a propaganda, the action of which begins a generation ago and leads up to the present day. Edwin Hollywood has been chosen to direct this first government film from beginning to end. Mr. Hollywood directed "Polly of the Circus" and "One Hour" and assisted in the direction of all the pictures made by James Young for World and Lasky. He was art director for Mary Pickford when "Less than the Dust" and "The Pride of the Clan" were made and is well qualified to make this great spectacular production, which he promises will have more heart interest than any previous propaganda film. The working title of this feature is "The Immigrant." The first showing was to be some time in May in Washington before President Wilson and his cabinet. The exterior scenes are being "shot" in the south and the interiors in Chicago at the court of Judge Landis and at the Rothacker studios.

MAY ALLISON has come back, but not with Harold Lockwood. She is an independent star for Metro and her first vehicle is "Social Hypocrites."

NORA BAYES has made up her mind —she's ready to go-into-pictures. Through her business manager, Miss Bayes has announced that she will consider no offers but those from the biggest producers of the film industry. She has a story all ready for her screen debut. Inasmuch as she has had no cinema experience, and many experienced and popular players are at present unoccupied, Miss Nora Bayes' announcement has not created a pronounced furore.

JOHNNY HINES has signed a long-term contract with World. His first will be a co-starring appearance with little Madge Evans. Hines can do heavy things, but prefers comedy.

ACCORDING to dispatches received from the Western front somewhere in Hollywood, Antony and Cleopatra have just had another row. Antony suffered severe casualties and had to be rushed to the hospital. The engagement occurred on the lawn of Louise Glaum's Hollywood home, the parties concerned being the star's pet peacocks. The feathers removed by Cleopatra from Antony's armor will be used by the star for hat trimmings. Incidentally it is remarked that Miss Glaum is known also as "The Lady of the Peacocks."

IT happened at the box-office of a Chicago outlying theatre. Our famous Answer Man stepped up to the ticket girl and inquired in his most ingratiating fashion, "Are you going to have 'The Price of a Good Time?'" The split-pint soubrette who makes the change glanced at the neat little piles of silver about. "Wait a minute," quoth she, "wait a minute, and I'll see."



The Best-Fed Boys

Get 5-Cent Breakfasts

So with all folks—men and women.

The basis is a dish of Quaker Oats with garnishings. Then a dish of fruit and a cup of some hot drink.

The oat is the supreme food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound—twice as much as round steak, more than twice as much as eggs.

It is the recognized food for growth. It is rich in minerals. All needed elements are in it and in the right proportions. It has a wondrous flavor.

At this writing, Quaker Oats costs but one-seventh what meats or eggs cost—on the average—for the same nutrition.

Seven abundant meals can thus be served at the cost of one average meat meal.

Reduce the cost of living by using more Quaker Oats. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods. A multiplied cost can buy no such nutrition, no such delights, without it.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get all the oat nutrition, plus exquisite flavor. And without extra price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. By discarding the small, insipid grains we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

All oat foods are doubly welcome when you make them with Quaker Oats.

13c and 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South



Put Roses in Your Cheeks
with
JAP ROSE
SOAP

A pretty skin—evidence of cleanliness and glowing health—distinguishes all who use *Jap Rose Soap.*

Note how quickly it lathers—its delightful effect on the skin—how clean and fresh you feel. Ideal for shampooing—makes the hair fluffy and glossy. Try it and you'll always prefer it. Sold by most good dealers.

Trial Offer: Send 20c for an attractive Week End Package containing 4 *Jap Rose* Miniatures, consisting of one each of Jap Rose Soap, Talcum Powder, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, 724 E. Austin Avenue, CHICAGO





Nail Polish That Lasts

Soap and water can't take away the brilliant polish from your nails if you use **NAILUX** *a nail food—keeps the nails from getting brittle*

Just one application a week is necessary to maintain a permanent luster.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER. We will send one 50c size Nailux (3 months supply) and our special combination list of guaranteed toilet specialties for 25c. **Money refunded if dissatisfied.**

G. HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd Street, CHICAGO



The Eagle's Eye

(*Continued from page 47*)

exploded as the men entered the hold of the vessel—and caught them in their flare and smoke.

At Bernstorff's rooms, Dr. Albert almost burst in the door and told the story of the loss of his portfolio. The Ambassador snapped quick orders.

"The Secret Service may have gotten that portfolio," he began. "We must find out. Von Papen and Boy-Ed, get out the Long Island wireless outfit and catch all outgoing messages from Sayville. I'll phone von Lertz to get Wolf von Igel and accompany you. Rintelen, you must leave the country. You are not an accredited member of the Embassy. They can cause you trouble."

"Yes, your Excellency."

Rintelen bowed and hurried away to make preparations for the flight that was to end for him at Falmouth, England, and have its sequel in an American prison, where he is today. Boy-Ed and von Papen waited while Bernstorff phoned von Lertz, little knowing that the telephone girl below was connecting the call also with Dixie Mason of the Secret Service.

Out the door and down the back way went Dixie disguised as an auto racer, to catch the trail of von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Lertz and Wolf von Igel, while from the Customs House rushed Secret Service men previously summoned, to meet her on the Long Island road and accept her instructions, as Dixie followed the trail of the wireless operators and prepared for the signal that would send the Secret Service men scurrying after them.

Down at the Cragside, Harrison Grant and his men had been rescued by the fire department and now were aiding in the fight against the fire.

Out on Long Island the moment had come. On an eminence the members of the German embassy were tapping the wireless waves of America's great aerial activity. Dixie gave the signal. Out shot the car containing the Secret Service men.

It was von Lertz who first saw them and gave the warning. A scramble followed, in which von Lertz's machine was loaded first and away, the wireless machine following as rapidly as it could.

Von Lertz's machine sped on, only to stop at a sound from behind—the sound of grinding brakebands, of crashing steel. The wireless machine had overturned, pinioning Wolf von Igel.

Safe in her disguise as a racer, Dixie Mason shot through the flame—strewn bridge and approached the car of Heinrich von Lertz. Von Papen spoke.

"Take von Igel to a hospital: I'll get this fellow to run me into town—I'll work the Fifth avenue wireless!"

Into the city swerved Dixie Mason and toward Fifth avenue as von Papen shouted directions above the rush of the wind and the sound of the engine. There he leaped forth, pushed a bill into Dixie's gloved hand and hurried toward one of the fashionable houses which lined the avenue. Dixie pulled her car out of sight, then hurried to watch. A moment later, she saw the antennae of a wireless outfit issuing slowly from a chimney.

Failing on Long Island, they would catch America's messages from another depot! Dixie ran quickly toward her car and a moment later was speeding toward the Criminology Club.

Inside the Fifth Avenue residence, amidst wireless equipment, Von Papen was snapping orders.

"Catch everything that goes out from Sayville!" he ordered the wireless operator. "We've got to find out who got those Albert papers—and get them back."

"Yes, your Excellency," came the answer.

As for Dixie, she had pulled her machine to the curbing of the Criminology Club, had sent for Harrison Grant, shown her star, though concealing its number, and had given the secret sign of the Secret Service. Then she sped toward the Fifth avenue residence with Grant and the best men the Criminology Club afforded.

"In that house," Dixie said, gruffly, disguising her voice. "They're working the wireless!"

Grant leaped to the sidewalk. Quickly he assigned his men. A rushing raid, the quick zest of a hand-to-hand fight as the detectives scurried through the rooms of the big house, and it all was over. One by one the workers had been subdued. Harrison Grant turned toward the doorway with his prisoners.

"Good man—that Secret Service agent who brought us here," he mused as he started forth to the veranda. "I'll have to ask him some questions about himself. He deserves a special mention to the Chief. I—."

Then he stopped and stared. For where the racer occupied by the Secret Service "man" had been, was now only vacancy. The mysterious informant was gone!

CHAPTER VIII

"THE CASE OF ROBERT FAY"

It was some weeks after the chase by Dixie Mason that a queer-eyed, high-cheeked man entered the office of Franz von Papen, at 60 Wall Street, New York, and handed him a letter bearing the seal of Imperial Germany. With Karl Boy-Ed, von Papen read the letter, then extended a welcoming hand to Lieut. Robert Fay, expert German bombthrower, sent to America to perfect a style of bomb intended to rid the ocean of shipping within six months.

"We will give you every assistance," said von Papen. "Only, you must understand, that if you are captured, we must repudiate you."

"Of course," answered Fay. "I understand perfectly."

Thus it was that strange things began happening in a supposed garage in Weehawken—in reality, the workshop of Robert Fay. Thus it was also that after a few weeks had passed, Harrison Grant purloined a letter from the apartment of Madame Stephan, chief of Germany's

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM CO., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 24 W. 44th St., New York City.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



Mae Murray, Famous Photoplay Star, Recommends ***Lash-Brow-Ine***

MAYBELL LABORATORIES CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen:
Having used LASH-BROW-INE for some time past, I take extreme pleasure in recommending it to everyone, for it is very, very wonderful indeed.

Sincerely, MAE MURRAY.

BRING OUT THAT HIDDEN

CHARM, BEAUTY, AND EXPRESSION

Nothing will add so much to one's attractiveness as long, thick, silky eyelashes and well formed eyebrows that are really natural. They give the eyes a fascinating charm that is envied by all.

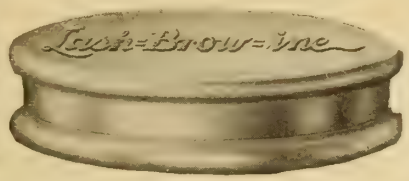
If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist nature in increasing the length and thickness by simply applying a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. It will nourish and stimulate them in a natural manner. After a short time you will be delightfully surprised at the noticeable improvement shown in your facial expression.

LASH-BROW-INE is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved of by noted chemists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

CUT HERE



TWO SIZES, 50c and $1
Send price and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE, together with our Maybell Beauty Booklet, prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with inferior imitations. Send your order direct to

Maybell Laboratories
4305-21 Grand Blvd., Chicago

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-21 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

Enclosed find [ ] (50c) [ ] ($1.00) (check size desired) for one box of Lash-Brow-ine and Maybell Beauty Booklet.

Name .....

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The One Flaw In Your Beauty

Everybody always notices that superfluous hair on your face, neck or arms. Why be annoyed by it any longer?

X BAZIN Depilatory Powder will relieve you of it in five minutes. Compounded fifty years ago by the famous French chemist of that name. Simple, sure, painless. Efficaciously removes hair under the arms. Endorsed by physicians and hospitals. Used by society women everywhere.

All druggists and department stores, 50c and $1. If your druggist hasn't it, we will mail direct, delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price.

HALL & RUCKEL
215 Washington St., N. Y. City

X BAZIN
Depilatory Powder

DERMA VIVA
Whitens the Skin at Once or Money Back



Is used in place of powder. Has the same effect, but does not show. Absolutely harmless.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box. Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50 cents.

DERMA VIVA CO., 818 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN—ATTENTION!



Vera Roehm, the idol of Physical Culture Women and the theatre-going public, now places her complete and improved body beauty building course (originally $10) within the reach of every woman reader of this magazine.

ONE DOLLAR COMPLETE POSTPAID
(A saving to you of $9)

G. M. H. says—"Your course has made a new woman of me!" Miss F. writes—"I not only feel but look 20 years younger than before following your course."

MY GUARANTEE—Prove in your own home the value of this course. I guarantee refund of full purchase price at any time if you are dissatisfied. Send for your course NOW. Complete in one book, handsomely illustrated with my personal poses, $1 postpaid.

VERA ROEHM, 820F, St. James Bldg., N.Y.City



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By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, M.D., Ph.D.
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What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
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$1.00 Postpaid
Mailed in plain wrapper

Cloth binding — 320 pages — many illustrations
Table of contents and commendations on request

American Pub. Co., 630 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

The Eagle's Eye

(*Continued from page 104*)

women spies in America, a letter which interested him greatly:

"Dear Madame:

Regarding your query, I have ordered 150 pounds of T. N. T. to be delivered to Fay through Mr. Marshall of the Blasting Explosives Co.

"Sincerely

"P."

"Bring this man in," ordered Grant of an operative and an hour later, the white faced Mr. Marshall faced the president of the Criminology Club.

"I'm glad you called me," he said. "I was told this explosive was to be used for experimental purposes. I'm an American!"

A conference. A smile passed between the two men.

The next afternoon the explosives were delivered to Fay's boathouse in Weehawken, where he had moved from his "garage" overnight. And delivered by a man whose card bore the watermark of Imperial Germany. But the card had come from the collection in the possession of the Criminology Club—and the man was Harrison Grant!

Day after day Grant, in the character of a workman, remained in the old boathouse while Fay described plan after plan to him.

"You see," said the bomb plotter one day as he stood by the model of a stern of a ship. "This bomb will hold about 60 pounds of T. N. T. or trinitrate of toluol, the most powerful explosive known. That is enough to tear any ship to pieces. Now, I'll attach the bomb to the rudder post of vessels. When the ship goes to sea, the action of the rudder will wind up the springs. Then, when the time comes, the main spring will release a plunger that will fire off two cartridges into the explosive. The result will be—."

There was a knock at the door. A message which Fay read. Then the bomb plotter turned:

"Bernstorff says we must strike at once," he announced quickly, "that means—"

"That you are under arrest!" came the cold voice of Harrison Grant, as he displayed his Secret Service commission. "Come on!"

An hour later Fay was making his confession, while von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Lertz, Madame Stephan and Dixie Mason—for she had obtained an invitation—were hurrying to the Ice Frolic at Lake Cayuga until the storm blew over. Strangely enough, Harrison Grant was speeding to Cayuga also—to investigate certain slips Fay had made regarding a lighthouse in which bomb plotters were watching the aeroplane works near the lake and plotting for their destruction.

But Grant had been watched. Madame Stephan had attended to that. Also she had made arrangements so that when Harrison Grant entered the lighthouse he would be covered by a German spy.

But meanwhile also, Madame Stephan had arrived at the Ice Frolic, just in time to stop Heinric von Lertz as he was following Dixie Mason into the shelter house.

"So this is my reward for trapping Grant in the lighthouse!" she broke forth.

"Sh-h-h-h!" Von Lertz placed a hand over her mouth. But Dixie Mason, standing over by the table, had heard.

The daring little Secret Service girl wavered slightly. Grant trapped in the lighthouse! Laughing and chatting she walked forth with them to the Frolic, but her heart was heavy within her.

Then a great light of hope! Before her was a man she recognized as being from Chief Flynn's office. Quickly she signalled with her eyes in the Morse code:

"Get to Grant quick. He's in danger—at the lighthouse!"

Then she turned back to von Lertz and Madame Stephan. The Secret Service man hurried away. A moment more and he, with companions, was speeding to Grant's rescue in an automobile.

As for Grant, he rushed to the little ladder of the light room, climbed it, then tumbled to the floor. The spy above had thrown his revolver whose impotent click Grant had heard—and the gun had struck Grant in the temple.

Down the ladder the spy ran, leaped over Grant, started out, then with an afterthought, threw a match into a pile of excelsior near a box of high explosives and sped from the building, just in time to meet three other conspirators who were waiting with an iceboat to aid him in his escape.

But the hurrying Secret Service men had seen. They divided, half to pursue on a second iceboat, the others to rush to Grant's rescue.

With a great spurt, the machine containing the Secret Service men shot down the pier toward the lighthouse, just as the fire in the room where Grant lay unconscious began to eat at a box containing high explosives. Forms leaped from the machine and ran into the blazing structure. A moment later they struggled forth with Grant, hurriedly placed him in the machine and sped it forward—just in time. For with a great roar, the explosives flared in the air, shattering the lighthouse throwing debris almost into the very tonneau of the rushing automobile.

Down in the big rooms of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, Count Johann von Bernstorff was rubbing his hands in happiness as he schemed and plotted.

"It will be the greatest achievement Germany has made in America," he was saying to the group of aides.

Grant, in his club again, still weak, was listening to the story of the operative who had saved him.

"A girl with von Lertz gave me the tip," the operative had said.

A girl with von Lertz! Could it have been Dixie Mason? Harrison Grant rubbed his dull, aching eyes. And if it had been she, what did it mean? That she was after all, above reproach? Or that she had allowed kindness to intervene in a plot that would have meant his death?

(To be Continued)

My Lady o' Dreams

(Continued from page 25)

him little points about the part as it was played in the London company. Then I noticed how quickly he picked up ideas, and that he was really a very remarkable actor. I decided I would like to do a good deal for him, and then—well, when a woman begins to feel like that about a man, she's *gone.*"

The chapter which should appear at this point in the chronicle of Miss Doro's career was told so well by Mr. Dexter himself in PHOTOPLAY last month, that it would never do to paraphrase it.

To the great number of inquiries that keep arriving from screen friends wanting to know where Miss Doro has disappeared to, and why, the answer is, obviously, that she has not disappeared. But she is not satisfied with any of her pictures, though she feels that "The Morals of Marcus", "The Wood Nymph" and "The White Pearl" approximated her ideals in a measure.

"I do not want to make any more pictures," she says, "until I can have some guarantee that they will be done in a way of which I can be proud. Until then I shall stay with the stage. But I believe that the public is far in advance of the majority of the producers. I believe that there is a splendid opportunity for productions of the very highest type. But this calls for faith and vision. The business element rules so arbitrarily that the idealist has little opportunity. However, there are splendid things being done—the sort of things I should like to have a part in. For instance, 'Revelation' is a magnificent achievement, fascinating, wonderful, and Nazimova is superb. It is fundamentally right in every respect. It could not be an accident, the making of such a picture. And creations such as this elevate standards very quickly.

"I am anxious to appear in pictures, not because they are easy, but because they are hard. Acting before the camera must be much more subtle than acting for an audience. In the theatre the voice takes so much attention away from the action, that you do not have to guard every slight movement so carefully. But with the camera watching, the least turn of the head may make or unmake a scene."

So this is Marie Doro, our lady o' dreams, very real though not a whit the less charming, and with a quick intelligence in her dreaming that explains her success, a success known to two continents, ranging from the sartorially perfect society girl in "Diplomacy" to ragged little "Oliver Twist."

Interference Fever

Albert Capellani was directing scenes for May Allison's new Metro, when an assistant manager of productions was seized with an attack of interference fever. He stood off the set and waved wildly to attract Capellani's attention. The Frenchman didn't notice him until some sympathetic soul said, "What does he want? What's the matter with him, waving like that?" Capellani paused long enough to say, "Oh, never mind him—you get that way in pictures."

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If you live in Canada, address mail orders or requests for booklets to The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

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"Annexing Bill"

(Continued from page 70)

It was Maude's turn to take the telegram, and they all exclaimed in unison:

"But where shall we get $5,000?"

With distress in her face, Enid turned to George. He went to the window and pulled back the curtains. "Hock your car," he whispered. "It cost three times as much."

"But it really belongs to her," whispered Enid.

"She'll never know the difference," said George. "Come, we'll have to hurry."

Back in the Hoskins jail, Billy, unshaven and negligee, devoured with relish the breakfast the sheriff had brought him. He was in high spirits, having received a telegram from Frayne that he was coming to his rescue. Pollit, the convict, whose sentence had expired, came forward to shake hands in good-by. Billy swallowed the last of a doughnut and stuck his hands through the bars.

"Goodbye, Pollit. I like you. When I get out of here I'll give you a job if you'll go straight."

"All I want's a chance," said the ex-dip. "Just try me and see."

"All right. Maybe the sheriff will loan us a pencil, so I can give you my address. Here it is. Now don't forget."

They shook hands again and parted. The whistle of an incoming train was heard. Ten minutes later Enid, Maude and George swooped down on the jail.

There was much laughter and many explanations, and presently Enid managed to whisper her news through the bars of Billy's cell. "Billy, I've lost all my money! My aunt wasn't dead. Isn't it grand?"

"Honest to Goodness!" exploded Billy, a great load slipping from his shoulders.

She nodded shyly. Regardless of onlookers Billy thrust his arms through the bars of his cell and Enid nestled into them. There was a loud "Ahem!" and the sheriff approached with a strange man in tow. "This here's the city detective," he explained, "and he's got a picture of the Reverend that did the embezzlin' and it ain't you at all. You can go!"

"Thanks," murmured Billy, turning exultingly to Enid. "All I've got to do is to get shaved, and then we'll be married. I'm not going to take any more chances."

"Yes; for some other aunt might die and I'd lose you again. But first, will you see my dragon aunt about the property? I'm going to appoint you my lawyer, my very own lawyer."

So a day or two later there was another meeting in the office of the president of Clayton's bank. An ancient automobile carried Billy's party there—the $5,000 had been returned to Miss Parr. The chauffeur was Pollit, a rejuvenated, and respectable Pollit. He stood by, listening.

There was a murmur of voices inside. Pollit, lazily strolling up and down the sidewalk, pricked up his ears. Miss Parr's voice grew loud; she was vindictively accusing Enid of the misuse of her funds. A look of intense surprise came over Pollit's face. He stopped and looked through the window, and with his jaw stuck forward in an ugly manner, walked into the bank.

Billy had risen to Enid's defense. The door opened and the new chauffeur stood before them. The venerable president of the bank rose indignantly at this intrusion, but Pollit pointed his finger at Miss Parr and exclaimed stridently:

"So this is your game, is it? Confidence Annie, staging a nice little sketch!"

Miss Parr pulled herself up in a fury. "This is an insult! Have him arrested!"

"Is this the woman you told me about?" exclaimed Billy eagerly.

"It sure is. Pull up her sleeve and look at her elbow. She got that scar jumpin' from a train to dodge the police."

Then there was an uproar. The woman, seeing herself cornered, made a break for the door. Billy threw himself against it. Then Enid came to her rescue, with:

"Please don't arrest her. She's the nearest relative I ever had anyway, and she hasn't touched my money yet—" She stopped miserably as she realized what her returned wealth would mean to her.

The supposed Miss Parr took advantage of the indecision that followed to make her escape.

So George Frayne's dream of having a million dollars to play with came true after all, for Billy said the marriage was once more off and Enid was determined anew to lift the barrier of wealth. Excited to madness Fragne plunged into the wildest speculation. Meeting Billy in a cafe, George poured Enid's good fortune into his ears: "I've made a clear three hundred thousand for her today—and I'll make more tomorrow!"

"My God!" exclaimed Billy.

George took this as a tribute to his genius as a financier. "Can't I do something for you, Billy? I've got the right hunch this time."

Billy shook his head. A minute later, moved by a spirit of recklessness, he inquired of himself, "Why not?" What difference did it make. So he handed George a check for all he had in the world, $20,000.

The following morning George doubled his winnings. Enid's gloom deepened. She sat in her apartment draped in woe, a poor, million-dollar heiress, robbed by her money of what she most wanted.

Maude stepped in with the paper. Smiling, she handed it to Enid. The headline read—"Crash on Wall Street. Bottom Drops Out of Amalgamated Granite!"

Enid dropped the paper and rose, her eyes like stars, her breath coming quickly. "At last! I'm ruined! Oh, thank Heaven!"

She rushed to the telephone. Billy's stenographer informed her that Lawyer Dow had left for his home.

"Come, Maude!" Enid snatched her hat and pocketbook. "I'm going to hurry to Billy."

But Mr. William Dow was enveloped in a mantle of gloom even deeper than the one she had been wearing. And it did not lighten when Enid danced in upon him, threw her arms around his neck and

"Annexing Bill"

(Continued)

informed him that she was a beggar to be had for the taking.

"Isn't it glorious?" she urged. "I haven't a cent in the world!"

Billy looked up at her with lack-lustre eyes. "Neither have I. George put every cent I had into Amalgamated Granite. I can't ask you to marry me—now."

Enid drew back. There was a period of silence, then slowly the dismay left her face and her eyes blazed with determination. She spoke determinedly.

"See here, Mr. William Dow, Adam and Eve didn't have any money and they raised quite a large family. You're going to marry me *now*."

The bell rang. A servant announced, "The Reverend William Denton."

Enid gave an exclamation. Maude clapped her hands. "In the nick of time! We'll have the ceremony performed right away."

Then came a voice from the hall, "Is Mr. Dow in?"

"That's George," said Enid and Maude in one voice, as a woebegone figure entered the room.

"Have you heard the sad news?" it exclaimed tragically.

Maude went up to her husband and patted him on the shoulder. "It's all right, old dear. You did just what Enid wanted you to. But why did you speculate with Billy's money?"

"I didn't," said George. "I didn't have time to cash his check." Slowly he pulled a soiled slip of paper from his pocket.

Billy jumped to his feet. "I've still got my twenty thousand!" he exclaimed.

"Here it is." George handed him the check.

"You angel!" exclaimed Maude.

And immediately it seemed to the shocked and bewildered Reverend Denton that his friends had taken leave of their senses; such rapturous and apparently promiscuous demonstrations of affection he had never seen. But presently they made him understand.

"Helpful Helen"

(Continued from page 66)

and George thought he could get along without Helpful Helen just this once, so another ingenue was engaged for the part. Beban and Director William deMille labored with her for several days and wasted miles of film. Finally the emergency call was sent out, and Helen was hauled away and hurled into the cast of "One More American."

Then, there's another item that proves Helen's helpfulness. When funds in the treasury of the Hollywood Studio Club were low, Helpful Helen did a major part of the two-night presentation of John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan." Besides playing a leading role, Helen helped greatly in the executive affairs of it.

Miss Eddy is as versatile a character person as the wonderful Theodore Roberts—except that she can't grow whiskers. But whenever a pinch hitter is needed in character work, the call is sent out for Helpful Helen.

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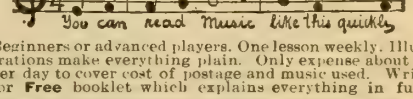
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The man who admits he has physical defects has taken his first step toward manhood and honesty, but he must not stop there; he must see to it that he gets good, competent advice and attention, and to do this he must go to the one who can prove by his own physical condition that he is **able** to **really** give him **that health, strength** and **physique** he desires—**go to a man** who practices what he preaches—**I am that man;** I built myself up first, I experimented with my own body, until I made myself what I am today, what those competent to judge say I am, "The living illustration of the perfection of the human form, according to the highest standard." I don't care a rap what has caused your present unfitness, whether you have been brought to your rundown, physically unfit condition by your own indiscretions, your own folly, or whether it has been caused by circumstances over which you have no control. **I will rebuild you. I will make a man of you, not a 50% man,** but a Man—**a 100% man.** I accomplish all this in Nature's own way. **No drugging, no medicines, no fads of any kind.** Simple scientific instructions added to the proper method of living; and what's more I care not who your physician has been, for I guarantee you that I will accomplish all I undertake and I won't undertake what I cannot accomplish.

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Did you ever see a thin emaciated fellow—one who shakes hands with you as though his wrist were broken. Did you ever see such a man amount to anything? **Now get busy—Do not delay one single day.**

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Personal consultation by appointment only

"Wandering With Wally"

(Continued from page 60)

Wally got a big reception in Denver on Saturday afternoon and evening. Bright and early Sunday morning Hi Henry called in his open roadster to show us the town, including Inspiration Point.

So far the going had been grand—three or four appearances a day and plenty of time to send postcards to our friends.

We struck Kansas City with all the pep in the world. A delegation of genial and mild-mannered citizens met us at the city gates with badges, cameras and automobiles. We were escorted to a luncheon given by the local exhibitors to the celebrated pen and ink artist. After the luncheon it started. Four appearances, and an hour selling Red Cross subscriptions in a crowded store.

Two limp and weary fragments of humanity crawled into the train at midnight. All their pep had been strewn around K. C. Chicago wasn't so bad. We called on our editor at PHOTOPLAY, smoked a lot of his best cigars and made a few personal appearances.

It was at Chicago we began to strike the big and beautiful photoplay theatres. Standing on the stage and looking out over the sea of faces, one of them looked as big as Lake Michigan.

Pittsburgh was another round of hurry, lunches, appearances, blizzards, dinner and a mad dash for the train. We were routed out of the sleeper at seven-thirty, went over to the hotel to bed and remained there all day Sunday. Monday in Philadelphia and then an early train next morning for Washington and out of there that night for Baltimore.

The next morning about dawn, or perhaps nine o'clock, the telephone rang and a masculine voice announced, "Two reporters to see Mr. Reid."

"Send them up" was the sleepy order.

I went into the next room and blasted the Howard Chandler Christy of the flickering celluloid into a sitting position in bed and was looking through his coat pockets for a cigarette, when in walked two beautiful young ladies. One yell and they stopped spellbound at the door. I hastily slipped a dressing gown over my willowy but pajama-clad figure and Wally went out of sight under the bed clothes. The handsome star didn't even have his hair brushed. I didn't even have mine on, but then I don't capitalize my beauty so it did not matter.

The two girls kidded Reid for about a column in each of their papers but it was days before either he or I could look a woman in the face without blushing.

From then on until dewy eve we were on the jump. Wally sold Red Cross subscriptions in the street until his feet froze and then moved into a store. That night after a wonderful banquet we crawled onto the train for little old New York.

Wally proved throughout the journey that his popularity was universal. He made a hit with everyone he met and acting natural, instead of pulling a lot of chest, proved that he was a regular fellow. It was a great trip and we had a wonderful time, but if it had lasted much longer we would have been killed with kindness.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Hearts of the World

(Continued from page 48)

that; the Little Disturber, demoiselle whose practical philosophy is that if she can't get what she wants to want what she can get; the village-carpenter, a lovable Gallic rube; the idolizing wee brother of Douglas.

When the horde of the Potsdam Attila strikes, it is with throat a bit tightened that we see Marie put away the wedding clothes she had "sewed with white thread and whiter thoughts;" observe the grotesque ends of the girl's mother and grandfather, and Hamilton's father; witness the enslaving of Marie; the decline and pitiful death of Douglas' mother; the destruction of the village we have learned to love, and the all-but-death of Douglas Hamilton himself. When the French retake these stone-heaps—once homes in which we saw love and laughter—it is as personal as if someone had saved the relics of our own home town after a German uprising.

The two most significant portrayals are Robert Harron's, as Douglas Hamilton; and Dorothy Gish's, as "The Little Disturber." Young Mr. Harron has come to mature stature in acting without losing a whit of his lovable, boyish personality. He makes Hamilton the prototype of the liberty-loving young man of the world today—gentle, tender, yet an implacable and ferocious soldier when his loved ones are menaced. Dorothy Gish, as a little twelve-o'clock girl in a nine-o'clock town, jumps clear out of all Gish tradition. Saucy and startling, bewitching inspite of her pertness, she and her swing-walk (descendant of the Mountain Girl's stride?) are to be seen rather than described. Lillian Gish, as Marie, is called upon for possibly the hardest and most continuous work of the piece, and, for the first time in her career, is drafted for the most extreme emotions. The intelligence and sincerity she manifests throughout remark her misfortune in not having the magnetic personality of her younger sister—who gets much bigger effects with a minimum of endeavor. Robert Andersen seems to be the Griffith find of the year, playing that glorious fool, M'sieur Cuckoo, the town boob of comic love and grand heroism. Smaller parts fall to that jewel among actors, George Fawcett, playing the carpenter; to George Siegmann, as Von Strohm; to Ben Alexander, playing a most lovable little boy.

The portentous moment of the picture (to me, at least) was that episode in which Hamilton's mother, a delicate woman forced into the hardest sort of service by the German occupation, fails and finally dies in the cellar she and her three little boys inhabit. Whereupon the little fellows, sprung from babyhood to manhood in a day by the fearful elixir of war, resolutely dig her grave in the floor of their one-room habitation and lay her where they can be sure no Saxon ghoul will disturb her rest. This scene, simply written, realistically acted and directed by the hand of genius, is Tolstoy literature.

"Hearts of the World" is the most timely photoplay that could possibly be devised. It should be a tremendous box-office attraction in every country in the world—save one.



WOMEN who consider that beauty is a duty have found one of their best assistants is

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

because it is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt. Canthrox gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

For Sale at All Druggists

It is about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

Free Trial Offer—To show the merits of Canthrox and prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of three (3) cents for postage.

H. S. Peterson & Co., Dept. 226, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

"I Would Not Part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first.*



The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **WOMEN AND MEN.** Develops **erect,** graceful figure.

Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

For Children Also

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
330 Rash Building SALINA, KANSAS

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed not only by the advertiser, but by the Publisher.



Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. C. P.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

½ Price-To Introduce



Only $2.50

To prove to you that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND exactly resembles the finest genuine South African Gem, with same dazzling, rainbow-hued brilliancy (Guaranteed), we will send you this beautiful, high-grade, 12-kt. gold-filled Tiff. Ring set with 1-kt. gem, regular catalog price $4.98, for One-Half Price, $2.50. Same gem in Gent's Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, catalog price, $6.26, for $3.10. Wonderful, dazzling rainbow brilliancy. Guaranteed 20 Years. Send $1.00 and we will ship C.O.D. for Free Examination. Money back if not pleased. Act quick. State size. Offer limited. Only one to a customer. Catalog free. Agents Wanted.

MEXCIAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Department C. B., Las Cruces, NEW MEXICO
(Exclusive Controllers of the Genuine Mexican Diamond)

DIAMONDS WATCHES
TEN PAYMENT PLAN
7½% Yearly Increase Guaranteed
SPECIAL TERMS — TEN MONTHS' credit on any article selected from the SWEET Catalog. No Money in Advance. Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled. If not what you wish return at our expense.
Any Diamond bought of us may be returned for exchange at an increased value of 7½% more than you paid.
We stand alone in this offer.
No Red Tape — No Delay
Every transaction CONFIDENTIAL. You don't do justice to yourself and your dollars unless you inspect our unusual values in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Phonographs, etc.
Send TODAY for SWEET De Luxe Catalog. Write NOW to Dept. 42L.
SPECIAL VALUE
SWEET'S CLUSTER; 7 Fine Diamonds, Set in Platinum. Looks like $225.00 Solitaire
Price $48.50
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L·W·SWEET & CO. INC.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

"I'll tell you my Beauty Secrets"
"Without cost I will send to any woman who writes me my beauty secrets. I am a living example of the art of retaining one's youthful appearance. My experience during forty years' stage career has taught me valuable lessons in beautifying which I will gladly reveal if you will write me."
Lillian Russell

LILLIAN RUSSELL
2167A Broadway, N. Y. City


THREE FAMOUS
HERMO Beauty Aids
In order that women of fashion everywhere may become acquainted with the distinctive and unusual virtues of HERMO ALMOND CREAM which has no equal for cleaning, freshening and invigorating the skin, HERMO FACE POWDER, daintily perfumed, highest quality, adheres perfectly flesh, white and brunette, and HERMO COMPACT ROUGE, the natural tint which adds the final touch to the complexion, we make this attractive
Introductory Offer
We will send, postpaid, a full size $1 box of Hermo Face Powder, a full size 50c jar of Hermo Almond Cream, and a full size 50c jar of Hermo Compact Rouge with velour puff and mirror, full $2 worth for $1—only one to a family. Remit by money order, currency, or U. S. stamps. State shade of powder wanted. Send dollar today as offer is limited. Every article guaranteed to be of the best quality and to satisfy. You are the judge. Money promptly refunded if dissatisfied.


A. HERMO CO.
542 E. 63d St., CHICAGO


Print Your Cards Circulars Newspaper Book, Labels, Programs, Tickets
With an Excelsior Press. Increases receipts, cuts expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy does good work. Small outlay, pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.
EXCELSIOR
THE PRESS CO. D-43, Meriden, Conn.

Kill The Hair Root
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 2 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 196 X Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Jimmy Stars at Last

(Continued from page 29)

be made. The only way the men in our trench could tell that he still lived was by the moaning, which had never ceased throughout the day. He wasn't making much of a fuss, of course. No officer would, if he could help it, nor private either, if he had any pride. But no matter what anyone may say, a fellow with a bullet through his lungs, feverstricken, and half mad for a drink of water can't very well help easing himself a little as he breathes. It isn't human nature to do anything else. Most of us carry on considerably with nothing more than a toothache.

The rescue party consisted of Norton, Jimmy and a non-commissioned officer, who was in charge. All of them were stripped clean of equipment, with the exception of automatics, and had their hands and faces blackened, by way of camouflage. They slipped noiselessly over the parapet some time after midnight, and began to work their way, inch by inch, across that pock-marked and desolate waste. What with sliding in and out of shell holes, lying still for minutes at a time to avoid flares, bumping into dead bodies, tearing their hands open on stones, roots, bits of broken equipment and shell fragments, they at last managed to reach the spot where the lieutenant lay, without the enemy having gotten wise to what was being done. And all this time their companions back in the trench could hear the slow, pitiful moaning of the wounded man, and nothing else, so noiseless were the rescuer's movements. It must have been an uncanny experience, waiting there hour after hour, knowing what was going on, yet unable to detect the slightest sound, or, when the star shells lit everything up, to see the least movement.

After what must have seemed centuries, the watchers in the trench heard a faint scratching noise along the parapet and were pretty well scared for a moment. They couldn't believe it was the rescue party returning, both because they could still hear the wounded man's moaning, far off, just as it had been all day, and because only a few moments before the Germans had set off a flare and they had all clearly seen the lieutenant lying against the wires, in the same position as before. So naturally they were puzzled, and there were some quick orders given, but no shots were fired for fear it might be our men. And it was. One after the other, Norton, the non-commissioned officer and Lieutenant Watson, now unconscious from the pain of being moved, slid noiselessly into the trench. But Jimmy wasn't with the party. And still that distant moaning kept up.

All at once the men in the trench understood what had happened, and Norton says they almost broke into a cheer. Jimmy was playing his big star part at last. He had realized, what no one else had realized, that the moment the wounded man was moved, the Germans would know it, either because his moaning ceased, or because it would sound further away, or because, the first time a flare was sent up, it would be seen that his position was vacant. At night, in that uncanny silence that lies along the trenches, the slightest sound, or absence of sound, means something. Men in out-posts, their ears glued to delicate instruments, are listening — listening, every moment throughout the night. Receding groans, a cessation of them, would at once have made the enemy's sentries suspicious. Result, a brace of star shells, followed by hell let loose in the shape of machine gun fire that would have swept every inch of ground between the lines. So Jimmy, who had thought of all this, had volunteered to take the wounded man's place and go on groaning until he had been safely brought into our lines. Then Jimmy was to try to escape himself. But first he had his bit of acting to do, a bit, I venture to say, that contained more real thrills to the square inch than all the scenes ever enacted on all the stages of the world put together. He was to artistically reduce the volume and frequency of his groans until they finally petered out altogether—in other words, he was to do a death scene, right there against the enemy's entanglements and then, when he had finally died, he was to crawl away, or try to do so, trusting that his acting had been sufficiently realistic to fool the enemy and thus save his life. For if it hadn't, and they became suspicious and caught him on the return trip, the jig was up. They would sweep the surface of 'no man's land' with a fine tooth comb, its teeth of steel and lead.

Half the night had been taken up with the lieutenant's rescue, and it was getting along towards dawn. The men in the trench settled down to await Jimmy's return, discussing what he'd done in whispers. I guess a lot of them changed their minds about Jimmy Caldwell that night. And still the distant moaning went on, a trifle fainter and less frequent, but still audible.

Once of twice, during the next hour, the enemy became 'jumpy,' and let off an occasional spurt of fire through the darkness, shooting at random, as men do in such circumstances, while now and then a rattle of machine guns to right or left indicated possible raids further up or down the line. And then, all of a sudden, the men in the trench realized that the moaning had ceased. Jimmy had completed his amazing bit of acting. His big scene was over. He was "dead." He must now, they knew, be on his slow and perilous journey toward our lines. Everybody shook hands and prepared to welcome the diminutive hero with open arms, saying that he was sure of a decoration of some sort, for what he had done.

Well. They waited. And they kept on waiting. There weren't any more groans, or anything. Just the black silence, and nothing more. And still Jimmy didn't come. The men were not saying anything now. Just listening for that scratching, scraping noise along the parapet that would indicate the expected man's arrival. But they waited in vain. When at last the sun broke over the hills to the east and lit up the tangled, troubled waste between the trenches, there was Jimmy, artistically draped against the

Jimmy Stars at Last

(Continued)

wire entanglements just as the wounded lieutenant had been, but very very still. He'd played his star part at last, played it like a man, until a stray bullet, coming from God knows where, had run down the curtain for Jimmy Caldwell and brought his star scene to an end. The boys brought his body in, later on during an advance they made. He'd been shot through the head. They gave him a military funeral, and he's been mentioned in dispatches. I guess it was the sort of an end he'd have preferred. After all, one big scene is as much as most of us get out of life, and many of us don't get that.

"Is that all?" the Chief asked.

"Yes. That's all. Except that Norton wants me to see his mother and tell her how he died, and take her a letter he'd left with the captain of his company that night, in case anything happened."

I looked at the Chief. His cigar had gone out. He seemed to be having trouble with his glasses. Presently he leaned over his desk.

"What's her — what's the mother's name?" he asked.

"Elizabeth Caldwell," I said.

He scribbled for a while, then turned and handed me a slip of paper.

"Take her this," he said, "with our compliments. It won't pay for one of her boy's groans, I know that, but it will let his mother know that—that—" the Chief hesitated—" that we've heard 'em all the way over here, and we're proud to be able to say that her son was once with the company. What the devil's the matter with that picture!"

It was quite a long speech for the Chief. He turned away, when he'd finished, and looked out the window at the service flag, but I'd be willing to bet a million he couldn't see it on account of the tears in his eyes. And that, for the head of a motion picture concern, is saying a good deal.

More Cameraflage

THOSE of our readers who have achieved that age at which their birth year is not nationally advertised will probably be interested in the following biographical note, compiled by a certain studio's publicity writer:

"Miss ——— was born in Brooklyn. She first opened her lustrous eyes on the waiting world on September 26, late in the nineties."

A superb way of putting it.

"Late" can mean so much. It can mean very late, or just a little late, or not quite so late or just plain every day late. It tells, in a word, when Miss ——— was born without getting down to brass tacks.

In a desire to be both accurate and obliging to the lady in question, the writer might have remained even more securely "on the fence" by saying that she was born in "the late present century."

You gotta hand it to these press agent boys. The world lost some good lawyers when the publicity profession was invented.



I consider ***Nonspi*** *indispensable.*
Edith Storey

So Say Millions of Women

NO woman can radiate that atmosphere of freshness and sweetness, which is her greatest charm, so long as she is annoyed by excessive perspiration. Neither can she avoid ruined gowns and continuous embarrassment. For her summer is a dreaded season; her poise and self assurance are always menaced. If you are such a sufferer, by all means use ***Nonspi.***

Keeps the Underarms Healthfully Dry and Absolutely Odorless

Nonspi is a positively dependable remedy which harmlessly diverts moisture from the underarm to other portions of the body. It has a record of many years of honorable service; is used by millions of women; recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

Nonspi is unscented and contains no artificial coloring matter whatever. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell but consists in its entirety of antiseptic and other beneficial ingredients. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of ***Nonspi*** and about two applications a week will free you from perspiration worry.

50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or, send us 4c for **testing sample** *and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.*

The Nonspi Company, 2618 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

No More Gowns Ruined

TRADE NONSPI MARK

No Dress Shields Needed

AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

I WILL GIVE YOU
Beauty, Figure and Health



Irrespective of your age or physical condition my method of physical culture instruction will work wonders. 25 years of successful experience is my guarantee. No hard work—a child can understand and follow my instructions. **You can reduce or gain weight.** FULL COURSE, $5. Send for particulars.

MRS. LA RAUS, Physical Culture Expert
Dept. 8, 825 Broad Street, NEWARK, N. J.

Pick Yours Quick!

LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S PRICE



Speak quick—for these rebuilt Underwoods are getting scarce. **U. S. Gov't bought 100,000 Underwoods.** Genuine Visible Underwoods at big saving. 6 Year Guarantee. Try it 10 **Days' Free.** Rent or buy. Write quick for Offer No. 53.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM
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The fatigue uniform for civilians and service men

Faultless since 1881

Pajamas Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"





Your Hair Can Look Youthful Again

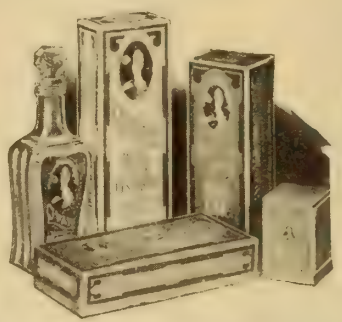
DON'T give up the pleasures and opportunities of youth because advancing years have turned your hair gray and faded, or streaked it with gray. You can easily bring back all its youthful dark color and lustre safely and surely by proper treatment with

Q-ban
TRADE MARK

HAIR COLOR RESTORER
(*Guaranteed*)

Q-ban *restores* the original color of the hair gradually, uniformly and *naturally*. And brings back, too, its youthful softness, lustre and beauty because it invigorates both scalp and hair and keeps them healthy. Will positively eradicate dandruff.

Q-ban is *not* a dye. It will not stain the scalp, rub or wash off, or prevent shampooing and waving. Easily and quickly applied. Never makes the hair unsightly. To the woman whose hair is gray, streaked with gray or faded, Q-BAN HAIR COLOR RESTORER is a toilet necessity. Sold by all reliable druggists on *Money-Back Guarantee*. Price **75c.**



Q-ban Hair Tonic
50c and $1.00

An antiseptic, hygienic hair dressing as necessary to the proper care of the hair as a dentifrice to the teeth. Should be used daily by children and adults. Removes dandruff keeps the hair soft and promotes its growth. Ensures a healthy scalp. Your druggist also has Q-BAN LIQUID SHAMPOO, Q-BAN TOILET SOAP and Q-BAN ODORLESS DEPILATORY.

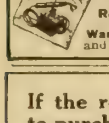
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Memphis, Tenn.

NEW LIFE!
Health-Strength-Beauty

You can have bodily vigor, success-attaining energy — attractive healthful beauty! All yours at **practically no cost**—the great benefits of the famous VIOLET RAY TREATMENTS—heretofore only procurable at big expense from Physicians and Beauty Specialists. TREAT YOURSELF at home with

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High Frequency Generator

transforms electricity into the most powerful, effective, purifying Health and Beauty giving agency known to science, yet gentle, soothing, perfectly safe—no shock nor pain. Eradicates disease from blood, flesh, bone and nerves; tones and restores.



GET FREE BOOK telling the whole marvelous story of the Violet Ray. Its wonderful successes—its many uses—specified by physicians for rheumatism, neuritis, headache, catarrh, wrinkles, blemishes, falling hair and 100 other bodily ailments and beauty defects, chronic and acute.
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Wanted! Representatives to demonstrate to physicians and individuals. Fine money making opportunity.

YOU WANT THIS CARD

Because it will represent you better, or do more for you than any other card in getting some desired interview. The famous
Peerless Patent Book Form Card
is the exclusive choice of the man of distinction everywhere. His one of the evidences of his distinction. You cannot appreciate or understand the uniqueness of this card without a visual examination of it. The fact that you are not now using it, if you are not, is accounted for solely by the further fact that you have not examined it. Examine it forthwith. Send for a sample tab today and detach the cards one by one and note their perfectly smooth edges—their absolute perfection. It is the card you want.



Appearance of Our Neat Card in Case

THE JOHN B. WIGGINS COMPANY
Engravers, Die Embossers, Plate Printers
705 Peoples Gas Bldg., CHICAGO, 1104 SOUTH WABASH AVE.

If the readers of PHOTOPLAY wish to purchase more Liberty Bonds—they can do so by applying to any bank.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG
We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.
CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
538 South Dearborn Street, Suite 251 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Claim

(*Continued from page 58*)

not recognized Belle as the wife of Ted Jerome; she had been haggard and wan and despairing then; now she was plump and hard. "Goldie, Goldie!" called Kate again."

She almost sobbed with relief when a little voice called in answer, "Here I is, Auntie," and the dimpled four-year-old came running to her arms. Kate hugged and kissed her until the child was out of breath. "Aunt Kate thought she'd lost her little girl," was the explanation she made to the wondering baby.

The door opened and John entered, just as the telephone rang. He answered, "Yes; this is Mac Donald. What's that? Why, the bill is paid. There's some mistake; wait a minute." He turned to Kate with the receiver in his hand. "It's Pansy, from the El Dorado store. She says she's in need of money. I thought you'd paid that bill a week ago."

"Oh, I—no," stammered Kate. I've been too busy. I intended to—"

John turned to the telephone. "Hello, Pansy? I'll send it right down. It's all right. I thought Kate had paid it."

Kate was still petting Goldie, too distracted to think of store bills or everyday things. "John," she said, appealingly, "I want to go away awhile, and take Goldie with me. I'm tired out; it will do us both good. I'd like to take Goldie to the Coast."

"Why, sure." John quickly entered an amount on the stub of his check book. "You can use the money I gave you for the store bill. That ought to see you through."

The light faded from Kate's eyes and she made no reply.

"That surely ought to be enough," said John, noting her silence.

"Oh, yes," she answered heavily. "I'll get ready to go—this week. Goldie must have some clothes."

John looked at his watch; it was time for him to go. The sober, settled John Mac Donald was dallying with his first romance. He had found Belle Jones again; she was singing at the El Dorado, and there John met her every evening. He had been introduced to her, but had cautioned the man who gave the introduction not to let Belle know that he was other than John Mack, a poor prospector. He meant to ask Belle to be his wife, and he wanted to be sure that if she said yes, it was because she loved him, not his money. And afterward he meant to have the exquisite joy of telling her that he was wealthy, that she might have the best teachers in the world to train that golden voice of hers. But not now; not till he was sure. . . . . He left his sister with his thoughts on pleasant things.

The week dragged slowly by. Kate made a pretense of getting ready for her trip but in her heart one question clamored and would give her no peace. Would John pay the twenty thousand dollars? *Would he?* He was a man, and a man hates to be driven. How much did he love Goldie?

On Saturday, true to her promise, Belle came slowly up the hill to John's home.

The Claim

(Continued)

Kate saw her from a window, and gasped: "Oh, John, there's that terrible woman—she comes from Goldie's mother! I've been afraid to tell you—I gave the store money to her. And now she wants twenty thousand dollars or she'll take Goldie. What shall we do?"

"Twenty thousand nonsense!" said John. "I'll talk to this blackmailer myself." And then Belle's knock was heard.

John threw the door open—and staggered back. "Belle Jones!" he cried.

"John Mack!" she echoed.

"You—you a blackmailer!"

"I didn't know you were John Mac Donald," faltered Belle, for a minute unnerved, for she had learned to care more for John Mack than she had realized, till then. Then her face hardened. "I don't care," she said recklessly. "I'm through with men; they've always given me raw deals. Give me the money or I'll take the kid. I can do it; she's *my* kid. I lied to your sister."

John, hurt and disillusioned, made a gesture of denial. "Oh, give it to her," pleaded Kate, almost distracted. "Give it to her! It will kill me to give up Goldie!"

John hesitated, and a slow flush crept to his forehead. To be held up in this barefaced manner—and by a woman! Oh, by *the* woman! Kate was still pleading. "What's money compared to my happiness, John. And I've had so little!" She turned to Belle.

"Will you go away if we give you the money? Promise never to bother us again?"

Belle nodded. "All I want's enough to make an eighteen-carat singer out of me. Not a poor imitation, like I am now."

John groaned. If she had only waited—if she had not proved unworthy—

He took out his check book and his fountain pen, and slowly wrote.

"Where is you, Aunty?" came the little, silvery voice. "An' where's Uncle John?" Little Goldie came dancing into the room.

Belle gasped. "Is this my kid?" she asked in a strange voice. "*My* kid?"

"This is the baby you left on the bar of the El Dorado," answered Kate in smothered tones.

Belle continued to gaze at the child as if fascinated. "I—don't know much about children," said Belle slowly. "I didn't dream—"

Suddenly she flung the check at John Mac Donald's feet. "You can keep your money; I'll keep my little girl."

With a sharp cry Kate gathered the child to her breast. John stepped forward, anxiety in his face. "Now, Belle, be sensible," he urged. "You can't do for her what we can. You can't bring up a child like her in a music hall."

Belle paid no attention to him; she was gazing at her child, entranced. "Come here, honey," she urged. "Come kiss your mamma, your own mamma."

The child approached slowly. "But I don't dot a mamma, I dot an auntie."

"But you've got a mamma now. And she's going to keep you, always." She snatched the little creature up in her arms and kissed her hungrily, and before John and Kate could stop her she made a dart through the door, carrying the child.

The days went by and Belle struggled between two desires. The newly awakened mother love in her made her fiercely determined to keep her child; at the same time it made her see, relentlessly, the selfishness of her determination. Goldie pined and grew pale in the atmosphere of the dance halls. And when the child came to sob in her sleep for "Aunt Kate," Belle could stand it no longer. She made her decision. "Don't cry, darling," she soothed the little one. "Mother was bad to take you away; we are going back to Aunt Kate tomorrow."

It seemed a long climb up the Mac Donald's hill that morning, and Belle's footsteps dragged wearily when she reached the summit. But she walked determinedly up John's steps and rang the bell.

Kate opened the door. With one rapturous cry she gathered Goldie in her arms, and both the child and the woman wept for joy. "You have brought her back to me?" asked Kate, smiling through her tears.

"I have brought her back to you," answered Belle wearily. "John was right—I am not fit to take care of her. Kiss mother, baby, once more."

She went wearily down the hill again. Suddenly she heard her name called, and turned. John Mac Donald was beside her and his face was shining.

"Belle, my girl; did you think I'd let you go—now? I'm too old a prospector not to know good metal when I see it. You've proved yourself. I want you, Belle. Come to me and forget the old life, will you, dear?"

Belle's lips were quivering; the mask of hardness had slipped from her face.

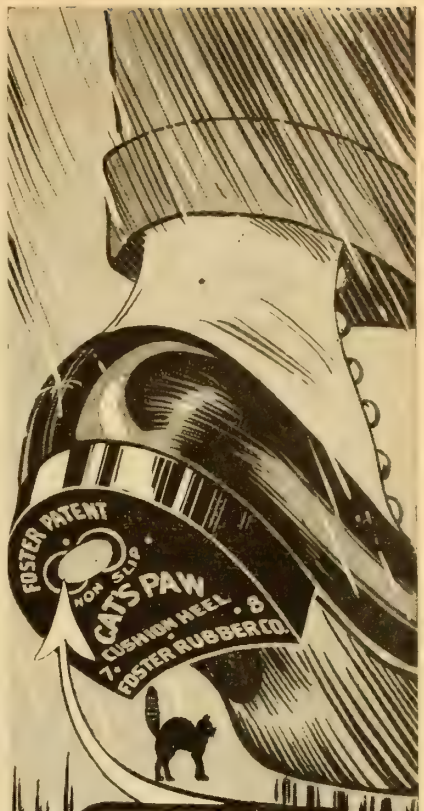
"We'll all be happy together," urged John gently. "Will you come?"

For answer she reached her arms slowly around his neck, and for the first time in many years her eyes were filled with tears.

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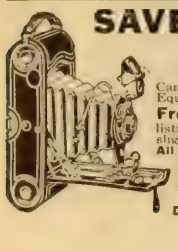
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"And the Elephants Beckoned"

(Continued from page 33)

me a place in his stock company, his proviso being that I be willing to play what is called 'atmosphere'—mobs and such, you know—for at least two years. Willing? I was simply choking with tears of gladness when I accepted. And that was just a year and a half ago."

Luck, though, comes in streaks. Griffith left almost immediately for the East to take up the exploitation of "Intolerance," and for two months his new recruit to whom the monster elephants had beckoned did little more exciting than play small—very small—parts and attend the studio school. Think of it!—a leading lady in embryo forced to conjugate Latin verbs and trace down the elusive *x* through mazes of *y*s and *z*s!

But then—! It was a small part, her first, in "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," with Bessie Love in the leading role. By the rules of the plot, Miss Bessie made her exit from Coffee Dan's and a new waitress, a tough cookie, as it were, gum-chewing and sarcastic, took her place. This was Miss Carmel. And Miss Carmel, with years of dramatic training before audiences of tearfully sympathetic playmates behind her, added—with the camera grinding and the director shouting—her own exclusive bit of business to the scene.

She pulled her gum!

She giggled when she told me. "I pulled it, then let it fly back," she said, "wondering all the time if the director would discharge me for doing it. When I heard they let the scene run a few feet longer in the finished picture than they had intended, just to get in that gum-pulling, I nearly cried from joy. Up to that time I had been doing most of my crying on the other side of my face, and telling Mamma that 'Nobody wants me. I'm no good. I'll never, never, never be an actress!' Those two or three feet extra on the film, each foot representing just a second in time to the audience, gave me my great encouragement.

"Then, of a sudden, three directors came for my services, all about at the same time. I begged and pleaded to work in all three pictures, and at last they consented. For a week and a half I worked night and day. And in one of them I was the leading lady, playing opposite Wilfred Lucas in 'A Love Sublime.' All of the time the three directors were squabbling over me.

"After that I was co-starred with Elmo Lincoln in a comedy-drama, 'Might and Man,' and then was told that I was to be featured. For a few days I lived in the clouds. Then the studio closed down.

"I went with Harold Lockwood and played the leading woman's part in 'The Haunted Pajamas,' and that gave me my first big salary boost. So when I went with Universal a year ago I went as a star. They hailed me as the 'baby vamp of the screen.' I resisted strenuously being compelled to specialize in vampire parts, and finally swore I wouldn't be a vampire no matter what. Luck was with me after the first picture. They couldn't get a vampire story to fit me, and cast me in a comedy-drama, 'The Unmarried Wife.' I succeeded in that, and I've been doing comedy-drama ever since. I'm in it to stay.

* * * * * * * *

"And just the other day came the crowning event in my career. Mr. Griffith sent for me—actually sent for me and offered me a part. I thought the Universal would lend me to him for a picture or two, but—

"Anyway, I was at home, wearing a house-dress and with my hair flying loose in curls, when the telephone message from the Griffith studio came. I didn't stop to change my dress; I didn't stop to put up my hair; I didn't run, I flew the few blocks between the studio and our home. I must have looked about twelve years old—and when I arrived I found that Mr. Griffith wanted me for a twenty-year-old vampire part.

" 'Child,' he said, 'you looked ten years older the last time I saw you. What's your recipe?'

" 'Well,' I replied, really too frightened to talk, 'I'm much older than I look, and I can look older than I am.'

"I skinned my hair back and showed him. He gave me the part and we rehearsed three days. At the end of that time I got word from the Universal to start to work on one of their pictures.

"I wanted to work under him so badly that I did what I've almost gotten over doing—I cried. He said it reminded him of when I first went with him, and the first time I was called upon to cry before the camera. 'Cry,' the director told me. I tried and tried and tried, thought of everything sad in the world, screwed up my face, bit my lip, pinched myself—and not a tear would come. The director coaxed and cajoled. No tears! I was frantic, almost in hysterics. I ran to Mother and threw my arms around her. 'Mamma, I just *can't* cry,' I told her—and began to cry!

" 'Run—quick!' she directed. 'Get in front of the camera before you stop!'

"I did, and I've cried quite successfully upon demand ever since."

* * * * * * * *

Miss Carmel has another, what she considers a still greater, ambition. It is to go on the speaking stage.

"I want to do things heavily dramatic," she says, "like Nazimova. But I won't leave the pictures until I have made a great name for myself. I'll not do things by halves."

Which, after all, is no small-sized job for a winsome little girl who is a star and a schoolgirl too—for every night Miss Carmel marches home from the studio, proceeds to her father's study, and there, with him as her tutor, continues to mull over the three R's. That *does* rather take the kick out of the romance of it all, doesn't it?

SOME directors believe that all dashing young bloods go around in soup and fish, and plug hats from cockcrow to robin's roost.

A Bit of Jade

(Continued from page 38)

"Do not be afraid of me, Ma'am-sahib—I am your friend. I want to help you. That man—yonder—in the lodge, is a detective. He is here to watch. He suspects somebody of having taken the necklace."

"The girl's eyes grew wider and wider.

"Oh, but my brother Cuthbert wouldn't—" she began, eagerly.

The wily Hindu seized upon the name.

"He suspects Cuthbert," he whispered quickly. "But you and I—we will save Cuthbert. Do as I say—and will get the necklace once more. Otherwise Cuthbert will be arrested—he will be sent to jail."

Phyllis speculated. She would do anything to save Cuthbert. If she could get hold of the necklace again and return it; she had the word of the owner that no arrest would follow.

Just so would Grayson Blair have done anything to have solved the mystery of the blue-eyed girl and the bit of jade. He was still pondering on the matter at twelve o'clock that night, when he heard stealthy sounds in his study and soon a slight form rummaging through the drawers.

Phyllis whirled about suddenly as she heard his step. Her heart thumped so violently that she felt suffocated. As she turned, her fingers closed involuntarily over a pistol that lay in the drawer. She faced Blair bravely, the gun extended in her hand.

Blair, in his silken dressing gown, his cherished pipe still in his hand, stared at her inscrutably. There came a flash—a scream—and a vase on the mantel, an inch from Blair's head, shattered into pieces.

The pistol on the floor, Phyllis covered her face with her hands. Some horrible blunder had been made; she knew she had not pulled the trigger. Blair was calm, and solemn. He reached for the phone on the desk.

"Can you tell me any reason why I should not call in the police?" he asked politely.

"Don't—don't," Phyllis begged. "I—I only came to bring back your money. "I—I didn't shoot—intend to shoot."

"Was shooting a part of your plan to pay the debt?" asked Blair, "or breaking into my boathouse, or taking my jade necklace?"

Phyllis' eyes revealed her embarrassment.

Outside Burton, aroused from sleep by the crashing of feet in the garden, bravely fired at a form in the garden. It was only a scarecrow that he shot; but the noise took Blair's attention for a brief second to the window. When he turned, Phyllis was gone. "The vanishing lady," he murmured ruefully.

The jade necklace reposed safely in his pocket, where it had been kept since he had found it at the boathouse. Blair would take no more chances on its disappearance. Nor would he remain at the Glenhurst.

Rhi, meeting Phyllis outside, reproached her for not bringing the jade.

"Next time I shoot," he muttered, "the bullet will reach its mark. Blair is going back to his city apartment but he shall not escape me. Nor you, either."

Phyllis' heart beat quickly.

"It was you, then, who fired that shot?" she asked, shrinking back under the trees. "You would have killed him and let him think it was me?"

But the Hindu was gone.

Blair must be saved! She jumped into her little roadster and set its nose toward the city—after Blair.

Timidly she entered Blair's hall. Her courage was waning.

"Well," said Blair, smoothly, "you have generally succeeded in timing your entry in a more dramatic fashion than this, young woman. May I ask—"

Phyllis' eyes froze with horror as she looked past him. For framed in the curtains, gleaming at her with venom and command and threats all rolled in one, stood the Hindu, Rhi.

"Behind you," she called. "Look—the Hindu—the knife—"

Blair whirled quickly to meet the oncoming Hindu squarely. This time his grasp was useless. For the Hindu was on him with a bound and bore him to the floor. Higher—higher rose that slender brown hand, bearing the thin, wicked, waved knife.

"The Sahib dies," hissed Rhi. "The Sahib dies—and so must die those who desecrate the sacred jade of the Adored One."

Phyllis caught a glimpse of the white, cold face of Blair. She saw the ascending arm. And darting forward, with all of her strength she swung her heavy chain purse full in the face of the Hindu. The pain blinded him for a minute and his arm fell. She threw her dainty white boot on the hand that lay outstretched on the rug with the cruel knife still within its grasp. Slowly she rolled the slender wrist, bearing down her full weight on the crunching bones. The knife was loosed.

Blair, with a mighty thrust, threw the panting Hindu from him. Burton, faithfully lumbering in to inquire into the noise, saw his master holding a shrinking Hindu by the collar, while Phyllis standing by, with a wicked looking knife in her hand, urged him on.

"You will oblige me by calling for the police, Burton," ordered Blair, "and then by guarding this precious brown scoundrel until they arrive."

"I think—if you don't mind—" Phyllis said in a faint little voice—and then she found herself being set carefully in a chair with an attentive young man beside her. And being comfortable, she said:

"You weren't a detective hunting for poor Cuthbert, after all, were you?" murmured Phyllis.

"And at the same time," said Blair, "we have not found out how my jade necklace came to be in your brother's possession."

"Only Cuthbert can explain that," said Phyllis. "Cuthbert can always explain everything. Auntie always says so."

It was at this moment that Cuthbert and Auntie arrived. Auntie had not quite



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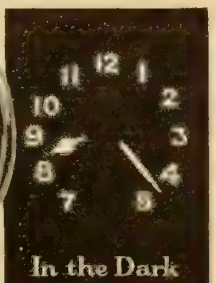
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A Bit of Jade

(Continued)

cared for the thought of little Phyllis driving away to meet a strange man all by herself. At least Auntie had never heard of the name on the card Phyllis had dropped in the garage and she felt sure that she and Cuthbert must follow her at once.

"Yes," said Blair, rising to face a perturbed young man in a hunting suit and an outraged, aristocratic woman. "Perhaps Cuthbert can explain how he happens to be wearing my overcoat this very minute."

Cuthbert stared at him rather foolishly.

"You are such silly boys," said Phyllis quite happily, "and it is such a simple explanation now that I see through it. For of course, Cuthbert took your overcoat in his hurry that day at the cafe. And when you were looking for the jade necklace, you were looking in his pockets and not yours. And poor Cuthbert never knew that the bit of jade was in his pocket at all."

"But there is a legend connected with the necklace, you know," said Blair, his heart singing, while Auntie and Cuthbert pretended to examine the pictures in the room. She glanced slyly up at him. Blair placed the bit of jade about her throat. Then went on gazing deep into the girl's eyes.

"The legend that they sold me with the necklace declares that the man who succeeds in placing it around the neck of the girl he loves may be sure of winning her heart, in return. And I have—placed—it—around—your—neck—dear."

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 100)

E. M. B., ZOLFO SPRINGS, FLA.—Bessie Love's address is care of Pathe, Los Angeles, Cal. Did you know that Miss Love is an expert when it comes to touching the strings of a ukelele? June Caprice is with Fox at Fort Lee, N. J. We'll speak to Robert about changing his name from Warwick to Barwick just as soon as he returns from "over there." It is just a matter of taste. Some like a bar better than a war and some like a war better than a bar. Sherman's noted lines apply to both.

I. J., SANTA ROSA, CAL.—Mary Miles Minter became acquainted with the Klieg lights in Sept., 1915. She's been doing studio work ever since, though for the most part of that time she's had the sun light and not the artificial purple-green rays to guide her. Haven't the age of Rodney La-Rocque. Address him in care of Essanay studio, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. Miss Bara is working at the western Fox studio now making a big production. It's to be her own version of Salome. Mighty glad to hear you know the PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine you've ever read. Scores of people agree with you.

D. G., BABYLON, L. I.—Glad to hear from you again. Address Marian Swayne in care of Art Dramas; Nell Shipman, Vitagraph; Jack Dean was in "Tennessee's Partner." Florence LaBadie died of injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred last summer. Write to Miss Shipman and ask her for the picture.

I. H. E., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Yes, we like Albuquerque. We saw it once on one of those things Mr. Rand & McNally draws. Looked awfully pretty. All pink and everything. We'll surely take heed of your postscript and let you know of our demise so you can immediately apply for the position.

H. H. P., JR., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Can't make out whether you mean Eileen Percy or Arline Pretty. They aint no sech screen actress as Eileen Pretty, though there are numerous pretty Eileens. Address Eileen Percy in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal., and Arline Pretty in care of Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

MARJORIE, DUBUQUE, IA.—Don't expect any of the players to "correspond" with you, although most of them answer their letters. Ruth Roland is married. His name is Kent. Just write her at Los Angeles, Cal.

C. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—You've got the right idea. Stay with it and don't mind a few bumps. We all get them now and then and they are more or less good for us—usually more.

M. M., QUEBEC, CANADA.—Enid Bennett became the bride of Fred Niblo in Los Angeles in January, according to a report from California. They met in Australia several years ago. Mr. Niblo's first wife was the late Josephine Cohan, sister of George M. Cohan. Joyce Fair was last with Edison. Sessue Hayakawa is still with Lasky. Eileen Percy, Mollie King and Marguerite Courtot are sans husbands.

LUCILLE, BOSTON.—Mack Sennett was among the earlies of the Biograph players. He used to play cops and rube parts. Blanche Sweet is 23. George Cooper played last in "The Auction Block." Louise Huff's sister is not on the screen now. Sorry you cannot take our word about the dimensions of the stars. Well, we never took a course in astronomy or studied astrology. Your handwriting indicates that you would be a successful dancer and that you have an excellent voice for screen work. The reader of the stars' stars, Ellen Woods, is not a professional and does not read stars for a living so there's no chance for you.

A. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Who are you, from Washington Square, to find fault with Walthall's hair? Do you want him to have it bobbed and tucked in a la Greenwich Village or pruned close to the scalp. Be a little more specific and we'll see Henry about it.

J. B. F., OAKLAND, CAL.—"Barbary Sheep" was filmed in Florida and the exteriors for "The Garden of Allah" were filmed in the vicinity of Los Angeles, the desert scenes having been staged near Oxnard, Cal.

G. W., ATHENS, O.—Florence LaBadie was injured in an automobile accident and died two months later. Paul Kelly is not on the screen at present. Harry Fox and Earle Foxe are not related. From the different spelling you may be able to ascertain that they are different Foxes. Gladys Brockwell has no husband at present. Your questions anent Fanny Ward and Grace Cunard have to do with a period that's before our time.

M. D., DENVER, COLO.—One of Edward Earle's latest plays in "For France."

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. W. R., EVANSVILLE, IND.—Haven't any record of "The Definite Object." H. B. Warner is very much among them in "Among Those Present" on the legitimate stage. That's his starring vehicle this year.

AN ADMIRER, AKRON, OHIO.—Julian Eltinge is about five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds.

E. C., MEDINA, N. Y.—Here's the list of Marguerite Clark's photoplays: "Wildflower," "The Crucible," "The Goose Girl," "Gretna Green," "Pretty Sister of Jose," "Seven Sisters," "Helene of the North," "Still Waters," "Prince and the Pauper," "Mice and Men," "Out of the Drifts," "Molly-Make-Believe," "Silks and Satins," "Little Lady Eileen," "Miss George Washington," "Fortunes of Fifi," "Snow White," "The Valentine Girl," "The Amazons;" "Bab's Burglar," "Bab's Matinee Idol," "Seven Swans," and "Prunella."

M. S., NEW YORK.—Wallie Reid was in New York about a month. He surely will be sorry that he missed seeing you. Wallie Reid right in New York with his wife Mrs. Wallace Reid and you didn't meet him? Strange—and yet they say the world is small. "Nan of Music Mountain" was filmed in and around Los Angeles.

BILLIE H., CHICAGO, ILL.—That was Noah Beery in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax." Wallace is the one who used to "Sweedie" before the camera for Essanay. Alma Rubens, Sylvia Bremer and Mildred Harris were the girls in "The Cold Deck."

BATTERY E., ANNISTON, ALA.—We're quite sure some bonnie lads and lassies will read this and that you'll be flooded with correspondence. Here goes: Three soldier lads at Camp McClellan would like to receive word from someone (or someones) who in turn would like to hear of camp activities. Their names are Jerome M. Harris, Bat. E. 112th H. F. A.; William Baker, 104 Trench Mortar Battery and Louis De Goey, Co. F. 115th Inf. all Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. Come on, now, all you readers—write to the boys!

J. M., DETROIT, MICH.—"The Silent Man" was filmed in California. Marguerite Clark is four feet eleven inches tall and is thirty-one years old. She stopped growing about fifteen years ago. Your pun about Mary Pickford's husband Owen Moore or "owing more" as you put it, is of the 1915 vintage and it's been so long since we heard it that it really seemed quite original.

L. S., EDGERTON, WIS.—Vitagraph is the address of Harry Morey, Mary Anderson and Alice Joyce; Frank Keeney Corp., of Eugene O'Brien; Dustin Farnum Film Co., Los Angeles of Dustin Farnum; Pathe of Antonio Moreno and Lasky of Jack Holt. S. Rankin Drew is the one to which you refer in "The Girl Philippa." Eugene Pallette is in training to go over and get himself a kaiser or two.

DOD & DODIE, MASON CITY, ILL.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1896—Constance in 1899. Constance Talmadge has been starred in "Scandal," "The Honeymoon," "The Studio Girl" and "The Shuttle."

J. M., WINNIPEG, CAN.—You haven't the dope on this man, but you want it, don't you? Well, Donald Hall is forty years old; his wife is twenty-six. He is Scotch-English and Donald Hall is and always has been his name. Frankie Mann Hall is the full name of Mrs. Donald Hall.



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FOR THE WINNING OF THE WAR

This space contributed by Photoplay through the Division of Advertising of the U. S. Committee on Public Information

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 119*)

C. B., STONEHAM, MASS.—No one, so far as we know, publishes a list of all photoplays and stars. But we'll bet that some of the Answer Man's star "customers" could give you such a list.

L. L., STAUNTON, ILL.—Write Anna Nilsson care Artcraft, New York City and Lillian Walker at Ogden, Utah.

ELIZABETH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Emily Stevens comes from a theatrical family and she is the niece of Mrs. Fiske. It's her real name; she is five four tall and weighs about 110. She isn't married.

DOROTHY LOUISE, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—We have printed interviews with Pauline Frederick several times in the past. Mae Marsh was born at Madrid, New Mexico in 1895 and her present address is New York City. You will have to write to the editor about contributions. PHOTOPLAY is glad to pay for original poems which are regarded as suitable.

MARY, DETROIT, MICH.—If you have been reading PHOTOPLAY for so long you should have seen the story about Pauline in the issue of June, 1917, when she also appeared on the cover. Just what *do* you want in the way of pictures? Or art kidding us? Beware how you trifle with our goat.

A. G., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—If you write Mahlon Hamilton care PHOTOPLAY, Chicago, we'll see that it reaches him. You'll have to take your chances on a personal reply as your stamps are only good for ornaments over here. But he'll answer anyhow.

E. C., LEESBURG, VA.—May Allison, we hear, is to return to the Lockwood Company. Write her care Metro, New York City. Geraldine Farrar was born at Melrose, Mass., in 1882. Leah Baird played with King Baggot in "Ivanhoe." We heard 'em recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" many a time in the dear old days before the movies came but we never saw it filmed. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada; Marguerite Clark in Cincinnati; Wallace Reid in St. Louis and Dorothy Davenport in Boston. William Desmond is a widower.

E. A. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Olive Thomas was married to Jack Pickford in the early fall. She's not a bit jealous of the number of times Jack has kissed Louise Huff. Neither is Edgar Jones.

FRANCIS, PHILADELPHIA.—"Tess of the Storm Country" was filmed nearly five years ago. Here's the cast: *Tessibel Skinner*, Mary Pickford; *Teola Graves*, Olive Fuller Golden; *Myra Longman*, Lorraine Thompson; *Daddy Skinner*, David Hartford; *Frederick Graves*, Harold Lockwood; *Mother Moll*, Louise Dunlap; *Ben Letts*, Richard Garrick; *Elias Graves*, W. R. Walters; *Dan Jordan*, Jack Henry; *Prof. Young*, H. R. Macy; *Ezra Longman*, Eugene Walter; *Old Longman*, H. L. Griffith. "Tess" has always been Mary Pickford's favorite story.

S. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Norma Talmadge is 23 and a native of New York. She went right into the movies from High School so you probably know as much about her history as we do. She has a mother and two sisters, Constance and Natalie.

J. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Dorothy Davenport has not played in the pictures for more than a year. Just now she is busily engaged in rearing Wallie Junior. Her last, we believe, was "The Squaw Man's Son." Grace Darmond is playing with Earle Williams now and they are working at Vitagraph's Western studio in Hollywood, Cal.

HONEY, MINNEAPOLIS.—'S'matter? Too hot in Medicine Hat for you? Just write Jack Kerrigan at Hollywood, Cal. He'll get it.

J. L. A., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—William Parke, Junior, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yep, he's a lucky guy to win Gladys.

MARIE, PHILADELPHIA. — Eugene O'Brien says he's pleased to send his photographs to those who admire his work on the screen. Write him at the Royalton, New York City.

TUDE, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—Irene Castle is with Pathe; Olive Thomas, Triangle and Ann Pennington, Famous Players.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August, 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1918.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James R. Quirk, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice President and Editor of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R Quirk, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Randolph Bartlett, New York City, N. Y. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JAMES R. QUIRK.
Editor.

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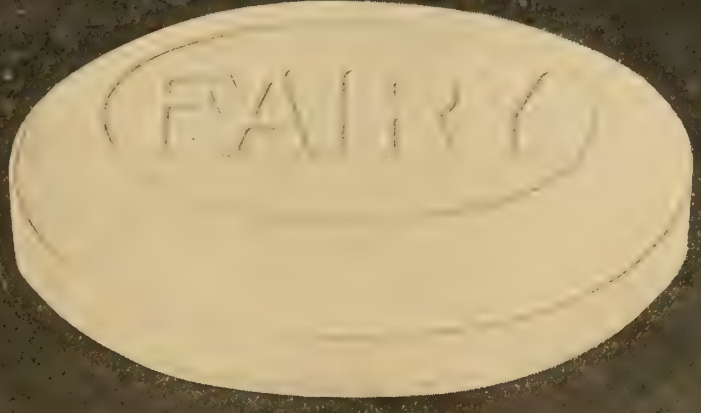
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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

P-28

P-28

July
20 Cents

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"Hearts of the World"

An exclusive fiction story of D.W. Griffith's new war drama

Beautiful New Rotogravure Art Section

German Spy Revelations

More Secret Service disclosures made for the first time in "The Eagle's Eye"



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile.

For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

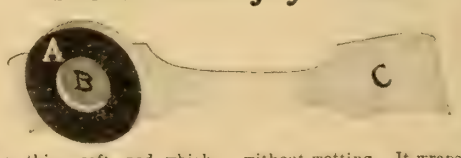
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How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

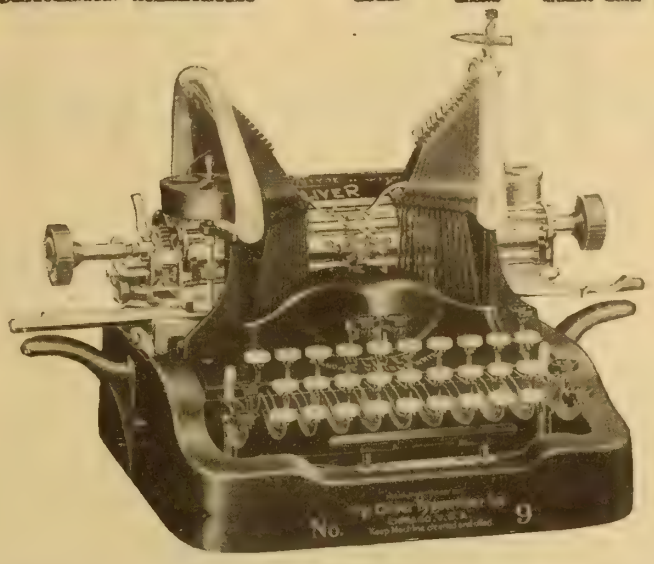
C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one does-n't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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(770)

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

No. "P-28"

"The National Movie Publication"

Copyright, 1918, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIV No. 2

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Next Month

"Anybody Can Swim"

That's what Annette Kellerman, the world's most famous swimmer tells us in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY. "Every morning," she says, "I get plaintive letters from people who insist that they can never learn to swim. Most of them make fun of their efforts, good humoredly, but to me the situation is always more pathetic than amusing. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot."

And then she tells how.

Although she has appeared only in a few photoplays, Miss Kellerman is already a great favorite with moving picture audiences, and they will be interested in the story of how, by corrective exercise and swimming she was transformed from a crippled child to physical perfection.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

What does that name mean to you? It means a great deal in the world of art today, for one is not anyone in New York these days unless Alfred Cheney Johnston has photographed them. The August issue of PHOTOPLAY will contain a full section of eight Johnston photographs of famous actresses. PHOTOPLAY considers it a privilege to secure these wonderful examples of the photographic art. They demonstrate the possibilities of the camera in the hands of a master craftsman.

Vampire or Ingenue?

An effort to determine the status of Louise Glaum in the world of the photoplay. We tried to ascertain, once and for all, whether this young lady lived up to the general idea of a vampire—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne, and manslaughter for diversion. We think the decision arrived at is a fair one, but it is only fair that you be allowed to draw your own conclusions.

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An Ingenue Philosopher

Most people have a preconceived idea of Lillian Gish, just as they have of the Kaiser, business hours on a submarine, a big party in old Rome, summer at the North Pole, what a chinaman is thinking about, the origin of the American Indian, Theda Bara's private life, and Mary Miles Minter's real age. Preconceived notions are generally wrong, and never more so than in the case of Lillian Gish.

Wouldn't it be a shock if you found she was a philosopher? It would. It will be—next month.

The Girl from the Golden West

Out of the West came a beautiful, golden haired child, just out of her teens, to play opposite George M. Cohan in his latest picture, "Hit-the-Trail Holiday." Cohan has been on the stage many years, yet thousands have seen the girl to hundreds who have heard Cohan. Remember those thrilling old Broncho Billy pictures, full of western thrills and hairbreadth escapes? Then you know little Marguerite Clayton who helped make motion picture history. Later she spent several years at the Essanay studio in Chicago. She's worth knowing better. The August PHOTOPLAY will help you.

"I Want to Be a Star"

Approximately twenty million men, women and children in the United States have a secret ambition to see themselves aflickering on the screen. Why can't they? Well, there are a lot of reasons in addition to the fact that they cannot get the chance. Verne Hardin Porter, whose writings as a magazine writer and editor place him in the front rank, has been in Los Angeles for several years, one of the little band of literary men who are doing their bit to improve motion pictures. During all that time he has observed and studied and investigated, and the result of it all is contained in a remarkably interesting article entitled "I Want to Be a Star." It's as full of humor as truth, and is illustrated by the clever pen of R. F. James.

Jack Holt

A story about him. Who he is, and all that sort of thing. That means a lot to folks who have followed the work of this dashing hero of screenland.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

The Tiger Man	Artcraft
Let's Get a Divorce	Paramount
The White Man's Law	Paramount
Up the Road with Sallie	Select
With Neatness and Dispatch	Metro
Riders of the Night	Metro
An Alien Enemy	Paralta
Rose o'Paradise	Paralta
Mr. Fix-it	Artcraft
A Dog's Life	Chaplin
Unclaimed Goods	Paramount
Treasure of the Sea	Metro
The Two-Soul Woman	Bluebird
The Danger Game	Goldwyn
The Busy Inn	Pathe
The Passing of the Third Floor Back	Brenon
The Million Dollar Follies	Metro
The Blindness of Divorce	Fox
Blindfolded	Paralta
The Trail to Yesterday	Metro
Resurrection	Paramount
Mile-a-Minute Kendall	Paramount
The Soul of Buddha	Fox
The Biggest Show on Earth	Paramount
Her One Mistake	Fox
The Hand at the Window	Triangle
Tyrant Fear	Paramount
Rich Man, Poor Man	Paramount
The Doctor and the Woman	Jewel
Masks and Faces	World
Playing the Game	Paramount
Hearts or Diamonds	Mutual
M'Liss	Artcraft
A Bit of Jade	Mutual
The Reason Why	Select
The Seal of Silence	Vitagraph
Conquered Hearts	Ivan
The Purple Lily	World
The Marriage Lie	Bluebird
Dolly Does Her Bit	Pathe
Ruler of the Road	Pathe
The Face in the Dark	Goldwyn
Twenty-one	Pathe
Just a Woman	Steger
The Unchastened Woman	Rialto
Mlle. Paulette	Triangle
With Hoops of Steel	Paralta
The Law of the Great Northwest	Triangle
A Mother's Secret	Bluebird
A Bachelor's Children	Vitagraph
Leap to Fame	World
The Girl from Beyond	Vitagraph
The House of Silence	Paramount
Society for Sale	Triangle
Danger Within	Bluebird
How Could You, Caroline?	Pathe
The Curse of Iku	Kleine
The Land Loper	Metro
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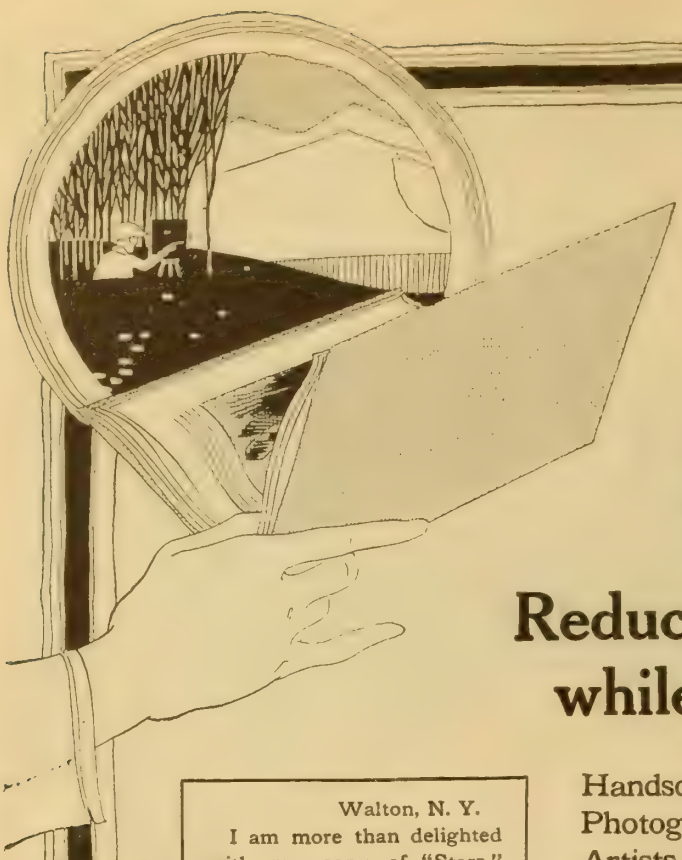
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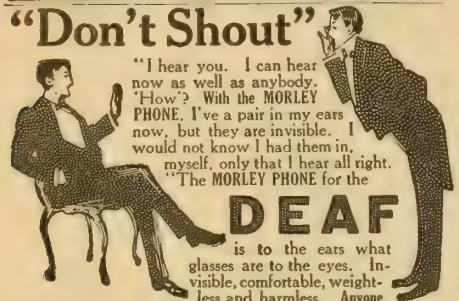
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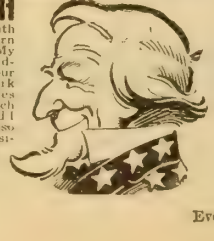
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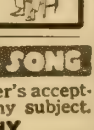
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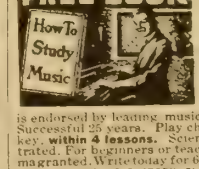
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To The Readers of Photoplay Magazine:

MANY of you have no doubt often taken "pen in hand" to write a moving picture scenario. But whenever you had penned a few sentences, the same old qualms overcame you. You hesitated, pondered, chewed the penholder—and then scratched what you had written. Re-wrote, and scratched once more. Finally, you gave it up.

You considered yourself unequal to the task. You "laid down on the job." You promised yourself to try again, "some other time." And, therefore, your story remains locked up in the memory-vault back in your head.

The reason for this is simple.

Your Big Worry was "literary style." You knew you had a story to tell, but you were at loss *how* to tell it.

"Style" bothers you dreadfully. You think there are certain rules and regulations governing the manner wherein a story ought to be told. And you worry about sentences, grammar, punctuation, terms, expressions, words, literary curly-cues and what-nots. Forget about them all. They are only bugbears. They do not exist. *Tell* your story. Never mind *how*.

Just tell it!

Every story to be made into a picture must first be translated to the screen. Such a translation, or "continuity," must be done by someone thoroughly familiar with the "inside" of screen craft. It is the work of experts. No writer is expected to do it. We doubt whether Kipling, Conrad, or Robt. W. Chambers could write "continuity." But they certainly can write stories. And their stories, if adapted to the screen, must be made into "continuity" just the same as yours.

You can tell the same story as a poem, as a play, as a short story, as a novel, as a song. It'll be the same story every time. It's like putting one person into various clothes. Long coat, short pants, short coat, long pants, green vest, silk hat, blue vest, plug hat; he'll remain the same person inside different clothes.

Substituting person for story; when it comes to writing "continuity" the person must be stripped of whatever clothes he happens to be wearing and measured all over again for his "continuity" outfit. That has got to be done, and to the same extent with a play by Shakespeare, or a novel by Dickens, or a scenario by you, or by Mr. Jones in the next block.

Once again let us ask you not to bother about *how* to tell us the story that's in your mind, but tell it in your own way and your own words.

But do try to write a story which you believe will fit one of the four Paralta Stars.

You have a wide choice:

J. Warren Kerrigan, who can make love like the original Adonis, and fight like sixty;

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Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.



Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

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Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Your skin is what you make it

Your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

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OLGA PETROVA used to be called "the Marble Lady." Such pictures as "The Light Within," by her own company, refute the accusation.

Marceau



LAST season Nippon had her fling on the stage. Now there are countless little Madame Butterflies on the silver-sheet. Shirley Mason is the latest of these, in an Edison feature, "Aliens."



JACKIE SAUNDERS is a sort of Peter Pan person, playing boy parts and hoyden roles. She's really Jacqueline, born in Philadelphia and very, very feminine. [illegible]—and hasn't dropped one.

Victor Georg



National

WE can't say, here's Pearl White and Pearl's new car. That's old stuff—Pearl's cars are always new. But in her latest serial, "The House of Hate," the pearl of pictures has a new leading man—Antonio Moreno.



BLANCHE SWEET has not yet answered the call; she's too busy knitting. Most of her thoughts center in the War nowadays; and while she waits for tomorrow in her house-on-a-hill, she counts stitches—and hasn't dropped one. Stagg



WITH "Wild Youth," Louise Huff graduated from the sub-deb class. Then she turned ground and played the "flapper" in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean."



THE young lady so demurely lifting her chin from her ermine scarf was once the subject of the following: "If we were running the world's biggest poultry show, she would be the prize chicken." Gladys Hulette.

Campbell





Photos by Educational Films Corp

A Symphony of Nature

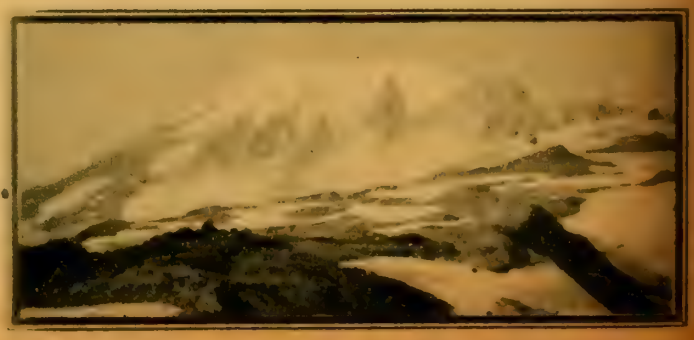
Man no longer worships nature as a god, but loves her manifestation of God. And to the millions whose horizons are narrowed by the canyons of brick and asphalt, the moving picture panorama brings the thrill of Oscar Wilde's magnificent lines:

WITH beat of systole and diastole
One grand great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
And mighty waves of single Being roll
From nerveless germ to man, for we are part
Of every rock and bird and beast and hill.
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what we kill.

. . . . the goat-foot Faun,
The Centaur, or the merry, bright-eyed Elves
That leave their dancing rings to spite the dawn
Upon the meadows, shall not be more near
Than you and I to Nature's mysteries, for we shall hear

The thrush's heart beat, and the daisies grow,
And the wan snow-drop sighing for the sun
On sunless days in winter; we shall know
By whom the silver gossamer is spun,
Who paints the diapered fritillaries,
On what wide wings from shivering pine to pine the eagle flies.

—From Oscar Wilde's "Panthea."



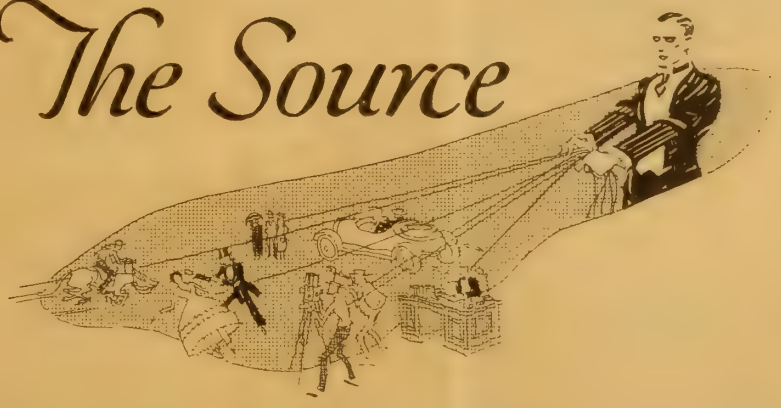
Right above—MacDermott Lake at foot of Grinnell Mountain, Glacier National Park.
Above—Mount Ranier, where the melting snow has formed clear pools of water.
Right—Glimpse of Ranier National Park, from "The Chain Gang."

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV JULY, 1918 NO. 2

The Source



IN a New York court a few weeks ago a magistrate announced that thenceforth he would fine not only the drivers of automobiles who were arrested for speeding, but also the owners, or occupants of the cars. He did this on the principle that the employer is ultimately responsible for the misdeeds of his servants.

When you see a good picture, and praise the author, the director and the players, don't forget that the head of the company which made the picture is entitled to as much credit as any of them—perhaps more than any one other person.

There is no mystery in the fact that a certain company is notorious for making the worst pictures now on the market—the worst in the sense of the most stupid in conception and careless in construction. The man at the head of this company is illiterate—his misfortune, not his fault, for he had few opportunities as a youth. He "broke into pictures" when the business was young and chaotic, gained control of his company, and retains it still. So long as he remains at the head of the company, its pictures will be made to suit him, and they will be stupid from the artistic viewpoint.

There is no mystery in the fact that a certain other company is turning out the greatest number of excellent productions now being made. The man who controls this company is a curious mixture of business genius and artistic instinct.

There is no mystery in the fact that another company is noted for its clean pictures. Its president has a clean mind, and his wife is called into council almost daily, to consider pictures completed and in the making.

There is no mystery in the fact that another company persistently turns out pictures with what is known as the "sex appeal." That is the trend of mind of its president, despite the fact that in private life he may be blameless.

It is not always the titular head of the corporation who thus gives the keynote to the productions. Sometimes that head is a mere business manager who leaves everything to his manager of productions. But somewhere in the executive force of every company is one man who says what shall and what shall not be done. He is the source of the good and ill in the productions.

This is why you should remember what company made the pictures you like and those you do not like. Other productions from the same studio will differ in detail, but for the most part they will be similar in kind.

Water rises no higher than its source.



White

Elsie or Alla?

Referring to "the best dressed woman on the screen" and why Nazimova isn't envious.

By Helen Raftery

TO be or not to be fashionable—that is the question. Which, in pictures, is the nobler: to assume the responsibility of being a leader in fashions, or to take arms against a sea of troubles by rejecting the title of "the best dressed woman on the screen," and so end the worry?

Wondering which to do is Elsie Ferguson, to whom has been assigned the title of leadership as specified above. She was almost frightened when I told her of her title. "The responsibility sounds as great," she declared, "as that of being President of the United States."

Then we told her a little story which we knew was true, and will illustrate the influence and interest involved in women's wears on the screen.

Victor Murdock of Kansas, ex-Congressman, has a charming wife and daughter who are considered among the best dressed women in Kansas, or elsewhere. They boast quite proudly and frankly of following, as nearly as they can, Miss Ferguson's way of dressing; seeing her as often as possible on the screen, and believing firmly that whatever Miss Ferguson wears "goes!" That is in Kansas, and we only know of it because we know the Murdocks, but there are states and states, women and women, and the screen is the fashion sheet that will reach them all.

Miss Ferguson is always stylish without being freakish; chic without being exaggerated, and individual without being theatrical in her dress. She believes there should be little difference between dressing for the screen and for the stage, that there is but one thing lost, which is color, and that quality of cloth forever speaks for itself. That one must guard against a shimmery gown, or one of cream brocaded lace—for instance—lost against a light set, or a dark velvet frock gone astray in a sombre library. A few such tragedies as these and our ladies of the footlights learn all the secrets of the studio.

Never have women of the stage been given a bigger chance nor broader field for dress, such unlimited opportunity to create and set vogues, nor such boundless

To imagine two more contrasting artists in the world of film fashions than Miss Ferguson and Nazimova seems quite impossible. Nazimova (at left) admits a thorough disregard for any vogue in dress; Elsie Ferguson (below) is always stylish without being freakish, chic without being exaggerated.



scope to radiate their own individuality as in pictures. To be individual in dressing for the screen is as essential, to our feminine way of thinking, as being individual in acting, and the actress who invests with individuality the art of both her work and her wardrobe, is irresistible.

Of this class we have no one more illustrative than Nazimova. It is the quality that we notice first and discuss most about her work; it is what we observe readily about her clothes; individuality! Whether or not she is conscious of this in her work, we don't know, because our visit to her studio in the Hotel Des Artistes was to talk clothes, and not the art of acting. That she is unconscious of eccentricity in her dress we are assured, after she was honest enough to admit a thorough disregard for any vogue in dress.

It is her idea that clothes should be used only to cover the figure, which is in itself all grace and style, the true origin of human artistry in lines. And we do hear so much about lines nowadays! To hear women discussing the lines of a gown for some certain picture strikes Nazimova as quite funny, for to her way of thinking lines are to be found in the figure—color in motion—and the true art of dress, if it must be dress, in simplicity.

We were let in on the outbursts of admiration from one of our most distinguished connoisseurs right here in Gotham about a gown worn by Nazimova in a recent picture, and again at a rather impromptu affair, upon which occasion he beheld her.

Meeting Nazimova, we wondered if the gown might still be viewed by the human eye, or if by chance it was hidden away somewhere in her studio. And wondering, we asked about it. Yes—she remembered it, and laughed, for after all it was only a piece of flame colored charmeuse, draped to her, and over one shoulder an old piece of Russian lace. She would liked to have shown it to us, but it was in many parts in different closets or drawers. To her it was quite a laughing matter, to us interesting, and to the man of good taste, the height of becoming attire!

The actress who invests with individuality the art of both her work and her wardrobe is irresistible. There is, for instance—Nazimova.





Victor Georg

The wife and daughter of ex-Congressman Victor Murdock frankly pattern after Miss Ferguson's gowns. Thus is the screen an all-reaching fashion sheet.

Nazimova believes that so many women on the screen overdress, becoming unreal in character and lost completely to their own grace and natural charm; giving thought and importance to clothes that should belong to their own individuality and development of self. However, in her own way of thinking, doing and dressing, she is generous enough to know and admit that she would feel quite out of place—and miles away from one Alla Nazimova—should she ever adopt Cheruit, Lanvin, or Doeuillet to camouflage *a la mode* what we know to be a charming individuality, and what she realizes only to be her quite natural self.

(Continued on page 108)

Putting It Up to Fay

Fay Tincher is back. She's going to make comedies for World, but she evidently thinks there should be a sharp line drawn between humor and danger





Director—"Miss Tincher, I have the greatest scenario ever written and I need the greatest comedienne to play it. You're to be it!"





Fay—"You honor me, Caesar."



Director—"We then introduce Hagenbeck's trained lions. You enter the cage."

Fay—"I do, do I?"



Director—"At the start you are a Lillian Russell type but—

"—you move quickly to a Bernhardt doing the third act of 'Camille."





Director—"Do I make myself plain?"



Fay—"Too plain. As you go out please slam the door."



White

"Pretty Soft!"

Alice Brady shows the cloud behind the silver lining.

By Katherine Hilliker

"WHAT a lucky person you are," I observed, "to have had a famous father ready and waiting to sponsor your stage ambitions!"

Alice Brady uncoiled from her corner of the divan with startling abruptness. She was swathed in an orange colored negligee across whose background queer, oriental beasts cavorted, and a pale blue scarf wrapped her head. She was as colorful as a Jules Guerin painting and as effective as a Bakst poster. Furthermore, she is the only person of feminine persuasion I have ever met who can conceal her hair in a turban and look beautiful in spite of it.

Her dark eyes opened wide with annoyance.

"That's a horrid thing to say," she announced with her usual frank decision, and I felt like the little girl who stuck her finger in the minister's lemon meringue pie.

"If you'd had my father to work for," she went on severely, then suddenly dimpled and laughed outright.

"We've had a great time, Pop and I," she added, "but the prophet in his own country had nothing on me in my father's theater. Instead of being heralded with a blare of trumpets and presented as the infant prodigy of my day, I was made to hustle faster for my pay envelope than any little chorus girl."



C. Smith Gardner

Miss Brady, the movie star, sipping her breakfast chocolate and frankly bored. Pretty soft!

She nursed a rounded knee and lapsed back against the cushions. I felt tremendously encouraged. Disgrace or no disgrace, we were off.

She regarded me seriously.

"Don't think I'm carping," she said. "I'm not. The training my father gave me was the best thing that could have happened to me. But I do resent the implication that such success as I've had, has been achieved in a crown of ready made laurels." She leaned forward earnestly. "I've hacked out every leaf in that crown with my own little hatchet, and whether they're good leaves or bad, I want the credit—or the blame."

The memory of certain suppressed poems written by me at the tender age of twelve, helped to a completer understanding of her mood, and I wondered if genius must always be provided with a self starter. But she interrupted my speculation.



Arriving at the studio, all Alice has to do is make up for her character, go down on the floor, and act it out. Pretty soft!

"I think it was in the summer of my ninth year," she remarked, "that I became convinced I was a Personage. I'd always suspected myself of latent genius, but the feeling that I was an unusual child had never quite crystallized before." Her dimples flickered for a moment. "I gave my father the immediate benefit of my discovery, but he didn't take it at all well. He behaved as if I'd made a scandalous confession and promptly clapped me into a convent."

She rested one bare arm along the back of the divan and fixed me with an air of preternatural gravity.

"Professional jealousy!" she observed calmly.

"Undoubtedly!" I agreed with equal solemnity.

And then with both feet out of the Slough of Disgrace into which I had blundered, I learned a great deal about the real Alice Brady.

She is a flower of the old stalk. Parental opposition to her wishes only hardened her determination to go on the stage, and William A., to his intense horror, found behind the smiling mouth and flashing eyes of his small daughter his own indomitable will and boundless energy. For example, at the convent, instead of creasing new grooves in her gray matter with logarithms and chemistry problems, she specialized in the fundamentals, the arts and languages, studies that would be of infinite value in her career, and devoted her most ardent attention to the amateur theatricals with which the school year was invariably sprinkled. These last were a source of great enjoyment to Miss Brady and a source of great unhappiness to her father. He would sit in the front row and scowl while she went through her part on the stage; then plunge away muttering unutterable things as he went.

"Poor Pop!" she exclaimed, "he suffered agonies! His plans for me included a nice fireplace and a private spinning wheel. I was to sit by the fire and spin. Priscilla was to be my middle name." She drew her face down into smug, prim lines and pursed her lips piously. The picture of Alice Priscilla Brady was irresistible and I laughed aloud. Her piquant face crinkled up into an absurd amusement at her own foolery.

"We tugged along that way all through my convent days," she resumed. "I won my first concession when I persuaded him to send me to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. Then I knew I had him slipping."

She drew her knees up under her chin and stared contemplatively into the fire. Her wide boyish smile flashed out triumphantly.

"Six months later," she said, "I had dogged him into giving me a part in the big all-star revival of 'The Mikado' at the Casino."

(Continued on page 104)



At an early age Alice became convinced that she was a Personage. Pop was afraid she might be, so he clapped her into a convent.

A Truly Ingenuous Ingenue

Gladys Leslie is called "the girl with the million dollar smile." The estimate is conservative.

By Herbert Howe



"Brother said: 'Sis, how did you ever get the big idea?' Meaning, of course 'the bug.' To succeed, one must have 'the bug,' you know."

IF you told Sally Smith next door that she looked like Mary Pickford, Sally would doubtless be quite pleased and charmed. Gladys Leslie looks like her and doesn't want to. So much for individuality. "It's decidedly uncomplimentary to Miss Pickford," declares Gladys. "Besides, I want to look like Gladys Leslie." Believing, and quite rightly, too, that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but that flattery is in very poor taste.

Gladys is an ingenue; but—she's an *ingenue with ideas.*

Just the same, the fact that most of her friends thought she was Mary Pickford's double, persuaded Gladys camera-ward. She—but let her tell it:

"It was about three years ago," she began, in the approved pioneer manner; "but I only worked now and then, the first year. I wasn't sure whether to be or not to be. Mother said, 'No indeed!' Father said, 'I should think not—no daughter of mine shall ever be a movie actress!' Brother said, 'Sis, you're crazy; where did you get the bug?'

"But *now* mother says, 'Gladys has been a genius for mimicry ever since she was a baby.' Father says, 'I knew she would succeed at anything she attempted.' Brother says, 'Sis, you're a bright little kid; how did you ever get the big idea?' meaning, of course, 'the bug.' To succeed one must have 'the bug,' you know."

Then she told how she had slipped through the doors of the Edison studio and became an extra, and how later she played daughters of Frederick Warde for Pathe, until one day a New York newspaper critic with rare perception and kindness, called her "The girl with the million dollar smile." People—and producers—wondered why they hadn't recognized this before, and so from Thanhouser she went to Vitagraph—and there she is now.

Somehow or other, I asked her to name her favorite flower.

"Cauliflower," she replied. "I'm very material."

"Your favorite book?"

"My bank-book. There are never any figures in it—that's what makes it so fascinating. I'm always expecting some to turn up—like Micawber."

"AH! You read Dickens."

"Yes, and Laura Jean Libby and Ring Lardner and most all the classic authors."

She thinks moving pictures are very moving, and that they are going to move faster in the next year than in the past. She thinks the director should pay more attention to developing stories as they are written, and that the actress should play her part as the writer determines it, not as she may wish in order to display her coterie of mannerisms. The screen, Miss Leslie believes, requires a different sort of story than does the book, magazine, or stage play. "I prefer original stories, written especially for the screen, rather than the published work of some famous author whose screenic material is scant. And that's the kind I am doing now. 'His Own People' was my first Vitagraph play; and it advanced me a long distance. Then came 'The Wooing of Princess Pat,' 'Little Miss No-Account,' and 'Ann Acushla.' I want more like them."

MOVING pictures are not popular because they are cheap; they are cheap because they are popular.

TWO classes of players have their names in electric lights—the stars that shine and the shines that star.

Hearts of

The Great New War Photodrama by

D. W. Griffith

In a little village in France there was folk who loved their homes; then came sprung to the stature of heroes; and these

ABOUT the time William McKinley was elected President of the United States for a second term, Stephenson and Hamilton, artists, met in a New York cafe, and decided that although they were staunch Americans, their careers and reputations warranted them in passing the rest of their lives in quieter, and more purely artistic surroundings abroad. America was too turbulent, too unsettled, too full of political and social upheaval. They needed a contemplative atmosphere where ambition comes not and where noisy progress has never intruded. Stephenson was past middle age; his had been a life of strenuous endeavor in the arts, and full of good works, too, as an American citizen. Hamilton was a much younger man, but he cast his fortunes with his friend, and a year later found them cozily though obscurely ensconced in a village in northern France, where Hamilton could paint out his career, while Stephenson surveyed his in critical retrospect as he watched new men and new ideas come in.

Now let the world go by! Stephenson and Hamilton, thoroughly in sympathy with a quaint little town that was proud of its ancient church, proud of its landscape painters and its landscapes, soon grew into typical French villagers, and all the rush of the twentieth century seemed as far away as the planet Saturn. They were in a quiet little eddy of life. Without, storm and change might rage, but here it should be theirs and their children's right to leisurely create, to dream in peace as long as life should last.

Douglas Gordon Hamilton was his father's son in the arts, but he was behind all that an



She was five feet four inches of Gallic impishness, with the boldness of an Apache, the tongue of a fishwife, the eye of a flirt and the heart and body of a virgin.

American; and Paris, the chateau country—even Germany—claimed much of his time and inquisitive American energy. The wee town was a bit prosy, although he wouldn't admit it, until—

Back in Maryland lingered Stephenson's daughter Catherine, who had married in the early nineties. In 1912 her husband died, and, as is the way with not a few husbands, his improvidence left her little or nothing. Old Stephenson's hoard was not a fortune, but it provided a comfortable income, and he sent for Catherine—now a middle-aged woman. With her, to France, came *her* daughter, Marie.

They arrived at Havre in the autumn of 1913. Marie, a wonderful Southern child, seemed to the French men and women who saw her something like their national lily; and the country, and the people she saw were as wonderful to her as she was to them.

Douglas Gordon Hamilton was on one of his tempestuous trips, just then. He had been a painter—first. Then he became a journalist. Now, he was writing a novel of modern European life, picking up types and atmosphere all the way from Biarritz to Munich. Presently, weary-

the World

Fictionized Version by

Julian Johnson

happiness and love and all the joy of humble war, and with the war common souls souls are the hearts of the world of today.

ing of Teutonic coarseness and commerciality, he turned his face and his feet toward the border.

And Marie Stephenson, now nearly half a year in France, was beginning to be just the least bit lonely. She loved America, and—though she didn't know it and wouldn't have admitted it anyway—she was at that peachbloom age when an American girl welcomes the straightforward advances of an American boy.

But as there were no American boys—probably—that side of Paris, Marie amused herself in her grandfather's highwalled garden with her old mother goose and mother goose's lusty brood of goslings. And on a certain day out ventured the boldest gosling, into the next garden on an argosy of his own.

And Marie after him.

Just as she had the pin-feathered bandit almost in her fingers, she glanced up, and directly into the eyes of a smiling, slightly-moustached young Frenchman, who, somehow, didn't look exactly French. The young Frenchman began to whistle, softly, bending his eyes directly upon the naughty gosling.

"Stay in your own backyard!" What an air for a Frenchman to whistle!

"Why, you must be—" gasped Marie.

"I am," answered the young man with cheerful frankness. "That is, I don't know just what I am, but I'm whatever you say."

"We're both speaking *English!*" exclaimed Marie, surprised at that, too.

"I'm speaking American," corrected the boy. "I've been here most of my life, but I consider myself a citizen of the U. S. A., and I'm proud of it. My name's Hamilton—Douglas Hamilton."

"You must be the son of grand-daddy's best friend—I'm Marie Stephenson!"

"So you're the little kid father's been raving about in his letters to me!"

And they were friends at once. But I don't think they ever thanked the gosling enough for *his* part in that wonderful meeting. In fact, they scarcely thought of him again.

A perfect love, like a perfect life, often leaves little to say. It is not tempestuous. It is not beset by quarrels or jealousies or passions of anger or ambition. Like the progressions of night or day, it comes naturally and inevitably and quietly. Such was the love of Douglas Hamilton and Marie Stephenson, which grew out of that quaint meeting at the garden wall. At that wall their troth was plighted, over it letters and precious notes were exchanged, and through its embrasures the promises for life and eternity were whispered and wafted upon kisses.



Von Strohm cornered Marie by a locked door, running a lascivious hand over her arm and shoulder.



Without, storm and change might rage, but here it should be theirs and their children's right to leisurely create, to dream in peace as long as life should last.

But this wasn't a love story without other episodes—dear, no!

Chiefly, "the Little Disturber." The baker called her Henriette, the butcher called her Margo, and some of the townsfolk called her names which I do not wish to put down here.

She was five feet four inches of Gallic impishness, eighteen years old, with an exaggerated swagger walk, the boldness of an Apache, the tongue of a fishwife, the eye of a flirt, the prettiness of a beautiful little bad boy, and the heart and body of a virgin.

She came from Paris to work in a wine house at vintage time, but she was not of Paris—rather, she was of the country, fired with the passion of the city from all-too-short visits there. The grape-gathering over, she stayed on and on, helping at the Inn, working a bit in a millinery-shop—at length a frank minstrel, with her bold guitar, wandering from cafe to shop and from shop to cafe again, shrilling her gay little soprano through chansons of street and boudoir that she had picked up in dark places by the Seine.

Now the Little Disturber, idolized by the frantically-adoring Monsieur Cuckoo, fancied Douglas Hamilton—apparently because he did not fancy her. She lost no opportunity to show this liking at the most embarrassing times and in the most inauspicious places, while Cuckoo—alas! His honest face, at moments placidly imbecile, at other moments blazing with true Latin fury, was at all times a comic mask of most uncomic woe.

Cuckoo, to be sure, occupied a place in the village as individual if not so brilliant. Before the Little Disturber came he knew he was the town clown; afterwards, he was more the town clown than ever—but he didn't know it.

Making no headway with young Hamilton, Henriette—I think that was her real name, after all—pitched upon him like a charging gladiator, of an afternoon, and demanded to know why he didn't like her. Of course it wouldn't have been good form in an engaged young man to tell an ardent young woman that he couldn't love her because he had a heart-full of love for somebody else. And as he tried to stammer around this obstacle Henriette flung her wild young body against his in a moment of erotic fury, and set her fragrant mouth to his in an Amazonian kiss. Well—a man may be in love with an angel and engaged to her, but when beset by a charming devil to the point of personal attack he is likely to give way momentarily—even if only to recover his moral strength tenfold later on. So Douglas Hamilton, in the first second surprised and angry, suddenly found *himself* kissing and liking it very much, and his arms flashed around the girlish body in front of him, and *they* liked it very much . . . He drew away and pushed Henriette away, roughly. She had defiled the treasure of Marie!

Now the disaster lay in the fact that at the street-corner Marie herself had been passing, and in the one dreadfully wrong moment—the single instant of that brief hot kiss—she had glanced up! She had not seen her lover push Henriette away, for she was blinded with sudden tears. She saw only her love, her life, perfidiously giving himself like a male wanton to a wench in the street! It was the end of the world for her.

Quickly, Douglas sought her out—furious at himself, wildly fearful of the mischief he had wrought.

If Marie had met him with angry protests, with tears—even with a silence that was sullen! But she met him with a sweet, sad smile: a look of infinite compassion. She offered him a little packet . . . his letters . . . the pictures . . . the poor little ring. . . .

"Oh, don't, Marie! Don't! I love you! Before God, I love only you!"

He could not have explained anything in words. Yet his heart-broken voice explained everything, and her heart cried out in answer. Still. . . .

"Maybe, but—you kissed her! You kissed her! You kissed her!" Marie's intended calm interrogation



Then, on a glowing, lazy day, a proclamation appeared upon dead walls, here and there. A government proclamation, it was.

burst in a blaze of grief and a girl's outraged, angry protest. And his heart was touched, too, by the love-torrent that had broken through everything she meant to say.

"I know, but darling—she—I—nobody is to blame, Marie! It can never happen again—never! Never!"

"Never, if we should live to be a thousand million years old?"

"Marie!"

Theirs was the embrace of forgiveness and a big-hearted girl's first brave though blunderful attempt at understanding.

In a few minutes they passed once more through the garden gate, and here, again lingered naughty Henriette.

"Henriette!" called Douglas imperatively. The girl wheeled as though to see another woman called down or cast aside. "This is my fiancee—I want you to know her, and *respect* her!"

All the little devils of Satan's house danced for a moment in Henriette's impassioned eyes.

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "That for you, ma'amselle Fiancee!" And she spat furiously at Marie's boots.

Whereupon Douglas—remember, this is not America!—slapped her lightly in the face. With a bizarre curse at both of them she did her weird, lightning-like hip-hop down the street, snapping her fingers and making a face as she went. Douglas and Marie laughed gaily—and their souls looked at each other through their eyes.

Now the philosophy of Henriette was best expressed in the epigram: if you can't get what you want, want what you can get—and she certainly could get Cuckoo. Cuckoo was a bit wooden in his belfry architecture, and he had a way of staring like an idiot brother—but he was at least a man young and full of the fury of life, who could fight for her, and work for her, and protect her if need be—and love her like anything! So back to Cuckoo she went—and Cuckoo, having recently experienced a beating at her hands in which she seemed to hit him all over at once, with manual and pedal extremities and by machinery, crawled, rather terror-stricken, into the protection of a doorway. But in her pantomime, now, she held out her arm pitifully begging him to take it . . . Mon Dieu! was he going crazy? And as he floated out, his spirit upon a bed of foolish metaphoric violets, he looked more idiotic than ever, and Henriette hated him—and began to adore him!

At Maison Hamilton, father, mother and the two older boys welcomed the little Fiancee with an almost pathetic sincerity. Not so the littlest brother, whose big-brother author was his idol, not to be taken from him by *any* meddling old girl! And so, when Marie was introduced to him as a future sister, he stuck a despairing tongue right up into her astonished face—like a mean little puppy. But littlest Brother couldn't hold a grouch, and when she only held out her arms and continued to smile—he smiled, too, and gave her a hot little dirty-handed hug and a loud, smacking kiss.

And the lives of all of them went on very happily, and seemed brimming cups of work and plan and content, though the village *was* very isolated, as Douglas sarcastically observed in his pre-Marie days. Strange—and yet is it?—how one person can lend completeness to an erstwhile vast void. The only visitor of consequence in a year had been one Von Strohm, a German traveller plentifully supplied with money, who took no particular

Hearts of the World

WRITTEN from the photoplay produced by D. W. Griffith with the following cast:

Marie's Grandfather...Adolph Lestina
Marie's Mother.....Josephine Crowell
Marie.....Lillian Gish
Douglas Hamilton.....Robert Harron
His Father.....Jack Cosgrave
His Mother.....Kate Bruce
Littlest Brother.....Ben Alexander
Other Brothers.....M. Emmons
F. Marion
The Little Disturber.....Dorothy Gish
Cuckoo.....Robert Andersen
Carpenter.....George Fawcett
Vonstrohm.....George Siegmann



The bombardment ceased and without resistance, the Germans took the village.



The regiment had not been away four days before word came back that the village must be evacuated. The whole German army was coming!

interest—to the townsfolk's great chagrin—in their church nor their fields, but poked his stick about in the old stone walls and the granite croppings that faced not a few of the street-cuts as if—well, as if he were looking for big-gun bases. The idea was of course absurd.

Not so absurd, though, was his meeting with Marie, at the garden gate, and his leering survey of her figure through her summer dress. Marie could not forget Von Strohm's loathsome eyes.

And the wonderful Spring of 1914 passed into golden summer.

Then, on a glowing, lazy day, the long roll of the crier's drum echoed through the main street, and a proclamation appeared upon dead walls, here and there. A government proclamation, it was.

It declared that the Republic of France was in a state of war with the Imperial German Government, and called to the tricolor the troops of the land and the sailors of the sea.

There was no especial excitement attendant upon this declaration of war in that little village. War was a thing to be read about in books; a story told by the old men who had been boys in '70—possibly war now was a reality upon some distant field set off like an arena to show the machinery of destruction. But here were the dwellings of peace and the lanes of tranquillity, and as the village asked nothing of any man, and burned with no ambitions, so it expected to be let alone by an ambitionful and destructive world.

Nevertheless, as troops were going out everywhere, Monsieur Cuckoo and all the village boys were taken into the ranks; and Douglas, feeling that a land worth living in was a land worth fighting for, put his beloved American citizenship carefully away with the literary prize his new novel had just brought him, and prepared to fight for France.

There were tears—even for Monsieur Cuckoo! When he came to Henriette resplendent in his gay-clumsy uniform of that period, a glad cry started in her throat, but died at her lips. Somehow, she could not speak, and she buried her face in his shoulder, biting the buttons of his coat savagely, and wetting them with her tears. And Cuckoo,



exultant, melodramatic and distraught all at once, pushed her from him and struck an attitude.

"I'll be back in three weeks!" he declaimed, "with a lock of hair, all for you—the Kaiser's mustache!"

There was less fierce passion in the parting of Douglas and Marie, but tenderness deep as the sea. In a little gold frame she had placed her lover's picture, and to him she gave her own portrait—with a little silken flag of the United States at its side!

Quickly the unworldly tranquillity of the village passed, as there swept down upon them news of the rape of Belgium, and the advance of Von Kluck. Everywhere, hurry, hurry, hurry! Lamps blazed through the night in windows which had never known illumination after nine; all day the company drilled on the esplanade under an officer just from the Department of the Loire; from dawn to dark, one day, great guns hurtled through the village behind scores of straining horses or pounding motors. That gray river of destruction was coming their way! That was their next news, and the company prepared to take its place with innumerable other companies marching through the town the following morning. Marie and Douglas sat quietly under the garden wall in the moonlight for hours, and Henriette alternately cried and swore and laughed, while Cuckoo—loudly cursing the Germans or suspiciously blowing his nose—busied himself with his accoutrement.

And in the morning, almost before breakfast—they were gone! Marie had a misty vision of her affianced husband's calm, smiling American face as he swung into line with the Frenchmen; and long afterward she remembered how she had laughed at the frantic Henriette, trotting furiously at Cuckoo's side, stuffing his mouth with carnations!

Marie feared that the sudden quiet which would fall upon the town would prove unendurable—but there were other things than quiet to endure. The regiments had not been away four days before word came back that the village must be evacuated. The whole German army was coming!

In that instant Marie realized that her grandfather was a very old man and that Douglas' family was in very great danger. Stephenson had come to age so gradually, so



Month after month piled up its legend of Hunnish crime on the book of God.

tranquilly, that no one realized his three-score-and-ten years, least of all, himself. The order of departure broke his husk of security, and there was left only an old, old man whose very mind tottered under events he could not grasp. Upon one thing he was determined—he had come to the village as a refuge from the world, and a refuge, an island of tranquillity it must remain! These reports of a German advance were nonsense! Marie's mother, fluttering around like an old hen, and crying a great deal, could not move him. On the other side of the garden wall the Hamiltons declaimed like French folk, and Hamilton himself made a bet that not even an airplane would pass over.

When the first shell fell in the esplanade, hurting no one and wrecking nothing, but making a prodigious noise, Marie felt, strangely, that she had known war all her life. She moved as if in a dream, a creature apart. She expected anything—except what happened.

Soon the bombardment bit into shops and houses. The Hamiltons fled, and Douglas' father, toppling grotesquely to death in the street, was only one of many to die in the rain of Prussian steel. Marie believed, and with reason, that her grandfather's mind gave way at the last. At any rate, her mother had gone and the old man, mumbling a protest which was incoherent, tottered slowly out, leaning on his stick. Even at the gate he fought

When the oldest boy—a stern man at fifteen—realized their mother was dead, he thought of her beloved body being thrown by a German scavenger into a cart.



against time and circumstance, striking at a soldier who tried to pull him along. Then, like a captain who determines to die at his post, he turned back . . . when the dust of the shell which fell at that moment cleared away the old stalwart, coffined in debris, seemed really at rest. He had found eternal repose in the very walls in which he had sought temporal peace.

In the great unused wine-cellar of Lemantine Freres Marie found her mother—a mother who staggered down the stairs, trying to speak but unable to do so, a mother who tottered to a bench and fell upon it as though she were drunk. The girl, and others, pressed some water to the woman's lips, thinking her fainting from fear or exhaustion. Instead of drinking it, her head fell forward even as she tried to speak to her daughter. Marie raised her chin—blood had dripped from her mouth down upon her bosom; Marie's hand was covered with it, and when the woman tried to speak her voice was a wordless mixture of blood and froth and outlandish sounds.

Horrified, Marie drew her hand away—her mother toppled forward on her head, like a dog in a fit. Everyone heard the infantryman's rasping order to "clear out—now!" except Marie, and her mother, who would never hear anything again. When they were gone, Marie began to talk to the bloody, inert hulk in her arms, saying the little pet words her mother had used to her in time of trouble. The girl found it impossible to understand what was wrong. For a brief moment her bewildered and torn mind flew free from this horror and she thought they were again in the peace and quiet of their home. But a muddled realization of the truth came to her in fitful flashes. In her excitement, the girl thought her mother spoke, and she turned her face up to her own. She saw only the whites of her mother's eyes, a sagging jaw, and blood, blood, blood. She felt the sergeant's arm about her waist, yet she did not realize what or why, and fought savagely to keep hold of the repulsive dead thing in her arms.

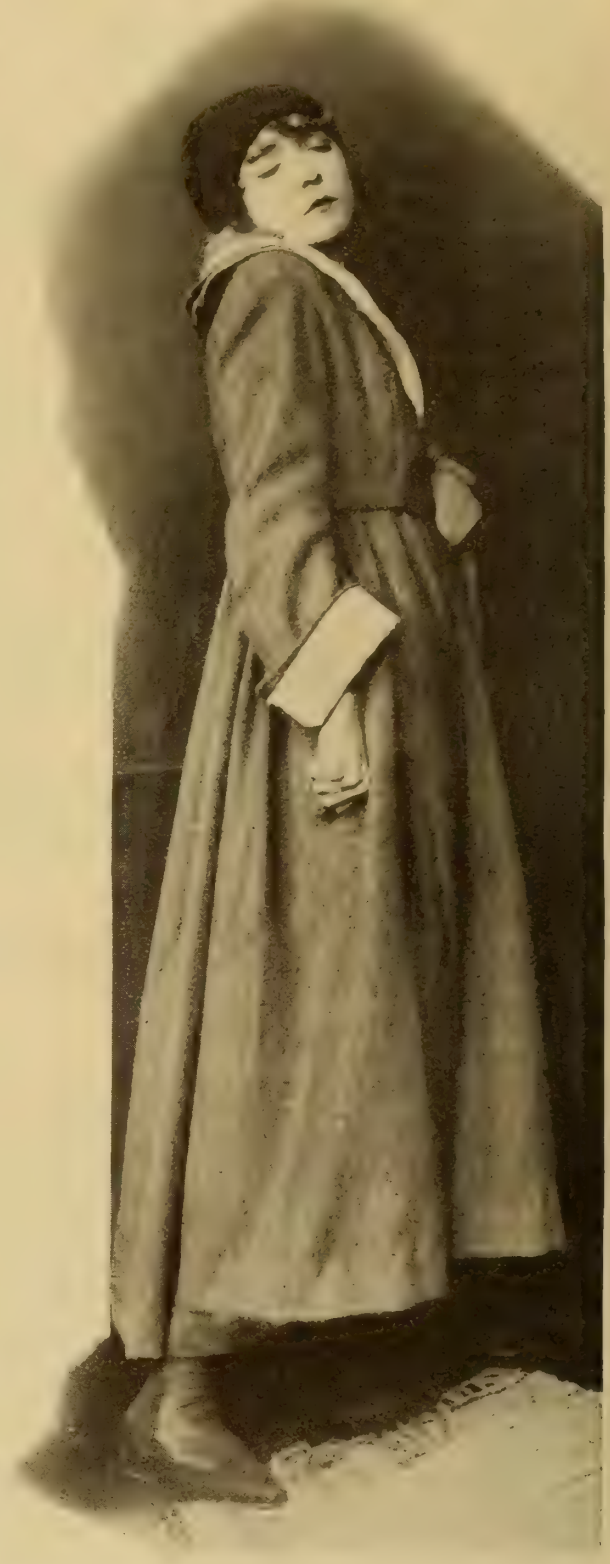
"Old woman's chest smashed flat by a spent shell fragment—poor girl quite off her head—I got her away and she ran yelling and screaming down the street," reported the sergeant to the captain who had sent him in to get all humans out. Just then the whole town shook with the thunder of a stupendous detonation. Marie's mother had been given burial service by Krupp & Co.

"With this ring," murmured Douglas, "I thee wed."



In the savage attack of the Germans the home company had been flung out to guard the village, and had fared badly. The undaunted protectors fought with the fury—impotent yet ferocious—of a fox terrier after a wolf hound. They nagged and worried the invaders, yet real achievement was impossible. Hurled back upon itself in what seemed inextricable confusion, the home company had left many killed and wounded. Among the latter . . . Douglas Stephenson. Here, in a field, the wandering Marie found him. Her mind jangled like a sweet bell out of tune, she was perfectly calm, and perfectly insane. Wandering through the smoke-shot dusk she hugged her

"If they come through that door—my wife" significantly gazing at the gun. "I understand,"





whispered Douglas, murmured Marie.

bridal gown to her as a little child carries a toy through disaster. So she found Douglas—dead, of course. And seared in her inner consciousness, somehow, this fact remained. Presently she left him to lie on his last field of glory, and in placid, smiling melancholy, tottered along.

In the night two Red Cross men, staggering from weariness, found him. "Dead." So muttered the examiner, and they trudged on with their stretcher. Then came another, not quite so tired. "Alive!" he whispered to his companion, and the inert body was jounced to the field hospital. But Cuckoo and the Carpenter, in the ranks, mourned.

Among all those to find Marie, in her mindless progress, who should the fates choose but Henriette! She, with other girls, had sought refuge in the Inn, which, strangely, was spared the hell of cannon-fire. Henriette, a great surge of sympathy rushing over her, led the childlike and unresisting girl to a little room under the stairs, and there made a bed for her, and fed her and nursed her slowly back to sanity.

The bombardment ceased, and, without resistance, the Germans took the village. Quickly the detestable machine of "Kultur" apportioned all food, all quarters, all work. Douglas Hamilton's mother, weary and hopeless and frail, was put at laundering, twelve hours each day, for German officers. The oldest little brother was sent out to shovel coal. Henriette, the Little Disturber, became scullion of the Inn, and Marie—alas!—was made to dig potatoes.

While Cuckoo and the Carpenter, welcoming back the restored Douglas with joyous kisses, swept back and forth with the rest of the army of defense through that terrible first year of war. Each became a stupendous hero, full of exploits for which he should have been covered with orders. Each fought with knife and hand like a Roman legionary. Each made sure that many a Hun would never return to the Rhine, and Douglas scarcely had a week devoid of desperate and extraordinary adventure. Oftentimes they gazed with dimmed eyes into the distant, Boche-infested North. How near—or how far beyond the horizon was their beloved village? Generally it was a score of miles, but once it was only a league, and Cuckoo, cursing like a fiend, was restrained only by his two friends from rushing alone toward it and certain death.

Thus month after month piled up its legend of Hunnish crimes on the book of God. Physically, Douglas was better for his daring life under the open sky. But he never gave himself time for thinking, for there arose two visions beyond the French trenches . . . his mother and the little boys . . . his sweetheart. He had heard of his father's death.

There is a Providence in our restriction of vision, our inability to forecast tomorrow or see around a corner. For had Douglas realized that his mother was slowly dying, her lungs eaten away by the quick consumption of scrubwoman's drudgery and her dank underground dwelling, it is doubtful if anything would have restrained him from death on German bayonets or wire.

So Madame—once "Mrs."—Hamilton staggered on with her tubs and her steam-shrouded flatirons, until on a certain day she realized that she would never leave her cellar alive. She was not alarmed. She was not even excited. Calling her three boys, she whispered, "Be brave, my sons!" Then she closed her eyes, and while the littlest brother cried into her neck and hugged her tight, she sank to sleep. . . .

When the oldest—a stern man at fifteen years—realized that she was dead he also thought of the ultimate profanation to come—her beloved body thrown by a German scavenger into a cart, to be dumped into a shallow trench with quicklime . . . in a few minutes he and his younger brother were through the cellar flags and working

(Continued on page 118)

Here Come

These are June
few cases the im-





Alice Brady does not appear to look forward with any great degree of anticipation to her marriage. One might say they were rushin' her into matrimony, but one wouldn't of course.



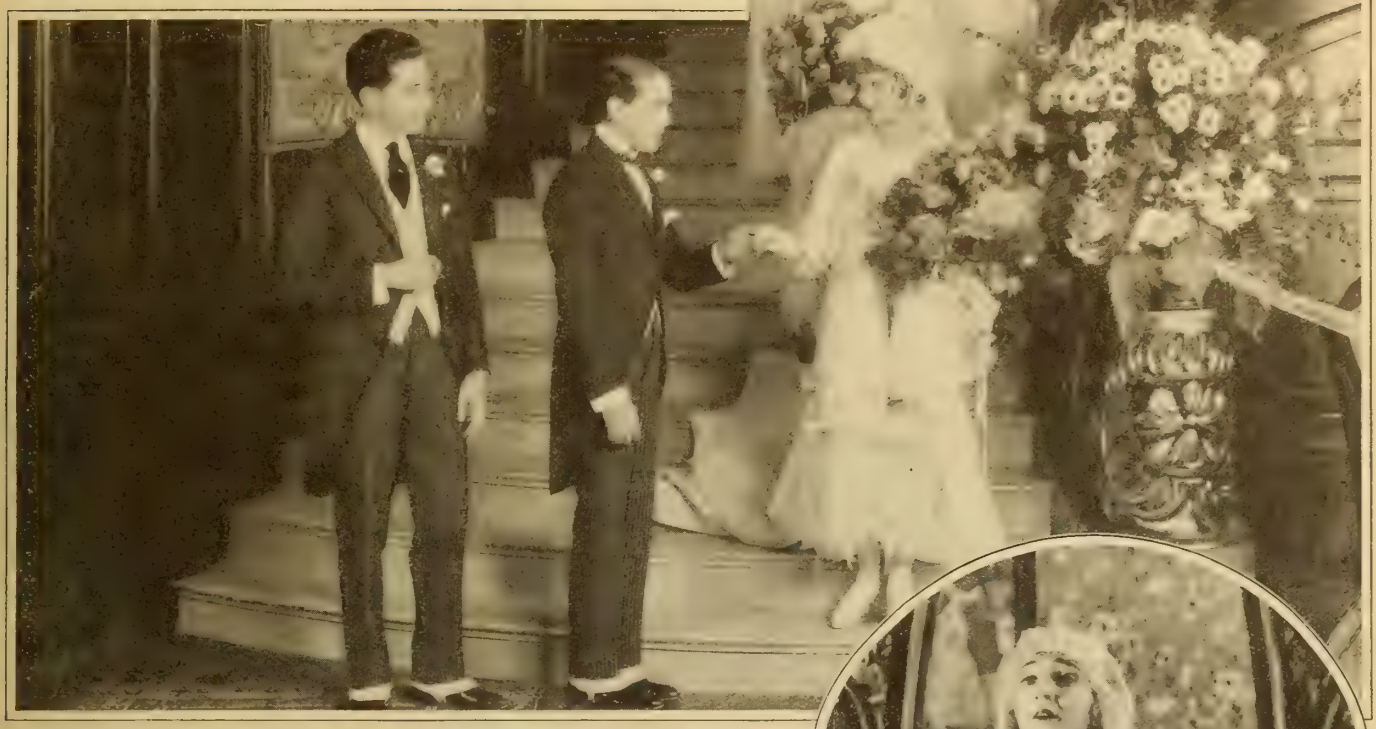
There is no good reason for publishing this photograph of Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman. Before the end of June you will be able to see them by the dozen in the show windows of almost any of the "coupon" photographers.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married his trouble begins.

Something like this apparently is going through the mind of Sidney Drew, who drew this stern-visaged bride in "Pay Day." There is little question who will be boss in this family.

The Brides!

Brides and in a material grooms



Louise Huff is the dainty flapper bride in "Bunker Bean," in which she marries Jack Pickford. It's a long time since the Lasky folks have permitted Jack to wear regular clothes, and Louise is all dolled up to celebrate the event.



Marguerite Clark is the most infrequent bride of any young woman star in pictures, for the reason that usually she plays the part of a child who is far, far too young to marry. We had to go clear back to "Silks and Satins" to get this one.



Belle Bennett is indulging herself in a little reflection before going to the altar in "A Soul in Trust." This is no reflection upon the bridegroom-elect. The only visible angle about Miss Bennett is Triangle.



Well, you'd pout too, if you were all dressed up with bridal veil and everything like Viola Dana is here, and the bridegroom showed up in his business suit, while the hack driver was as you see. It's no way to treat a lady.

"Marriage is a bitter pill," Nazimova seems to be saying to herself, in this scene from her latest Metro picture. Yet Nazimova is, in truth, happily married, and her husband is her leading man, Charles Bryant.

Romeo and Juliet are models of the vogue, so prevalent this year, of quiet weddings. But while a fashionable quiet wedding may have from fifty to a hundred guests, the young couple of Verona married not only quietly, but on the quiet. And here we have that six-foot Romeo, F. X. Bushman, and the petite Juliet, Beverly Bayne, showing how it was done.

"Miss Goody-Two-Shoes"

Just think of it! She went to a dinner at the Waldorf and forgot to put on her shoes!

By Verne Hardin Porter



GLADYS BROCKWELL is both a personage and a personality, if one can reconcile the popular conception of the two. Ordinarily we think of a personage as a heavy thinker who, as the scribe expressed it, wears winter-weight eyebrows and a huge Manner; and we are, in distinction, prone to imagine a personality as a highly sensitized magnet completely surrounded by sparks of what is crudely but expressively known as "pep."

Gladys Brockwell is the last in its ultimate, and the first because, in spite of the last, she carries with it a dignified distinctiveness, a charming quality that motion picture stars may profitably own. Perhaps it is poise. At any rate, she and I were talking of it one day, talking particularly of a famous speaking-stage actress whose screen attempts have been a succession of failures. "She looks terribly on the screen," Miss Brockwell admitted, "and seems to act terribly; but I want you to notice that no matter how bad they are on the celluloid, those who come from the speaking-stage all have that striking and valuable quality—poise." And she is right.



Above—Notice the pose! At the age of five, only tragedy interested Miss Brockwell. Therefore, as is the way of life, now that she is grown up, she is fond of comedy although one could hardly say she is about to laugh in the picture at the left.



As Patsey in "The Queen of Chinatown"—aged 7.

There is so much about Miss Brockwell that is interesting in a purely discursive way that one is tempted seriously to analyze her personality and her art—and be dignified, and consequently, dull. I promise that I won't, for on the other hand, there is so much about her that is far more entertaining—the human, intimate, everything-but-serious side of her—that it fairly clamors to be told. For instance—having descended from the sublime—her propensity for mules.

There are, as you may know, Missouri mules and mules. There is a suggestion of pedal extremities about both kinds, but the breed for which Miss Brockwell has such an inexplicably strong penchant is worn on the feet. They are, in fact, half slippers, floppy, usually red, and requiring some dexterity and a strong sense of duty to keep them on. I had noticed that in her recent Fox photodrama, "For Liberty," Miss Brockwell wore mules from start to finish. I asked their whyfor.

"The reason why," she said, in explanation, "is that I forgot to take them off when we were taking the first few scenes, and, consequently, had to keep them on throughout the entire picture. I hate shoes; I don't know why, but I do. I always wear mules or slippers until the very last minute, and then, 'most times, I have to be forced to put on shoes.

"I've been that way since I was a baby. I would dress all up, even put on my hat and coat, and then Billy" (Billy being her mother) "would find that I hadn't put on my shoes and stockings. She'd send me to my room to put them on. It took courage, I tell you, so I'd sing. I was such a little kidlet that I couldn't speak plainly, but I'd try violently to warble that

old melody, 'Scotland's Burning.' While I would be dragging on my stockings and shoes, I would carol, 'Neeno neening' and other jabberings that were supposed to be the words. Sometimes they would find me in my room an hour later, sitting and singing and my feet and legs still unclad.

"But the fact of going through that picture with mules on, is not the worst. A year or so ago in New York we were invited to a luncheon party at the Waldorf-Astoria—in the main dining-room, too. It was to be quite a fussy affair, and I dressed up in my Sunday-go-to-meeting best, my suit skirt, by the way, striking high on my ankles. There were twenty or more present at the table, and it was just my bad luck to be called upon to talk. I stepped back from the table, and there was a roar of laughter. All eyes were focused on my feet. I looked down. Horrors! I had on a pair of old, floppy red mules! It was then and there that I wilted and ever after they called me 'Goody-Two-Shoes.'"

. . . . . .

The super-affection and real comradeship that exists between Miss Brockwell and her mother is one of the finest things in filmdom. Wherever Miss Gladys goes, Billy is there, and vice versa. They are inseparable, both at work and at play. Her mother is her business manager and secretary, her mentor—and her chum. And in appearance they are like sisters, not that Miss Gladys looks old but that Mrs. Brockwell looks young.

"She would never call me 'Mother,'" Mrs. Brockwell told me once, "not even when she was a baby. My name is Lillian, and it was that that my mother, who was with us a great deal, called me. She would say to Gladys, when Glad was a baby, 'Call her Mamma.' 'No! no!' Gladys would say. 'Ully!' —that being as nearly as she could pronounce Lillian.

"When she got older, 'Ully' became 'Billy,' and Billy has stayed with me."

Mrs. Brockwell left the stage only recently herself, after years of work in all its branches. For a season she played in support of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and for four years and a half was a member of the stock company at the Lafayette Theater in Washington, D. C. Mr. Brockwell, too, was an actor, and Miss Gladys virtually was born to the stage and reared on it, "though," Mrs. Brockwell explains, "I did not want her to become an actress. She just did."







At top, Miss Brockwell as the cafe-woman in "Her Parent's Sin;" top-center, Miss Brockwell as herself; immediately above, Miss Brockwell as the mother in "The Old High Chair." Below, Miss Brockwell is doing some of her literary work. The lady reading the manuscript is her mother, a friendly but uncompromising critic.



Witzel

Her first appearance was not unlike that of Maude Adams. She was a month old. Lillian Brockwell was playing a child's part (she was supposed to be thirteen years old) in "The Waifs of New York" at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, and carried Baby Gladys, who unknowingly played the part of her sister—a part she still plays—on the stage.

"She was a serious child," her mother said, "and life was one great tragedy to her, as it is to many children. She could not play comedy,—detested it, in fact—and I remember that once we went out together with a company, I to play leading parts and she to play ingenues. But we found that she would not do the comedy parts required of the ingenue, or else couldn't do them, and in two months we switched, she, then just fourteen years old, being the leading lady and I, her mother, the ingenue. And we had quite a successful season.

"Gladys is still essentially a tragedienne, preferring heavy character parts, but she has come to like comedy and do it well. How did it come? Life, I suppose. It usually does."

. . . . . .

Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn, September 26, 1893, and during her short life has crowded in a mass of dramatic experience that would startle a Boswell.

Her first part was that of a newsboy in a performance of "The Charity Ball" in Brooklyn, when she was six. She became, at seven, a member of the Lyceum Stock Company at Williamsburgh, New York, doing many of the oldtime favorites such as "Lord Fauntleroy" and "East Lynne."

Two seasons in stock, then a road tour with Franklin Ardell's sketch "Catastrophe" when she was fourteen (playing, in long dresses, the part of a newlywed), and next in musical comedy stock in Wichita, Kansas. "Of course I couldn't sing," she admits, "but I made a brave show of it.

"When I was fifteen I began my 'tank-town' experience in the middle west and west, playing in many villages where there were no theatres. We used

town halls and vacant storerooms, particularly in Utah, well off the railroad. I stayed in repertory for six or eight months and then joined a St. Elmo company, finally ending by going into stock with Willard Mack, now famous as a playwright, in Salt Lake City. He was the leading man and a matinee idol. I played ingenue parts with him for a season, went back to the road in repertory, and then back to Salt Lake to play leading parts with Mr. Mack in vaudeville stock—two different shows each week.

"Being venturesome, I took out a repertory company of my own, putting on 'The Great Divide,' 'Merely Mary Ann' and plays of that class.

"My first motion-picture experience was with Romaine Fielding, of the old Lubin company, putting on two and three-reel western melodramas in New Mexico. That was five years ago.

"Later I went with D. W. Griffith. He wasn't exactly impressed by my ability. In fact, he took great pains to tell me that as a screen actress I was about as bad as the worst. No matter! If he reads this, he'll probably say he hasn't changed his mind.

"I reached success through hard work. For one thing, I've had to build up my education, for, after I was thirteen, I got no schooling. I read during most of my spare time; that is, the spare time I am not giving to my music. For years I have been hungry to read, and now I delve deep into all manner of literature. While I am in my dressing-room making up or waiting to go on a scene, Billy reads to me—Shakespeare, old plays, old books, the best standards; things that will be helpful to me as an actress and as a woman.

"Though I admit that my ambition is to return to the speaking stage, even if I starve to death, I take my work here seriously. I go over the 'scripts carefully, and when I am playing I try to be, to feel and to think the character, whether I am off stage or on. This concentration is more of a strain than one imagines, and when I go home at night I'm usually too tired to do anything but tumble into a bath, have dinner and rest. So I don't have much social life.

"I write a great deal—articles and short stories and poetry. I'm really quite proud of my poetry. And I do a good deal of musical composition on the piano. I am getting out a book of twelve of my compositions, semi-classical, to be called 'Spangles.' I write down the first piano arrangement, and then have a professional musician correct it—"

"Myself," broke in her mother, "I think they're usually better before they're corrected . . . But—I'm her mother."

I was asked to write a personality story. I'm glad I didn't. I would rather have you know Miss Gladys—and I'm sure you'd rather know her that way—as her mother describes her. "She is," says Billy, "quite a kid."

Blame Us—Mr. Bryan

If curiosity really killed a cat, it looks bad for us



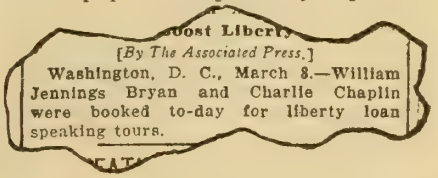
Presenting William Jennings Bryan in a tableaux you'll never see in your favorite theatre.

© Underwood & Underwood

FUNNY how things begin, isn't it?

Recently a Chicago reader of PHOTOPLAY phoned in asking if it were true that William Jennings Bryan—none other—is to take the place of the late Eric Campbell as Chaplin's foil.

Although the entire editorial department was severely shocked, we gradually regained our normal composure and then determinedly and scientifically sought to trace the rumor. This newspaper item probably explains it:



[*By The Associated Press.*]
Washington, D. C., March 8.—William Jennings Bryan and Charlie Chaplin were booked to-day for liberty loan speaking tours.

But our curiosity was only half satisfied. We wondered how the great Commoner would look behind the tonsorial accoutrement of filmland's according-to-Sennett heavy comedian. Succumbing after an ineffective battle, we called in our retouch artist and—well, here you see Mr. Bryan as he probably will never be seen again.

We just simply couldn't resist the temptation, Mr. Bryan.

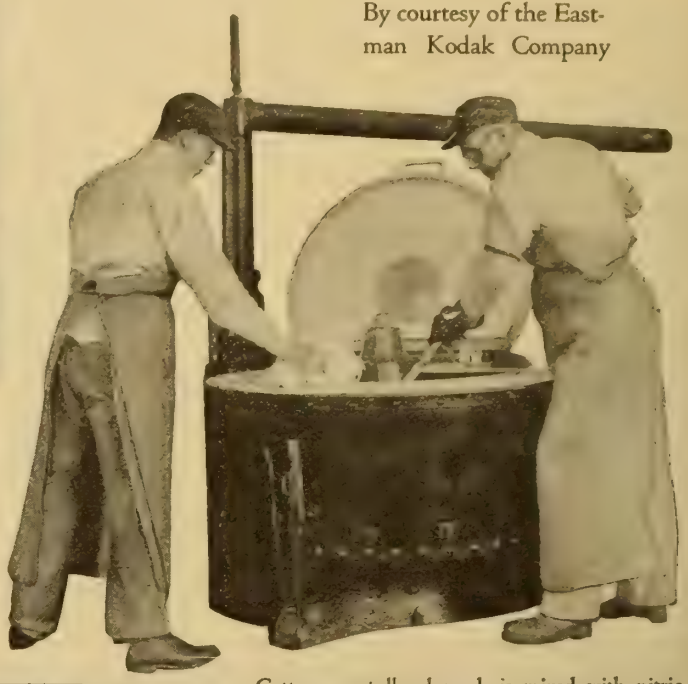
All That Flickers Isn't Gold!

Tons of pure silver are used each week in the manufacture of photoplay film

By courtesy of the Eastman Kodak Company

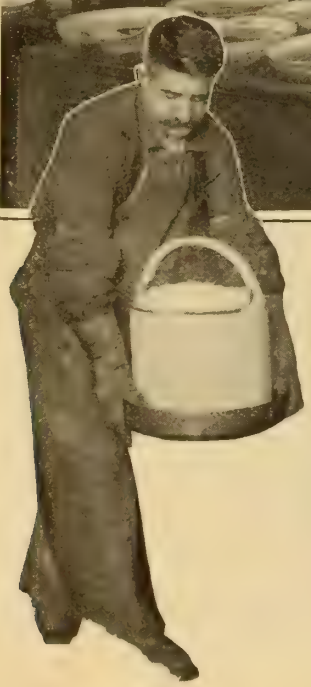


We all realize the tremendous task of producing a movie; we know of the scenario work — the selecting of players and even of the important processes of developing. But few of us understand the process of manufacturing the film itself. Maybe you didn't know that the film is made largely of silver — pure silver, and cotton — ordinary plantation-variety cotton. The Eastman people use over two tons of silver a week in the manufacture of film. The picture above shows the weighing of the white metal. Each bar tips the scales at about forty-two pounds.

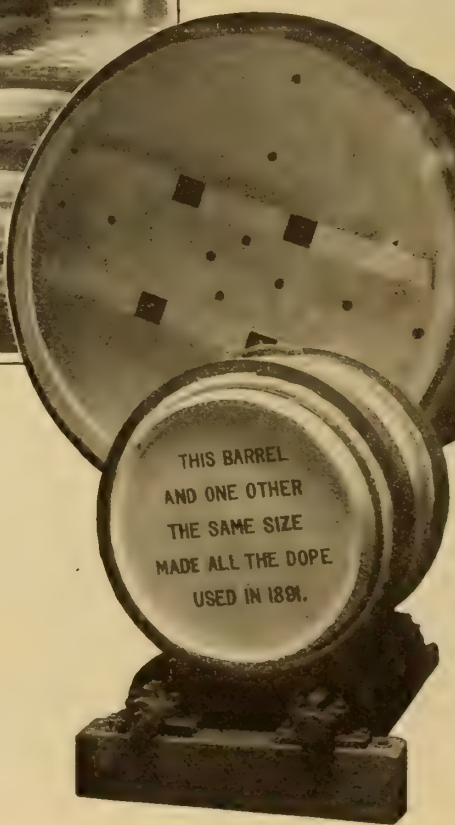


Cotton, carefully cleaned, is mixed with nitric and sulphuric acids. After immersion the nitrated cotton is put into centrifugal vats of organic solvents, changing the cotton to a honey-like liquid called "dope." This is poured over a smooth surface and when hardened constitutes the film body. On this is spread the sensitive coating. The film is then cut into regulation strips, carefully inspected, and is then ready for the camera.





After the weighing process the silver is taken to the nitrating department and put into bowls of dilute nitric acid. (As shown above). By evaporation, silver nitrate crystals are formed, shown in the white basket at left, in which there are 1000 ounces. These crystals are mixed with a solution of potassium bromide and dissolved gelatin, forming the light-sensitive coating. The emulsion used for motion picture film is more sensitive than that for the ordinary kodak film as the period of exposure is briefer.



This illustrates how the film-making industry has grown since the inception of the motion picture. The small, inscribed barrel served adequately when the ordinary kodak film was the sole output. But today — when scores of studios are calling for thousands of feet of film — well, the row of big barrels, used in mixing the dope, hardly suffices.

Matching Up Families in the Movies

YOU never thought of that, did you? Yes, for a "family picture" the casting director scours the country and the different studios to find an actress who looks enough like a famous star to be her "mother"; or an actor who sufficiently resembles the hero to pass as his father—on the screen.





Violet Wilkey in "The Birth of a Nation" portrayed, in the first part of that production, the little sister. Later Mae Marsh stepped into the little sister's shoes and so great was the likeness of the two that many thought Griffith had held the picture a year or two to have the sister grow up enough to show the lapse of time. Above, Mae Marsh as "Flora Cameron" in "The Birth of a Nation." Left, Violet Wilkey in a scene from another picture.



In "A Tale of Two Cities," Florence Vidor had the part of "Mimi," the little victim of the guillotine. Her startling resemblance to William Farnum was noticed at the studio. Consequently when it was necessary to find a sister for Bill in his next production, "American Methods," Miss Vidor was selected. She has been climbing the fair road to fame ever since.



At left—a scene from "The Americano." Lillian Langdon and Douglas Fairbanks are said to resemble one another so much that Miss Langdon is often cast as the mother of "Doug."





Herschall Mayall is George Walsh's father nine times out of ten in Walsh productions. Why? Note the same nose, the same jaw and the same frown. The resemblance is striking.

Kittens Reichert plays the childhood of Theda Bara in "Heart and Soul." The eyes of the little Fox star and of the world's widest known screen siren are said to be identically the same in expression.

She's in the "Waities"

Marjorie Daw waits longer now than she did for glory

By Elizabeth Peltret

MOVING pictures have been given all sorts of names since the days when they were an infant industry. Zoetrope, thaumatrope, phenakistoscope, animatoscope, Kaleidorama, biograph and cinematograph are a few, to say nothing of the more recent term "movie," but Marjorie Daw, of Lasky's, says that the only name which really fits this now uninfant industry is "waitie."

"There are a hundred and one things, from lights and props to temperaments, that just naturally make us wait our lives away," she said in her best tragic manner. "And then people say we're in the movies! Why, even Mr. Fairbanks does more waiting than moving and that's saying something, don't you think?



Did you know Marjorie Daw waited three years for happiness—inside a plaster cast? Curvature of the spine.

"I'm working—I mean waiting—in a picture with Mr. Fairbanks now," she went on. "I haven't done a thing this week, but as Mr. Dwan has no way of knowing just when he will need me, I have to stay here with my make-up on all day, just the same."

Even as an extra, Marjorie Daw, did most of her waiting inside the studio instead of in the extras' waiting room. And, now, she has moved so far that at seventeen she is a leading lady.

"Perhaps it was through the workings of the well-known Law of Compensation or Poetic Justice that I did so little waiting when I started working in the movies," she said. "You see, I had waited most of my life. That's about all you can do when you have curvature of the spine. My back was in a plaster cast for three years!"

And now she plays leading parts with Doug Fairbanks! It does sound something like poetic justice!

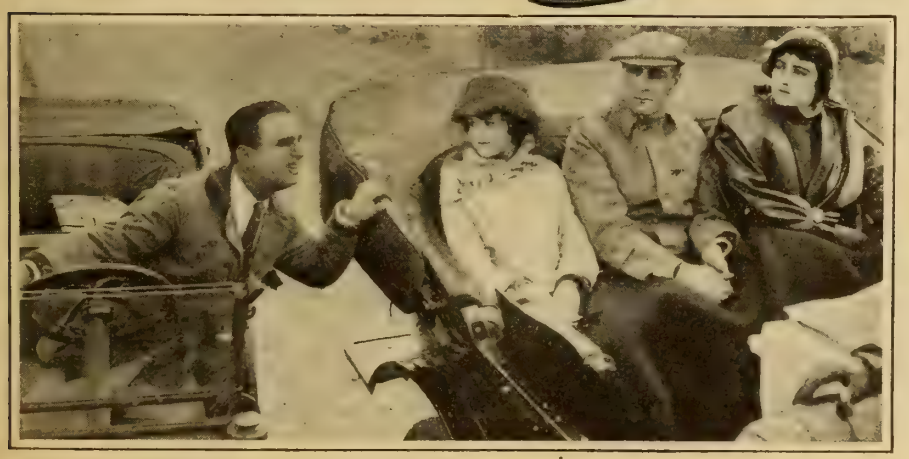
"I was given an ingenue part in my first picture. It was 'The Love Victorious' with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison, for Universal.

"You know, extra people go from studio to studio. At that time, Geraldine Farrar was at Lasky's making 'Carmen' and she happened to see me there and take an interest in me."

On Geraldine Farrar's advice, Cecil B. De Mille gave the little girl a five-year contract. Marjorie Daw's days of waiting outside with the "atmosphere" were over almost before they began.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is the first Lasky picture Marjorie Daw appeared in. Others are "The Unafraid" with Rita Jolivet, "The Secret Orchard" with Blanche Sweet, "The Puppet Crown" with Ina Claire and Raymond Hatton, and "Out of Darkness" with Charlotte Walker.

When she reached the "awkward" age the company sent her away to school. She came back only a little while ago very much "grown up"—hair on top of her head and everything. Some of her later pictures are "The Jaguar's Claw" with Sessue Hayakawa, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford, "The Man From Painted Post" and "A Modern Musketeer" with Douglas Fairbanks.



While we chatted, we heard laughter and unmistakable sounds of "kidding" from outside.

It was Marshall Nielan directing a bowl of goldfish. We went out to watch. He would tap on the bowl with one finger, then clap his hands and say.

"Jump, you little devils, jump!"

The camera man was ready to start as soon as the goldfish was ready.

"More waities" remarked the girl with the nursery-rhyme name. "Mary Pickford held up by a temperamental goldfish. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

The



In the Hohenzollern Club was consternation! Von Papen, raging, stared at the dictograph transmitter on the wall.

SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, waging secret warfare on America. Harrison Grant, the Club president, has secretly installed a dictaphone in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies. Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictaphone aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe. Dixie Grant, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He sees her in company with Heinric von Lertz, whom he knows to be the New York secret representative of Ambassador von Bernstorff, and wonders if she is German aide or American. Grant thwarts a plot to bring on a strike that would stagnate all eastern America, finding its impetus in sinking of ships, presumably by the longshoremen. Grant succeeds in obtaining the famous "secret portfolio" of Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy of the German Imperial Government. This portfolio reveals many of the Teuton plot plans. Grant thwarts a plan to bomb American vessels.

CHAPTER IX

The Munitions Campaign

THINGS happen quickly when the spies of Imperial Germany are at work. Within less than a month after Count Johann von Bernstorff had held a certain conference over blue prints and plans in the Imperial German Embassy at Washington, another conference was held in the office of Captain Franz von Papen, attended by von Bernstorff himself, by Dr. Heinrich Albert, the fiscal spy, by von Papen, Boy-Ed and von Lertz. And also by J. S. Slakberg who, a month before, had shown plans and blue prints to Ambassador Bernstorff, only to receive the opinion of the ambassador that "it would be the greatest achievement Germany has yet accomplished." And now—

Slakberg smiled queerly as he eyed the assembly.

"Production of shells of all calibres began for the French this morning at the A. T. R. munitions plant," he announced.

"For the French?" Captain von Papen looked up with wide eyes. "For the French—and you allow it? What did you become secretary of that plant for? What did—."

"Pardon me a moment, your excellency!" Slakberg, the spy, smiled in his most ingratiating way. "I must repeat

EAGLE'S EYE



By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service
Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Through that momentous period before we entered the war, he and his men — the nation's Eagle Eye — struggled to stop the bestial plottings of Germans within our gates.



"Pack up everything," cried Grant. "They've discovered our dictograph!"

that in the very munitions plant in which I have become secretary, production of shells of all calibres began for the French this morning. They have been paid for by the French. They will be delivered to the French. But they are being made according to false plans! As soon as the agreement had been signed between the A. T. R. munitions works and the French government, the plans for the shells were naturally turned over to me. And when that was done, I substituted other plans that will cause every shell turned out by the A. T. R. to be made according to German measurements; to fit only German guns!

"When the shells reach the French front, they will not fit the French guns. The poilus will be unable to keep up their artillery fire. The Prussians will then be able to advance without any fear from French artillery. The French will be forced to retreat, leaving their ammunition behind them, so that our forces will be able to use that ammunition in our own guns! America is now making ammunition for us and France is paying for it!"

Gloating laughter sounded—the laughter of Germany's arch spies. Then von Papen came forward, drying the ink on a check he had just signed.

"In token of Imperial Germany's esteem," he announced, handing the check to Slakberg. "May you deserve and receive many more of them!"

Thus ended a conference of murder. A week later, three important things happened.

One of them concerned one of Heinric von Lertz's inevitable visits to Dixie Mason; a visit in which von Lertz's overcoat was thrown carelessly over the back of a chair, revealing an envelope in one of the pockets; a visit which had its sequel when Dixie's maid came forth from an adjoining room, following von Lertz's departure, a smile on her dusky face, a piece of paper in her hand.

"Ah done just got it copied in time to shove de envelope back in his pocket 'fore he tooked his coat," she announced with a grin. Dixie Mason scanned the copied notation. A second later she turned quickly.

"Get me clothing appropriate for a munition worker," she ordered. "I'm going to seek employment in the A. T. R. factory."

For the notation which Dixie's maid had copied, read:

"Report for Dr. Albert

"Everything is working out to our satisfaction at the A. T. R. Munitions factory. J. S. S."

So much for one happening. The second concerned Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, who sat in his office reading an article in the daily paper concerning the large war order upon which the A. T. R. factory was working, and quoting J. S. Slakberg, the secretary, regarding the amount of munitions to be produced. A knock at the door and the cashier of a bank entered.

"Mr. Grant," he began, "some time ago you wrote, asking us to allow you to see any checks that Franz von Papen issued on our bank. Here is one I think will interest you."

He passed over the check that Franz von Papen had made out in payment for the changing of the plans of the French munitions and the deliberate betrayal of America into a breeding place of murder. Hurriedly Grant compared the name on the check with that of the newspaper notice he had just read.

"So!" he mused, "J. S. Slakberg is the secretary of a company making munitions for France—and receiving checks from the personal checkbook of Franz von Papen!"



"You!" exclaimed Grant. "The evidence is absolute, Miss Mason. You are under arrest!"

As for the third happening, it concerned J. S. Slakberg and the electrician of the A. T. R. Munitions company. Together they stood in the powerhouse of the great munitions works, while the electrician held forth a device very much like the spark-plug of an automobile.

"As I understand it, you don't want to blow up the plant unless there is some trouble?" he asked.

"Correct," answered the scheming secretary. "As everything stands now, the plant is of more value to Germany in producing shells than it would be if the place were destroyed. But I want you to be ready for any emergency. That's why I asked you to rig up this device. So, is everything ready?"

"Quite," came the answer of the electrician. "I've connected a dead wire in the loading room to this switch. When the time comes, I'll insert this sparker in the light socket of the wire. Then when I throw the switch, the electricity from the sparker will ignite the explosive dust from the loading table. The factory will be blown to pieces!"

Nor was it long until each happening had its sequel. Within an hour, Harrison Grant was in the office of the Munitions Works, little knowing that in the loading room a new "girl" had been put to work—Dixie Mason. Besides, Harrison Grant's mind was on something else.

"Mr. Slakberg," he was saying as he dawdled the plans of the factory's output, "did I understand you to say that these plans were drawn in Paris?"

"Yes, of course."

"And naturally, they've been in your possession all the time?"

"Certainly."

"Then—" Harrison Grant rose from his position at the desk, "will you kindly explain to me why these Parisian plans bear a German watermark?"

A quick movement as Slakberg made a rush for the door. A parry and he had been stopped, as Harrison Grant brought forth a pair of handcuffs and threatened him with them. The German smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"No need for those," he sneered. "I'll go peaceably."

And peaceably he went—so peaceably that Harrison Grant did not notice the cigar he threw away as they passed the main building of the plant, nor the electrician who hurried to pick it up. But someone else noticed—Dixie Mason!

Hardly had the electrician broken the cigar and read the paper curled within than Dixie Mason had left the loading room, under pretext of illness. A quick bit of reconnoitering and she had obtained the paper, where the electrician spy had thrown it away—to stare at the wording:

"Warn von Papen!"

Then Dixie took the trail, to shadow the electrician to the saloon where he hurried to telephone, then to watch him from a distance as he hurried away to receive his signals of destruction—the characteristic German method of breaking all messages in two forms of delivery. It was late at night when that second group of instructions came—flashed from an electric light on a hill far away from the watching electrician. Dixie, in hiding, could only see a part of them. The rest came when the electrician hurried to a switch light, read the dots and dashes he had marked on a bit of paper, then hurried away again. And following him came Dixie Mason, to pick up the paper and to transcribe the dots and dashes into:

"Blow up factory at once!"

Speed! Speed and action! Every nerve in Dixie Mason's body strained to the utmost. Far across the railroad yards where the spy had sped, Dixie could see his form

as it hurtled through the air and clambered to the side of a fastly moving freight train. Hurriedly Dixie crossed the tracks that intervened, seeking to catch the same train and arrive at the plant simultaneously with the spy. But impossible. The speed was too great now—she lost her hold and, careening and tumbling, rolled to the bottom of the steep embankment.

But only for a moment did she remain there. Dragging herself to her feet, she ran toward a small motor service station, there to show her secret service commission, obtain a motorcycle and hurry onward.

And while she rushed toward the doomed munitions plant, Harrison Grant and the president of the A. T. R. works were hearing the confession of Slakberg, as he gave it in the rooms of the Criminology Club. The spy was worn now and haggard. Hours of questioning had beaten him down. Sentence by sentence he had given the whole gruesome story, finally to add:

"We wanted plenty of ammunition for the big German drive. We knew this was the best way to get it!"

"You've got your car downstairs?" Grant asked.

"Yes," answered the president.

"Good! We must stop all work at the factory at once! Not another shipment of shells must be forwarded! We must hurry!"

But at that moment the electrician spy was hurrying into the yards of the munitions works, while Dixie Mason, on her motorcycle, was rushing to save the plant.

A quarter of a mile resolved itself into a hundred yards. Then Dixie Mason rushed into the factory yard, to leap from the motorcycle, to hurry into the building and give the warning:

"Out—out everybody! The plant's about to be blown up!"

Screaming and crying, thousands of women rushed for the exits, Dixie preceding them as she ran toward the powerhouse, where she had seen the form of the electrician entering. The sparker already had been placed in its socket. The hand of the electrician was on the switch. Dixie leaped at him—but, too late! He slammed the switch into place, catching the sleeve of Dixie's dress therein, while from without came the thundering reverberation of the factory as it seemed literally to lift itself into the air.

Dixie gave silent thanks that she had at least warned the workers and given them a chance to escape. Then she sagged against the switchboard.

A man was before her, accusing, threatening.

"You!" he exclaimed. "You!" Then, with an effort: "The evidence is absolute, Miss Mason. You are under arrest!"

And Dixie Mason, looking into the face of Harrison Grant, remained silent. Silent



Hastily the men sought to restore the contents of that box. But Dixie had seen. In that long pine box had not rested a casket—but military rifles!

as he turned at the sound of a shot from without, then, hearing his name called, brought forth a pair of handcuffs and fastened her to the gate of the switchboard. A second more and he was gone—forth to where the yard-watchman had felled the electrician as he sought to escape—then to return.

But when he returned, it was to find only a handcuff hanging on the gate of the switchboard. The other handcuff of the pair was gone—and with it Dixie Mason!

CHAPTER X

The Invasion of Canada

There was only one conclusion for Harrison Grant to reach—that Dixie Mason had at last been proved a spy, that she had wilfully thrown the switch that had plunged a million dollar factory to tangled steel and warped framework, to say nothing of threatening the lives of thousands of workers. The manner of her escape was simple—a rubber glove and the burnt end of the handcuff told the story of how she had laid the chain of the handcuff across the switch and burnt it off with electricity. And if she had not been a spy—why should she have done this?

Harrison Grant gave up the question. After all, there was only one answer and that answer throbbed through the brain of Harrison Grant. Dixie Mason a spy—caught and proven!

Nor could Harrison Grant know that Dixie Mason was at that moment detailing to Heinric von Lertz just how she had "aided" in blowing up the A. T. R. munitions works, and seeking to prove to him that she was heart and soul with Germany as he worked to sever the handcuff from her wrist. As for Heinric von Lertz, he accepted every word with a ravenous avidity, finally to throw the severed handcuff aside, rise and bow before the little Secret Service operative.

"Imperial Germany salutes you!" he announced eagerly. "Will you accompany me to von Papen's office and receive his thanks also?"



"Will you kindly explain to me," demanded Grant, "why these Parisian plans bear a German watermark?"

Dixie Mason smiled as she accepted his offer—a smile of double meaning. A half hour later she stood in the office of Capt. von Papen, looking into the congratulatory faces of the Captain, and his cohorts, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert and Madame Stephan. On Capt. von Papen's desk she glimpsed the various papers, her whole attention centering at last upon a letter which evidently had been hastily laid aside—a letter which read:

"Your Excellency:

"All stations along the Canadian border have been supplied with arms excepting the main one at Exter. As soon as this is taken care of, we will proceed, plans having been made to raid Windsor, Montreal, Winnipeg and practically every other city of Canada.

"One hundred thousand German reservists are available. All can cross the Canadian line at once. Von Lertz and Madame Stephan will direct the main movement from Exter. *B. E."*

The plotters were gathered at the other end of the room, paying little attention to her. A second later, however, they ran to her. She had "fainted."

"I'll take her home, poor little girl," von Lertz announced. "She had a hard time at the munitions works."

A half hour later, Dixie Mason, stretched on the divan of her apartment, thanked von Lertz and said goodby to him. Then as the door closed behind him, the little girl of the Secret Service leaped to hurried and mysterious preparations. Two hours later, Harrison Grant, of the Criminology Club, sat in his office reading a special delivery letter:

"Have warned Chief Flynn of camps along border to invade Canada. Hold self in readiness for big raid on Exter. Will keep you informed under name of Randolph Bruce. *Operative 324."*

And the inexplicable part of it to Harrison Grant was that his card index of the names of Secret Service operatives bore the notation:

"Operative 324—Name withheld."

Then came the days of waiting, days in which Harrison Grant awaited some call from headquarters, some message from the mysterious operative. But there was only silence of effort, however. For in the dingy station of a small town on the Canadian border, a dirty-faced "boy" was working at a new job—that of volunteer assistant to the station agent and keeping "his" eyes open for every possible clue.

"He" had already learned that at a great camp in the big gorge outside town, hundreds of men were gathering, just as they were gathering at twenty or thirty other places along the Canadian border. Secondly "he" had learned that this was the main camp of them all, that Heinric von Lertz and Madame Stephan would send the word from here when to strike and where. And thirdly, "he" had learned that the little undertaking shop of J. B. Dollings, across the way from the railroad station, had something to do with the purposed raids on Canada—but what, the dirty-faced "boy" could not learn. "His" mind puzzled to discover, until—

"Car of caskets just came in for you, Mr. Dollings!" It was the voice of the dirty-faced "boy" as he gave the undertaker a bill of lading the next day. The undertaker turned excitedly.

"Good! Bloedt! Rudolph! Mahlen! Unload those caskets from the cars. I must send a telegram!"

And there was something about that excitement which caused a thrill to leap into the heart of Dixie Mason, otherwise the "dirty-faced boy" of the railroad station. She watched the men as they began to unload the gruesome boxes. One crashed to the ground. Hastily the men had sought to restore the contents of that box. But Dixie had seen in spite of them. And in that long pine box had not rested a casket—but military rifles! Hundreds of them!

She knew that the time to strike was close now! Hurriedly she veered to the railroad station, to search through the telegrams and find the copy of the one sent by Dollings, a message to von Papen that read:

"Everything O. K. Can strike tomorrow.

Dollings."

The station agent was out of the office. Dixie's fingers sought the key.

"Harrison Grant," she tapped, "Criminology Club, New York City. Danger! Come quick! Wire arrival! Randolph Bruce!"

But would the message reach there in time? Would the message bring Grant and his men thundering into this little town to stop the invasion of Canada that would threaten every principal town, destroy bridges, tunnels, factories, result in holding the soldiers of the Dominion on this side of the Atlantic and begin the opening of a breach that might not be closed between the United States and Great Britain? Would there be time for this?

She waited until nightfall, then followed to see von Lertz and Madame Stephan direct the stacking of the rifles in preparation for the arrival of the reservists due to flock into town at any moment. As yet—no word from Grant.

Through the long night she waited, waited while throughout the northern states, every train brought in its quotas of reservists, while captains and commanders of the invasion marshaled their forces, while every arrangement was made for the great blow that was to be struck at Canada.

Morning brought no message. Dixie Mason was about discouraged.

Then the staccato sound of the telegraph instrument. She started forward, almost pushing the old station master out of the way in her eagerness to reach the instrument. But he was there before her—there and taking the message. But it was not a message from Harrison Grant. It was a message which brought a choking into the throat of Dixie Mason, a thudding into her heart:

"Heinric von Lertz, Exter, M. (Delayed in transit). Secret Service on way. Danger. Disperse F. V. P."

Dixie knew the name the initials stood for. Wide-eyed she watched the station agent as he hurried through the door, to catch von Lertz and Madame Stephan just as they were returning from the camp. The Secret Service was on the way—but would it arrive too late?



"Baroness Verbecht," sneered Madame Stephan, "your purpose is clear! You think you can work into my place as chief of Germany's women spies in America! You can't!"

The telegraph instrument again. And this time the message was the one Dixie Mason sought:

"Randolph Bruce, Exter M. (Delayed) Arriving 6.40.

Grant."

Twenty minutes later, the train containing Harrison Grant and his men rolled into the little station—to find waiting motor cars lined at the side of the track.

"A Secret Service fellow gave us orders," the drivers announced. "Rather, it wasn't anything but a boy. He says to be sure to raid that undertaking shop. We're going to the camp."

On thundered the machines, to stop down the road as a boy hailed them and gave them directions, then to ride on again. Far up on a side road, Heinric von Lertz and Madame Stephan, raging at the defeat of their plan, whirled away to escape, picking up the undertaker, Dollings, as they went. Up at the Canadian border, mounted troops, summoned from twenty barracks at once, rushed forward to protect the passes, the tunnels, the bridges, and throw a solid line of soldiery along the entire border. Out at the camp—

A great rush of Secret Service men. A battering of windows, a crashing and smashing—the snapping and bark of guns—then the muttering of men under arrest. The reservists had been captured—the wireless with which the camp was equipped, snapped out orders which resulted in the arrest of hundreds of men all the way along the border. Harrison Grant and the members of the Criminology Club again looked upon the remains of a plan defeated, a scheme of Imperial German murder gone to nothing.

"Keep these fellows here awhile," ordered Grant," "I'm going to look around."

Out he went and into the gorge, to examine the powder-house, the supply depots, the surrounding territory. Suddenly he started at the sight of a small, boyish figure on the ground—where it had fallen from sheer sleepiness and exhaustion. He hurried forward.

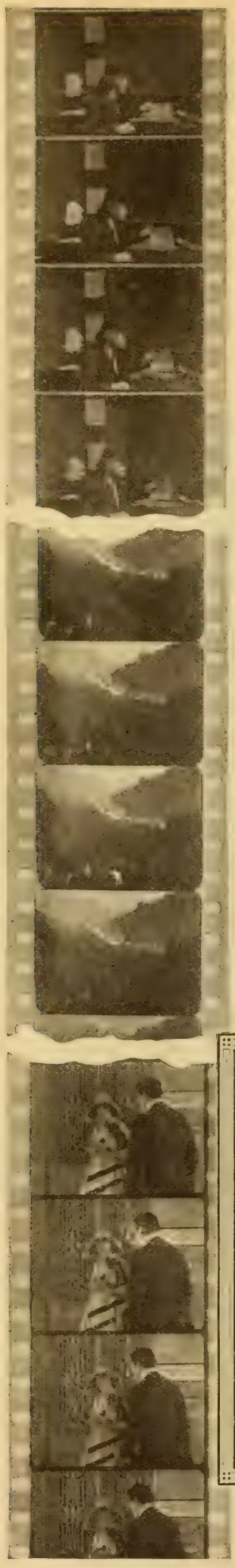
"Poor little kid," he said to himself. "All in. I'll take him back to—."

He placed an arm about the form of the "boy" and lifted him up. Then he gasped. For the hat had fallen from the head of the "boy," to allow the smooth flowing hair of a girl to fall about the quiet face. The coat dropped back, revealing the star of the Secret Service. "Dixie Mason" breathed Harrison Grant. "Dixie Mason—not a spy after all!"

And his arm closed about her a little tighter than was necessary—for Harrison Grant was happy.

Happy in the knowledge that the girl he now knew he

(Continued on page 112)



Putting It Together

Photoplays are often made or ruined in the cutting room.

By Helen Starr

TWO women, meeting at a luncheon, were talking of recent photoplays they had seen.

"The picture was pretty and all," said one, "but the story seemed mixed up."

Then she attempted to explain what was wrong with it. But its faults were intangible. Had an English house been flashed on the screen as an old Southern homestead, or a girl shown playing tennis in an evening dress, then she could have explained the faults. The public are location and wardrobe wise by this time but they are not yet "cutting wise." The picture this woman couldn't "get" was a jumble because it had been assembled by a "cutter" who used scissors and no headwork.

Film surgery is a developing art, as yet but little understood by the public. Ten years ago school boys did the cutting. It required no brains—only agile fingers for snipping purposes. You see, the scenes were—and still are—taken on long strips of negative. Perhaps, at the start of the picture, Nellie is shown leaving her town in Vermont in scenes designated 2, 3 and 5. At the end of the picture—say scenes 45 and 46—a wiser and repentent Nellie comes back to Vermont. To save time, the director takes all the railroad station scenes the same morning and on the same roll of film. But before each scene is taken the assistant writes the scene number on a slate and the camera man grinds his crank as the slate is held up before the camera.

This system avoids mixups after the film is developed. And in the early days, when the school boy cutter came around to the studio, he sat down with his scissors and snipped off the film, pasting the strips in their proper sequence as regarded their scene numbers. The company then had a new photoplay, or rather a new "movie."

One day a "smart guy" discovered that the picture would be more interesting if the scissors were used to cut part of each scene away, as for instance, some of the film which showed Nellie buying her railroad ticket, checking her trunk and other commonplace actions.

He slashed into a strip of dazzling ballroom stuff, showing the guests all in evening dress and inserted a strip of film showing poor Agnes sitting home alone in her tenement room wishing she were at the ball. Then he pasted more ballroom stuff after the poverty scene. When the piece of film was run off the picture was far more interesting than if yards and yards of ballroom action had been reeled off uninterruptedly. Strong contrast was thus afforded, for it was impossible to forget poor, sad Agnes while looking at the gay and selfish dancers at the ball.

But this wise cutter overdid the scissors stuff. He exhibited a great disregard for fact and logical sequence. The ballroom stuff having been doctored, it was evident that the dancers had all miraculously changed partners since first shown.

Cutters who followed said that the film must not be chopped up so that the story jumps from here to there and from one scene to another without a reason. It wasn't enough to excite the audience by a lot of "cut backs" and inserts; it must be made logical. So the intelligent cutter who saw the light of reason and who possessed dramatic instinct came into the film manufacturing business—men like Mack Sennett, the comedy producer, who is regarded as a master cutter as well as producer, Frank Lawrence of Universal, Del Andrews of Triangle, Arthur Ripley of Fox, Jimmy Smith with D. W. Griffith, Billy Shea of the Fairbanks Company, and clever women cutters like little Rose Smith (Jimmy's wife), who cut "Intolerance" and is now with the Mary Pickford Company, and Anne Bauchens of Lasky, and a dozen or so others.

Before the modern cutter begins his work on a film he



There is no doubt that the artistic genius about filmland centers in directors and actors—yet they need the cutter's hard sense as a balance.

reads the scenario carefully. While the picture is being taken he—or she—often goes on location and watches the company at work. Rose Smith of the Pickford Company and Billy Shea, Doug Fairbanks' cutter, see every scene "shot," so that they are familiar with every bit of film before they start cutting.

The director "shoots" many hundred feet of extra material so that the cutter, or himself, if he makes the "selections," can choose the best of the lot. The director takes every difficult acting scene two or three times and if the company is playing in a picturesque locality he shoots bits of the surrounding country which might fit well in the finished picture.

In the long run this shooting of extra stuff is good economy, particularly if many actors are employed for the day to take part in big scenes. For, if it were later found that the extra stuff was necessary, re-hiring of the "mob" would result at additional expense.

Again, a director may spend many hours trying to get a difficult scene only to have it thrown into the scrap basket. Another may supervise the building of an expensive set which appears for a brief moment in the finished picture. And directors only too often run away with themselves in shooting beautiful exteriors. There is no doubt that the artistic genius about filmdom centers in the directors and actors—that is what they are paid for—and yet they need the cutter's hard sense as a balance. The cutter sees the story as a whole and is required to shave it down to a certain number of reels. Thus he can only use the scenes which go toward making a logical story that an audience can both enjoy and understand. The cutter also sees to it that the spoken and other titles are inserted in the right places.

A great deal of power lies in the hands of the cutter. He can make or break a play or a player. In a big plant the cutter may not even have a nodding acquaintance with the actors and yet he sees all their work as it runs through his hands in the film. Some unknown little extra girl who is given a small bit to play may do it exceptionally well. If so the cutter will keep her full scene in the finished picture. But if a player is a poor actor good eyesight is required to catch the fleeting glimpse of his work on the screen. The cutter does him a favor by omitting his worst attempts.

An ingenious cutter can save his company much money which would otherwise be spent in production. In a certain war picture an effect was gained whereby thousands of soldiers seemed engaged in battle. The production manager raised his voice in protest at the costly army of extras.

"There were only seventy real soldiers in that scene," explained the cutter. "We cut the picture so it seemed as if thousands took part—first a long shot of the seventy fighting amid battle smoke on one side, then closer shots of a dozen or two soldiers running in from the right, another dozen running in from the left, another long shot of the seventy soldiers but now wearing the uniforms of the enemy and fighting on the opposite side, then back to a shot of the hero and his forces and so on throughout the



Mary Pickford perusing her picture after it has gone through the hands of the ruthless "film surgeon."

THE cutter sees the story as a whole and pastes in scenes which make a picture an audience can both enjoy and understand. By interspersing flashes of individual soldiers in battle scenes (shown in two panels at right) personal phases of the conflict are established in the mind of the observer. Also, the cutter must make over a director's mistakes. The three strip pictures on page opposite illustrate his watchfulness. The man shown at the desk held the letter in his right hand in closeup scene. The scenic strip was omitted because the cutter thought it unnecessary. In the bottom strip, the film originally showed the man entering from the left when he should have entered at the right in order to make logical the preceding scene, which showed him in the hall, about to enter the room at his right. Merely by turning the film over, the cutter corrected this error.







The cutting and assembling of "Intolerance" required many months. It was no small feat to weave the four stories together.

picture." It was just a matter of reverse camera shots and joining them together so cleverly that any audience would be deceived.

Making over the director's mistakes is part of the cutter's duty. Perhaps an actor in a certain scene picked up a letter in his right hand before he crossed a room. Then maybe the lighting made it impossible to go on taking more scenes that day and the next scenes were not begun until the following morning. By that time neither actor or director could remember whether the letter was picked up in the right or left hand. The actor thinks he carried it in his left hand so does his next scene that way. He was wrong as the cutter finds out when the film runs through his hands. This has to be fixed up by cutting to some other scene after the actor picks up the letter the first time or else by discarding all the film which precedes that before the actor finally puts the letter on the table across the room. Nowadays in the big companies the director has an assistant, usually a stenographer, who keeps a record of all the details of every scene so that such mistakes are almost impossible.

The matter of progression is most important. If an actor is seen in a dining-room set and if he goes out a door at the left of the screen, it is obvious that when we next "pick him up" in the parlor he must be seen entering the parlor at the right of the screen. But sometimes the cutter finds that the director has made a mistake in this regard. If so he can turn the film negative over. This process is called "using a duplicate negative" and as in reversing a kodak film, it makes the actor face in the desired direction.

The cutter has much to do in the matter of suspense. If police and criminals and rescuers are chasing the hero the cutter can work the affair up to a high pitch of excitement by the manner in which he reverts to one and then another of the characters. In one picture the hero was caught in a trap in the woods. The climax was spoiled because a short flash of his rescuer appeared so early in the film that the outcome was obvious.

Frank Lawrence of Universal is one of the best film surgeons in the business. He "grew up" at the Vitagraph plant and for sixteen years cut and revamped film for that organization. His practiced eye seems to grasp a hundred flaws the first time the film is run off for him and he makes it over into a healthy young photoplay in the time a younger cutter would be figuring out his first half reel. Lawrence cut "The Fall of a Nation," "The Battle Cry of Peace" and hundreds of other well known Vitagraph photoplays.

In the early Keystone days, it was generally understood that Mack Sennett "made" all his comedies in the cutting room. Free from all directing detail, his splendid dramatic sense could be entirely devoted to testing the "business" for its laugh-getting qualities.

"Intolerance" was cut by Jimmy Smith, his wife, Rose Smith, and D. W. Griffith, its producer. The cutting and assembling of this picture took many months, for it was no small feat to weave those four great stories into a photoplay which a normal mind could grasp. Mrs. Smith was recently loaned to Mr. Griffith by Mary Pickford to help him prepare for the screen his European war spectacle "Hearts of the World."

The Biggest Picture Show in the World



For two days a Kansas City newspaper recently held open house at Convention Hall, entertaining free of charge almost the entire population of the city with a simultaneous quadruple showing of a feature picture. The four screens were arranged in a square, and the projection on each so synchronized that a line of marching soldiers in a news reel was unbroken, and seemed to be marching around the square.



Monsieur Tourneur

Otherwise accurately called "the poet of the screen"

By Dorothy Nutting

MONSIEUR MAURICE TOURNEUR is French, there can be no mistake about that. The boom of his voice making baritone solos of perfect English phrased in the French manner, the twinkle of the poet's humor in his eyes—a twinkle most English or American men might scorn as a symptom of triviality—these symptoms bespeak his nationality. And were that not enough, one could know it by the delicacy of his touch in his picture productions that there is the soul of the Gallic troubadours somewhere in his makeup.

I shudder to think what a heavy hand would have done to such wisps of dream as "Prunella" and "The Blue Bird." How terrible to think of some master of melodrama "putting the punch" into them! But Tourneur is a poet of the screen. Like most men who have traveled widely, and especially like most Frenchmen who have traveled, he is a true play-boy. Whenever you find a man who is interested in a great variety of things, you will find a man who can easily entertain. He has much to draw from. Monsieur Tourneur is a true citizen of the world, and that is how it is that he is such an unusual director of moving pictures.

Tourneur began life—the important part of life, that is—studying Art and spelling it with a capital A, in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He doesn't say much about his painting, though he must have been a pretty fair artist, for years later he assisted Pavis de Chavannes in decorating the grand staircase of the Boston Public Library. But it was while he was studying art that he first met the cinema. At first, it was a great sensation in Paris, and with thousands of others he rushed off to see what miracle this was, that made pictures move.

The cinema tried to beckon to him. He haunted the funny little theatres which soon sprang up, paying often as much as fifty centimes (ten cents) a ticket. This was a great extravagance for the young student at the Lycee Condorcet, and soon abandoned, for he obtained an engagement with the great tragedienne, Rejane, who was making a tour of the world, including Africa.

"One unique engagement," says M. Tourneur, "was at Dakar, on the northern edge of the Sahara in Algiers. We reached the town on a queer sort of boat, the engine of which was dying by inches. We were due at eight o'clock at night, and arrived at midnight exactly. Everyone was asleep and we would lose our evening's receipts. We were all truly dismayed! For we needed the money, so Madame Rejane, with all her adorable aplomb, merely attached bells to the necks of a few of the natives and turned them loose to announce the news of our arrival. Behold, in half an hour there we had an audience ten times larger than we would have had at eight!"

In "Barbary Sheep," with Miss Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur achieved the haunting desert atmosphere and the lure of Saharan mystic romance to a bewitching degree.



But, to come back to America and the matter in hand, the art of this poet of the screen, his views are refreshingly different from that of most of the producers. For example:

"There is an odious



Some of his most valuable presentations are built around juvenile leads, of which "The Blue Bird" is one.

fallacy that a great many people still believe, in regard to the moving picture. It is almost as widespread as that the cinema is in its infancy. By that I mean the belief that we must give the public what it wants. To me, that is absurd. As absurd as if the fashion dictators should attempt to suit women's wishes in costumes. In reality, the opposite is the case, is it not? The fashion dictators say: 'Next year you shall look like umbrellas, ladies—but this year you shall be as a broomstick;' and the ladies obey like lambs and even enjoy their servitude! The public does not know what it wants until it sees it—how should it? So we must try over and over again, until we have discovered what it is they really do want to see."

Another of the Tourneur antipathies is the remark that many people think must be true today because Shakespeare made it many hundred years ago, "The play's the thing." This idea M. Tourneur combats with all the force at his command.

"I know there are few to agree with me," he said, "but I shall always assert that the play is *not* the thing. If it were true, one would merely read a play, and the acting, the beautiful presentation, the 'ensemble' as we say, would amount to nothing. Then, if the play were the thing, the lack of these, of the acting, the good interpretation and ensemble would not spoil it. To me, neither the play, the acting, the star, the director, nor the presentation, is the thing. It takes all of them.

"Of course, I believe that the play, a classic such as 'The Blue Bird,' 'A Doll's House' or 'Prunella' should not be changed. Nor should there be a dragged-in, illogical 'happy ending' to replace the author's conclusion. But I do believe that to make a screen success of any play of this sort there must be the best acting, the best directing and the best presentation available. And with the showing of it, good music. Any one of these elements missing, and your picture will not succeed.

"I enjoyed making 'The Blue Bird,'" he went on thoughtfully. "But if I could have had another six months to work on it, I would have enjoyed it much more. Then, too, I cannot work so well with children. They are disturbing. Work at the studio should go along smoothly like the clock—but, children, ah! they cannot be regulated! However, this I must say, that little Tula Belle and Robin MacDougall, the two child actors in 'The Blue Bird' are exceptionally clever little players and will be heard of one day in the future."



Rodin hinted at the coming of a man who could transfer the treasured abstracts of literary classics to the screen; make of the newer vehicle a distinctive art form. Such a man seems to be Tourneur.

Shortly before his death, Rodin expressed the belief that the motion picture was destined to become a great art form as well as a universal entertainment. "It requires," said the illustrious sculptor, "a director with vision, imagination, a grasp of all the arts, a keen sense of symbolic values, to carry the cinema to the point where it can express the evasive values of Maeterlinck, the twilight harmonies of Debussy, the subtle evocations of Verlaine. Such a man will be the Pierre Loti of the screen."

Curiously enough, M. Tourneur was, for a time, Rodin's pupil. Is he the fulfillment of Rodin's prophecy? One can easily imagine so from his "Barbary Sheep," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose of the World," "Prunella," "The Blue Bird," and "A Doll's House." This latter is a "tough nut to crack," in that Ibsen's works depend so much on symbol, upon suggestion, whispered conferences, key-words that unlock the subconscious and half-said truths.

In "Barbary Sheep," with Miss Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur achieved the haunting desert atmosphere, the lure of Saharan mystic romance to a bewitching degree. And he has

(Continued on page 119)



PITY POOR PAULINE!

She weeps and the world weeps with her.

A WOMAN who moralizes, 'tis said, is invariably ugly. There is one, however, who hasn't paid the penalty, though she's a confirmed moralist: Pauline Starke. But she'll grow; she's only seventeen—and at seventeen most of us were a wee bit inclined to moralize and philosophize and be generally altogether dingastedly serious about things dingastedly immaterial.

Perhaps it is because she is what is known to the films as a "sympathetic type" that Miss Pauline is so overwhelmingly serious. That is a necessary attribute, and pathetically, so is—er-er-er—slenderness, too. One crude gent describes her as reminding him of the famine in India, but he carries the thing too far. Miss Pauline will tell you herself that she is only five feet and three inches in height and weighs all of one hundred and ten pounds.

Pauline was born in Joplin, Missouri, in 1901. "Financial reasons," she euphemistically gives as the cause of her and her mother's going into picturedom. "We needed the money," says her mother, herself an actress. Not much glamour in that, is there? But wait! We haven't told even half!

Two years ago while Griffith was putting on "Intolerance," Pauline and her mother were doing extra parts for him. He gave up his studio, but it was through his help that Pauline got a place finally at Triangle, after a hard road of extra work. One day a young girl with a sympathetic appeal was needed for the photoplay "Until They Get Me." Bessie Love was leaving to join another company, and could not therefore be cast. Pauline was picked, and she's been a leading lady ever since, her greatest success being in "Shoes That Dance."

But pity poor Pauline! After climbing the ladder by means of fifty-four maid-servant parts (she's kept actual count), eight parts as scrub-women, innumerable times in mob scenes, eighteen as factory girls, seven as debutantes, twenty-four as waitresses—after all this, she's destined for the time being at least to provoke the audience's elusive teardrop. Her job is manufacturing sympathy, and to do that, it seems, one must put up with a good deal of screen downtrodding and be readily weepy. Glycerine tears, did you say? No sir! Pauline uses her own. And when she really cries so do those about her, yes, and you, too!

All of which doesn't prevent her from having her own California bungalow, her own auto, her own riding-horse and her own bank account.

Tearful life has its compensations.

"I'd Give a Dollar to See—"

Douglas Fairbanks weep.
Lillian Walker undimple.
Bill Farnum get licked.
Mary Miles Minter grow up.
Mary Pickford as Lady Macbeth.
Olga Petrova on roller skates.
Victor Potel taking a bath.
Bull Montana impersonate a society debutante.
Crane Wilbur with a Bowery haircut.
Flora Finch in a one-piece bathing suit.
Charlie Ray try to act with his hands tied.
Bill Hart held up by a Chicago gunman.
Roscoe Arbuckle as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
And Charlie Chaplin tackle the role of Simon Legree.

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

WELL, Folks,
It was a Great Day.
Just about Everybody in Chicago
Was There.
There was
A Parade, with
The Jackie Band,
And a String of Motors,
And Cheering Throngs
Lining the Sidewalks—
Just like a Movie—
When Marguerite Clark
Came to Chicago
Boosting the Third Liberty Loan.
I thought
It would be Fun
To Be in a Parade; I'd Never
Been in one Before, so
It Kind of Thrilled Me
To See 'Em Standing
On the Curb—
Where I Used to Stand—
Craning their Necks
To See Who was Who
Just as I Used to Do—
But
When we were Parading
Down the Boul Miche,
I—
I Had to Laugh.
It was So Funny.
Everybody in the Parade
Took it Seriously; and
The People outside
Were All in Earnest, too—
But
Honest, I don't See
How these Public Persons
Ever Do It.
I should Think
It'd Tickle them
To See
Those Boys Grab On
To the Tail of the Parade,
And March Along
As if they Belonged There.
And to See the Women
Nudge Each Other, and say,
"*There* she is! But
She doesn't Look
Like I Expected!"
But Maybe
They Get So
They Don't Mind;
And Maybe
Some of them
Lose their Sense of Humor,
After a While.

Just the Same,
I didn't For a Minute
Lose Sight of Marguerite Clark.
Every few Minutes
She'd Bob Up Somewhere—
Always Smiling.
She's Such
A Little Girl—
And all that Day
She had a Different Smile
For Everybody.
She Listened
To Someone
Who Stopped her in the Crowd
And Wanted to Take her Picture.
She Waited
While a Man
Told her All About
His Little Girl;
And she Stopped Selling Bonds
To Talk
To Two Children
Who'd Sneaked Away
And Wriggled through the Crowd
To See her Close-up.
There was
An Association of Commerce
Luncheon, with
Fifteen Hundred People there—
And a Thousand More Outside.
Marguerite Got Up
To Make a Speech;
She Said
We should All
Give Everything we Could
To Uncle Sam; and
Wouldn't we Please Help her?
She Looked so Tiny and Helpless
Standing Up There—
All the Men
Fell All Over themselves
To Get to her; and
That Little Kid
Sold
A Quarter of a Millon Dollars' Worth
Of Bonds.
She Bought
Twenty-five Thousand Dollars' Worth
Herself,
In a Hunk; and
She's Going to Buy
The Rest of her $150,000 worth
Other Places.
When it was All Over,
She was So Tired, and
She had to Make a Train.
On the Way
A Girl Stopped Her
And Said,
"Won't you Please
Send me a Picture?"
And Marguerite Smiled,
And Said "Of Course."

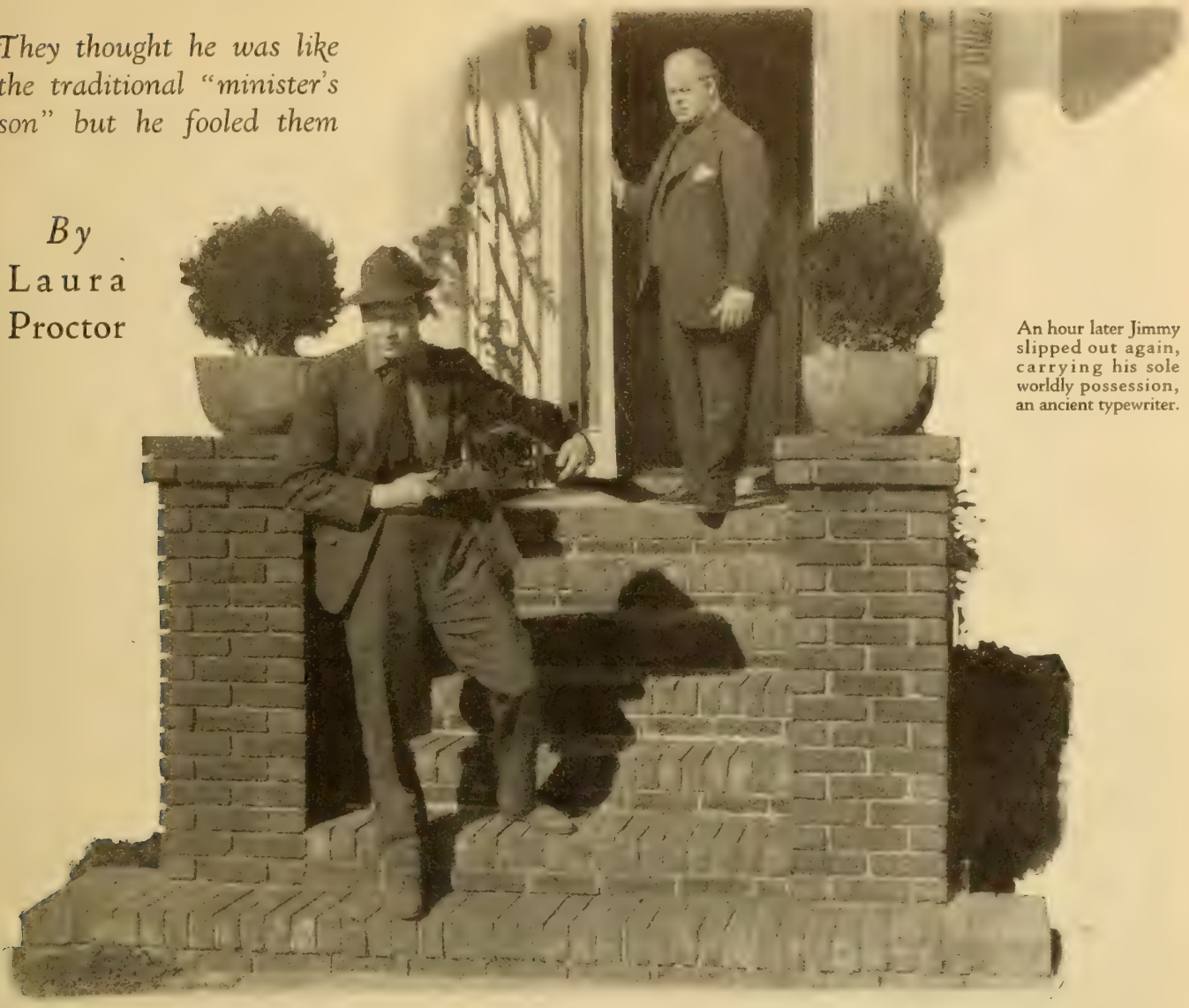


Did you Know
She has Red-gold Hair?
And—
Oh yes! There was
A Woman at the Hotel
Whom Nobody Noticed.
Marguerite
Was So Busy Selling Bonds
She didn't Have Time
To See Anybody; and
The Woman didn't Even
Ask to See her—she Just
Hung Around,
And Watched,
And Looked Wistful—
And when Marguerite
Went Down in the Elevator,
The Woman
Tried to Get In
Where she could See her;
But
There was Such a Crowd
She Couldn't.
Listen, Marguerite—
Don't you Think
You could Send
Her a Picture,
Sometime?

His Own Home Town

They thought he was like the traditional "minister's son" but he fooled them

By Laura Proctor



An hour later Jimmy slipped out again, carrying his sole worldly possession, an ancient typewriter.

THE lone commercial traveler on the veranda of the Bay State Hotel tilted his chair back against the railing and yawned again. Through the heat haze of the blazing August afternoon, Main Street was a simmering white blur and the drooning voice of Mr. Dodge, the hotel manager, seemed merely an undertone to the hot stillness. From his corner, the drummer lazily watched the station across the street where a languid group was waiting for the four-forty express from the city. One figure dominated this group, a square, ponderous citizen with large ruddy, smooth-shaven face and cold eyes. As his interest slowly awakened, the drummer became aware that Dr. Dodge's monotone was developing into an enthusiastic eulogy of his ponderous fellow-citizen.

"T. Elihu Banks, that is," he was explaining. "Waiting for his son Sidney from New York. He's what you might call the town's great man but he'd never advertise it. Says he is humbly proud to be identified with Warchester. He made this town what she is. He—"

These achievements were cut short by the roaring arrival of the train whose din finally subsided to the shrill hiss of steam. After the scattering of day-coach passengers had bustled off the platform, there descended from the pullman an ultra modish youth whose manner indicated a contemptuous toleration of the universe. Obviously this was Sidney Banks, heir of the town's great man, for there was the same chill light in his eyes, the same full and slightly sneering lips although his face was not yet florid but only pinkish. He was swallowed up in his father's heavy embrace and bundled into a barouche.

As they rounded the corner, the drummer jerked his thumb toward another traveler who had alighted from the same train and was now standing in the shadow of the station. It was the figure of a slender, shabby young man, slightly stooped as if from weariness with mildly questioning blue eyes and a faint smile on his supersensitive lips.

"Who's your other friend?" asked the drummer.

As Mr. Dodge's eyes followed the pointing thumb, his face hardened. "Then you don't know him?" the drummer insisted after a moment of silence.

"Know him," the hotel manager exploded. "Who don't in this town? That's Jimmy Duncan, the Rev. Duncan's good-for-nothing step-son come home again. If the truth were told, I shouldn't wonder if his family had been praying that he was gone for good."

"What's he done?" asked the traveling man.

"Nothing!" the speaker could not have mentioned murder with more condemnation. "Never held a decent job in his life. Used to hang round Hanlon's joint on Canal Street. Reason he gave for associating with that gang was that some day he was going to write. Says he'll put people like that in his books so that folks can understand them and blame them less. That's Hanlon's dog following him now," he added with a final note of contempt.



She was the Carol Landis of his boyhood memories, with a certain new girlish pathos all the sadder because it was so unconscious.

An Airedale pup who had wagged a greeting at the station was indeed at the lad's heels. He trotted confidingly behind Jimmy, who had gone down the narrow street to the Church of St. Luke's and made his way past the prim yard into the Rectory. As he started up the steps, the door opened and his mother stood in the threshold with the irate figure of his clerical step-father behind her.

Jimmy smiled his crooked smile at her. "Hello, mother," he said. "A bad penny. Here I am back, you see."

His mother swept his dusty form with one glance. "I saw you coming up the street," she said. "Step inside before the whole neighborhood gets sight of you."

An hour later, Jimmy slipped out again to the street, carrying his sole worldly possession, an ancient typewriter. The echoes of the sneering tirade which had greeted him were still in his ears and he saw the same sentiments repeated in the glances which met his, half in derision and half in curiosity. He was still frowning when he reached an unpainted house on a back street. It curiously suggested the personality of its owner, Dave Landis, the mild, huge, white-haired owner of the daily *Courier*. Some wag had dubbed this sheet "T. Elihu's crown of thorns," but the great man regarded its attacks with amused toleration. Nevertheless, it was partly his influence that kept the paper on the verge of bankruptcy although Tivotson, the editor and reportorial staff, laid its failure and his own sprees at the door of its impractical owner.

As Jimmy started to knock, the door was flung violently open by a slim bronze-haired girl in a mad little costume that added to her type of charm. When she saw Jimmy her eyes grew wide and shining, she flew to him and threw both arms about his neck.

"Jimmy!" she cried, "I'm so glad, Jimmy. I was so afraid you wouldn't get back before I left."

"Then you are going?" he said slowly.

She only nodded.

"Chorus?" he asked, abstractedly.

" 'The Satin Slipper,' " she answered and they stood for a moment regarding each other. She was the Carol Landis of his boyhood memories with a certain new girlish pathos all the sadder because it was so unconscious.

It was Carol who suddenly broke the silence.

"I'm a selfish beast," she cried. "You are tired and hungry and I've still an hour before I go. I'll get you something to eat. And you'd better wash your face, Jimmy. It's dirty in spots."

Over the hot coffee and sandwiches, she chattered of her plans. She was starting out "on the road" with a musical comedy which she was rehearsing this afternoon. It wasn't much of a step but it was her first on the way to fame. Through his encouraging replies she drew out slyly his own experiences with the play which he had taken to New York. Harding, the undisputed Czar of all the producers, had seen it and had vouchsafed a few staccato words of encouragement. He had advised Jimmy to rewrite it "and then let me know." Carol went wild with delight at the news and immediately drew a roseate picture of the near future when she as a famous leading woman would be creating the roles which he, as an equally famous playwright, had drawn. This glorious future was suddenly cut short by the striking of the hour for her rehearsal. He rose slowly and she followed him reluctantly to the door. As he turned back at the gate for another glance, she waved at him gayly but when she lifted her face he saw it was wet with tears.

At the eerie hour of four a. m., Hanlon's Hotel, better known as "Pegleg's Place," had the gloomy and deserted exterior which befits the one o'clock closing law. A privileged observer, however, might have traced a faint glimmer of light down a dark passageway until it opened into a back room, thick with smoke and broken up into little groups of poker players. In one of these groups, the town's best citizens were most distressingly represented.

Sidney Banks, son of T. Elihu, and Lloyd Jameson, whose father was District Attorney, were deep in a game with two members of the Palace Theater chorus, known for convenience as Rose and Melody. Behind them stood Jimmy Duncan, tolerated by "Whitey" Garrity, the master of ceremonies, as a "harmless nut." As the game progressed, a gleam deepened in Jimmy's blue eyes which was anything but harmless.

Garrity's ugly gaze was fixed on one of the girls. "Where in h—— are your eyes?" he snarled at her.

Jimmy's mild drawl answered him.

"Her eyes are all right, Garrity," he said, "How is she going to flash to you what he's holding when she knows I'm watching her?"

With that, a waiter snapped off the lights. The police bellowed for admittance. Under cover of the confusion, Jimmy dragged Sidney and Lloyd from beneath the table and jammed them before him into a passage-way leading to the open air. Chief Hendricks counted his haul as they filed past the door.

"Nine," he grunted. The crash of glass and a broken window accounted for Garrity's escape. "Take them out to the wagon."

A smug column in the Warchester *Gazette*, deplored the episode in its morning edition. "A hotel of doubtful repute," it related delicately, "was raided last night by the Warchester guardians of law and order. Three of the women and five men were given an immediate hearing before Justice Jameson. The magistrate dealt with great forbearance in the case of James Duncan, one of the offenders. He was given the privilege of leaving town within the next twenty-four hours. We trust that this means the permanent removal of this menace to the youth of Warchester."

Hanlon's Airedale, himself a wanderer, again ambled slowly after the figure of the youth whom he had welcomed into town a few days before. Jimmy had reached the network of tracks and a freight had hissed up to the water-tank when the dog licked his hand. At that moment Jimmy found it hardest to smile but he gave one backward look of gratitude as he swung himself into an empty box-car. The Airedale stood and watched, one ear cocked hopefully until the caboose was only a blur on the horizon.

* * * * * * * *

In the years that followed, there was no further report of the girl and boy who had left their home town to go their separate paths alone. Then suddenly, news of their fortunes burst into the quiet complacency of Warchester. The first appearance on Broadway of Carol Landis had established her over-night as the chief discovery among the many new faces of the season's output. Her creation of the character of Wisdom in the Harding production of "Intoxication" stood, according to the reviews, "head and shoulders above the rest of the cast." Sidney Banks brought back the report of her success in terms which the most voluble press agent might envy. When the death of her father brought her home to the town, she found the stage of her arrival set for the welcome of "Warchester's most celebrated daughter" according to the *Gazette*. The buzz caused by her arrival had hardly subsided when the town was again shaken by the will of David Landis. He

His Own Home Town

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name based upon the novel by Larry Evans. Produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Jimmy Duncan.....Charles Ray
Carol Landis....Katherine MacDonald
T. Elihu Banks.....Charles French
Tivotson.....Otto Hoffman
Rev. James Duncan..Andrew Arbuckle
David Landis.....Carl Forms
Justice Jameson.....Milton Ross



"Her eyes are all right, Garrity," said Jimmy. "How is she going to flash to you what he's holding when she knows I'm watching her?"



David Landis had left the Warchester Courier to "my friend and fellow townsman, James Duncan."

had left the Warchester *Courier,* title, property and goodwill to "My friend and fellow-townsman, James Duncan."

There were those who insisted that Jimmy would never turn up to claim his heritage. But his unexpected arrival in town combined the two sensational events of the Warchester year with true dramatic effect. On another hot afternoon of another August, he was seen helping "Warchester's most celebrated daughter" out of a surrey and up the broken steps that led to the office of the *Courier.* In the dusty, paper-tossed "city room," the two stood and gravely regarded each other. Jimmy's lean wistful face grew more wistful as he contrasted the radiant figure before him with the frightened little girl in her first ballet costume that he had left. Carol was in no mood, however, for sentimental reminiscence—she demanded his finished play at once and when he produced it, she coolly rolled it up under her arm.

"Harding has asked for it," she announced, calmly. "We are both going over it at a professional reading. If he takes it, you and I are made for life," she added impressively.

Later that afternoon, another caller visited the editorial room of the *Courier.* Jimmy saw the square shadow of someone—evidently a personage—fall on his desk and looked up to greet T. Elihu Banks in his most gracious mood. Elihu came to the point at once like the good business man that he was. He wanted to welcome the *Courier,* he said, as a new moral force in the community and to have some share in its work. By way of proving this good faith, he offered the young owner twenty thousand dollars to pull the sheet out of its financial difficulties. As Jimmy only blinked at him, he made it thirty thousand, "his rock-bottom price," he told him firmly. It was apparent that the town's reprobate was too much overcome by this mark of favor to give a coherent reply—he only answered meekly that it would be easier to talk it over after the first edition of the paper was out tomorrow. T. Elihu agreed good humoredly and, with a pleasant feeling of finding a difficult task easier than he expected, he creaked majestically down the broken steps.

But the morning edition of the *Courier* left T. Elihu in no condition to "talk over" anything. Across its front page was an intensely personal article brutally headed, "How Did You Get Away With It, Elihu?"

The writer reminded the great man that the *Courier* was on the verge of bankruptcy and begged for some tip that might be as lucrative as the Main Street paving deal and the Traction franchise deal had been to him. Elihu's pink face deepened to purple as he read it and not even the indignant protests of his loyal townsmen could remove the scowl between his heavy eyebrows. It might almost be said that the great man was worried.

The scowl still remained when late that night, he and District Attorney Jameson were deep in a professional interview with Whitey Garrity. Oddly enough, the gunman had none of the air of an offender before his judges; rather he seemed to be dictating terms.

"Somebody's squealed, eh?" said Garrity. "And you want him out of the way. That stuff comes high these days; it aint as healthy as it used to be."

"The terms can be arranged," said Jameson, painfully. Both respected citizens avoided each other's eyes as the haggling went on. When it was concluded, after an hour's wrangling, the gun-man still had the upper hand.

"I'm on," he said laconically and slouched toward the door.

Jameson's nerve suddenly forsook him. "You understand there must be nothing drastic," he quavered.

"Drastic, h——," grinned Garrity. "Leave that to me. All you guys got to do is frame my alibi."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Jimmy walked slowly down the path leading from Carol's house in a solemn maze of happiness. His good fortune had sobered him and he felt a haunting sense that it was too perfect to last. Carol had hurriedly sent for him that evening to read the letter which she had received from Harding regarding his play. It was filled with such genial phrases as "refreshing conception," "original development" and "promising theme." "I feel sure," the mighty man-

(Continued on page 117)

Do You Believe In Fairies?

That's what Peter Pan asked — remember? And now Louise Huff asks it again.

By Adam Hull Shirk



In "Wild Youth" Miss Huff stands without the support of Jack Pickford, off to war.

IT—my brief interview with Louise Huff—was all frilled up with woodsprites, asphodel, the Iliad and such things.

Sitting there chatting with her was quite like saddling the pink velvet back of a whimsie and flying through purple mists and over poppy fields to the land of dryads and ogres, mostly dryads.

When I first saw Miss Huff—through the open door of her study—she was sitting at a desk, listening to her tutor expurgate the mysteries of the illusive mythology.

Dropping her book on "Classic Myths," Louise sprang to her feet and bounded to my side.

"So," I observed, as she indicated a roomy seat for me, "you've gone back to school?"

"Yes," snuggling deeper into her own chair, "you see, this is a postgraduate course. English literature and the classics, but mostly mythology. I never went to college, you know, and—well, I felt I really needed heaps more education."

"Since you became president of the Hollywood Club, perhaps?" I laughed.

"Really, no! Of course the club gives us plenty to do, what with our Red Cross work and making baby clothes. But — I don't know. I guess I just felt—ignorant!"



"One day I just know I'll see a satyr come out of some rotted old tree trunk, frightening me to death."

Eyes sparkling, she changed the subject.

"Aren't you just mad about mythology?" she asked.

I confessed to a mild state of derangement.

"And do you believe in fairies?" came another question, her earnestness reminding me of the same question voiced by the immortal Peter Pan.

"Now, Maude Adams!" I cautioned.

"But I mean it. Say that you do."

So I said I believed in fairies, even though I didn't recall of ever having run across very many such persons—things—whatever you call 'em.

"Mythology is so fascinating," she went on. "Why, I can't even read Bullfinch's 'Age of Fable' without forgetting I'm living in the prosaic twentieth century. I can imagine myself a nymph sitting by some Castilian font, surrounded by fields of asphodel. Sometimes I go out in the Santa Monica hills and play I'm a dryad and that there are satyrs lurking behind every tree. One day I know I'll see one, creeping out of some rotten tree trunk, frightening me to death!"

"Then, too," she went on, once more changing the subject, "I'm studyi g classic dancing. It's supposed to give one grace, you know—"

But just then the tutor called and her word is law. With a merry apology the actress-student was gone.

Louise is a southern girl, born twenty-two years ago in Columbus, Georgia. Stage experience is all very well, but being five feet, one inch in height and tipping the scale at one hundred, Louise has had quite a strenuous share in the "talkies."

She was an ingenue in stock and in "Graustark." She played the lead in "Ben Hur" and other classics. Then she kissed the stage goodbye and went with Lubin. This happened in the summer of 1914.

She married her director, Edgar Jones, and returned to the stage. When she came back she was a Famous Player in which rank she did "The Ghost House," "Jack and Jill," "What Money Can't Buy," "Seventeen," "Great Expectations" and others. Thus came about the co-starring combination with Jack Pickford which proved one of Famous Players-Lasky's very best bets.

But Jack's gone to war, which leaves Louise a lone star but not a lonely one.



PROVING THAT THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN IS ONLY A BAGATELLE

THE little scene in the center about the table with Gladys Leslie and Mother Maurice is all you'll see in "Ann Acushla." On the screen you won't see the director—at right, near spinning-wheel; nor the moving platform for the camera that has its own chauffeur; nor the fan in the foreground for wind effects on the window curtains; nor the Cooper-Hewitts above and the powerful Kliegs, for furnishing light. Thus comes order from chaos.



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Gabriel Blows a Righteous Horn

DID you ever wait in line two hours or more to see one of those sensational pictures with fear in your heart that the police or church societies would stop it before you got a chance to give it the enthralled "once over"? So have I. And then to find, on finally getting inside, that you have been deceived? "Cleopatra" is advertised as the most marvelous and most magnificent motion picture of the day—with Theda as the sensation. We must give her credit for outstripping all the "vamps" but who could accuse her of grace?

HOMER GABRIEL, Detroit.

An Academic Plaint

I WENT to see "Brown of Harvard" last week. I should like to inquire if the producer ever visited Cambridge.

The boat-house was an antique structure that I do not think Harvard, with her beautiful boat-houses, would care to claim.

On the day of the race large boats appeared and quantities of canoes, and in the distance rose mountains. In all the years I have lived in Cambridge I have never seen more than six canoes in this part of the Charles, and where are those mountains?

A young girl wandered about the dormitory at all hours unaccompanied by a chaperon. This isn't being done at Harvard, nor do the students "spoon" on benches under the trees. The actors were all fine, although the students were a bit ancient for their parts, especially "Thorne."

Will someone please tell me if a Yale man produced this picture?

R. E. M., Cambridge, Mass.

It Can Happen in Comedy

IN "A Shanghaied Jonah," a Triangle-Keystone comedy, a can of gasoline is spilled over a stove in which there is a fire. After the explosion (which throws the girl to the floor) the can still sits tranquilly on the stove.

S. L. WARD, Paris, Ont.

We Were Going to Ask

WHY do movie actors, no matter where they're supposed to be—in parlor or ballroom—when they receive a letter or telegram, tear it open, take out the message and throw the envelope on the floor? Most of us would return the letter to the envelope and put it in our pocket. Such conduct conveys the impression that actors were born in saw mills. Another thing—can't the producers find any other name for a Mexican than "Pedro"?

W. H. CRAM, Waterville, Minn.

Undoubtedly!

IN "Lost in Transit," George Beban heats some water to the boiling point (obvious from the steam) and then pours it into the bath. Then he places the little boy in this water. Ouch! Anyway, he surely ought to have been clean after this hot bath.

AN AUSTRALIAN READER.

The Zenith of Nonchalance

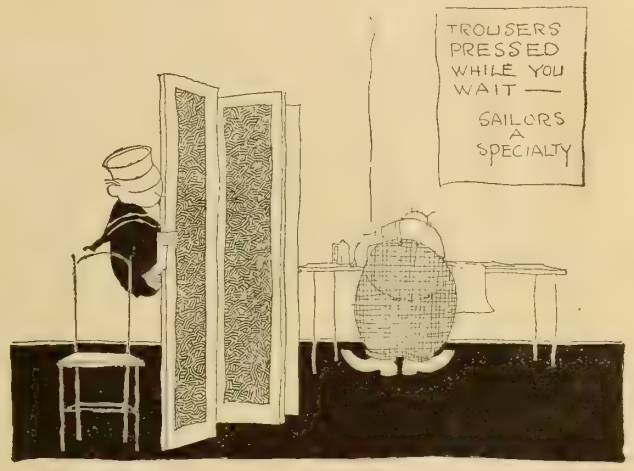
IN "Blue Blazes Rawdin," "Joe" sure must have been excited. In the scene, where Rawdin was shot by the "Kid," Joe, that veteran of many a fierce fight, became so absorbed, or frightened to death, that he stood for several minutes with his hand calmly reposing on a "red-hot" stove (at least it should have been "red-hot," as there was a roaring blizzard outside).

C. J., Tacoma, Wash.

Musical License, Probably

DURING tragic tableaux in "The Aliens," as Beban was bending over his little daughter, dying from injuries, the piano player, seeming to awaken after a refreshing nap, began to bang "If I Knock the L Out of Kelly." Moreover, the piano player (I almost said musician) escaped and is still at large.

R. ROSS RILEY, Oberlin, Kas.



Ahoy, Mate! Who's Your Tailor?

IN "The Slacker," Metro, the sailor enters the house with his hat on and his trousers pressed. I never knew it was the correct thing to wear a hat in the house and certainly no sailor wears creases in his trousers!

E. S. P., Daytonia, Fla.

Anna—You Oughta Know!

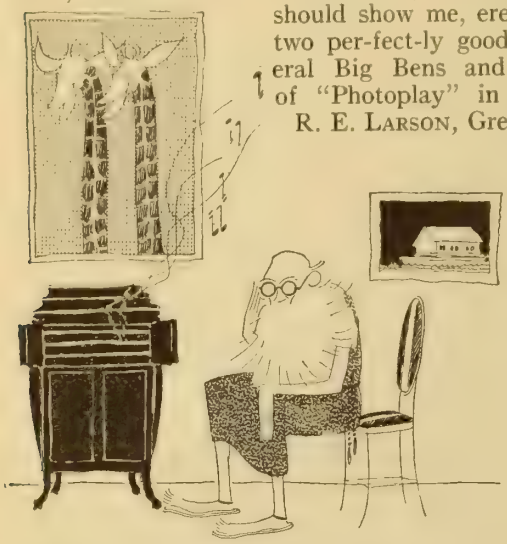
IN "The Brand of Satan" I saw a woman spend several minutes shrinking into a wall as a brute prepared to attack her when, had she been properly desperate, she might have gotten out the door. In the same picture another woman stood silently by and emoted while the brute strangled her father. Then she flopped down on her dead father, allowing the murderer to take a notion to drag her off to his den, which was accomplished with very little protest. I have seen this sort of thing so often in pictures that I wonder if that "eternal feminine" stuff isn't being overworked. Are women really so utterly stupid in a crisis?

ANNA M. BAUGH, Indianapolis.

We'll Supply a "Photoplay"

TELL me—why is an art director? In "The Spreading Dawn" the A. D. suffered to be plastered perfectly good study lamps and those awful pedestals all over the set for a Civil War picture. It's a puzzle to me. And did they use glaring headlines in the papers in those days? Well, rather not! At that rate, the photoplay world should show me, ere I die, at least two per-fect-ly good victrolas, several Big Bens and a few copies of "Photoplay" in the Ark.

R. E. LARSON, Green Bay, Wis.



Maybe a "Sub" Was After Him

IN "When a Man Sees Red" featuring William Farnum, Jewel Carmen sails away from the South Sea island in the millionaire's yacht, bound for home. The next day Sutton, captain and owner of the sailing vessel, hoists anchor and sails for home. Later, Farnum, with the help of one man and a rowboat, starts off in pursuit of Sutton. He becomes marooned on a tropical island. Sometime after the millionaire's yacht is wrecked during a storm; Jewel is picked up by Sutton and some days later he casts her off on the same island that Farnum exists upon. Queer, isn't it, how William rowed rings around the modern yacht and the sailing vessel? Of course, he was a desperate man, but—

ELMER E. NIEBURGER, Chicago.

"Where There's Fire There Must be Smoke"

IN "The Girl in the Dark" Carmel Myers is shown to the room she is to occupy for the night. She turns on the electric light, also the lamp, and when lighted, the lamp smokes. Since when does smoke come from electricity?

BELLE DARE, N. Y. C.

Why Not—if Your Wife's in Danger?

IN an episode of "Vengeance and the Woman," the hero has his leg badly injured when it is caught in a wolf-trap. Although the doctor says he cannot use the leg for a couple of weeks, five minutes later when he sees his wife in danger, he suddenly starts on a run that would turn "Doug" green with envy.

EDITH COLLINS, Winnipeg.

Lost: Some "Lingerie"

WHERE did dear old Spottiswood Aitkin capture the "lingerie" in the abduction scene of Mary Miles Minter's "Beauty and the Rogue"? And at what point in the chase did he—ahem—lose them? When awakened by the noise of the abduction, he rushes down stairs in his night shirt and seemingly nothing else. Getting his gun and his derby hat, he joins others in the chase. During the hunt—without once stopping—we suddenly see Mr. Aitkin's legs draped in "lingerie" to the ankles. Then—they must have hindered his running or something, for he lost them in the shuffle as he arrived at the end of the chase clad only in the w. k. night shirt.

M. C., Memphis, Tenn.

Probably a Local Shower

I RECENTLY saw little Zoe Ray in "The Silent Lady." During the action of the story a furious storm is supposed to be in progress along the coast. An American revenue cutter is trying to make a landing. Great distress and all. Then we suddenly see a tramp steamer resting peacefully on the bosom of a sunlit bay.

HARRY COREY, Winnipeg, Man., Can.

A Mother Is Many Things

IN "Wanted, a Mother" I saw the ad "Wanted, a Mother" classified under the heading "Bookkeepers Wanted, etc."

EDNA M. A. C., Newark.

Should Furnish Gas Masks

I RECENTLY visited a new picture palace in a large western city, seating about 5,000, meaning the picture palace. I noticed a pungent and hazy atmosphere, tried to struggle along in spite of it, finally got up, turned around and walked right out again. There were sundry glowing spots in the circumambient gloom and, well—back in Wales, as a small boy, I had been fed up on tales of corpse candles. Why do they—the exhibitors—permit this heavy incense stuff? If a picture lacks atmosphere, must he provide it?

STRAIGHT AIR CRANK, Berkeley, Calif.

Bill Doesn't Like to be Rushed, y'Know

I NOTICED a very careless detail in Mr. Hart's "Wolves of the Rail." Bill arrives on the three o'clock train and when he gets into the station the clock on the wall registers two o'clock. Did it take Bill twenty-three hours to get into the station, or is this just some freak of the daylight saving plan?

H. M. KINGSTON, Ontario.

Poor Quality, Perhaps

IN "Sunshine Nan," Nan's father attempts suicide by hanging himself to the gas jet. When he jumps from the chair on which he was standing his weight pulls the fixture from the ceiling. Gas is usually very asphyxiating, but in this case no one noticed the escaping gas at all.

T. S. CRAWFORD, Portland, Ore.



Give Us Less Silver Threads

I WOULD like to know why the parents of all the characters in the movies are made to look so very old? It would seem so much more natural if they were, say twenty-five or thirty years their senior, instead of fifty years as they usually are. I can only recall one picture—"The Great Secret"—wherein the mother was about the right and sensible age for her daughter. In the "Avenging Trail" and in Olive Thomas' "Indiscreet Corrinne" the girl's parents were at least twenty years too old. I noticed this same fault in the case of Beverly Bayne's mother in "The Voice of Conscience," and Carlyle Blackwell's mother and brother in "The Good For Nothing." Goodness knows! we get old fast enough in real life.

MRS. R. C. EDWARDS, College Park, Ga.



SIX years ago the gentleman who is throwing the bronc herewith, and (at left above) pictured with Roy Stewart, was boss of the cowpunchers at Miller Brothers' Ranch, Bliss, Okla. The proprietors of the outfit decided to import a cameraman and make a movie of their annual roundup; and that was the beginning of the downfall of Cliff Smith. Now he directs Roy Stewart in Triangle Westerns, owns several ranches of his own, drives his own car, and wears the same size sombrero.



MARY THURMAN used to be a school-teacher, but she has completely recovered. Mack Sennett discovered her and, judging from box office reports, Mary's comedies prove that Mack is some little Columbus.



MARVEL RAE of the Mack Sennett-Paramount comedies, is an accomplished athlete—rides, plays tennis, golfs, drives her own car, reads George Barr McChambers, and—oh, yes—she swims.



"SO this is Hawaii!" said Sessue Hayakawa. Above, with the native population of Clopuna, Hawaii, who helped the George Melford and the Lasky company make "Hidden Pearls."





SESSUE says those song-writers are all wrong; he didn't see a single ukulele. Left, with Peggy Aldrich, who is blond, and Margaret Loomis, who is brunette. Mrs. Aldrich is the wife of a former L. A. moving picture man. Right—Margaret Loomis, with a Hawaiian Princess. And here we've been saving our money for a trip to Honolulu



"HE was a bold bad man, was this daring desperado." Jane Novak and Lambert Hillyer, director, seem to think that just because Bill Hart sang that song in "The Virginian" ten years ago, is no reason why he should sing it now.



POOR Marguerite Clark! All she does is act poor little poor girls who, with their canaries, are driven by cruel uncles out into the storm. J. Searle Dawley is applying the atmosphere.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD is a candidate for screen stardom. Only sixteen, she is the daughter of Congressman Wm. B. Bankhead, and the granddaughter of Senator John H. Bankhead. The town of Tallulah in Alabama was named after her.



LUCILLE ZINTHEO, PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty and Brains girl, is now a member of the Lasky Company. She has an important part in J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing," and plays with Wallace Reid in another war story, "The Firefly of France."



THIS looks like the final scene in Norma Talmadge's new picture, just before Eugene O'Brien lifts her chin and—oh, you know. But it's only the beginning of "By Right of Purchase," another of those bought-and-paid-for drammers.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

What a Word Will Do. Who so subtle as David Belasco? In a very long magazine article recently he said: "Drama is life, while the screen is destined always to remain a cold picture of life." Mark the word "cold." Why "cold," Mr. Belasco? *Can* a picture of life, vivid with movement, be cold? What does Mr. Belasco mean by "cold," anyhow? So throughout page after page of meaningless twaddle, wherein this greatest of American producers makes a spectacle of himself before gods and men, speaking in ponderous generalizations of things concerning which he has, obviously, almost no knowledge. Any "props" in the meanest of studios could tell him in a dozen words why his high-flown theories of how he would make pictures are not merely basically unsound, but ridiculous.

For Mr. Belasco, the theatrical producer, we have the highest regard. But his views upon moving pictures are about as valuable as ours would be on the best manner of raising alligator pears in Thibet. And when the producer of "Polly With a Past" speaks so unctuously of the spiritual qualities inherent in drama, we who have just seen "Hearts of the World" will surely be permitted to smile, unrebuked.

But the funniest thing of all about it is that Mr. Belasco has built his entire reputation upon the very thing which displeases him in moving pictures—and he apparently has been seeing extremely bad pictures—namely, the close adherence to physical outlines of life. We hope Mr. Belasco did not actually write the article, but merely signed it out of his kindness of heart, to oblige a needy friend.

❦

Mr. Motion Picture Producer: pay heed to the voice of the small town. The manufacturers of great national staples never overlook these smaller communities.

We are indebted to Miss Edith Leonard of Boone, Iowa, for this clear exposition of the case:

"Now I am tempted to air a grievance—that of many citizens of Boone, and, I surmise, other average towns of 12,000 or less inhabitants.

"For the last six months we have not been permitted to enjoy the later triumphs of certain screen celebrities, viz., Farnum, Hart, Ray, Fairbanks, Clark, Marsh, and Pickford; because their commodity, like three parts of earth's other delightful things, has 'gone up,' and can no longer be made to pay in these smaller centers.

"We have come to love these vivid personalities after long acquaintance and are loathe to ascribe the stigma of profiteering to them; yet we thought long thoughts when a star announced his income tax to be—you know what.

"Now, Mr. Editor, who *is* responsible for this condition; is it a just or inevitable one; or is there any redress of grievance? The war can't be wholly to blame, for this upward trend was becoming very marked before we became belligerent.

"In these gloomy times and with the limited choice of diversions in towns of moderate dimensions, is it not hard, when we seek entrance to our Palace of Dreams, to be turned away or bored with unreal illusions and grotesque ribaldry? Real photoplay devotees are not satisfied with second-class productions and I predict there will soon be a general loss of interest and consequent falling off in business if these conditions are allowed to prevail.

"Will you not give some attention to this matter?"

❦

Emphasis. With a vague idea of emphasizing, writers of subtitles now underline so many words that they would obtain more emphasis by the simpler process of underlining everything except the words they really do want to emphasize.

❦

Competition Can't be Killed. J. A. Berst, formerly head of American branch of Pathé, is not ordinarily an alarmist—he has been too long in the picture business, he is too wise a head—and he has seen the industry weather its biweekly "grave crisis" for more than two decades. Yet he issued a warning recently, that "a certain organization of producers and distributors" was attempting to create a monopoly by forcing exhibitors to sign five-year contracts for its pictures. Mr. Berst says that unless exhibitors retain their independence, Pathé and other producers will be forced to discontinue making features.

All wrong, Mr. Berst. You can no more create a monopoly in anything where the creative genius of man is concerned, than you can tie the wind to your gatepost or stop the sun from shining. The whole trouble with the argument, as well as with many others advanced from time to time by the business men of pictures, is that they do not realize how unimportant their part of the business really is. Only two men in pictures count—the man with the idea, and the man who pays his admission price to the theatre to enjoy it. Let every picture theatre be burned down, let every exchange be destroyed, every studio, every foot of film, and, let every man who has anything to do with pictures today be

killed in the war, and inside of two months we will be seeing pictures again, because we want them.

Not only that, but we want the best you can make, and if we don't get it from one company, we're not going to pause long to ask how long a contract it has with the theatre we usually attend. And some bright young man is going to see the situation at a glance, and build another theatre where we can get the good pictures. A good picture can always find a theatre, and the better the picture the more money it will bring to its producer.

There is too much talk of manipulation. The curse of the whole business, the thing that is holding back the photodrama more than any other one element from reaching its full fruitage, is that so many of the men who have the power of life and death have not the first appreciation of the fact that they are dealing in art, and not in coal oil. And never yet has any art been monopolized. So it is only in the companies where they sneer at the word art that there need be any fear of the consequences of combinations, long contracts, program booking, chain theatres, or any of the dozen other matters which have to do only with business, and affect neither the mind which creates nor the demand which pays the bills.

❦

Where the Money Goes. William A. Brady's press agent has sent out a story boasting that Mr. Brady used 100,000 feet of film in making a certain picture which is only eight reels, or 8,000 feet long. Imagine a dressmaker bragging that her customer had been compelled to supply her with sixty yards of silk to make a dress containing only five yards of the material. Still they say it is the rapacity of stars that is driving producers to the poorhouse.

Remember—it is not merely the cost of the film, the celluloid itself, which makes this waste appalling. Because twelve times as much film as necessary was used, twelve times the necessary salaries of players and mechanics, twelve times all the necessary overhead cost are involved.

A small percentage of waste is unavoidable—about the same percentage as in dressmaking. But if producers would spend more money in perfecting their scenarios before they begin work in the studio, production costs could be reduced anywhere from one-half to nineteen-twentieths. This is a mathematical fact, known to almost everyone in the picture business, yet not more than two or three companies are putting it into practice. The others either ignore the waste or brag about it.

This may seem to be none of our business. Our business, as we have conceived it, however, is to stimulate and encourage better pictures. The waste system inevitably produces bad pictures.

We do not believe that Mr. Brady's press agent's story is literally true. We do not believe that Mr. Brady is such a bad business man. But it is typical of certain phases of the picture industry that such a condition as this is considered a boast of thoroughness rather than a confession of shortsightedness.

❦

Realism vs. Idealism. Taking their cue from the European-guided literary critics in American magazines, critics of the moving picture seem determined to look upon the happy ending as something which is inevitably banal. They delight in phrases like "The customary happy ending is not dragged in." They do not seem to understand that in every branch of art there are two avenues of expression—realism and idealism—neither one being greater than the other, but both being coexistent and a matter of choice for the artist. The moving picture addresses itself principally to the masses, the people who believe in democracy and equality, and not to the students of curious psychological phenomena. To these people, life itself is sufficiently real. Art must give them a contrast. So the picture is idealistic. The happy ending is a symbol to them of their own faith and their own desires. It preponderates in pictures because pictures are the first form of art which is truly democratic.

❦

Two Ways to Make Movies Recently we learned of a man who decided to embark in moving picture production in a large way. He hired a press agent first, than a general manager, than a lot of stenographers, then rented a splendid suite of offices. Finally it occurred to some one that it might be as well to have some one around who knew something about making pictures, and eventually this was done, after about $50,000 had been spent in what is technically known as "overhead," a moving picture term for money you can't possible expect to get back.

Another recent negotiation also came to our attention, where a certain capitalist desired to exploit a popular star who has not recently been on the screen. When they approached her, she said, "I must first have a story." She had the story written, and then she said, "Now I must find a director." The director was not found when this gem of prose was written, and the capitalist is not out, thus far, a single nickle, as the star bought the story herself, and will keep it in her own possession until producing arrangements to suit her can be made.

We leave it to the discerning reader to decide which of these two enterprises is the more likely to give to the screen interesting and valuable productions.

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett



Sardou's "Divorcons" has been done exquisitely into a picture called "Let's Get a Divorce;" Billie Burke and John Miltern head the cast.

EACH day brings us nearer to the time when all intelligent producers of moving pictures will be compelled to realize that plot is secondary to theme, and that, since there are comparatively few dramatic themes in all the world, treatment and character must be the main avenues of admission to the public interest. One ingenious dissector of literature has written a book proving that there are only thirty-six possible dramatic situations. This is unimportant, if true. For while the situation of the hero abducting the heroine at the altar where she is about to be married against her will, may always be essentially the same, the story of that abduction as told by Sir Walter Scott in "Lochinvar" bears little resemblance to the tale when it concerns a fashionable couple of today who escape their irate relatives in a high-power car.

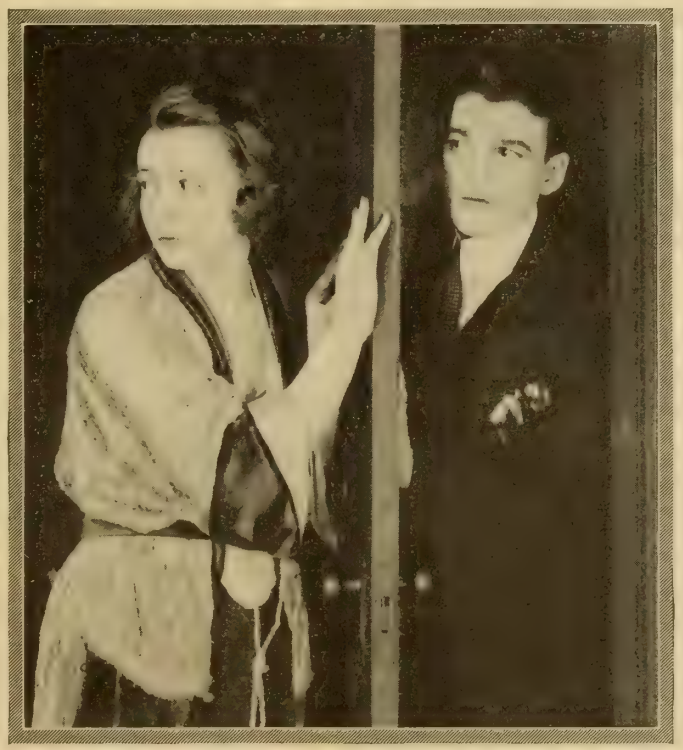
Still, we chafe at this repetition when it is not reproduced in colors new, just as we object to a long row of houses, each of the same shape and hue as its neighbor, though we may be very fond of the folk within. We demand the same variety of life, of personal relations, of friendships, of everything that goes to make up existence.

In us there is
A sense fastidious, hardly reconciled
To the poor makeshifts of life's scenery,
Where the same slide must double all its parts,
Shoved in for Tarsus, and hitched back for Tyre . . .
This unthrift housekeeping, that will not brook
A dish warmed over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.

Hence it is obvious that the play's the thing only when, by some new twist of treatment, some new interpretation of character, it is given the appearance of novelty, though its theme may be as old as the book of Genesis, from which, after all, most drama is taken. This is why it is necessary that the genius of the scenario writer must be developed, given free rein, encouraged, and not held down to the physical requirements of hand-made stars. This is why the genius of stars must be developed, given free rein, encouraged, and not held down to the mechanical requirements of hack-written scenarios.

The scenario and the star—these two alone make the picture. And the scenario writer of tomorrow will not be the novelist or the dramatist of yesterday, but a modeller in a new clay. His day is not yet. The producer has yet to realize that the scenario genius must eventually bear the same relation to his organization as the dramatist does to theatre, and be stimulated by a similar percentage of reward for success. When the day of that realization arrives I shall not be forced to confess, as I am this month, that but few productions recently reviewed display a high degree of imagination, or even ingenuity in camouflage.

Let's go:



"Mlle. Paulette" is a pretty, romantic comedy of a summer resort; Claire Anderson and Wallace MacDonald do the honors.

THE TIGER MAN—
Artcraft

It was hard for me to believe that I had not seen "The Tiger Man" at least once before, while I watched Bill Hart, as an outlaw, kidnap a young woman, reform from the



"The Marriage Lie" is one of the best Bluebirds of the month, because of Carmel Myers' beauty and the acting of herself and Kenneth Harlan.



In "Rich Man, Poor Man" Marguerite Clark piles her curls high and is a romantic miss with Richard Barthelmess as a delightful lover.



"Rose o' Paradise" has a real all-star cast; here are three members, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman and Edythe Chapman, especially Miss Chapman.

sheer glaring light of her goodness, and so on. The scenic magnificence of this production is fascinating. It looks as if it had been photographed at the scene of that fabled battle, where the Titans hurled whole mountains at the gods.

LET'S GET A DIVORCE—Paramount

Sardou's "Divorcons" has been done exquisitely into a picture story called "Let's Get a Divorce," by John Emerson and Anita Loos, but the somewhat listless acting of Billie Burke would have made the production watery, only for the vitality of the art of John Miltern and Armand Kalisz, the latter a newcomer to the screen. This is, probably, only a lapse on Miss Burke's part, as "Arms and the Girl" and "The Land of Promise" both gave hints of achievement. The theme, that of a husband who wins back the affection of a romance-obsessed wife by giving her her head, is handled with extreme delicacy. A travesty on the "knight and ladye fair" in the introductory episode is delicious.

THE WHITE MAN'S LAW—Paramount

"The White Man's Law" has a plot of unusual originality and interest. The motive is cleverly typified by a minor character flitting across the background of the story, a white man outcast by his fellow whites in Sierra Leone because he had violated the strict code which protects the few good women of these exotic trading posts. This is the law referred to in the title. Sessue Hayakawa is starred, but it is a story in which all the principles are important, and all brilliantly cast. Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Joseph Swickard, Hayakawa himself, and Director James Young for maintaining the atmosphere of the edge of the jungles—unite in making this picture distinctive. Mr. Young's directing occasionally harks back to the old-fashioned Shakespearean school of acting, but he atones for this by his creation of beautiful and meaningful pictures. And the occasional stretches of thin ice are skimmed cleverly, without the least suggestion of breaking through.

UP THE ROAD WITH SALLIE—Select

Constance, the sunshine child of the Talmadge family, is rapidly acquiring that deftness which alone makes comedy. In "Up the Road with Sallie" she is a delightful mischief-maker. She kidnaps a willing aunt (this seems to be an aunt month) and finds romance for two. It is well to remember that William D. Taylor directed this picture. Mr. Taylor has the real comedy sense. Norman Kerry is pleasingly present.

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH—Metro

If Francis X. Bushman will continue in the comedy vein of "With Neatness and Dispatch," which he began with "Red, White and Blue Blood" and "The Brass Check," he will make a more important place for himself in filmdom than he ever occupied as a mellow-dramatic actor. Beverly Bayne appears as a young woman who needs the aid of a burglar in her aunt's (hello, another aunt!) Adamless Eden. Mr. Bushman pretends to be a reformed burglar. It is hilarious. June Mathis and Luther Reed provided a brilliant scenario, glistening with sparkling titles.

RIDERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro

Viola Dana is never so charming as when, in serious drama, she has occasion to express the comic spirit of the trifles of life. In "Riders of the Night" she is a pathetic

child, browbeaten by her aunt (what, another aunt!) and yet through all the perils of the scenario, she retains a wistful humor. There is tense drama in this story and swift movement, the best Dana picture since "Blue Jeans."

AN ALIEN ENEMY—Paralta

Believing herself of German birth, a young woman is torn between obedience to her supposed grandfather and her innate love of America, with what result can be imagined. This is the theme of "An Alien Enemy." Louise Glaum is the girl. For Monte Katterjohn's scenario, little can be said. He has followed all the mechanics of war melodrama, but the excellence of the production, and Miss Glaum's sincerity lift it from commonplaceness.

ROSE O' PARADISE—Paralta

Here is what I call an all star cast: Bessie Barriscale, Norman Kerry, Howard Hickman, Edythe Chapman, David M. Hartford. These players carry the story of "Rose o' Paradise," the tale of the adventures of a persecuted heiress, and their acting redeems a drama constructed upon such theories as that if one kitten is funny, three will be three times as funny. Miss Chapman as a stern woman with a soft heart does what I regard as the finest acting of her entire career, and I can remember when she played ingenues. Miss Barriscale is exquisite in her rags. Had the story been constructed with genius equal to that of the players, this would have been one of the classics of the year, or any year. As it stands, it is still a joy, full of tender humor and whimsicality.

MR. FIX-IT—Artcraft

Douglas Fairbanks seems to be groping. In "Mr. Fix-It" he offers a thin imitation of the sort of things John Emerson and Anita Loos used to create for him, with a curious, ramble-scramble fight thrown in for good measure. This is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. There is an attempt at a satiric theme, the unstarching of a stiff-necked family of aristocrats by transplanting into its midst a small horde of waifs, but the whole thing is too obviously strung together to exploit the familiar Fairbanks bag of tricks. And now I expect I shall receive a deluge of letters from prototypes of the president of the Des Moines Pickford Marching Club, telling me that I am a boob and ought to know by now that all the public wants is Fairbanks, and the story makes no difference. All right—then go to see "Mr. Fix-It."

A DOG'S LIFE—Chaplin

After months of retirement Charlie Chaplin comes back with the best comedy he has ever made, "A Dog's Life." It is the first picture on his famous million-dollar contract, and proves that he is entitled to the money. Mr. Chaplin is the one buffoon in pictures who imparts into his most hilarious moments, recognizable human emotions. The outstanding novelty of the picture is a common, mongrel pup.

UNCLAIMED GOODS—Paramount

"Unclaimed Goods" has a plot with an original twist. A girl is shipped to a mining camp by express C. O. D., and when she arrives the consignee is unable to pay the freight, so the bad man of the story tries to force the express agent to sell her at auction, according to the rules of the company. Too closely examined, the idea will not hold water, but it is neatly done, with Vivian Martin



Louise Glaum's sincerity lifts "An Alien Enemy" out of the commonplaceness which might have been its fate, because of the ordinary scenario.



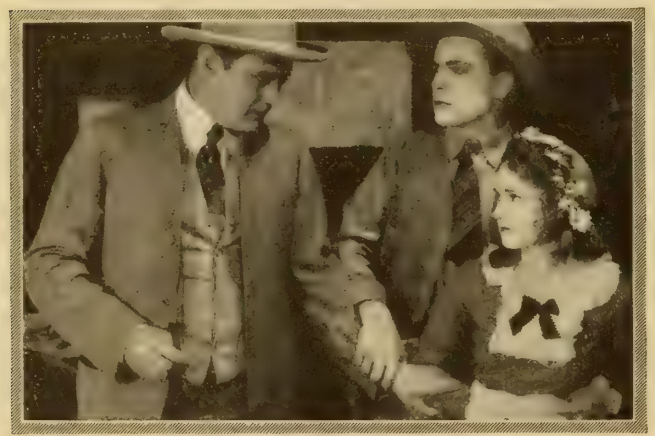
"The Hand at the Window" is that rarest of things, a convincing crook play; Margery Wilson is a detective and Joe King a sentimental police captain.



Constance Talmadge is a delightful mischief-maker in "Up the Road With Sallie," and Norman Kerry is pleasingly present.



Edith Storey's dramatic charm and intensity make "Treasure of the Sea" something more than mere melodrama—though it is excellent melo at that.



Vivian Martin is an express shipment in "Unclaimed Goods," a story with an entirely original twist.



Beverly Bayne hires a burglar in "With Neatness and Dispatch," another of the highly entertaining Bushman-Bayne farce melodramas.

as the charming bit of live stock. It is punctuated with gun-play.

TREASURE OF THE SEA—Metro

Melodrama persists as the most popular form of entertainment. "Treasure of the Sea" is excellent melodrama, dealing with the discovery of a wrecked treasure ship. Edith Storey, that concentrated bit of dramatic charm and intensity, lifts the play out of the rut into which it might easily fall.

THE TWO-SOUL WOMAN—Bluebird

"The Two-Soul Woman" is a transposition of the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with a doctor hypnotising an heiress as the principal theme. The original story was Gellett Burgess' "The White Cat." The fable unrolls interestingly until the final reel, when there occurs an exhibition of probably the worst acting ever seen on stage or silversheet. Yet the production as a whole is one that merits encouragement, for with only four principals in the cast there is remarkable smoothness and sustained interest. Priscilla Dean plays the part of the girl who alternates between good and something approaching evil, the double exposures suggesting the transition stage, her struggle with herself, being particularly well done.

THE DANGER GAME—Goldwyn

Madge Kennedy is one of the few clever *farceuses* of the screen. Having established her as a comedienne, Goldwyn announces her latest picture, "The Danger Game," as a melodrama. Don't let Goldwyn advertising keep you away from one of the few good pictures this firm has made. "The Danger Game" is farce—much better farce than "Baby Mine" because it has a story, and is not five reels of repetition. Madge Kennedy is a confection of hilarity, and Tom Moore the best foil she ever had.

THE BUSY INN—Pathe

Rabelais, De Maupassant, Boccaccio, Fielding—these are big names in world literature. But no sane or decent person would offer them to children. Yet the literature of the world would be much the poorer had these men never written. The answer is—keep them away from the children. But you can't keep moving pictures away from children, or children away from moving pictures. Until some means is devised of suiting the audience to the picture, productions like "The Busy Inn" should not be distributed publicly. It was produced by the Russian Art Film company in Moscow, and is like a chapter of Rabelais illustrated by Franz Hals. Such art is seldom seen on the screen, in all its frank vulgarity. But the company which turns such pictures loose upon the American market is a munitions plant for the censor army.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—Brenon

Allegory presents one fundamental difficulty to the producer of photoplays. This is establishing the symbols which the characters and incidents represent, and maintaining them throughout the story. It is hard to do this without numerous explanatory titles, and these clog the action. In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" Herbert Brenon endeavored to give to the screen the pure thought of the Jerome K. Jerome drama, and while he succeeded in doing so, it is less photodrama than a series of illustrations of the text. Yet the essense is there, that "heavenly love and earthly love are but one love." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson plays the role of the Stranger, as he did on the stage, and with no less distinction.

(Continued on page 96)

The Birth of a Smile

DORIS KENYON is smile entirely surrounded by girl.

Or perhaps it might be more accurate to say that Doris Kenyon is girl completely enveloped in smile.

This smile is no mere arrangement of the features; it is not the invitation with which the common or garden girl lures the young shepherd of hearts in the spring; it is not the pert glance which on Broadway passes for flirtation; it is not the dimpled grimace of the simp ingenue.

Beginning with the eyes, this smile first manifests itself in a number of delicately etched suggestions of crinkles, spreading out from the outer corners of the eyes of Doris—little joy-rays from her twin suns of mirth.

Simultaneously the eyes themselves kindle with mischief and interrogation—her own appreciation of the humor of the moment and her inquiry whether or not you do.

Then the cheeks of Doris become infected with the contagion, cheeks where the bloom of girlhood flaunts its splendid banners; and at the base of each of these mounts of merriment a dimple puts a period to the thought.

Meanwhile the lips of Doris are parted and the smile is focused—the picture is complete, save for a final little tapping of the toe or the expressive fluttering of a hand or two.

The thing is done—Doris has smiled.



Doris Kenyon and Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of the story in which Miss Kenyon will make her independent stellar debut.



John B. O'Brien taketh tea with Miss Kenyon, whom he is conducting in her new celluloid symphony; the reason directors accept smaller salaries than stars is that they have the privilege of being photographed taking tea in the stars' dressing rooms.

Plays and Players

Facts and Near-Facts About the Great and Near-Great of Filmland

By CAL YORK

IN the spring many folks go more or less crazy. One day it was reported that the Metropolitan Opera House would be used as a picture theatre at the close of the opera season. Of course the thing was impractical, as the grand old ark is built upon the general lines of grandfather's barn, only with greater optical problems. The big laugh, however, came when the aristocratic owners of boxes protested against this invasion of their sacred precincts, to which the New York World replied that if these boxholders would take the trouble to look at the luxurious Rialto or Rivoli, they would see what a compliment moving picture patrons would be paying the Metropolitan by going there at all.

FAY TINCHER, after all these years of inactivity, has allied herself with the World Film Corporation. She will make her own two-reel comedies in California, and the World will distribute them.

MARIE DORO has formed her own company and will make several feature pictures a year to be released through a newly-formed corporation. Miss Doro plans to have a well-known director in charge and has already made arrangements for stories written by prominent authors.

PAULINE FREDERICK'S contract with Paramount expires this summer, and there was a rumor that she would join Goldwyn. There seems no further foundation for this report, than that she will leave pictures, for a while at least. She is going on the stage, it is expected. Miss Frederick is now Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mr. Mack is now head of the literary department of Goldwyn. This fact may have contributed also to the rumor mentioned.



A representative of the Toto Film Company accidentally dropped in one evening where they were showing "Cleopatra," and he laughed so hard that he decided to make another version and let Dora Rodgers burlesque "Cleo." It's pretty good—but of course it isn't as funny as the first one.



In "Patriotism" there had to be a close-up of Bessie Barriscale as Joan of Arc—so close-up that only part of her armor would show. But Props dressed up her steed in overalls and puttees and the photographer moved his camera too far back, and this was the result. Director West and Cameraman De Vinna in the supporting roles.

AS has been observed, Madame Petrova is a stickler for realism. This had painful results for a member of her company in the making of a scene for "Patience Sparhawk." Patience is called upon to strangle her stepmother, and so ferociously did Petrova attack Mrs. Paul Dasher, who was playing the other role, that in the heat of the dramatic action, Mrs. Dasher was flung against the iron rod of a lighting apparatus. Her scalp was cut and a doctor had to be called, but after three stitches had been taken she insisted upon doing the scene again.

RAYMOND McKEE, star of "The Unbeliever," is now a Sergeant in the Medical Corps of the army. McKee enlisted immediately after finishing the official Red Cross picture, "The Spirit of the Red Cross."

IT is said Pathe will discontinue the producing of features, having already taken steps to release Frank Keenan, Fannie Ward, and Bryant Washburn. Gladys Hulette's contract expired sometime ago. Bessie Love left Pathe the first of May. Her last picture for that company was "Carolyn of the Corners." Miss Love at this writing had not decided whether to accept one of two offers from big producing concerns, or to form her own company.

JULIUS STEGER is to be director-general for the International Film Company, and not for World. Steger, who coaxed Anna Case into pictures, will make a feature starring the prima-donna, and in the meantime is working on a new Marion Davies production.

ANOTHER photoplay by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, who won the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE $1,000 prize story, is "Real Folks," recently completed at the Triangle Culver City Studio. It is a two-reel "situation comedy," "Mr. Briggs Closes the House."

IN the Metro projection room half a dozen men were watching a picture, when something went wrong with the machine. The operator did not seem to be able to fix it. "Just a minute, I'll fix it for you," said one of the men in the projection room, and went into the booth. In a minute the machine was running smooth and true again. The man who fixed the machine was R. A. Rowland, president of the Metro company. Moral: One of the ways to get to be president of a corporation, is by knowing more about the little job than the man who holds that job and by not refusing to stoop and tackle the little job.



Getting Irving Cummings nominated for governor nearly wrecked the World studio at Ft. Lee, but it had to be done to lead up logically to the close-up with Barbara Castleton at the end of "The Heart of a Girl."

MAURICE TOURNEUR now has his own company. After finishing Ibsen's "A Doll's House," an Artcraft picture with Elsie Ferguson, Mr. Tourneur decided to direct his own pictures, working in his own studio, choosing his own scenarios, and making his own casts; in short, from now on he will be artistically independent. His first production will be "Sporting Life," from an old Drury Lané Theatre success.

JOHN EMERSON, who underwent a serious operation in New York recently, is now completely recovered. After a rest of a few weeks, the director will begin work in collaboration with Miss Anita Loos on a Paramount production.

JACK PICKFORD has joined the navy. He was assigned to the intelligence department and given the task of censoring films for export.

GEORGE BAKER, Metro's West Coast director-general, was discussing the reason why certain film stars, once having left the leadership of a certain master of film craft who created them, seemed to have lost considerable of their acting ability and, in consequence, much of their popularity.

"I heard a story the other day that explains it," he said. "A famous Pennsylvania political boss had been deserted by one of his lieutenants who was seeking to set up his own machine.

"'Let him try,' the boss said, when he heard of the other's plans. 'It's true that I taught him all he knows,—but I didn't teach him all *I* know.'"

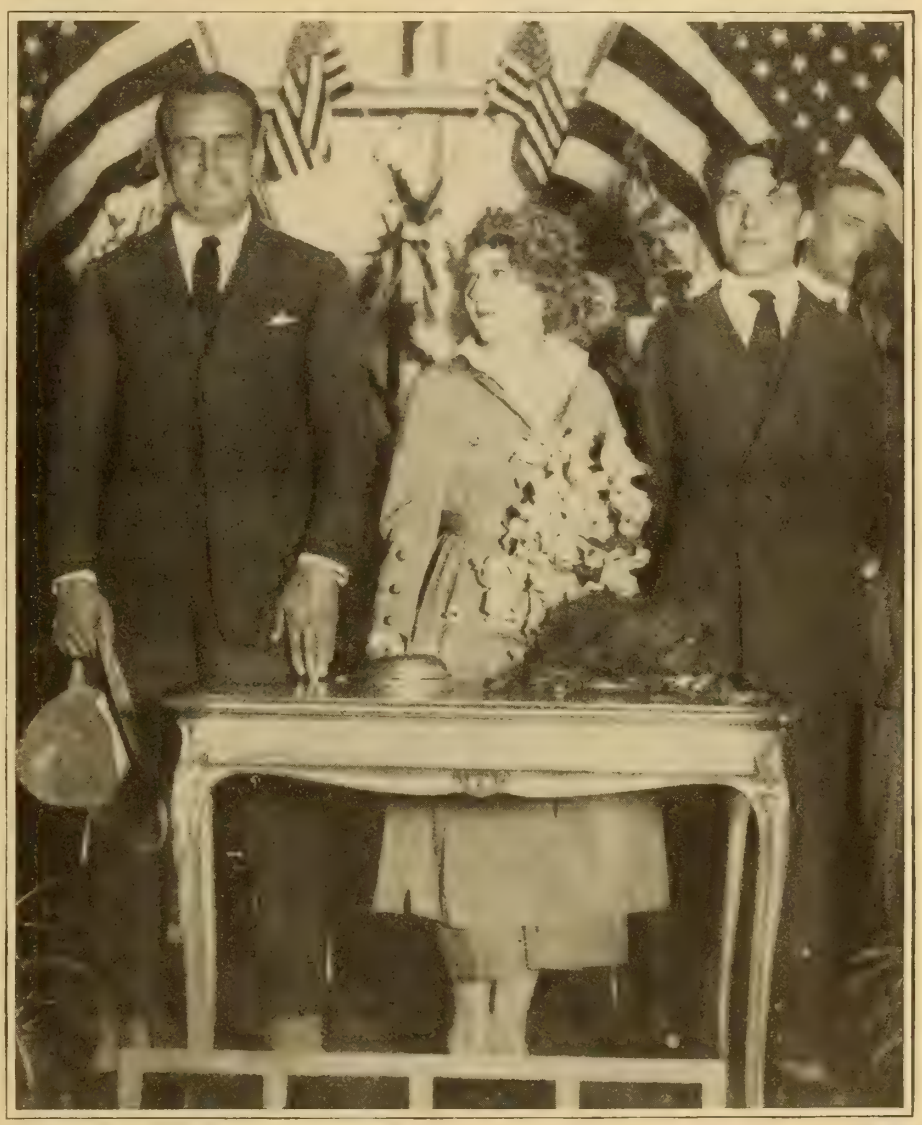
FRANCES FORD is starring in his own serial, a patriotic narrative called "Berlin via America."

PEARL WHITE was watching the military maneuvers at the Army and Navy exhibition at Madison Square Garden. In the next box was a well-known judge. He saw Miss White and exclaimed to a friend: "What a beautiful woman!" Miss White heard. She turned and recognized the eminent jurist. "What an excellent judge!" she retorted, and gave him one of her best smiles.

IT is reported that Constance Talmadge has received repeated offers from managers who wish to obtain her services for the stage. The funny part of it is, these managers all disagree as to what parts she is best fitted to portray. One told her she was a comedienne; another was sure that farce was her forte. The third said she was a dramatic actress. And now Constance is all bewildered. No, she'll not accept any of them.

MISS LILLIAN COOK, last seen as Fairy Berylune in "The Blue Bird," died last month, at the age of nineteen. Miss Cook was one of the best-known screen ingenues, and was with World Pictures for three years.

MOTHER MARY MAURICE, the grand old lady of the films, is dead. She expired at the home of relatives in Port Carbon, Pa., where she came to recover from a long illness which seized her after she had completed her work in "Over the Top," Vitagraph's war picture. She was born in 1844 and in the course of a long stage career played with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John T. McCullough, and Joseph Jefferson. Since 1910, she has been known as Vitagraph's "screen mother."



Carl T. Thoner

The Big Three snapped in Philadelphia on their tour for the Third Liberty Loan. Doug is making a speech and seems to think it's pretty good himself; Mary registers admiring interest in Doug's oratory, apparently, while poor lil' Charlie is standing off all alone and looking kinda forlorn and neutral. But didn't they sell the bonds!



International Film Service

Elya Hastings, the English actress, came to this country after many months of war relief work over there. She will appear before the cameras for Selig.

OLIVE THOMAS complained the other day that she was simply all out of tears. Her director had made the request that she shed a few saline drops over the prostrate form of William V. Mong who, in times away from the camera's stress, raises little piggies and geese, and Olive sobbed and sniffled and thought of all the saddest things in the world, but nary a teardrop would come.

"Most times," she said, "I can cry to order, but now I think I'm cried out. First I was called East by my mother's illness, spent weeks with her at the hospital at Pittsburgh where she almost died, and then Jack"—this being Jack Pickford, her husband—"enlisted in the aviation corps and went to war, and—I'm afraid that these bigger things have blotted up the tears that once I could give to the screen."

Whereupon her director, hearing the remark about Jack, took her to one side and began talking to her about what might happen to Jack in the war zone. He was still bound to have those tears. But he failed, even though Olive did faint at the railway station when she bade Jack good-bye.

"I'm not afraid. Whatever happens, Jack's doing the thing I would want him to do. And I can be brave, too," she said.

GEORGE V. BAKER, the director, and Albert Le Vino, scenarioist, were discussing daylight saving and how it will affect the film industry in the U. S. "And, by the way, George," said Le Vino, "do you know who was the first picture director?" "No," replied Baker, "unless you mean Noah, when he staged the first big animal act on the ark." "No, it was Joshua," said Le Vino. "Didn't he command the sun to stand still so he could take another shot?"

BLANCHE SWEET has at last answered the call. After an absence of over a year, she is again at work, making pictures for her own company. Space has been rented at the Griffith studio.

R. A. WALSH, the director, had just informed a particularly seedy-looking applicant that he had a place for him, but that a small wardrobe would be necessary.

"How much?" asked the seedy-one dubiously.

"Oh, evening clothes, a walking suit or two, a few business suits, an outing suit suitable for a Palm Beach affair, a—"

"Say," broke in the applicant, "who was the author of this story—the Retail Clothiers' Association?"



This is the house that Jack built, Jack being otherwise Mr. Smart, World Film technical director, who is trying to look as if he didn't know he was being photographed. The gentleman giving Mr. Smart's house the up and down is Director Travers Vale who is considering how the bungalow will look when built life-size in his next production, "Vengeance."

RALPH INCE is to be Petrova's permanent director. The actress' plan for changing directors with each picture has been set aside because of the complete satisfaction with Mr. Ince's work in producing "Tempered Steel" and "Patience Sparhawk."

AMERICAN skill in the motion picture has been drafted to aid in saving the babies of France. The American Red Cross has imported a number of American educational films; and now the peasantry of Normandy, of Champagne, and other provinces in the shadow of the firing-line are being taught first lessons in the care of children, according to modern hygienic standards. The Red Cross aims, in cooperation with the French authorities, to reduce infant mortality in France from 80,000 to 40,000 a year, and is in a fair way to do so, thanks partly to the campaign of the motion picture.

FLORENCE REED will make features exclusively for B. A. Rolfe's new producing company. Rolfe recently incorporated a concern to make eight pictures a year with well-known stars; and Miss Reed is the first to be signed.

SERG. ARTHUR GUY EMPEY of "Over the Top" has enlisted with the Twenty-seventh Division of the U. S. army volunteers.

ALLA NAZIMOVA, EMILY STEVENS AND ETHEL BARRYMORE are returning to the screen, the stage productions in which they appeared having ended their runs.

ELYA HASTINGS, the charming young English actress and widow of the late Lieut. Aubrey Hastings, who was killed in action at Verdun, is now working at the Selig studios in California. Miss Hastings was one of the first of her profession to volunteer for service in the British Red Cross. For twelve months after the death of her husband, she carried on her hospital work, often being on duty for twenty-four hours at a stretch in the fourth General Military Hospital in London. Broken in health she came to this country to recuperate and spent some months on a ranch in Wyoming; and later became connected with the Essanay company. Miss Hastings' work there led to her permanent engagement with Selig; and big things are expected of her in the future.

A REPRESENTATIVE of Enrico Caruso is reported as offering him as a picture star. The singer's services may be had for one feature during the summer for $75,000. Don't push.

WHILE D. W. Griffith was on the battle-line in France, he asked a *poilu* what he and his comrades did when they went home on furlough.

"Make ze love," the Frenchman promptly returned. "All ze time make ze love.

"Monsieur," the soldier went on, his eyes twinkling, "war she is terrible, but sometimes not so terrible as peace. She makes our own wives love us."



It's Mae Murray made up as a newsy for her new picture, "Danger—Go Slow!" Extra—extra!

SOLEMNLY the notification is issued that the Clara Kimball Young pictures are in no way connected with the prospective Blanche Sweet pictures, which are to be produced under the management of Miss Young's manager. Less surprising, perhaps, in view of recent events, would be a notification from Miss Sweet that her pictures would have no connection with those of Miss Young.

NANCY PALMER, Howard Chandler Christy's model for his navy recruiting poster, is breaking into camera range in a World subject, "Merely Players," supporting Kitty Gordon.

DURING her two years' sojourn in Santa Barbara, Mary Miles Minter has participated in every civic event of importance, but the recent dedication of the hydroplane built at Santa Barbara by Alan and Malcolm Loughhead for government service has impressed her more strongly than anything she has ever done for war service. Mary broke a bottle of water on the prow of the plane and then released from a basket six white doves.

ANITA STEWART has gone back to work at Vitagraph, her first picture, to be ready within a few weeks, being "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" from the play by Arthur Wing Pinero. All the differences between the company and the star have been adjusted, and save that Miss Stewart has been lost to the screen for the better part of a year, no one is the worse for the experience.

THIS is Glory! To be kissed by Marguerite Clark is honor enough for any man. But to contract a severe case of mumps as a result of the osculatory distinction is far above any dreams of "Bab's" silent worshipers. Charles Ayers, a lad of Chicago, met Miss Clark during the Liberty Loan drive. "Surely I'll give you a kiss for a bond," smiled Miss Clark. "But I've just had the mumps—aren't you scared?" "Scared? Who? Me?" came back the youngster. "No ma'm." And even now he's glad he kissed her.

"WOMEN AND THE WAR" is the working title of D. W. Griffith's first Artcraft picture. Among the players are Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and George Fawcett, besides such notables as Queen Alexandra and David Lloyd-George.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON has transferred her blonde loveliness from Essanay to Artcraft screens. She is George M. Cohan's leading woman in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday." Miss Clayton, it will be remembered, was "discovered" by G. M. Anderson, with whom she played in the old "Broncho Billy" westerns. In her career with the Essanay company she appeared with success opposite Bryant Washburn, Richard Travers, and Sydney Ainsworth, and played the leading part in a series.

NOW that everything is settled and lovely and cooey, there ought to be no real harm in letting you in on a little matter that almost disrupted, for the time being at least, the happy tranquillity of the domestic bliss of Wally Reid and his wife, Dorothy Davenport.

Wally and Dorothy attended a Red Cross benefit at the Hotel Huntington, one of Pasadena's most scrumptious winter hostelries, and Wally was called upon to act as auctioneer. He had auctioned off everything within reach and was looking for new objects to offer and new pocketbooks to conquer, when someone passed him up a genial bull pup that demonstrated its gentleness and affectionate disposition by poking a salivary tongue in the auctioneer's face.

Wally's eyes were for the crowd, not for the dog, when he raised the animal aloft and called attention to its beauty.

He saw that his wife was making frantic motions to him, but he interpreted these as meaning that he should hold the dog for a large and specially spectacular sale. As the price ran up, Miss Davenport's gesturing became more violent. When the price reached $1,600, and Wally yelled "Sold!" he heard a faint shriek come from his fond helpmate's direction.

He had, if you must know and haven't already suspected, sold his wife's own bull pup. And, he had to buy it back! And what is worse, he himself had given the pup to her on her last birthday.



Lewis-Smith

Lovely Marguerite Clayton returns to the screen with George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday." She was formerly with Essanay.



Marie Dressler is not singing her old favorite, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl;" she is returning from a day's campaign, selling Liberty Bonds, the blow that caused the droop being "Do you sell thrift stamps?"

MONA LISA, as a picture star, flivved even before her first picture was completed. The Balboa studios have closed because of financial difficulties; and H. M. Horkheimer's lovely plans for his new star—who, you know, was to fire the industry—were all wasted. It's a shame.

(Continued on page 106)

Education

A department of service in motion picture to one of its



"Jack and the Beanstalk" becomes more visible, and therefore the more impressive to the young mind, when "done" into moving pictures.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

"I TELL ye, a picture like that learns a person something."

Thus the head of the house, returning from the little show around the corner, waters another weed in the hard row the public school teacher must hoe.

For these wise paternal words again impress upon the tow-headed young son of the family the hopelessness and boredom which he finds in his schoolroom, where the teacher is trying to "learn him something." If some folks can stay away from school and still learn things, why, he ponders, must he make a daily hegira to the Sahara of the schoolroom and attempt to absorb such facts as "the epigea repens or trailing arbutus is found in the northern New England states, Upper Michigan and other locations in the same latitude," and similar abstractions?

Yes, father said something.

While taupe-headed William is in school endeavoring to secure some permanent impressions from abstract type, his brother Hank, who quit school to work in the tannery, is taking in the picture shows and absorbing vivid fact after fact driven into his mind by the graphic power of the screen.

Willie is learning enough of the fourth dynasty of King Ethelbert of the Visigoths to be able to evaporate some of it into words when he recites. Hank is learning what is going on in Europe right now. Hank can talk about the modern war; but Willie can't. Who considers the troubles of the Visigoths when ten million modern Huns are tearing at the gates of civilization?

But Hank learns many other things in the theater that should be learned in the school. The screen's refreshing and powerful presentation of facts in history, literature, sociology, engineering, zoology, botany, commercial geography, nature study and many other lines is too well known to mention.

One of the chief reasons why public school teachers have hard rows to hoe is that their tools are mostly of the 1800 model. Education is just beginning to recognize in a real way the power of the screen. Learning's attitude has been like that of a blind man remaining indifferent when a strange visitor comes and offers him sight. The supreme teacher is here. But few educators have as yet given her the whole hearted welcome she deserves.

On the other hand, a large number of educational institutions are rapidly realizing that the motion picture is education's greatest aid since the birth of the art of printing. These institutions are recalling their manners and are offering the powerful and brilliant newcomer a real place among their aides.

Few are the colleges and universities now unequipped for motion pictures. Fifty per-cent of the normals, private schools and high schools use films, with more securing equipment every day. The public schools are gathering the machines as fast as they can find the necessary handful of cash. One of the larger cities of the middle west has passed a rule requiring a motion picture booth to be included in the specifications of all future school buildings.

Psychologists agree that eighty-seven per cent of the knowledge contained in the average human mind comes through the eye. And in appeal to the vision the screen stands far in advance of all previous forms of education.

al Films

the application of the greatest fields of usefulness

"I would rather have one reel of film on certain subjects than all the teaching one teacher can do in a week," said the principal of a school to the writer last week. Some day that remark will be accepted by every teacher and educator in the land.

"I can teach every subject in the public schools with motion pictures except grammar," said Thomas Edison, six years ago, "and I don't care whether grammar is taught or not." Having taught grammar, we agree with Edison on both scores.

Because of the fact that educators have not as yet made a strong demand for motion pictures constructed expressly for teaching purposes, not a great deal of progress has been made along this line. The Lincoln Parker Company is the pioneer in making films for the class-room, under the supervision of educators. That concern now offers film courses in geography, nature study, history, physiology and hygiene, biology and agriculture. Other concerns have hundreds of educational films on these and other subjects, including chemistry, physics, industry and literature.

The development in this field from now on is bound to be rapid in the direction of the organization of film courses on a pedagogic basis, and more and more thinking will be done by those interested in the questions of the proper relation between the screen and the old teaching methods. Professor Judd, head of the department of education at the University of Chicago and an authority on pedagogy, is very much in favor of further development in the middle field between purely teaching films for the class-room and the entertainment pictures of the theater.

It is this blend of recreation and education in films which most schools now desire and most of the films used are of that type, such as "Les Miserables," "Treasure Island," "Ivanhoe," and many other picturized stories, and pictures from history, travel, nature study and industry.

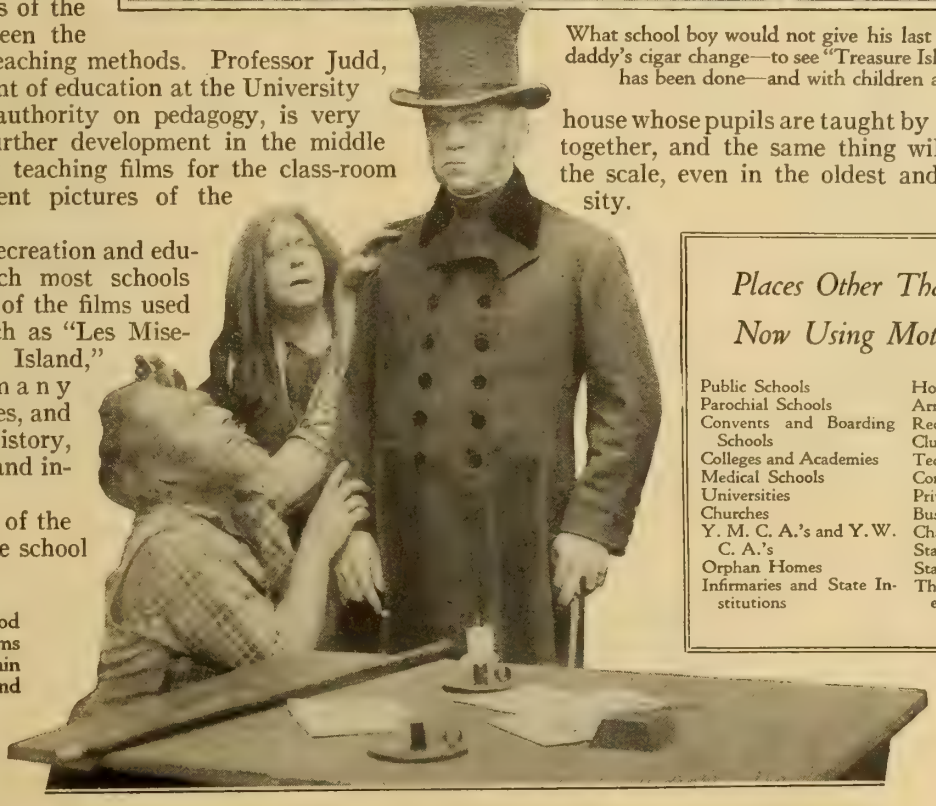
Around the corner of the next decade is a little school house whose pupils are taught by screen and book together, and the same thing will happen on up the scale, even in the oldest and coldest university.



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" evokes a different answer on the modern dairy farm. The "pretty milk maid" is usually a man adeptive in handling machinery and with a working knowledge of electricity. By such films as the Atlas agricultural, from which the above picture is taken, does the moving picture aid Uncle Sam in coaxing boys farmward.



What school boy would not give his last cent — and even his daddy's cigar change—to see "Treasure Island" in pictures? It has been done—and with children acting the roles.



"Les Miserables" is a good example of the sort of films schools are using in the main —a blend of education and entertainment.

Places Other Than Theatres Now Using Motion Pictures

Public Schools	Hospitals and Prisons
Parochial Schools	Army and Navy Camps
Convents and Boarding Schools	Red Cross Branches
Colleges and Academies	Clubs and Organizations
Medical Schools	Technical Societies
Universities	Community Houses
Churches	Private Homes
Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s	Business Firms
Orphan Homes	Chambers of Commerce
Infirmaries and State Institutions	State Capitols
	State Councils of Defense
	The United States Government



Stagg

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

The Sixth of a Series of Articles by Recognized Leaders of the New Art

By John Emerson
and Anita Loos

THE latest development in the making of the motion picture has been in the realm of the so-called sub-title. The word "sub-title" is a misnomer, and it is not quite clear how it crept into the nomenclature of the movies. "Caption" would seem to be a more fitting word, but "sub-title" has become so thoroughly established in the public mind as well as in the minds of the makers of films, that it seems best to adopt the foundling and let it go at that.

A subtitle consists of a word, phrase, sentence or paragraph thrown on the screen to indicate a lapse of time, a change of locale, or a description of action which takes place, as we say in the theatre, "off stage," or in our own medium "off the screen." "The Next Morning" is an example of the first type of sub-title, denoting a lapse of time. "At the Home of Senator Johnson" illustrates the second type, indicating a change of locale; while "After Many Thrilling Adventures in Which He Outwits the Agents of Black Boris, Alexis Arrives in Vulgaria, Where he is Acclaimed by His Loyal Subjects," is an example of the third type of sub-title describing action which is supposed to take place between two scenes, and which, for any one of various reasons, it does not seem wise or expedient to visualize.

It is ideas that are in demand—first, last and always—ideas. Learn to recognize an idea and to differentiate it from a mere incident or a mere string of incidents, or an incoherent narrative which has no basic theme.

Inasmuch as there is no special meaning inherent in the word "subtitle," we have in our own work shortened the word to "title," and what is commonly called a "spoken title," we prefer to denote simply by the word "speech." A "speech" is exactly what the word implies, namely: something spoken by one of the characters in the photoplay, exactly as on the speaking stage. For example, Alexis says to the Prime Minister:

"Is the Princess beautiful?"

And the Prime Minister replies:

"Sire, *all* princesses are beautiful."

It is the custom on the screen to enclose spoken titles, or "speeches" in quotation marks, though just why the quotation marks, is not clear. It is, however, one of those customs which had become very firmly rooted, and which it is the part of wisdom to accept rather than to combat.

In the early days, the ideal motion picture was one in which the whole story was told by the action of the scenes depicted on the screen, without the use of titles or speeches. The pursuit of this ideal, however, soon reduced the motion picture to mere pantomime, and greatly narrowed the range of subjects with which the motion picture could deal, and after months of struggle and much weariness of spirit someone woke up one morning to a realization that the ideal was entirely false, and that the titles and speeches could, and should, perform much the same function for a motion picture as lines perform for a play. After this discovery titles and speeches began to take their proper place in the construction of the motion picture, and we think we are safe in saying that the most marked development in motion picture technique during the last two years has been along this line.

At first there was no attempt at literary quality in the titles, the idea being that the fewer words used the better. But little by little the value of style in the writing of titles began to be realized. In this matter the foreign producers were much in advance of the Americans, as is instanced in the case of "Cabiria," a picture produced at least four years ago, and yet one in which the titles, written by one of the greatest of living poets, were infused with as fine fire and as great poetic fervor as any of his written masterpieces. Gabrielle D'Anunzio was the first writer to use the poetic title in the motion picture, and while it is true that his titles were badly translated in the English version, yet their beauty was not by any means entirely lost.

About this same time David Griffith was experimenting with the literary title. He realized that titles gave to the screen a voice; they opened up for the photoplay the fields of poetic and psychological drama, of fantasy and satire. It was in the old Fine Arts Studio, under the guiding hand of Frank E. Woods, Mr. Griffith's able collaborator in the production of "The Birth of a Nation" that the literary title received its greatest impetus and development.

The writing of titles is in itself an art and requires just as much thought and study as the constructing of the play. Titles (we are using the term as inclusive of speeches)

should never be written in a style that obtrudes upon the illusion of a story. A narrative title should be in the same mood as the scene it introduces; it must never jar. The shades of meaning in the title must correspond so perfectly to the shades of the meaning of the scene in which it is inserted, that the audience feels no shock at the change from a picture to the written words. We believe as much care should be taken in writing the titles as in producing the picture itself, and that the ideal picture will be one in which the titles are so in harmony with the pictured scenes that they flow into each other with so much ease and facility that the impression given is of a perfect, co-ordinated structure.

In "Cabiria," D'Anunzio's poetic titles in the original Italian were in so perfect accord with the spirit of the picture that the observer hardly realized—or at least never had it forced upon his consciousness—just where the picture ended and the title began.

Comedy titles have been greatly abused in pictures, for the reason that many screen editors, in titling, will, in their attempt to be facetious, insert a speech that is outside the character of the person speaking. One can sympathize with this mistake, as one is often tempted to put a brilliant speech into the mouth of a character which that character himself would never have uttered. Any laughs which such a speech brings only tend to destroy the illusion of the story. Speeches should always be written in the language that the character himself would use, and a brilliant or sarcastic speech should never be put into the mouth of a character whose method of expression in real life would be merely commonplace. Rather use the commonplace speech and lose the laugh, than break the priceless illusion of reality.

In submitting a synopsis it is well to insert as many good titles as possible. These should be underscored in order that the reader may know that they are the title or speeches which the author particularly wishes to be gotten over. If the author feels that the narrow limits of a synopsis prevent his inserting as many good titles as he has in mind, it would be well to add a note to this effect at the bottom of the synopsis.

Do not imagine that producers wish to steal your ideas. On the contrary, most producers will gladly pay you well for them in order to encourage you to help supply their great demand.

As pictures are made at present, in most cases titling is done by the continuity writer or by special writers engaged for this purpose, who do their work after the picture is photographed and assembled. This method of work, like many other things connected with the new art, is illogical and undoubtedly will be done away with, as the writers of scripts become more proficient in the handling of their material, and particularly as they learn to make their own continuity.

So in studying the pictures, watch the titles. Are they well or badly written? Are they in the spirit of the story as a whole, or not? Does the transition from the pictured scene to the title jar, or does it give you a sense of fitness and good form? Are the speeches in character, or are the words of a savant put into the mouth of a yokel?

And while you are studying pictures, do not simply take note of the story, of form, of structure, of plot, of incident, of titles, etc., but also note many other things about the production, which may be of practical use in the placing of scenarios. Note in the first place the name of the producing company. Every picture producing organization has its own personality, and the personality of the company is to be fitted just as much as the personality of the leading players. For instance, the Fox Corporation takes an entirely different type of story from the Paramount. The Metro, too, has its personality, as has the Mutual, the Triangle, as well as all the different companies.

Note the name of the director, and follow up the different directors' styles in the making of their pictures. If you can gauge the mood of an important director, you have made a long step toward the placing of stories. The director has great power in the studios and exerts considerable influence in the selection of scenarios.

In a word, keep *en raport* with the film situation; it is always changing and a thorough knowledge of the needs

(Continued on page 121)

It's Easy When You Know How

Here's how Bill Hart lights that match.



The match he uses is of the so-called "bird's-eye" variety — white or red tipped over the end of the ignition substance. The thumbnail is drawn rapidly across the match as it is clutched in the fist, the tip end protruding vertically upward.





The thumbnail is drawn rapidly across the match at a point where the two colors join, with a quick scratching movement. His manner of bringing his hand down sharply from the shoulder has nothing to do with the success of the stunt. Try it.

Mary Pickfo

An Appreciation



MARY PICKFORD is not interviewed; she is appreciated.

In writing about the world's most popular woman, I am continually tempted into superlatives, knowing all the time that if I fall, Mary Pickford—who is great but not simple—will laugh at me.

And it is not because she is the world's most popular woman that I am afraid to write about her. I should love Mary Pickford if she wasn't Mary Pickford at all but a little librarian in an Indiana college town. I do not idealize Mary Pickford—I don't have to.

But what can I say? Here I've been growing up with the movies and going to see every one of Mary's plays from "In the Bishop's Carriage" to "M'Liss" and praying to meet her and now I have met her and—what can I say?

Of course I wanted at once to do a story about her. But the Editor said, "Everything has been said about Mary Pickford." But I said, "They didn't see Mary Pickford as I saw her that day in the rain." And I'm not selfish. So I'll just tell you all about it.

Mary came to Chicago to sell bonds, and I tagged after her all day; saw her close-up; watched her bob up here and there, unexpectedly, in the crowds that followed her about in the rain; heard her "speak," and finally, met her.

I watched her take down her hair and brush it; it's real.

I watched her wash her face—and nothing came off on the towel.

She made half-a-dozen speeches; shook hands with at least five thousand people; and signed her name to hundreds of bonds. I could find it in my heart to forgive Mary Pickford if she decided to retire from private life.

Why, Mary hasn't even a bowing acquaintance with temper or its twin sister, temperament. Once out at the studio a thoughtless person irritated her. Hurt, she fled to her dressing room, covering her face with her hands and crying like a little child.

Mary belongs to the people. In that crowd, when she was signing Liberty Bonds—most of them for thousands of dollars—she found time to rise and throw kisses to a few small boys who stood in the rain trying to get a glimpse of her from the fire-escape of the office building opposite.

There was a year-old child whose mother lifted him up to see Mary. The kid didn't know Mary Pickford; but he knew he was frightened and wanting to cry. Mary looked down and saw him. "Are you afraid of me, honey?" she said softly. The child stared and then smiled. Mary bent and kissed him.

On the stage her small figure was outlined against a dark drop. The audi-

rd, the Girl

By Delight Evans

ence applauded; then settled back a bit uncertainly. Mary began to speak. She told them she'd come on business; she meant to forget she was Mary Pickford and make them forget it. They sat forward as she told them of the wounded American boys—the first—whom she had visited in Washington; of one boy with both legs gone; of another, blind—it seemed fitting somehow that Mary Pickford should tell it; and she told it all so quietly. A stage-hand turned to me, tears in his eyes. "Ain't that sweet?" he said.

Little Mary was the only one of the Big Three who went through with her speaking schedule. Douglas Fairbanks broke under the strain; Chaplin contracted stage-fright. Mary said she was "pretty tired"—that's all.

Mary met the President in Washington. She told me about it. "I was nervous at first, until I saw him standing there with his hands in his pockets. He told us a story about an Iowa farmer who wrote to him and said, 'Mr. President, I've bought some Liberty Bonds; please tell me when the interest is due on them so I can send you a check for the amount.' "

She wore the military costume you saw in "The Little American." By the way, she says she liked that picture; but it was not her favorite. "There wasn't enough comedy in it," she explained; "I liked 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' much better; and 'How Could You, Jean?' is good, I think."

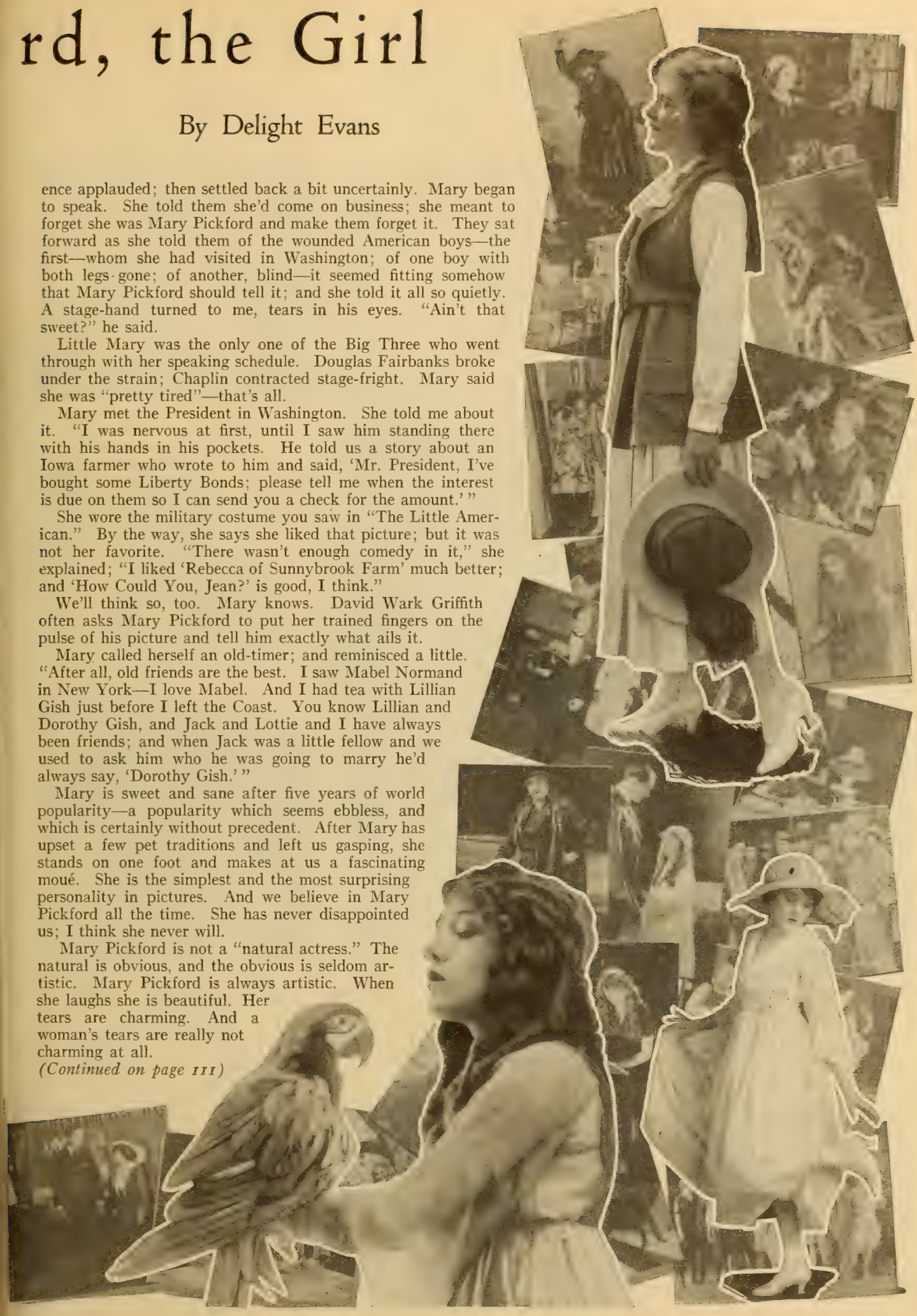
We'll think so, too. Mary knows. David Wark Griffith often asks Mary Pickford to put her trained fingers on the pulse of his picture and tell him exactly what ails it.

Mary called herself an old-timer; and reminisced a little. "After all, old friends are the best. I saw Mabel Normand in New York—I love Mabel. And I had tea with Lillian Gish just before I left the Coast. You know Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack and Lottie and I have always been friends; and when Jack was a little fellow and we used to ask him who he was going to marry he'd always say, 'Dorothy Gish.' "

Mary is sweet and sane after five years of world popularity—a popularity which seems ebbless, and which is certainly without precedent. After Mary has upset a few pet traditions and left us gasping, she stands on one foot and makes at us a fascinating moué. She is the simplest and the most surprising personality in pictures. And we believe in Mary Pickford all the time. She has never disappointed us; I think she never will.

Mary Pickford is not a "natural actress." The natural is obvious, and the obvious is seldom artistic. Mary Pickford is always artistic. When she laughs she is beautiful. Her tears are charming. And a woman's tears are really not charming at all.

(Continued on page 111)



PICTURED NAMES PUZZLE

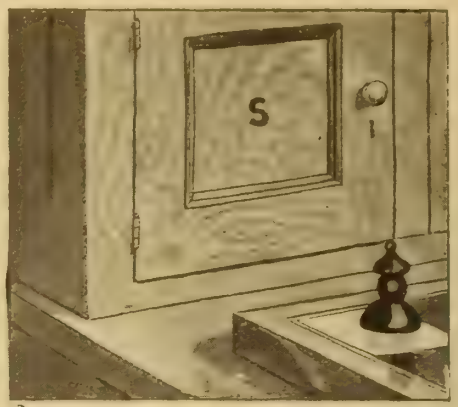
Each Picture Illustrates a Photoplayer's Name

FIRST PRIZE $10.00 SECOND PRIZE $5.00 THIRD PRIZE $3.00 FOURTH PRIZE $2.00 TEN PRIZES EACH $1.00

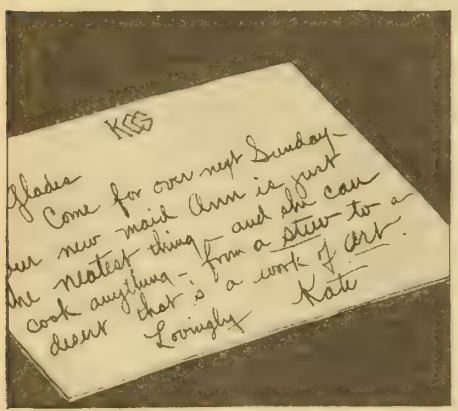
These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the nine pictures here shown—accompanied by a suggestion from you for similarly picturizing some popular photoplayer's name. This being our readers' remunerative recreation department, we want to know your preferences. Whose name would you like to see illustrated and how would you suggest doing it? Your suggestion may help you win a prize.


1


2



3



4



5


6


7


8


9

DIRECTIONS

THE actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them. Names of obscure players are not used.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. REMEMBER to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of this page, also on your suggestion sheet.

Send in as many suggestions for other players' names as you care to, although only one is necessary. Use separate sheet.

Cut out the page and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. Awards for answers to this set will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month. The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set must be mailed before July 1st, 1918. Address to Puzzle Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

WINNERS OF THE MAY PUZZLES CONTEST

First Prize, $10—William A. Fairty, 65 Halstead St., Arlington, N. J. Second Prize, $5—Miss Clair J. Voris, 1607 Sturm Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Third Prize, $3—Miss Mildred Hays, % U. S. Rubber Co., Mechanical Goods Div., Cleveland, O. Fourth Prize, $2—Sergeant E. C. Wheeler, Ordnance Depot, Camp Pike, Ark. One Dollar Prizes to: Frederick Hilliard, 25 Monkland Ave., Ottawa, Canada, Major H. B. Burwell, Junior Military Aviator U. S. Army, Ellingwood Field, Houston, Tex., Miss Grace Leedy, 315 E. Merrill St., Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Frank C. Lent, 90 S. Franklin St., Nyack, N. Y., Louis P. Kuenstler, 1508 Spring St., Quincy, Ill., Alvin E. Iverson, 6134 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill., Mrs. W. J. Dickens, Box 162, Harrisonburg, Va., Losee A. Wachlin, Box 687, Sayville, N. Y., Mrs. C. W. Ockstadt, Beaufort, S. C., Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, Bristol, Va., Miss Ruth Cornet, 4550 Berlin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES

1—Mary Anderson. 2—Gladys Brockwell. 3—Jackie Saunders. 4—Jane Cowl. 5—Sidney Drew. 6—Eddie Polo. 7—Elsie Ferguson. 8—Florence Reed. 9—Mrs. Vernon Castle.



Read how to overcome the unattractive appearance that cuticle cutting gives your nails

What causes hangnails

You need never again have them

THE famous specialist, Dr. Edmund Saalfeld, says that hangnails have two causes.

If the cuticle is allowed to grow up onto the surface of the nail, the skin will tear, become detached and form hangnails. Hangnails also come from improper or too vigorous treatment of the cuticle.

To prevent hangnails, your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle *unbroken.*

This is exactly what Cutex does—it removes the cuticle without injury—it leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm—unbroken.

Even people who have been most troubled with hangnails, say that with Cutex they have been entirely freed from this annoyance.

The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find absorbent cotton and an orange stick. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost at once you will be able to wipe away the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the fingers in clear water.

Remove all stains from underneath the nails by applying a little Cutex Nail White. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.



When you see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle; how lovely it makes your nails look, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method!



Apply Cutex Nail White underneath your nails directly from its convenient tube, then spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick



Beautiful Lillian Gish, the Madonna of motion pictures, says: "I have Cutex to thank for a quick, wonderful manicure. Never before has my cuticle been so smooth and even, my nails so shapely"

Photo by Hartsook, Calif.

Until you have had a Cutex manicure, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Even when the cuticle has been mutilated and broken by cutting, Cutex restores the firm, smooth outline at the base of the nail. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails and dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles quickly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the well-groomed shapeliness everyone admires.

You can secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The cuticle remover comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle is also 30c. If your favorite store hasn't it, order direct.

Send 15c for a complete Midget Manicure Set

Send the coupon now with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a Midget Manicure Set of Cutex preparations, complete with cotton, orange stick and emery boards. Get it today. Address **Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.**

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 707, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



This complete manicure set sent for 15c

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 707, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Impressions

By Julian Johnson



GEORGE FAWCETT

The Unadulterated American, at fifty;
the spirit of Mark Twain;
Ben Franklin;
George Ade in the acting business.



DOROTHY PHILLIPS

The Dance-Hall Girl: a marble by Rodin;
a corsage of poppies and violets;
jazz tunes by a string quartette;
bread-and-milk in a scarlet bowl.



CHARLIE MURRAY

An Irish undertaker burying a Rabbi;
initiation in The Eagles;
cactus in the sofa cushions;
Uncle Tom's Cabin in Vicksburg.



ELSIE FERGUSON

Passionate purity;
a girl of ancient Athens;
East Indian Love Lyrics;
rubies on a white breast.



HARRY MOREY

A Romanoff Grand Duke;
a Sea-Lord of the British Admiralty;
the Scotch on the Somme;
the Wheat Pit.



EMILY STEVENS

A nurse's first day on the fighting front;
why Ibsen—today—would be a scenario-writer;
the tears of resolution;
torpedo boats.



It's a shame to ruin sweaters you have made yourself

You used to expect to have your pretty sweater *ruined* in the laundress' hands. "It's a shame," you said, "to spend all that time knitting and then have to wear a shrunken sweater—it's so hard to wash woolens satisfactorily!"

But *now!* You can wash your sweater yourself right at home—with Lux suds. And it will come out soft—fluffy—not a bit shrunken.

The old way of washing was specially ruinous for woolens. When you rub wool, the tiny overlapping scales of which wool fiber is made, get all tangled and twisted. When alkali touches them, the fibers draw up and tighten. That is why woolens shrunk when you washed them.

But with Lux, there is *no rubbing*—no free alkali. Lux is so pure that it won't injure anything from blankets to sheerest chiffons *if pure water alone won't hurt them.*

Lux comes in delicate satiny flakes. They melt the instant they touch hot water. You dip your daintiest things up and down in the cleansing lather—squeeze the suds through them—and the dirt just drops out of them.

Try Lux today. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Even in hard water, Lux makes wonderful suds



To wash your colored sweater

To set browns, blacks or pinks, first soak your sweater for a few minutes in a solution of one cup of salt to one gallon of water; half a cup of vinegar to a gallon of water for blues.

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Wash *white* sweaters as above, but in *hot* suds.

LUX

© *Lever Bros. Co., 1918*

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 80*)

THE MILLION DOLLAR DOLLIES —Metro

One of the perpetual pleas of picture fans we have encountered, east and west, is for more beauty on the screen. At last here is a production which is beautiful in every scene. There is not a foot of the five reels of "The Million Dollar Dollies" that does not fascinate the eye. The plot is neat rather than gaudy, yet has an original twist that sounds as if Director-Author Leonce Perret has been reading his Balzac. The Dolly Sisters are introduced in the story as themselves, and engaged to unravel a curious oriental mystery that is housed somewhere in New York. It is one of the ocular gems of the year.

THE BLINDNESS OF DIVORCE —Fox

In "The Blindness of Divorce" an attempt is made to prove that divorce is a great evil by showing a lot of stupid people doing stupid things. A husband finds his neglected but innocent wife being made love to by another man, and against her protestations of fidelity he denounces her. The wife instead of using the telephone, rushes off to the home of the other man to implore him to clear her name; the husband sees her and this confirms his suspicions. The divorce is granted, the story jumps a generation, and more stupid actions are introduced. It is incomprehensible that Frank Lloyd, the one directoral genius in the Fox organization, wrote and produced this hodge-podge.

BLINDFOLDED—Paralta

Bessie Barriscale is the daughter of a master-cracksman in "Blindfolded," a good melodrama based upon exactly the same situation as a Fine Arts production of two years ago, "Going Straight," except that it is the wife who, having reformed, is called upon by her former associates, to commit the robbery, instead of the husband. Miss Barriscale's unfailing personal charm lifts the story out of the groove.

THE TRAIL TO YESTERDAY —Metro

Bert Lytell makes his first appearance as a picture star in "The Trail to Yesterday," in which he confirms the impression received from his work in "The Lone Wolf." This young man has something of the severity of William Hart combined with a little of the geniality of Roy Stewart, which makes him a good figure for western dramas. The capital difficulty is in getting the dramas. "The Trail to Yesterday" is as good as almost any other Winchester literature of the screen but no better. Anna Nilsson provides the principal decorations.

RESURRECTION—Paramount

"Resurrection" is one of the great pictures. Certain producers whose output I have characterized as nasty will want to know why I play favorites. The answer is that a man with this sort of mind does not know the difference between the latest barroom story and the beginning of the eighth chapter of John. Without the detailed analysis of Tolstoy, naturally impossible in a picture, "Resurrection" still retains the essence of the great novel—the leavening power of redemption working in an unfortunate, but not utterly degraded soul. Pauline Frederick has never been greater than in this role, descending from the merry peasant girl to the *debaucheé* and then upward to the woman capable of supreme sacrifice. John Sainpolis as a prophet of New Russia gives a memorable performance.

Bartlett Briefs

"The Soul of Buddha" (Fox—Theda Bara recanting a solemn oath to serve Buddha and dying a horrible death at the close of a life in which nothing seemed to please her.

"The Biggest Show on Earth" (Paramount)—Enid Bennett as a lion tamer, later breaking into society; quite thrilling when Miss Bennett romps with the surly looking beasts; a neatly turned plot.

"Her One Mistake" (Fox)—With a title like this on a Fox picture it does not require much imagination to guess what sort of a mistake is meant; Gladys Brockwell in a double role; since "Stella Maris" everybody's been trying to do it; Miss Brockwell does it well.

"With Hoops of Steel" (Paralta)—Henry B. Walthal is a Billhart story of a man falsely accused of murder; much riding and shooting.

"Mile-a-Minute Kendall" (Paramount)—one of the liveliest comedy dramas of the month; Jack Pickford as a wealthy scapegrace, invents a new motor and marries Louise Huff; several clever comedy characters of bucolic origin; Lottie Pickford in one of her rare visits to the screen.

Not So Important

"Conquered Hearts" (Ivan)—introducing Marguerite Marsh as star; a story for which the word "meander" was created; one nasty scene.

"The Purple Lily" (World)—villainy and Kitty Gordon; a plot like a crazy quilt; not one admirable character from beginning to end.

"The Marriage Lie" (Bluebird)—an ancient fable, produced in much better manner than other recent offerings from this company; presenting the beauty of Carmel Myers and the acting ability of herself and Kenneth Harlan. Fair, casual entertainment.

"Dolly Does Her Bit" (Pathe)—based upon the theory that Baby Marie Osborne could be mistaken for a mechanical doll; the story of the child who enables the police to round up the burglars; brightened frequently by the Osborne pickaninny.

"Ruler of the Road" (Pathe)—Frank Keenan as an iron-fisted boss who has a streak of human kindness; utterly lacking in attractiveness, sympathy or lighter touches, until the final reel.

"The Face in the Dark" (Goldwyn)—just another Goldwyn movie; Mae Marsh needs a good director; the story—Irvin S. Cobb at his movie worst.

"Twenty-one" (Pathe)—a wealthy youth changes places with his double, a pugilist; a tiresome story proving that Bryant Washburn needs another "Skinner" to maintain his assumption of stardom.

"Just a Woman" (Steger)—the Eugene Walter drama of the man who reaches success and is temporarily lured from his wife, who made him successful, by an extremely unattractive vampire; Charlotte Walker as the wife.

"The Unchastened Woman" (Rialto)—Grace Valentine in the role created on the stage by Emily Stevens; a wife, technically chaste but with a mania for making men fall in love with her; the difficult task of getting this story into pictures done very badly indeed; Miss Valentine delightful.

"Mlle. Paulette" (Triangle)—summer resort romance, with complications involving a maid-of-all-work and an actress; pretty, light comedy.

By Staff Reviewers

THE HAND AT THE WINDOW —Triangle

"The Hand at the Window" is that rarest of things—an original and convincing crook play. The members of the gang look and act like real criminals and not like actors. These desperate characters are rounded up by Margery Wilson as a girl detective and Joe King as a sentimental police captain. The sub-titles are a joy in themselves and offer a liberal education in genuine crooks' lingo.

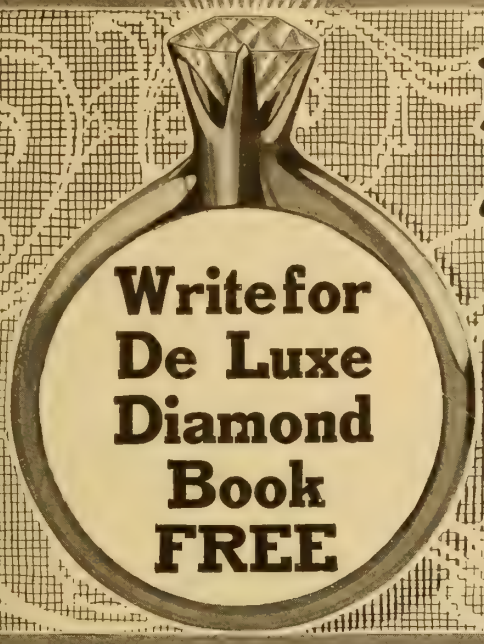
TYRANT FEAR—Paramount

"Tyrant Fear" is a savage but powerful story of the conquest of terror. The heroine is forced into marriage with a vicious trapper, sold by him to a dance-hall proprietor and finally gains self-reliance through her love for a weakling whom she protects. Dorothy Dalton gives a forceful picture in the evolution of the dumb and patient girl to the aggressive woman. The story is told against a background of Canadian snows. It contains several rather horrible episodes.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN"— Paramount

In "Rich Man, Poor Man," Marguerite Clark piles her curls high on her head and plays a romantic young lady instead of a winsome child. She is the innocent "false heiress" whom a well-meaning old gentleman presents to a

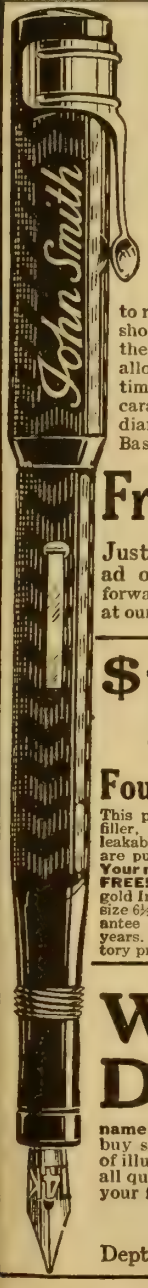
(*Continued on page 98*)



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 96)

wealthy family as their long lost granddaughter. She thus learns that love in a dingy boarding-house is better than loneliness in a luxurious mansion. The young lover who teaches her this is delightfully played by Richard Barthelmess. He also seems to have grown up since his fairy prince days.

THE DOCTOR AND THE WOMAN —Jewel

"The Doctor and the Woman" is a screen version of "K," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. It presents a doctor-and-nurse romance, such as will occur in spite of hospital regulations. The action is skillfully directed by Lois Weber but the principals (played by True Boardman and Mildred Harris) were cast without the slightest regard for the characters in the novel. The film is entertaining at times, but at no time does it resemble "K."

MASKS AND FACES—World

"Masks and Faces" is remarkable solely because of its illustrious cast which reads like a page from Who's Who in English letters and drama. It includes such names as Shaw, Barrie, Forbes-Robertson, Dion Boucicault, Hare, Pinero, Gertrude Elliott, and so on. Most of these celebrities have little to do, but they show a good-humored, if puzzled, acceptance of their roles. The play itself is an old school version of "Peg Woffington" and is as quaint as it is absurd.

PLAYING THE GAME—Paramount

Charles Ray starts "Playing the Game" in his justly famous dress suit, with which he was identified before he discovered that he could play "rube" roles. He is not allowed to remain in it long, however, for he goes out West to reform beautifully in overalls and sombrero. He learns to break bronchos and to knock out bullying foremen and finally wins the pretty daughter of the ranch manager, played by Doris Lee. The "back to the soil" theme is a little thin, but is more than redeemed by the work of Mr. Ray, who can make any hero lovable, not because of what he does but because of what he is.

HEARTS OR DIAMONDS—Mutual

"Hearts or Diamonds" presents a new variety of diamond thief who pretends to manufacture the jewels he steals. William Russell captures the entire band single handed, restores the diamonds, and wins the heart of the heroine, thus justifying the title.

M'LISS—Artcraft

"M'liss" puts Mary Pickford in a Bret Harte setting. She is the ragged, untamed child of Red Gulch, who shows her deep tenderness only to her dissipated old father. Theodore Roberts plays this victim of delirium tremens with real pathos and Thomas Meighan is a stalwart young school-master. The background has caught all the haunting romance of the days of forty-nine.

A BIT OF JADE—Mutual

In "A Bit of Jade," the heroine, her young lover and a jade necklace are pursued by a sinister Hindu through five reels of romantic melodrama. The first three are finally united and the Hindu meets his just deserts. The action gives Mary Miles Minter a chance to look particularly winsome in boy's clothes.

THE REASON WHY—Select

In "The Reason Why," Clara Kimball Young loves and suffers gracefully in a series of Lucille gowns She is a misjudged wife whose visits to her child are misunderstood by a jealous husband. It is a typical Elinor Glyn plot—denatured. Milton Sills as the husband manages to look suspicious and dignified at the same time.

THE SEAL OF SILENCE—Vitagraph

"The Seal of Silence" is the promise exacted from a young girl by a wife who does not want her husband to know that she is to be the mother of his child. The only possible reason for keeping this secret is to allow the husband to suspect that the child belongs to the young girl so that the play may go on and on and on. Any act of common sense on the part of any of the characters would stop the plot in the first reel. Earle Williams and Grace Darmond are helpless in this mass of inconsistencies.

Briefer Comment

"The Law of the Great Northwest" (Triangle)—the continual struggle between the Canadian trappers and the Mounted Police; rather brutal action softened by the appealing personality of Margery Wilson.

"A Mother's Secret" (Bluebird)—Ella Hall as a girl of eighteen masquerading as a child of thirteen at the behest of her socially ambitious mother; a spy hunt thrown in to enliven an old plot.

"A Bachelor's Children" (Vitagraph)—again the selfish bachelor whose heart is melted by three adopted children, one old enough to marry the hero; Harry Morey and the children delightful but the tale bores.

"Leap to Fame" (World)—a young journalist who chases German spies through an incoherent plot, assisted by an "heiress" played by Evelyn Greeley; if there is anything more extraordinary than Mr. Blackwell's idea of a college man, it is his idea of a newspaper man.

"The Girl From Beyond" (Vitagraph)—a résumé of all the stock episodes from the Cyrus Townsend Brady school of melodrama; the hero avenges his wronged sister, goes to prison for another's crime and emerges a Western bad man to be reformed by the heroine; Nell Shipman and Alfred Whitman helpless in this shuffle.

"The House of Silence" (Paramount)—all the sinister secrets of Mrs. Warren's profession, including a murder which opens the first reel; an unsavory theme, well handled by Wallace Reid and Ann Little.

"Society for Sale" (Triangle)—a bankrupt English aristocrat is lured into a mercenary engagement which ends most romantically. William Desmond (with the aid of a monocle) is an amusing and genial Englishman.

"Danger Within" (Bluebird)—Zoe Rae again softens the heart of a crusty old recluse with her infantile charms and her cooking.

"How Could You, Caroline?" (Pathe)—Bessie Love and James Morrison romping through a hilarious story of puppy romance. A genuine and captivating picture of "seventeen" in its more humorous aspects.

"The Curse of Iku" (Kleine)—a cheap play upon the "yellow peril" myth; Mr. Kleine should either get into the picture business or stop obstructing the race with his Ford.

"The Land Loper" (Metro)—Harold Lockwood in rough garb; a mild melodrama of the unseating of a political ring; good entertainment.

"A Romance of the Underworld" (Keeney)—nasty and dull; not one gleam of beauty; unredeemed even by the presence of Eugene O'Brien and David Powell.

"The Love Brokers" (Triangle)—an exposition of the life of the young women of Times Square, who graft upon the spenders; Texas Guinan cleverly typifying the schemers.

"Berlin via America" (Independent)—A hero who serves his country by posing as a traitor; a triumphant raid on Berlin; Francis Ford, in spite of his Liszt hair-cut, a vigorous and determined aviator.

"The Bride's Awakening" (Bluebird)—Mae Murray looking helpless and enraged by turns as a poor little thing with a brute of a husband, who is later mercifully shot.

"The Lonely Woman" (Triangle)—Two derelicts, a woman and a tramp are drawn together in mutual defence against the cruelty of a small town. A story without a romance but with a deep and sincere theme.

"Paying His Debt" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart in a rapid and ingenious double exposure plot. He impersonates his double while that worthy is robbing stagecoaches thus establishing an alibi.



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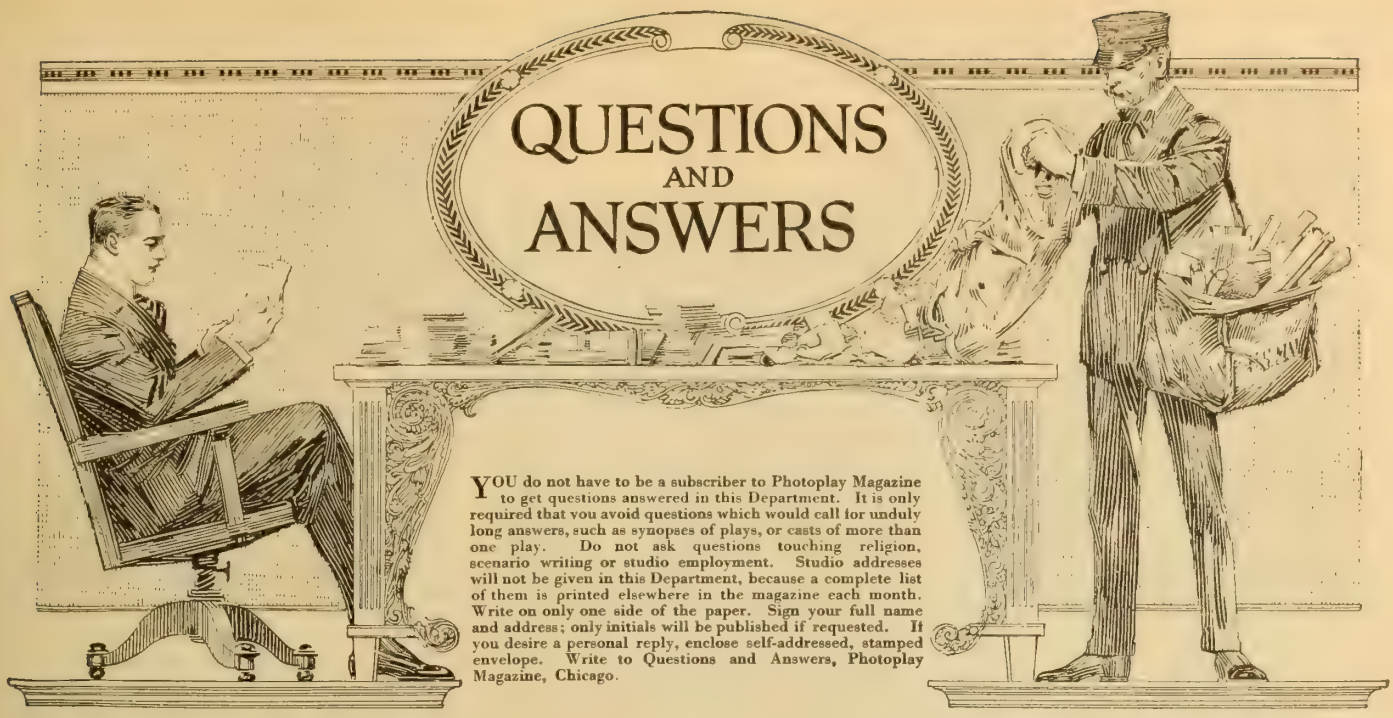
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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

THE GOLDEN TRIPLET FAN, NEW YORK CITY.—What we can't understand is that Vivian Martin refuses to tell her age, yet she admits being born near Grand Rapids. Oh the ways of these women are strange. Miss Martin has blonde hair and blue eyes. Cullen Landis was the "lucky guy" in "Who is Number One." Anita Loos and John Emerson are with Paramount. They're to collaborate on the writing and directing of plays. Some collaboration. Eileen Percy the last time we saw her was twenty-one. We charge you no more for having the Golden Triplets for your favorites. We'll deliver your message of hate to Billie West, but we're not to be held responsible if he jumps off suicide bridge or knifes himself.

D'ARTAGNAN, PHILA., PA.—Thanks for the information about Bert Reese. He played in "The Mysteries of Myra" with Howard Estabrook and Jean Sothern. Joseph Smiley was last with Goldwyn. Bill Hart is with Artcraft and a letter from you to him will reach him at that studio. Muh luv, we drafted? You flatter us extremely. Let us see. The age limit thirty-one. Thirty-one plus . . . We didn't even run a ghost of a show of getting in.

CURIOUS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—We're an old fashioned guy and we eat three squares a day when they are in sight and we smoke when the other fellows brand is a good one and your thinking that we are "extremely clever" makes it unanimous. Our age? Oh no, you don't.

KNIBS KENORA, ONTARIO.—Mrs. Sullivan answers to the name of Annette Kellerman at the Hippodrome, and at the Fox studios. Mary Thurman is married but she hasn't told us the name of her husband. Believe the clipping that you enclosed implies that Mrs. Bushman is asking for a divorce.

COLEEN, BROCKVILLE, ONT.—We'll pardon you for calling us a "dear duck," but if that duck had been a goose we'd have moidered someone. Earle Williams has black hair. Just why the Desert of *Sahara* is stuffed down our throats about Miss *Bara* we wouldn't *dara give a cara;* but it's *vera mysteriousara.* "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Prunella" are two great Marguerite Clark offerings. Conway Tearle has been married.

B. B., DENVER, COLO.—"The Man Inside" was produced by Universal. The cast follows: *The Master Rogue* and *The Stranger,* Edwin Stevens; *Eleanor,* Tina Marshall; *Senator Carew,* Charles Burbridge; *Cynthia Carew,* Justina Huff; *Lieut. Lane,* William Armstrong; *Phil Winthrop Hunter,* Harry Benham; *Brett,* Louis Leon Hall.

J. E. P., N. Y. C.—Awfully sorry, but you see if Pearl White won't send you a photo we can't make her. Anyway, why don't you choose another favorite and see if you can't get a photo from her? Probably will be impossible for you to see "Doug" when he is in New York.

H. O., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge are married, the former to Dorothy Davenport and the latter to Joseph Schenck. Edna Goodrich gladdened the earth with her presence in 1883. Theda Bara is with the Fox studios.

POOR LITTLE KID!

By Leigh Metcalfe

Blessings on thee, little man;
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan.
Thou art but a memory
Of a drab puerility.

In a plain, old-fashioned way
You would scoot around in play.
Yet you missed a heap; I wonder
How you ever lived back yonder?

Never did you beg a dime
Such as does that kid o' mine—
Beg a dime to pay his way
To the nightly picture-play.

Down beside the swimmin' pool
You would hide away from school.
Gay you were and yet I feel
Life to you was never real.

FIFE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tom Forman is twenty-five. If we told you *all* we knew about Tommy it would make a book. His communications are forwarded from the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Yes Robert Warwick was christened Robert Taylor Bien.

MARY D., NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.—Kitty Gordon was born in 1881. If anyone had told us that there was one woman in all these United States who didn't—but what we started to say was that an actor by the name of Douglas Fairbanks took the part of Ned Thacker in "A Modern Musketeer." Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance are both Maids of America and are here at the present time. Ogden Film Co. made their pictures in Ogden, Utah. Grace Darmond is with Vitagraph; Olive Tell on the stage and Annette Kellerman with Fox. If we said we thought Olga was the most handsome then Kitty would be mad and if we said we thought Kitty was the most beautifullest then Olga would be mad so in this case we'd rather think them both the most beautifullest handsomest.

W. M. C., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Florence LaBadie died in October. Pearl White is alive and is serialing as usual. Miss White is twenty-nine. Send your little drawing right to the editor; he's a swell guy. Mary Miles Minter was "sweet sixteen" on April Fools' day.

V. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The wives of Harold Lockwood, Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks and Crane Wilbur are all non-professionals. No they're not Mormons. Wanda Petit, who is now Wanda Hawley, is twenty-one. Crane Wilbur was born in 1889 and Webster Campbell greeted the world in 1892. Carlyle Blackwell is thirty-one and isn't in the draft. Corinne Griffith denies that she is married to Webster Campbell, so according to that Campbell is single.

F. C., HAMILTON, OHIO.—Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten inches tall and he weighs one hundred and sixty. George Walsh weighs one hundred and seventy-five and he is five feet ten and one-half inches tall. Mahlon Hamilton measures six feet and tips the scales at one hundred and eighty-five. Creighton Hale is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and forty. Bill Hart is one inch over six feet and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds and Virginia Pearson is five feet seven and one-half inches tall and she weighs one hundred and forty-five. Watch out now that you don't dream of feet and yards and things.

F. B., NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—Doug Fairbanks works at the Artcraft studio in Hollywood, Cal. We sent your letter there.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

H. P., Mattapan, Mass.—Robert Mantell played in Fox pictures. Did you see "A Wife's Sacrifice" or "The Spider and the Fly?" He played in both of those productions. That was Dorothy Gish in "The Mountain Girl" and Ralph Lewis was the male lead in that production. Write to us again, won't you?

Tessie, N. Y. City.—Now listen Tessie; we can't tell from a mere description whether or not you could ever become a movie actress and besides we can't give any advice regarding employment. You don't *know* you can act, you just *think* so, as does nine out of every ten persons. Better stick to the stenography.

C. K., Pembroke, Ontario.—No record of the picture "Waterloo." Vivian Martin is working at the Morosco studio in Los Angeles. Your chirography tells us that it has been a cold winter.

H. L. S., High Shoals, Ga.—Both Mrs. Harold Lockwood and Mrs. Creighton Hale are non-professionals. We one and all thank you for the wishes of larger success.

Jack, Albany, Cal.—Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, and Fatty Arbuckle played together in a number of comedies. Don't believe the first "pitcher" Chaplin appeared in was called "A Fool He Was." Your letter written on the billing machine was lots more intelligible than the majority of those we receive handwritten. Glad to have met you, Jack.

Helen, Indianapolis, Ind.—Is it possible that you heard that Francis X. Bushman is married? Some idle gossip has been telling you things, Helen that you shouldn't know. Mr. Bushman says he was born in 1885. "The Family Skeleton" is a late Charles Ray picture.

J. W. H., Cynthiana, Ky.—Cullen Landis was Tommy in "Who is Number One." Harrison Ford was Kirke in "The Sunset Trail."

J. A., Banff, Alberta.—Send Neva Gerber, Francis McDonald and Ben Wilson each a quarter for their photos.

D. P., Frankfort, Ind.—Edna Mayo hasn't joined any company since she left Essanay, more than a year ago. Eugene O'Brien isn't on the stage now. He's devoting all his time to the screen. "Why won't Marguerite Clark get married?" Really now, she's never said! "Oh, it's so sudden" to us.

H. N., Sherburne, N. Y.—Marguerite Clark's with Famous Players.

S. J., Wayne, Pa.—We might be more amiable if you'd give us your real name. You know that is one of the rules and regulations held out to the questioners. Just to show you we're a good fellow we'll tell you that Wallace Reid is still appearing in pictures.

E. M. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—Wait a minute. All those Kenneth Harlan effusions wasted on us when we don't appreciate them nearly so much as Ken would. Address him at the Balboa studios, Long Beach, Cal. He isn't a member of "The Ancient Order of the Ball and Chain" or in other words of "Only Their Husbands Club."

G. J., Blackfoot, Idaho.—Hold on there. You're all wrong. Louise Huff isn't the wife of Jack Pickford and Owen Moore isn't jealous of Jack. It's this way. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Jones, Jack Pickford is the husband of Olive Thomas and Owen Moore is the brother-in-law of Jack, being married to Jack's sister Mary. Perhaps you've heard of her. Emmy Wehlen is with Metro. On the coast now.



An Open Letter to the Gishes

Misses Lillian and Dorothy Gish,
Dear Gishes:
I'm Glad
You're Back.
You've No Idea
How they Missed You.
Did you Know
About our Poor Answer Man?
He was Perfectly Willing
To Answer
Three Hundred Letters a Day
About You;
That
Was All Right,
He Said—
Until it Got So
They Wanted to Know
What you were Doing; and
When he'd Tell 'Em
You were Making a Picture,
They'd Write In
And Ask—
Why don't They Hurry, and
What's the Matter
With the Movies, anyway?
And couldn't PHOTOPLAY
Do Something about it?
Until Finally it Got So
Our Answer Man said
He'd Have to Quit.
We didn't Want Him to Go—
He's been with us So Long—
And Besides, who would Answer
All those Letters?
And then—
You Came Back,
In "Hearts of the World."
It was About Time.
But Anyway,
It was Worth Waiting For.
Now the Answer Man Says
He'll Answer
Three Thousand Letters about you,
And Never Mind.
But Gee—
We're Glad
You're Back.
I
Kind of Missed You Both,
Myself.

K. H., Toswon, Md.—That was Florence Vidor opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Secret Game." She's not a Nipponese maiden.

E. G. F., Westbrook, Minn.—E. Forrest Taylor was Dr. Stewart in "Abondonment." Those in the cast of "The Neglected Wife" were: *Margaret Warner*, Ruth Roland; *Horace Kennedy*, Roland Bottomley; *Mary Kennedy*, Corenne Grant; *Edgar Doyle*, Neil Hardin; *Frank Norwood*, Philo McCullough. Charlotte Burton (Mrs. William Russell) won't object if you write to her husband.

D. D., Tacoma, Wash.—Address Charles Gotthold at the Norma Talmadge studios. You ask us if having five children isn't "a little too much" and we can only refer you to Mr. F. X. Bushman himself.

B. L., Ellsworth, Ia.—You're full grown at thirty? Really? Harry Carey was born in New York City in 1880. Read your letter through? Were it not for such as you life would be a drab, dreary existence. Slam at your handwriting? Say not so. We liked it.

C. H., Los Angeles, Cal.—Louise Huff is Mrs. Edgar Jones in private life and Madge Kennedy, Mrs. Harold Bolster. Forty-five pictures sent you "grated" and you're expecting thirty-three more. Grated too?

G. N., Stinghma, Mass.—Well you've been reading Photoplay for the past three years and you've never seen pages on "Who's Married to Who." Pardon us, but just how do you read a magazine? Upside down, we take it. Taylor Holmes was the featured player in "Uneasy Money." Marin Sais was last with Fox.

D. F., Chicago, Ill.—Sessue Hayakawa lives in Hollywood. His mail should be addressed there.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Pictures of Thomas Holding and Alfred Whitman, alias Vosburgh, are both in the fire. Maybe now you'll take back that "darling one" that you called us.

L. R., Galt, Ontario, Can.—Emory Johnson was born in 1894. He's married to Ella Hall, you know. Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal., is the place where Jack Pickford's mail is forwarded from.

H. S., Maywood, Ill.—Darrel Foss was the favored one in "The Regenerates." Jack Livingston in "Because of a Woman."

O. W. F., Beatrice, Neb.—Beatrice Michelena isn't playing with any company just now. Did you see her in "Salomy Jane" and "Mignon?" They are considered two of her best bets.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G., N. Y.—The "Business Before Pleasure" team mates (Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard) are not in pictures. You are wrong about a Mr. Theda Bara. Many have been willing, but that title hasn't fallen upon any to date. Valeska Surratt, of Terre Haute, Indiana, is playing in vaudeville. William Shay is with the

(Continued on page 109)

The Secrets of Distinctive Dress

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in *beauty* over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to *you* to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for the readers of Photoplay:

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, *any* woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want *every* woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to say to readers of Photoplay that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only $2 and the book is yours.



Madame Olga Petrova

Would *You* Like to Know—

How to acquire a winning personality?
How to express your individuality in dress?
How to always appear at your best?
How to win admiration?
What colors bring out your best features?
Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
How to attract friends?
How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
How to make yourself appear more slender?
How to acquire a graceful carriage?
What is the first essential of faultless dress?
What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
How to become graceful and always at ease?
How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
How the most refined women use perfume?
How to develop poise?
What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
How you may have a beautiful complexion?
How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
How to know your own good and bad features?
How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
How to select the models best suited to your personality?
How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

You do not even need to write a letter. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below and this handsomely bound, beautifully illustrated, wonderfully instructive and helpful book will come to you, postpaid, by return mail.

When the secrets of attractive distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, why go another day without them? Write your name and address on the coupon *now*.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 17 G, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." I promise to send you two dollars ($2.00) or return the book within three days.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



NO MORE GRAY HAIR

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will restore the original color in from 4 to 8 days. This pure, colorless liquid, as clear as water, is one of the great discoveries of modern chemistry. It leaves the hair clean, soft and fluffy. You can wash it and curl it as usual.

Because it isn't crude, repulsive dye, but harmless and mild restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Send for free trial bottle with free special comb and use it as directed on one lock of hair. Say in your letter whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

Trial Bottle Free

When you want the full-size bottle you can get it direct from us if you prefer not to buy of your druggist.

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Established 50 Years



THREE FAMOUS
HERMO Beauty Aids

In order that women of fashion everywhere may become acquainted with the distinctive and unusual virtues of **HERMO ALMOND CREAM** which has no equal for cleaning, freshening and invigorating the skin, **HERMO FACE POWDER,** daintily perfumed, highest quality, adheres perfectly to flesh, white and brunette, and **HERMO COMPACT ROUGE,** the natural tint which adds the finishing touch to the complexion, we make this attractive

Introductory Offer We will send, postpaid, a full size $1 box of Hermo Face Powder, a full size 50c jar of Hermo Almond Cream, and a full size 50c box of Hermo Compact Rouge with velour puff and mirror, full $2 worth for $1—only one to a family.



Send $1 today as offer is limited. State shade of powder wanted. Every article guaranteed to please. Remit by money order, currency, or U.S. stamps. Money promptly refunded if unsatisfied.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
538 South Dearborn Street, Suite 251 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Pretty Soft"

(Continued from page 26)

However, the feud between Brady *pere* and Brady *fille* was still on. Only the location of the battleground had been changed. William A. seemed to feel like the little boy who was interrupted, while contemplating a large portion of castor oil, by the family cat who whined at his heels for a share of the drink.

"All right, Tommy," said that boy, "if you insist. But you can't have a sip. You'll have to drink the whole darned thing!"

And if Alice Brady realized very shortly that the glamor of the footlights threw into shadow, more or less, the obstacles which interposed between them and the novice, it only served to redouble her efforts and strengthen her determination to arrive. It was during the run of "Little Women" in which she played the part of Meg, that she became interested in pictures, and the daily schedule that she put herself through at that time would have killed the average person. After an all day session in the Flushing studio where she was working before the camera, she would come home to an evening performance on Broadway which in turn would be followed by an eleven to one o'clock rehearsal on a new Brady production.

"There was no such thing as an easy time for me," she said. "I worked like a digger for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and my best was never good enough for Pop. He always expected me to do better."

But there were also times when one's sympathies leaned dangerously toward William A. As on the occasion of the opening of "The Mikado." With an elaborate presentation, a cast of stars whose brilliance dimmed the footlights, and an audience which packed the doors the prospect of a notable first night seemed favorable, and everything went smoothly enough until the three little wives, Fritzi Scheff, Alice Brady and Christie MacDonald, in the middle of their famous song, flirting their fans and shrugging their shoulders, began their backward running walk. About midway between footlights and back drop, in the midst of a coquettish passage, Miss Brady suddenly tripped and sat down heavily.

Her father gnawing his fingernails off stage, cursed the day he'd been born and called on Heaven to witness his ignominy; a half titter ran over the house, and the culprit's two companions stood helplessly by, regarding her. But Alice Brady, absolutely devoid of self consciousness, scrambled to her feet with a bubbling laugh. She mistook the expression on the faces of the other two wives for real concern over her fall and hastened to reassure them.

"Oh! I'm all right!" she cried happily "let's go on!"

And they went on, while William A. held a private eruption in the wings.

"But that was mild," exclaimed Miss Brady, "to the opening performance of 'The Balkan Princess'! So many small details had gone wrong that day, that by curtain-raising time Pop was as temperamental as a prima donna. I had a dreamy sentimental song to sing, and I was dreaming it sentimentally down by the footlights, when I heard him storming around in the wings.

"'Good Lord'! he was saying to himself and the scenery. 'She's awful! To think that a daughter of mine could sing like that!' And so on and so forth." Her lips trembled in a smile and an imp of mischief looked out of her eyes. "I never let anything interfere with my work, so I turned my back on Pop and finished the song. I got five encores, too, and he almost had apoplexy.

"Later in the evening he got into a dispute with Robert Warwick. Out in front Louise Gunning was singing one of those coloratura things, and each flying run up the scale would be punctuated by a low grumbling growl from the wings. She did her best to sing Pop and Bob down, but in the intervals when she was forced to stop for breath, would come the ominous rumble. It finally developed into a sort of duet. 'A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah-a-AH!' would sing Miss Gunning. 'Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rh! All right, hit me! Let's see how you fight!' Pop would answer, exchanging compliments with Bob. 'Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-Ah-a-AH!' Miss Gunning would shriek frenziedly, and 'R-r-r-r-r-r-gr-gr-r-r-r-r-r-ruh!' Pop would thunder.

"We finally had them separated before any real damage had been done, but Pop was headed for trouble that night and everything seemed to set him off. While our English director, very correct and dignified, was languorously conducting the orchestra through a waltz song which was to be one of the hits of the evening, he was suddenly confronted by the apparition of my father planted in the little door of the orchestra pit, right under the stage. Pop's face was screwed up into a terrifying scowl, accentuated by the huge black cigar in the corner of his mouth, and he was beating time madly with his fists, singing the air with an emphasis laid on where he thought it ought to be. 'Tweedle dee Zip zip zip! Tweedle dee Zip zip zip!' sang Pop, and the horrified Britisher hastened to Zip while the zipping was good. It put a lot of pep into the waltz."

Alice Brady smoothed the orange crepe of her robe and poked a cocky looking dragon in the eye.

"Life is never monotonous around my father," she observed, and I perforce agreed with her.

As I was leaving I asked:

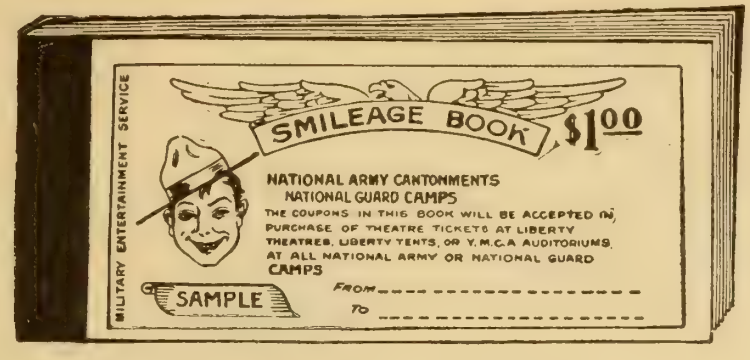
"How does it seem then, to be under a new management and free from criticism?"

Miss Brady laughed.

"Free from criticism!" she echoed, "but I'm not! Pop tells me every time he sees me how awful I am!" She grew serious. "If he ever stopped," she added simply, "I should know that I was getting very bad indeed!"

SAYS Marmalade, the dove-eyed ingenue: "Since the draft law became effective I've noticed a great dropping off of pestiferous chorus men who think they are on the verge of being 'discovered.'"

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Send a "Smileage Book" to your soldier in the training camp. It's sure to please him.

The "Smileage" coupons will pass him in to the splendid entertainments at the "Liberty Theatres"—clean, wholesome programs by the headliners of the lyceum and theatrical professions.

Laugh! Why, your soldier boy will get a world of fun out of that bunch of tickets.

And every time he tears out a coupon, he will be pleasantly reminded of your *personal interest* in him. He will be a better *fighter* because of that "Smileage Book."

Get busy *right now* and buy him a book brimful of happy laughter.

Buy one TODAY—and send it to some soldier

On sale at banks, cigar stores, drug stores and 5 and 10 cent stores or apply to

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Facts About Smileage Books

1—Smileage Books are books containing coupons entitling a soldier to admission to any entertainment held in Liberty Theatres, Liberty Tents, etc., in National Army Cantonments, and National Guard Camps in U. S. A.

2—Smileage Books are issued by Military Entertainment Committee, under supervision of War Department.

3—Smileage Books containing 20 coupons cost $1.00 each. Smileage Books containing 100 coupons cost $5.00 each. The price of entertainments range from five to twenty-five cents.

4—Smileage books are for use in Liberty Entertainments in National Army Cantonments and National Guard Camps only. They do not apply to naval training stations or other camps.

5—Smileage Books are on sale by local Smileage Committees everywhere throughout the country.

6—There is space on each book for name of soldier and name of person sending book. Smileage Books are transferable to soldiers in uniform. They can be used by civilians only when accompanied by a soldier.

7—Sixteen theatres have been built. Chautauqua tents erected. A complete schedule of entertainments arranged.

8—Smileage Books are needed for our million of soldiers. Buy yours today—send it at once to your soldier.

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Whitens the Skin at Once or Money Back

Is used in place of powder. Has same effect, but does not show. Absolutely harmless.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.



When entertaining or being entertained you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

Also try Derma Viva Rouge, purely vegetable. In mirrored box. Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c

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HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,



Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of **ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE,** the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot=Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot=Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer today for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot=Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

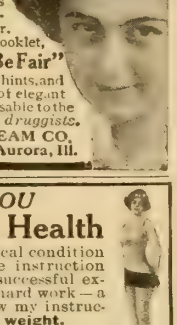
Soldiers use Foot=Ease

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are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet,



"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*

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Beauty, Figure and Health

Irrespective of your age or physical condition my method of physical culture instruction will work wonders. 25 years of successful experience is my guarantee. No hard work—a child can understand and follow my instructions. **You can reduce or gain weight.**

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BEAUTY specialists recommend DEL-A-TONE for quick, safe and sure removal of hair from arms, neck or face. At druggists; or mailed to your address for $1.00.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
339 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Dept. GA



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)

PARAMOUNT has announced a new star, one of the youngest stars in the world—Lila Lee, who is not yet sixteen. She is best known as Cuddles, under which name she is known throughout the vaudeville circuits, which she played under the Gus Edwards management. Edwards was first attracted to her by seeing her play with a lot of other children in a street in the Bronx, as he was passing in his automobile. Her discovery for the movies was even more unusual. She was visiting at the Marsh home in New York, when Anita Loos saw her and was struck with her charm and talents. Miss Loos suggested that Jesse Lasky see her—and the outcome was that he engaged her, and "Lila Lee" is now on her way to California. She is a diminutive brunette, and Paramount predicts for her a future as brilliant as her dark eyes.

GREAT DANES have become the rage in photoplayland since "Teddy," the Keystone dog, and Robert Warwick's and Harold Lockwood's monster canines have shown the screen how excellently they photograph. The other day Roy Stewart motored out to Monrovia, a few miles outside of Pasadena, to some Dane kennels owned by a Russian named Graf, who is doing the weirdest things imaginable with thirty or forty of his enormous pack, breeding them to Siberian wolves, wildcats, bears, lionesses and nearly all of the species of a circus menagerie.

Roy wanted a dog, but couldn't make up his mind whether it should be a brindle, a black, a blue, a tan, a harlequin, or what. Seeking to make his decision, he had Graf place the dogs shoulder to shoulder, six in all.

"Which do you choose?" the cowboy-hero asked a friend.

"If I had my pick I'd choose them all," was the reply.

"Gosh," grinned Stewart, "that's what I've been wanting to do all the time, but I didn't want you to call me a darned fool."

And he wrote out a check for the outfit.

JOHN R. FREULER has resigned from the presidency of the Mutual Film Corporation and James M. Sheldon of New York has been elected his successor. Freuler has important picture plans in the process of consummation which will be announced probably in the early autumn. Freuler has been identified with the industry for fifteen years, commencing when he took over a little picture theatre in Milwaukee and made it a success. Later he opened the first "independent" exchange; then he entered the producing field. It was Freuler who paid Charlie Chaplin the $675,000 a year that made the world sit up.

BECAUSE Cohan and Harris have accepted for production his new play, a war drama called "Three Faces East," Anthony J. Kelly, well known scenarioist, has announced his retirement from the film world. Kelly conceived many original screen stories which were produced by Essanay, Lubin, Famous, and Vitagraph, and made successful adaptations of such plays as "The Great Divide," "The Witching Hour," "The Thief," and "Sins of the Children." "My Own United States," a recent Frohman production starring Arnold Daly, was Kelly's last scenario.

FRANK MAYO has signed a long-time contract with World. He has appeared successfully opposite that company's leading women, including Ethel Clayton and Kitty Gordon.

A REPORT from the West that Wallace Reid had enlisted and was at Camp Lewis in Washington circulated during the month. Upon investigation it proved to be an unknown man from the Los Angeles draft at Camp Lewis who got away with his deception to rather a remarkable extent. He phoned and wrote to Seattle and Portland Paramount exchange and requested them to send him money and tobacco which of course they did. As soon as Reid and the Lasky company heard of the imposter they communicated with the camp but were unable to find the false Wallace, as he had been transferred to another division and disappeared.

POLLY MORAN, the "sheriff girl" in Mack Sennett comedies, has been granted a divorce from Robert Sandberg. Sandberg is an actor, but he didn't work at it, says Polly. "He would go out in the yard, pull a few weeds, then come in the house and take a bath. Then he would pull a few more weeds and take another bath." She says she couldn't induce him to go to work.

THE MOTION PICTURE OPTION BILL, which is the official title of the Sunday opening measure, introduced in the New York State Legislature recently, providing for the opening of picture theatres on Sundays throughout the state, passed by one vote in the Assembly. The deciding vote was cast by Raymond T. Kenyon of Essex, who is a brother of Miss Doris Kenyon, the photoplay star. In advocating the passage of the bill, Assemblyman Shiplacoff placed Sunday motion pictures in direct opposition to "crap shooting." "In every one of the several hundred towns and cities in New York State that I visited," he said, "I saw that while the picture houses were closed, small boys were playing dice in the streets. It is the right of each community to do as it pleases in regard to Sunday films. The closing of theatres on Sunday in New York City alone would be the means of corrupting hundreds of young men and women. The best thing that can be done for mankind is not to deprive him of his liberty."

HERBERT BRENON has been cabling from England for a leading woman. Several prominent stars have been obliged to refuse, because of their contracts. Brenon is making a picture for the British Government, and ever since he left he has been trying to induce his former co-workers to come over and help him. And from the frequency and variety of his cables, he is determined on having an American star.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

AND now Pathe is suing William Duncan. It is alleged that Duncan broke his contract with Pathe by appearing in a Vitagraph picture after he had been loaned by Vitagraph for a Pathe serial. Aw'fly complicated. Oh, well, the lawyers must live.

OTIS TURNER, veteran actor, pioneer director, and a Universal-ite for many years, died suddenly in Hollywood.

HARRY FOX is now a corporation. He appeared in a serial once, and now plans to produce two-reel comedies starring Harry Fox. At present he is the star of a musical show.

WITH the completion of the feature on which J. Stuart Blackton is now working, his contract with Paramount expires; and it is understood the contract will not be renewed.

GERALDINE FARRAR will probably be the first of the Goldwyn stars to go west. Reginald Barker will direct her. Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, and Mabel Normand all prefer to work in the East; but the other Goldwyn companies have left for the coast.

A MOVEMENT in Los Angeles has been launched to establish a Motion Picture Home for Convalescent Soldiers. Charles Murray is president of the executive board of the home, Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton is vice-president, and Mrs. Cecil de Mille, treasurer. The advisory board includes D. W. Griffith, Tom Ince, Mack Sennett, Charles Chaplin, and W. S. Hart.

DID you read about that Emporium, (Kansas) man who took three shots at the Kaiser when the Rupert Julian film, "The Kaiser—the Beast of Berlin" was unreeled in a picture theatre? They arrested him, of course; but the town constabule let him off.

GERALDINE FARRAR staged a large benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House recently, for the Stage Women's War Relief, of which she is a member. Miss Farrar sang, and was surrounded by such artists as John McCormack and George M. Cohan.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS," a two-reel picture, is to be distributed to exhibitors free of all charges, except expressage. The picture is exploited by the Publicity Committee of the American Red Cross' second War Fund drive, organized for the purpose of raising $100,000,000 for war relief work.

BESSIE LOVE was decorated recently. The chairman of the National War Savings Committee of Los Angeles honored her for "meritorious service" following her vigorous campaign in the interests of the sale of War Savings Stamps. She brought $10,000 to the Government through her appeals.

DIANA ALLEN, one of the few Ziegfeld Follies beauties who hadn't



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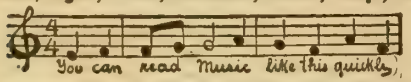
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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

joined the movies, will do it at last. She has gone to New Orleans to film her first picture.

LINA CAVALIERI will appear in "Gismonda," the film production of which will be the largest ever made at the Famous Players-Lasky studios in the East.

NORMAN KERRY will be leading man for Dorothy Phillips for Bluebird. He has just completed a feature for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Kerry is best remembered for his work in pictures with Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge.

MORE than six months ago Kenneth Harlan was placed in the draft and given a seat way up front in Section A, No. 1. That was while he was playing with Mae Murray. Director Bob Leonard hurried the production; it was a race to beat the draft. Leonard won. And then nothing happened. They didn't need Kenneth right away. So he made a few pictures with Carmel Myers. Again the danger that he would be called; and again the hurry. After that it was announced again that Kenneth was leaving; but still the call was delayed. So he's working again, this time with Mary MacLaren.

ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES AND VERNON STEEL return to the screen in support of Olga Petrova in "Patience Sparhawk." This time Steel plays a "heavy" part.

JOHN BOWERS celebrated the signing of a two-year contract with World Pictures by getting married. His bride is a New York girl who claims no connection with screen or stage.

LOUISE HUFF has been adopted by Battery B of the 144th Company, stationed at Camp Kearney, California. Now she is called their little sister. This is the 144th they nicknamed "The Grizzlies."

SOME people are so unsympathetic. Promptly upon the arrival in New York for the Liberty Loan drive, the "Big Three"—Pickford, Fairbanks, and Chaplin—were served with legal papers apiece, suing them for large sums of money. Two suits were filed against Mary Pickford for sums aggregating over $100,000 by persons who claim to have been in her employ and have received no compensation for their services. Fairbanks was sued by a publishing house for royalties on one of his plays on the ground that it was inspired by a copyrighted novel. Charles Chaplin was served with papers in a $500,000 damage suit instituted against him by the Essanay company, alleging breach of contract.

GEORGE LARKIN, now a serial player, and Miss Olive Kirby, known on the screen as Ollie Kirby, formerly with the Kalem company, were married recently in Los Angeles.

WITH the completion of "Patience Sparhawk," a picture made from Gertrude Atherton's novel, work will be discontinued by the Petrova company for the present. Mme. Petrova has been suffering from "Kleig eyes," and will rest for the summer, after which she proposes to return to the stage for at least one season. She has issued an offer of a $500 bonus to any author who will provide her with a play, this bonus to be in addition to the usual author's percentages.

Elsie or Alla?

(Continued from page 23)

To imagine two more contrasting artists in the world of film fashions than Miss Ferguson and Nazimova, is quite impossible. In the same sphere with each there are many similar figures, and yet few distinguished ones who know just how far over the right eye to cock a smart hat without being bourgeois, and who realize the limitations of seal and sable without striving to appear as an over-advertised queen of the movies.

There is Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge realizes the importance attached to good dressing, and in fashion she is the petite beau ideal.

There is Virginia Pearson, with all her imperial beauty of the blue grass country, whose rearing alone instilled in her all the finer attributes of refinement in clothes. Emily Stevens is always artistic in gowns, which we have wanted to imagine were her own creations, because they are different. Here is a more modified form of the Nazimova idea; might we say, a discreet form.

There are many who might be mentioned by way of disapproval, who carry style and fashion to exaggerated and freakish extremities, and who have an entirely mistaken conception of the duties attached to being a screen favorite, or a figure in the public eye.

Of all our little Mary Pickfords, June Caprices, Marguerite Clarks, we expect little concerning fashions; we just think of curls, ragged ginghams in mountain huts, and almost invariably one beautiful flimsy, fluffy, tulley vision held in the arms of the banker's son—and the party's over!

And so again! To be or not to be fashionable, that is the question. But to be a leading actress on the American stage or screen, to be given the right and the power to radiate your own ideas and ideals, must be a grand and glee-orious feeling.

Sometimes in the confusion which must be attached to the size of one's picture salary, or the tediousness of long scenes, or waits, the domestic and social penalties due to personal popularity, the artist is apt to become distracted and lay less importance than is sometimes due to the gowning of a certain scene. This all might go farther to disappoint one of her ardent disciples out in Keokuk, Iowa, than any possible story about her having wrecked so many homes, or not really being as innocent as she is photographed.

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 102*).

Herbert Brenon forces at Hudson Heights, N. J. Herb. and Bill have been affiliated for a number of years. Charles Richman was last seen in the production of "Over There." Mr. Richman is now back on the legitimate stage—the first time in two years. Yes it is true that Lou Tellegen played in "Blind Youth" in New York. Mr. Tellegen returns to California this summer to make pictures. We do not discuss the religious beliefs of the stars. Henry Clive is the one who played *Vale* in "Her Silent Sacrifice." Edmund Pardo was *Sarthe* in that production. You are quite right about George M. Cohan not having much to do. All he does is produce plays, compose music for his musical productions; compose patriotic music about "Over There" and "Over Here" and in between times, just so he won't be idle George makes a picture or two. Pliny Goodfriend is the husband of Mary Anderson. Haven't heard of the engagement of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. The list of actors in service is too long to mention.

J. V. P., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Last we heard of Dixie Doll was when she called at this office one day last July or August. She expected at that time to go east and star in a picture, but no word has come that such an event occurred.

MYSTO, CALGARY, ALTA.—Address Eileen Percy and "Doug" in care of Artcraft, Hollywood, Cal. Fifteen years old, a concert player and the possessor of the nom de plume "Mysto" and proud of it all? Too much glory for one person, we say.

ARTCRAFT BOOSTER, GREAT FALLS, MONT.—The stars haven't any particular director. One time one; another time another. Marshall Neilan has directed about six of Mary Pickford's late pictures, but he isn't called her regular director, though he's a *regular* one.

M. E. L., KINGSTON, ONT.—Address Marguerite Clark care of Famous Players; Billie Burke in care of Lasky; Theda Bara, Fox (west); Irene Castle, Pathe; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph; Mae Murray, Universal; June Caprice, Fox; Hazel Daly, Selig; Bessie Love, Pathe (west) and Kitty Gordon, World.

E. H., ATLANTA, GA.—Earle Schenck played Ethel Clayton's husband in "The Madness of Helen." The cast of "Souls Adrift" follows; *Elma Raybourne,* Ethel Clayton; *Micah Steele,* Milton Sills; *Mabberly Todd,* John Davidson; *Ambrose Raybourne,* Frank de Vernon.

P. C., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Baby Osborne is working at the Paralta studios in Los Angeles, Cal., making Pathe pictures. Ask your theater manager to get her production for you. Mrs. Lockwood is not appearing on the screen nor upon the legitimate stage.

L. S. & C. H., KINCARDINE, ONT.—You want to catch Mae Marsh by an address? That undoubtedly is a hard stunt, but if you want to take a chance, here goes: Goldwyn studio, Fort Lee, N. J. Charles Gunn played opposite Alma Rubens in "The Firefly of Tough Luck." Irene and Mrs. Vernon Castle are one and the same. Herbert Rawlinson is married. His wife is well known on the stage as Roberta Arnold. The only reason we can think of for Herb. not kissing girls in the pictures is because he is either too bashful or because the scenario doesn't call for it. We've a hunch that it's the latter reason.



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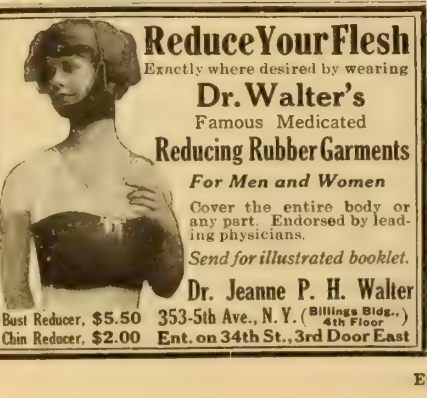
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. M., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.—Rather imagine the name of Vosburgh savored too much Hun to suit Alfred who is an American through and through. Eric Campbell was killed in an automobile accident. It was not during the filming of a picture.

A. S., MONT CLAIR, N. J.—Don't mind having you at all. In fact there is a "Welcome" card at the entrance of this department at all times. Write Marguerite Clark and ask for the photo. She doesn't ask even a quarter for a likeness of herself. Eugene O'Brien played with Norma Talmadge in "Poppy." He's that there guy that you admired so much and wanted to know about. The cast of "The Kiss of Hate?" Here 'tis: *Nadia Turgeneff*, Ethel Barrymore; *Count Peter Turgeneff*, William Abington; *Paul Turgeneff*, Niles Welch; *Micheal Orzoff*, H. Cooper Cliffe; *Sergius Orzoff*, Robert Elliott; *Vernick Orzoff*, Victor De Linsky; *Nicholas*, Martin Faust; *Isaac*, William Boyd; *Goliath*, Roy Applegate; *Samuels*, Frank Montgomery; *Leah*, Ilean Hume; *Police Spy*, Daniel Sullivan.

A. F., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Well now just because you live in Kansas City and because we've always liked K. C. and the people there and because you are a "steady customer" of the world's best magazine, we're going to tell you about Charles Clary. He is with Fox company at Hollywood, Cal. Is forty-five, not married and at one time lived in this city. Horoscopically speaking, so long as he has just taken your eye and left your heart intact it is not so serious as it might be.

B. Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Calm yourself. Here's the whole truth about the age of Dick Barthlemess. He was born on the ninth of May, 1895. Now figure out his real age yourself and by the way your full name and not just initials after this.

O. M. A., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—No stamp inclosed though we inspected the contents of the envelope with our usual carefulness. Harold Lockwood is with Metro; Antonio Moreno and Gladys Hulette with Pathe; Mary Pickford, Artcraft; Billie Burke, Lasky; Marguerite Clark and Richard Barthlemess, Famous Players, and Vivian Martin, Morosco. Didn't cause us a bit of trouble.

M. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Anita Stewart isn't picturing at this time. Oh lady, lady, the man you adored so much in "My Unmarried Wife" is Kenneth Harlan. He isn't married and mail reaches him at Universal City, Cal.

A. P., WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.—Weren't you the lucky person to discover PHOTOPLAY? Think what you would have missed ere this if you hadn't procured that first copy. "Doug" has a different leading lady almost every time. Yeah it pears like he is fickle, but we have been told that the casting director is the one who chooses who's to play with whom and the star jes plays tha's all. Charlie Chaplin didn't tell us anything about being married, but then if *you* know that Edna Purviance is his wife what's the use of having the fact published.

G. L. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Sure, didn't you know that Jack Pickford drew a lucky number and Olive Thomas said "yes" when he proposed to her? Smith was previously the name of the Pickford family. Address Jack at the Lasky studios, Hollywood. His communications will be forwarded from there.

L. D., FREEPORT, ILL.—If Tony Moreno has two sons he has certainly been putting one over on us. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. Theda's family, the Goodman's, have had their name legally changed to Bara. There are two Bara girls and two Bara boys. Theda is the only little vamp in their family. Elsie Janis, John Barrymore, Blanche Sweet and Marie Doro aren't appearing on the screen at present.

M. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—If you call at this office within two days we will present you with a beautiful autographed photograph of ourself. Otherwise your last chance of procuring a likeness of weuns will vanish. We're mighty strong for "brick tops" if they aren't upholstering ivory, wood or saw dust domes. And pug noses? Well, we fairly dote on them. We had the cutest little brown dog once that had a—but that is another story. What we wanted to say is that we think we'd like your auburn hair, and pug nose.

C. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Send your letter to Charles Clary to the Fox studios on the west coast. Eugene O'Brien's "fan" mail comes to him at the Norma Talmadge studio. Julian Eltinge at present is having all communications sent to the Lambs Club, New York City. Don't know the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood.

R. G. Y., BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.—That's mighty nice that your theater runs all your favorites on the screen. Thanks to your manager, we suspect. Want the cast of "The Puppet Crown?" Certainly: *Alexia*, Ina Claire; *Bob Carewe*, Carlyle Blackwell; *King Leopold*, Christian Lynton; *Duchess Sylvia*, Cleo Ridgely; *Count Mallendorf*, Horace Carpenter; *Marshall Kampf*, John Abraham; *Colonel Beauvais*, George Gebhardt; *Lieut. Von Mitter*, Tom Forman; *Countess Elsa*, Marjorie Daw.

M. S., HOBOKEN, N. J.—That perfectly scrumptuous wonderful man in "The Price of a Good Time" was Kenneth Harlan. He isn't related to Fannie Ward nor married to her daughter. Miss Ward's daughter is living in England. Mary Pickford's address is the Artcraft studio.

OLGA O., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Oh, no, Olga, you are wrong about Niles Welch and Earle Foxe. They aren't finished. They're both very popular young men. Don't blame us for the opinions of the editor, but take this little bit of info from us—he hasn't any favorites. His idea is to please the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Yes, 'tis true that Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone.

R. C., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Marie Osbourne was born in 1911; Mary McAllister one year before that; Aida Horton in 1914, and Bobby Connelly in 1909. Eugene O'Brien isn't married and never has been. Edna Purviance is the young lady who always plays with Charlie Chaplin and she is very pretty and she isn't married to Mr. Chaplin or anyone else and she is in California. You have forty curls and everyone says you rival Mary Pickford? Mary will have to give up in your favor, we believe, for the last time we heard about it she only have thirty-nine ringlets. Victor Sutherland is playing opposite Virginia Pearson in Fox pictures.

R. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Alfred Whitman was born in 1890. His address is the west Vitagraph studio. Jack Mulhall is with Lasky. You were right. He was a member of the Triangle forces at the time of your letter.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. B., NORFOLK, VA.—Jack Pickford is in the navy, but any communications sent to him at the Lasky studio in Hollywood will be forwarded safely to him.

MARY MILES MINTER BEAU, OAK PARK, ILL.—Juliet Shelby was originally the name of Mary Miles Minter. She was sixteen on the first day of April, this year. William Lerche is the real name of Bill Russell. Bill's thirty. Both he and Miss Minter answer letters from their admirers. Doris Kenyon's mail comes to Pathe; Shirley Mason's, Famous Players; Mary Mac Laren's, Universal City and Madge Evans', World. Alan Forrest is married to Ann Little. Fox eastern company is the address of June Caprice. The Minter and Russell pictures are made on the coast, not in Chicago.

I. T., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Famous Players studio in New York for communications to Pauline Frederick and the western Fox studio for the Theda Bara ones.

M. W., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Neither Mahlon Hamilton nor Lionel Barrymore give their ages. The latter is appearing on the legitimate stage in "The Copperhead." No Olive White in the cast of Fox's "The Tale of Two Cities." Marshall Farnum is dead.

BILLY BLUE GUN, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Thanks, Billy, very much for the Australian booklet. Believe we could find our way about Sydney now without a guide.

S. F., NEW YORK CITY.—Alice Brady is with the Select company.

V. C., THOMASVILLE, GA.—William Hart appeared in both "The Silent Man" and "The Desert Man." The cast of the latter follows: *Jim Alton,* William Hart; *Jennie,* Margery Wilson; *Joey,* Buster Irving; *Razor Joe,* Henry Belmar; *Tacoma Jake,* Milton Ross; *Dr. Howard,* Jack Livingston; *Old Burns,* Walt Whitman; *Katy,* Josephine Headley.

(Continued on page 120)

Mary Pickford, the Girl

(Concluded from page 91)

Once a popular actress in New York, portraying a slavey, desired realism—and in one scene blew her nose. The next day a critic wrote, in effect: "Miss —— is determined to be natural. Very well, let her have realism if she likes. But please, Miss ——, do not blow your nose!" Mary Pickford, so to speak, never blows her nose.

Mary herself is calm; matter-of-fact. But she has the saddest eyes in the world. Even while she laughs, her eyes stay wistful, and seem ready to brim over with tears. I asked Mary Pickford about it—and she laughed.

Writing about Mary, one always dedicates at least a paragraph or two to Mary's mother. Mrs. Pickford, quite apart from her business ability and brains, is charming; I liked her at once. And Mary says, "Mother is my world."

This is what Julian Johnson said about Mary Pickford in his Impressions: "Dawn, over a daisy-filled meadow; the spirit of spring imprisoned in a woman's body; the first child in the world."

What can I say? But one does not understand Mary Pickford. One loves her.



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☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
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☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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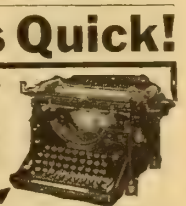


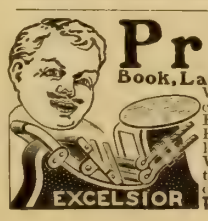
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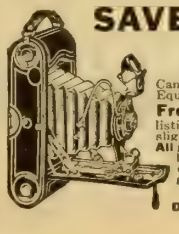


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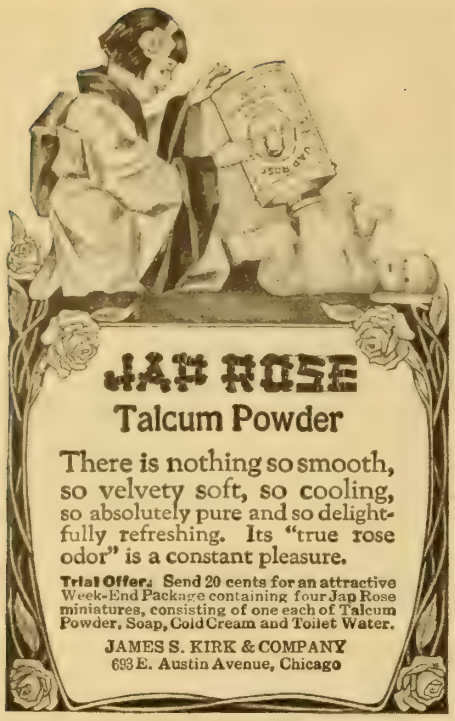
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The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 51)

loved was a compatriot and not a spy, that she was an aid and not a hindrance. Happy in the knowledge that another scheme of Imperial Germany to embarrass the United States had failed, happy in the ignorance that—

In the interior of a fortune telling "emporium" of Hopewell, Va., sat a woman of cold, heavy features and shrewd eyes. When she spoke, her voice unconsciously assumed the heavy gutterals of the German dialect. Her mien was one of hauteur and cruelty. She looked up slowly as her maid approached.

"Minna," she ordered, "telegraph von Papen to send me a good man for dangerous work!"

The maid bowed.

"Yes, Baroness," she answered.

CHAPTER XI

The Burning of Hopewell

The "fortune teller" was Baroness Theresa Verbecht, special spy for Captain Franz von Papen, and placed in Hopewell, Va., as Madame La Vere, the Mystic, for purposes best known to Imperial Germany.

Hopewell, Va., was a hit and miss town of 25,000, every human being in it owing existence to the great guncotton plant a half mile out of town, which worked night and day to supply guncotton to the Allies. And Baroness Verbecht had been sent there to gain information concerning it—to decide on the best way to make it useless.

A decision that had caused Captain von Papen to send von Lertz and Madame Stephan hurrying to Richmond, Va., as soon as they returned from Exter, and Dollings, the undertaker, to rush to Hopewell. A decision also which had an indirect angle, for Heinric von Lertz, with his customary German stupidity, had written a note to Dixie Mason informing her of his trip to Hopewell.

But events were traveling fast. Even before Dixie had started for Richmond, Dollings, the undertaker, was in the fortune telling rooms of Baroness Verbecht and receiving orders.

"The information that I get from munition workers," she was saying, "is that the plant is least guarded between midnight and two in the morning. That will be the best time for you to place the bomb. I shall go straight to Richmond after I leave you. If anything should happen, and you should fail to bomb the plant, remember that a strong north wind would cause a fire to sweep the town and reach the guncotton works."

The maid entered.

"The machine is waiting," she announced.

They left the room. And later, in the surroundings of the guncotton works, a guard shouted, then raised his rifle and fired at a sneaking form. The form hurtled, fell, then tumbled over the edge of a slight proclivity, the bomb he carried rolling into the grass, its clock-work mechanism being started into action by the impact. A moment later, the guard ran to the edge of the proclivity. The intruder was gone. The guard sought farther. A roaring flame of an explosion, a scream of anguish and the guard stumbled forward—dead.

From twenty places in the guncotton yards other guards ran forward, to make their examinations, then to decide upon their course—a course which led to the sending of a telegram to the Secret Service for an operative. That operative was Harrison Grant.

So it was that the next morning, Harrison Grant descended from a train in Hopewell to make his way to the guncotton factory, while Dixie Mason very quietly made her way into the main hotel at Richmond. She showed her Secret Service commission to the hotel proprietor.

"I want a room next to Madame Stephan's."

"Easily arranged," was the answer. "Naturally you want your name kept off the register."

"Of course," Dixie answered. Ten minutes later, she was standing at a door of her room which led to the room adjoining. A strange device had been fastened there, an invention of the Secret Service, adapted from the dictograph, whereby the sound of voices could be intensified through the panel of a door, carrying the words to the ear in the same manner as a telephone would do. And Dixie was hearing what was being said on the other side of that door!

Two women were in the room, and quarreling. One was Madame Stephan. The other was—

"Baroness Verbecht," came the caustic voice of Madame Stephan, "your purpose is very clear. You think you can work into my place as the chief of Germany's women spies in America. But you can't—you can't! Perhaps you thought that by blowing up the guncotton works at Hopewell you'd succeed to my position, eh? But you didn't. And now, this other scheme—."

"Ladies—please!" It was the voice of Heinric von Lertz, accompanied by the slamming of a door. Evidently he had just entered the room. "I will have no more of this bickering and quarreling. Understand?"

But Dixie Mason already was packing up her door-telephone, and making preparations for a hurried trip to Hopewell. Five minutes later she was in a machine traveling across country toward the little munitions town, while—

Harrison Grant, accompanied by the sheriff, had turned down an alley of the little town as they tracked the blood-marks of Dollings who had been plainly injured by the shot of the night before. On they went, closer and closer to the fortune telling room, closer —

But Dollings, staring through the window of the little building, had seen them. He hurried for another alley as fast as his injury would permit. Over fences, through back yards, creeping along piles of lumber, in the shadows of buildings—

He stopped. Before him was an open window, and on the table of the room beyond stood a lighted lamp. The instruction of Baroness Verbecht flashed

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

through his mind. The wind was blowing from the North! The undertaker turned and seizing a clothes pole, jammed it through the window, striking the lamp and overturning it. Then he hobbled on again, while the flames swirled and danced in the little shack and while men and women ran forth from the building to scream the warning.

But a warning that came too late. Hopewell was doomed.

Doomed while the fire crept closer and closer to the woods which would take it swirling to the guncotton works. Doomed, while Dixie Mason' hurrying along the country road toward town, divided her worriment between the sight of the burning town before her and the knowledge that the gasoline in the tank of the car was running dangerously low. Doomed, while Dollings, the spy who had set the flames, dragged himself through the outskirts of the town, seeking some means of speedy escape—his eyes narrowing at the sight of Dixie and her motor rushing along the road.

A quick leap to the center of the road, a shout and Dixie Mason was halted. An order—and Dollings had assumed control of the car, while Dixie Mason stood watching him with less of anxiety when Dixie remembered that gasoline tank—and she knew that escape for Dollings was impossible.

But she must act quickly! Across the fields she started, veering as she saw the cloudy debris of explosions as they hurled trees and houses into the air. The reason was obvious—Harrison Grant had seen the danger to the guncotton works, and a path of destruction in front of the flames was the only thing that would stop them!

So at the edge of town, with dynamite gangs running everywhere, Harrison Grant was determinedly blowing Hopewell to atoms—that the source of its life might continue to exist. Detonation after detonation sounded, while the flames crackled in the distance, while great stretches of ground were hurled into the air, houses blasted to nothing and trees uprooted—all to make a barrier against the sweeping flames. Explosion after explosion—then a great shout:

"The flames can't pass now! The guncotton works are saved!"

Cheers—then a new voice breaking in.

"Harrison Grant—Harrison Grant!"

The president of the Criminology Club whirled, to run forward at the sight of Dixie Mason.

"Quick!" she called, "I've a clue to the man who set the fire!"

"Give me a machine here—hurry!" Harrison Grant almost roared the order. A moment more and he, with Dixie Mason were speeding toward the open road.

A mile—two—then the sight of a man who dragged himself along the side of a disabled car. Dixie Mason pointed.

"That's he—I knew the car would stop—its gasoline is gone!"

But Dollings ran toward a cliff. Desperately he sought to make his way down it. But loss of blood weakened him. His hands loosed their hold. His

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The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

muscles stiffened—then relaxed. He screamed. A half hour later, Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant, having made their way to the foot of the cliff, found him where he had fallen, his hands clutched, his eyes staring—dead!

Carefully they searched him—to learn that after all, the destruction of Hopewell was as nothing compared to the general plans. For here was a list—a whole dictionary of destruction, ordering in its cold blooded way:

"Blow up plants at
Hopewell,
Wilmington,
Chester,
W. Philadelphia,
Acton,
Detroit,
Windsor."

"Hopewell had its benefits," said Grant slowly, "for by its destruction, we save the others."

"Yes, and if it could only awaken America to the danger from Imperial Germany—" Dixie Mason said the words thoughtfully — "its destruction would not be in vain."

And how great that danger was! For while Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant exulted in the partial failure of one of Imperial Germany's schemes of destruction, von Papen and Boy-Ed, together with Dr. Albert were at work on still another—and a greater one.

"Bernstorff is constantly complaining about the shipment of troops and supplies from Canada," Albert was saying. "What are we going to do about it?"

Von Papen smiled queerly.

"Make another attempt to blow up the Welland Canal," was his answer. "And this time it must succeed!"

CHAPTER XII

The Canal Conspirators

The echo of von Papen's remarks came two weeks later—in the room adjoining the Hohenzollern club where Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club had installed a dictograph that he might hear the plans and plots of the Germans in the rooms beyond. It was night. He had been for hours at the dictograph with no results. Now—

"Paul Koenig's just come into the club. Von Papen and Boy-Ed are there, Von Lertz too. They're talking about explosives and—"

"Explosives?" Stewart and Cavanaugh, Grant's favorite operatives, leaned forward. "What for?"

"The Welland Canal!" answered Grant excitedly. "They're—look out!"

He almost leaped from the dictograph, tearing it from its fastenings. Hastily he swirled to give orders.

"Pack up everything in this room—quick. Stewart! Scatter dust over the entire room—it's in the sack over there in the corner. Make things look like the room hasn't been used for months. Hurry! They moved the Kaiser's picture to cover up the explosives—and discovered our dictograph behind it! Now, work fast!"

Meanwhile, in the Hohenzollern club was consternation. Von Papen raging, stared at the dictograph transmitter on the wall.

"See where that thing leads to!" he announced to Boy-Ed and Koenig. "See if anybody was at the other end.

A half hour later, the men were back in the club, smiling and happy.

"The room hasn't been used for months," they reported. "Everything was covered with dust."

The next day, Dixie Mason sat at luncheon with Heinrich von Lertz in one of the big places of New York. Very quietly von Lertz had told her of her duties in Buffalo. Dixie looked up, to catch the eye of Harrison Grant, just passing. A few moments later, Dixie escaped from von Lertz for a few moments and stepped to the cab of Harrison Grant.

"They're planning to blow up the Welland canal," she whispered. "All of us are starting to Buffalo tonight. Take several operatives with you who will make it a point to be 'fooled' by Stephan and Verbecht. Then arrange for a boy to work as a bellhop in the Algonquin. I'll use him to carry messages to you."

Grant nodded. Dixie Mason turned back to the cafe and to von Lertz. Twenty-four hours later found them in Buffalo, while down in Washington, Dr. Heinrich Albert was explaining the plans to Ambassador Bernstorff.

"The Welland Canal is the logical place to strike." he was saying. "That is the canal, you know, running around Niagara Falls, and through it most of the Canadian troops are taken to the ports to be put aboard transports—to say nothing of the grain and other Great Lakes traffic that goes through there. If that canal is blown up, the biggest artery of trade that Canada possesses will be put out of commission. Further, it may cause trouble between Great Britain and the United States on the ground that this country was negligent in not protecting the American side of the waterway from attack."

A servant entered with a telegram. It read:

"Dr. Heinrich Albert,
Imperial Germany Embassy,
Washington, D. C.
Ten o'clock tonight. V. L."

"Ten o'clock to-night," repeated Dr. Albert as he showed the telegram to Bernstorff. "Boy-Ed and von Papen will be here then. They will celebrate with us."

Meanwhile, on the road just beyond the Welland Canal, Heinrich von Lertz was having a heated argument. A motorcycle patrolman had stopped him, just as he and Dixie Mason were returning from a view of the canal. And, when von Lertz was not noticing, the motorcycle patrolman had pressed the hand of Dixie Mason, and Dixie, in answer, had pressed his. Then the patrolman suddenly departed after he had slyly read the message Dixie had scrawled in the dust on the side of the car-body:

"Watch for message from hotel tonight. Keep watch on alley."

And so it was that when 9.40 o'clock came that night, Harrison Grant stood

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued)

on the corner near the big hotel, rapidly passing his fingers over a piece of knotted string, and translating the dots and dashes of the Morse code that it revealed to him. It was Dixie's message, brought to him from the hotel by the "planted" bellboy, and it read:

"Watch alley. Ten o'clock. Other men gone. One man yet to go. Dixie."

Hurriedly Harrison Grant turned to his men and gave an order.

"Get into a machine and be ready to go to the canal at once. I—."

The crackle of a shot interrupted. In the alley came the sound of voices and curses. Grant ran forward, just in time to see the forms of Secret Service men as they struggled with a spy who had come down the fire escape, armed with dynamite and detonators.

"Turn him over to the police," ordered Grant, "and hurry for the canal. The rest of the gang is already there."

Up in von Lertz's room, however, that shot had brought consternation.

"They've got Herson down there!" he snapped. "We've got to run for it!"

Hastily he seized his bags and with Madame Stephan, Baroness Verbecht and Dixie Mason, rushed for the elevator. There were words of fright and of anger—Dixie the most emphatic of all. But behind her mask of anger, Dixie was more than happy. She knew that Grant had received her message on the knotted string. Out at the canal—

"Quick! There's an automobile coming!"

A spy ran forward to where other spies were attaching detonators and dynamite. He gave hurried orders.

"Attach a fuse there and light it. We haven't time for the detonators! Hear me? Quick—try to get that boat that's coming through the locks now!"

But too late. For Harrison Grant and the members of the Secret Service had already rushed forward, to seize and grapple with the men, to shackle them, then to run forward and, seizing the dynamite, throw it out of the zone of danger. The Welland Canal was saved! Saved—while down in Washington—

"Message for you, sir!" It was the servant standing at the side of Dr. Heinrich Albert. The fiscal spy smiled.

"Von Lertz is right on time, eh?" he laughed, opening the yellow envelope. Then his laughter faded. "Himmel!" he exclaimed. "The plot failed! Several of our men have been arrested!" Bernstorff looked from Boy-Ed to von Papen and back again.

"I warned you," he said coldly. "I warned you not to take risks. But you took them. Do you know what this means? It means your dismissal from America! The State Department has already warned you that this may happen—and this is the end. Oh, why could you have made such a blunder!"

"It would have been a great victory if we had succeeded!" answered Papen sarcastically. "But no matter. We did our best—and we haven't failed yet. We may be recalled—but when we go, we'll leave a reign of terror behind us!"

(To be continued.)



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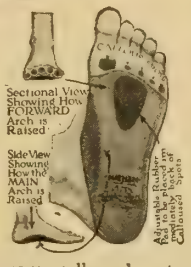
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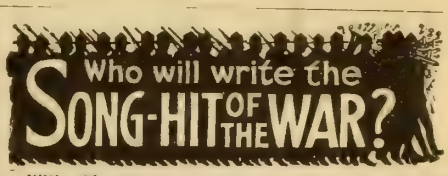
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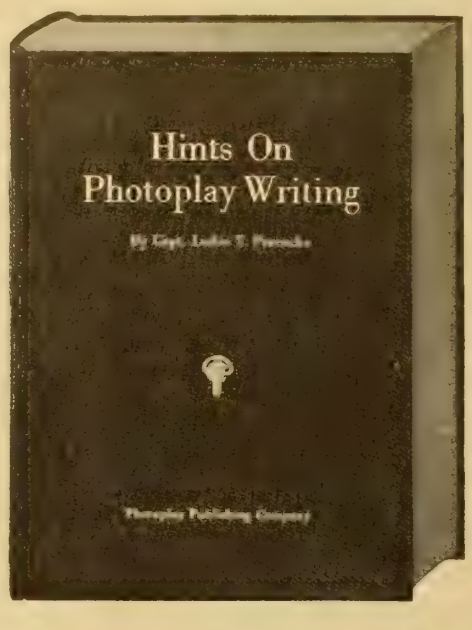
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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

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WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

His Own Home Town

(Continued from page 62)

ager had added impressively, "that we have found the vehicle for which we have been seeking." The two conspirators had gone over and over the letter until both were delirious with joy.

As he opened the gate to the street, Carol called him back to the porch. She was pointing at a shadow across the street which Jimmy only glimpsed before it vanished behind the trees. "It was someone watching you from behind that elm," Carol insisted. "He ran as you came."

Jimmy smiled a crooked, tender smile at her. "You are still lost in the play," he called back. "This isn't melodrama, it's merely life in Warchester. That scene of yours belongs in the third act."

Carol laughed and let him go but her eyes followed him anxiously down the street. He turned the corner at the Palace Theater and took the short cut through the alley which led to the *Courier*. Just before the office door there was a sudden flash of yellow flame and his hat seemed to leap grotesquely from his head. He stooped mechanically to pick it up and another bullet bit into the door, waist-high had he been erect.

The morning paper published a lurid account of the "cowardly attack" which their conservative evening contemporary promptly contradicted. The first version stated that the young owner of the *Courier* had met with a sudden end at the hands of a Hanlon habitue. Later editions gave an account of his miraculous escape and hinted uneasily at motives for the attempted crime "which might involve persons higher up."

Carol met him with the same casual friendliness but there was a vague unrest about her manner which Jimmy attributed to nervousness regarding the play. Suddenly, in the midst of his analysis of a difficult stage situation, he looked up to find Warchester's celebrated daughter weeping into the pages of her script.

At his first awkward attempt to comfort her she turned on him with the impotent fury of a heart-broken child.

"You were nearly killed," she sobbed. "For hours I thought you were—that horrible paper said so. Then you come here and talk about continuity in scenes and consistent characters and rapid action. If it's technique you want, why don't you take it up with Harding? You only need me to act."

The bewilderment in Jimmy's face changed to an ecstasy of understanding as a great light dawned. In one stride he was across the room and had gathered a much crumpled and tear-stained leading woman into his arms. There was a long silence which Jimmy broke almost in a whisper.

"I have held you like this before," he said softly, "but only in my dreams. I knew you were fond of me because we were kids together and because we stood alone against the town. Are you sure you are not confusing that with other things. Do you know that it is love and not old time affection?"

Carol raised a glorified little face and smiled at him through her tears, "It's been love, Jimmy," she whispered, "ever since the first."

The drummer had missed his Saturday night train and had resigned himself to Sunday in Warchester. With his chair tilted against the rail of the Bay State Hotel he lazily watched the bill-board across the street which was being slowly demolished by a business-like sign painter. "Coming Next Week" the sign announced in important and dignified heads. "Carol Landis" and then as if assuming that the name spoke for itself, it added in smaller letters "In 'His Own Home Town,' A Romantic Comedy, By James Duncan."

Something in the name revived a distinct memory among the drummer's kaleidoscopic confusion of impressions. "Jimmy Duncan," he muttered to himself. "The minister's rascally stepson. Never did a day's work in his life. Wanted to write so that people could understand other folks better."

Like a voice from the past, the nasal twang of Mr. Dodge broke into his reverie. "Two of them," he said complacently, pointing to the sign-board. "Two names that are as famous as any others in New York, and both from this little burg right here. There used to be people right in this town who would run Jimmy down but I always said there was something in him. I used to tell everybody that he'd succeed finally. I said—mebbe you remember—"

"Yes, I remember," cut in the drummer. "Now tell me where's the pompous old bird who came to the station for his son that day Duncan got in."

Mr. Dodge's enthusiasm was wilting.

"Banks!" he said scornfully. "I guess you've been away for a long while, haven't you? That old reprobate! Bermuda he's gone to, or Havana—some place like that. Said he went for his health. Well, I guess any of those places are healthier than jail."

His civic pride revived again at the sound of the clattering of hoofs and a chorus of hilarious goodbyes from St. Luke's church around the corner. "It's the wedding party," he chattered hysterically. "Just letting out. Jimmy Duncan and Carol Landis married to-day—high noon it was and only a few friends present. But the crowd's found them now. They're coming past here." And Dodge watched them approaching with a certain sense of pride.

Across the square clattered the old barouche which had once brought Sidney Banks back from the station. Surrounded by a pile of luggage, thickly belabeled, sat a man and a girl with the light of another and happier world on their faces. A long streamer of white satin ribbon floated out from behind the barouche, and could be seen whipping in the breeze after the vehicle was swallowed up in a cloud of dust.

The drummer watched the last flutter of the ribbon and then turned his eyes back to the sign-board. The episode was only one of many little dramas which he had watched to their logical close, although not all had ended so triumphantly. He yawned again contentedly and then followed the clamor of a gong in to dinner. He had all the philosophy of his kind.



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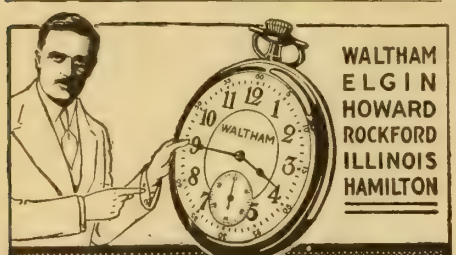
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Hearts of the World

(Continued from page 35)

silently and furiously with the pick and spade and skill their compulsory employment had given them, while the littlest looked on, alternately crying and wondering, as is the way with babies. In an hour the grave was deep and wide enough, and gently they lowered the stiffening body to its strange tomb of flagstones and their only rug.

Two miles away, in the Mouquet Farm dugout, a gay party was in progress. Von Strohm, a captain now, had in lady friends from Berlin—bare-legged dancers writhing to sensuous music. Presently a lieutenant brought in some frightened girls of the village, one of whom had given him a black eye. Everybody laughed—it was awfully funny. Bye and bye, in the orgy in this dungeon of lust, one of the little French girls screamed and died. Von Strohm threw her body in a bunk and walked away. The thoughtless little beast had spoiled his evening!

And as he walked, he listened. . . . the thunder of distant guns! It was the iron requiem of Madame Hamilton. The army of her son was coming to avenge her!

Slowly, it seemed almost inch by inch, the French troops moved forward over the oft-fought ground. It took them days to win a hundred yards. Meanwhile, Marie had been beaten almost to death by a Prussian overseer in the potato field—and she had found the three brothers of her lover! The last happiness made up for the first horror.

Then the day in which, through a rift of cloud and smoke, the carpenter, and Cuckoo, and Douglas saw once more the steeple of their village church, pointing toward heaven like the finger of Christ over a desolated world.

German headquarters decided sullenly to move—and in that instant the maliciously useful Von Strohm found and remembered Marie! He paused from his spying and hurrying; he had an excellent memory for faces and ankles.

Marie was trapped in the main room of the Inn, from which all had gone save an old blind musician who played on and on, as if he and his violin were a voice from eternity instead of a feeble cry in a shaking world. Von Strohm put no mask upon his intention. He cornered her by a locked door, chuckling, muttering vile words in German, running a lascivious hand over her arm and shoulders, as he held her close.

And, with his company fighting like fiends not a mile away, Douglas Hamilton, on scout duty, broke from his detachment and writhed forward, dodged forward, fought forward—alone.

Presently he was in the confused stone piles that he had known as peaceful streets. He scarcely knew where he was going—this jagged, blackened, littered ruin must have been his garden wall of love! He could best keep out of sight following the ruins to the Inn, which, thanks to its spy-keeper, was intact. He reached the courtyard—safe, so far!

"Captain Von Strohm!"

Furious, the Rhine-beast released the almost maddened Marie, and hurried out upon a superior's sharp command. It was a general officer, who desired his motor car guided beyond the village, into the highway.

Marie felt only one need in her life-drained body and suffocated soul . . . . air . . . . sunlight . . . . outdoors. Somehow, she reached the courtyard. And there, the apparition of her lover! Of course it was an apparition, for had she not seen him dead? So she smiled again as she had done on her night of madness, and put out her hands to see if *it* would disappear.

"Marie!! Oh, my love—my love—my sweetheart-wife!"

"Douglas—you *are* alive!"

"Yes, but unless I get away from here, I won't be long!"

"There's an upper room in the inn where no one ever goes—here—up these stairs—quickly!"

Von Strohm's voice—below! And the noise of firing receding!

"It's the monster!" whispered Marie, wildly.

"And we have been beaten back," added Douglas, calmly. "It means, dear heart, that God is good enough to let us die together. And before we go, I am going to marry you—with my mother's ring."

Stifling a little sob, Marie held out a hand still white, though torn and calloused and bruised.

"With this ring," murmured Douglas, "I thee wed."

"With this ring,"echoed Marie, for her part of the unearthly ceremony, "I become thy wife—"

"Open, here!"

The Teuton, tracking his prey unerringly, struck savagely at the heavy barred door.

Marie kissed the ring. Douglas drew his revolver, and thrust it into her side until its muzzle hurt—terribly—even as he kissed her and crushed her to him.

"If they come through the door . . . . my wife," whispered Douglas, significantly, gazing at the gun.

"I understand," murmured Marie.

One of Von Strohm's willing dogs broke his gun stock on the door in futile blows. Cursing him, the Captain siezed another gun, and himself—

The crash that tore down the door hurled through it, and upon the lovers, the mangled Von Strohm. Marie thought it the shot of death. Douglas knew it was a shell.

They were both wrong. Behind the Germans, on the stair, stood the laughing, hysterical Henriette. Days before a jesting officer had shown her the mechanism of a grenade—she knew where they were kept—and *her* hand, now, had avenged the household and the village. A Little Disturber indeed!

There were roars and cries outside—the French had reached the town!

Henriette was gone, no one knew where, when Cuckoo tore madly in.

And away he went, negotiating every corner in a careful crawl,—he could not die now, with the cup of love and life at his lips. Suddenly he felt, rather than heard or saw one coming at him. The Boche was negotiating a corner just as *he*

Hearts of the World

(Concluded)

was negotiating it. This was no time to shoot. Cuckoo detached his bayonet, and hurling himself forward, put his whole body behind the spring of that steel-weighted arm.

Henriette!!!

Facing each other like two outraged puppies on a lawn, they blinked, they laughed, they *both* swore, they embraced, they kissed, they swore and laughed again.

And so it was in the whole merry ruin that had been a village.

A canopy sprang up, and beneath it a table that groaned with delicacies magically brought forth and carefully hidden wine. The carpenter found his family, and other men found theirs. Cuckoo and the Little Disturber were the center of one group at that great dinner of liberty and reunion, and another company gazed with wet eyes and trembling smiles and fast-beating hearts at Hero and Leander come again, at Romeo and Juliet, no longer in Capulet's tomb, at Mimi and Rudolphe in Montmarte—at Douglas and Marie!

Monsieur Tourneur

(Continued from page 56)

found pictorial ways and means of presenting the finest shades of Maeterlinckian thought in his production of "The Blue Bird."

Maurice Tourneur was born in Paris, France, in 1878, and was graduated from Lycee Condorcet when he was 18 years old. After finishing college he became a designer and interior decorator, and has to his credit many illustrations for books and magazines, striking poster, lace curtain and fabric designs, as well as a number of original stage settings. He then became associated with Rodin, and later with the great French artist, Pavis De Chavannes.

The next three years of his life were spent in the French army—as an officer of artillery. When his period of service expired he was seized with the desire to go on the stage, which he did and at his own salary—90 francs or about $18 a month. His rise in this profession was rapid. His first engagement was with a road show playing four one-act plays on one-night stands. His next engagement was with Madame Rejane, and with her he made practically a world tour, including South America, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Africa. After this engagement he became associated with Antoine, the greatest of French producers, and here he learned much that stood him in good stead. Today, at the height of his career, he is a noteworthy contributor to moving picture artistry and its perfection.

WIVES, don't let hubby ease out of going to the movies by saying that the war tax makes the fee excessive. Remember, there are such commodities as six-cent cigars. Moreover, they're selling rather well.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

PEACH FLUFF, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Now the last time we resided on Blackwell's Island we didn't have any fire water served us. Guess you were there after our term was up. Louise Brownell is with the Ince company.

M. D., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mary Garden is forty-two and is not married. Constance Talmadge, nineteen; single. Anita Stewart, twenty-one; married to Rudolph Cameron. Louise Huff, twenty-three; the wife of Edgar Jones. Pauline Frederick, married to Willard Mack. She's thirty-three. Viola Dana is twenty and married to John Collins. Clara K. Young is twenty-seven. She's not married. We don't often do that, but with your pleading note we'd be almost tempted to tell our own age. *Almost* we said.

MRS. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Address Tom Moore at the Goldwyn studio. Ask him for a photo.

D. Y., HABANA, CUBA.—Write to stars for photos of themselves. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing same to you. Practically all of the players comply with that request for a picture.

SWEDE, ELIZABETH, MINN.—Eyes like Anita Stewart; hair like Margery Wilson, and a chin like Wallace Reid? Aren't you a bit kind to yourself? You should make a hit in pictures. The vital question is—are your feet mates? Are they? May Allison is with Metro which is an abbreviation for Metropolitan, just as "oh Min" is an abb. for Oh Minnie or Oh Minnesota. Mary Pickford sends her photo. We know, 'cause we sent for one ourself, wunce.

R. W. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Eugene O'Brien is thirty-two. Don't believe he has matrimonial intentions, but you might write and find out and send your photo and make an application. Marjorie Daw played the young sister of Cleo Ridgely in "The Chorus Lady." Gladys Brockwell was born in 1894. Alice Brady is about twenty-four. Florence Vidor is a year younger than Miss Brockwell. None of those you mention are incumbered, or otherwise, with a husband.

J. D. O., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Well J. D. O., if you didn't live in Australia on the other side of the globe you'd know the American definition of a "flivver." It's a bit of tin thrown together with a motor and when completed is a distant relative of an automobile. Perchance you identify them on your side as a Ford. George Forth was *Robert Kendall* in "I Will Repay." Rather imagine too many war pictures would get a bit on your nerves after having so much of the real thing. Comedies seem to be in greater demand in your country than ever. Undoubtedly the people want them.

ANITA AND MURIEL, NEW YORK CITY.—Now, girlies, that is mighty kind of you to say we have a chance, but too much competition frightens us and we're giving up right now in the beginning of the race. Mae Marsh has a brother under thirty and he's the one in the army. Charles Clary is a bachelor. He's forty-five and June Caprice is just exactly twenty-six years younger than that. Miss Caprice gets her mail at the Fox eastern studio. X's received; for which we thank you.

N. O., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—Alma Ruben (she speels her name thata way now) is not married. Wallace Reid is a six footer and is in training at Camp Lewis in Washinton. Bert Lytell was *Dr. Worthing* and Barbara Castleton was *Muriel* in "Empty Pockets." Jewell Carmen appeared in "The Half Breed."

B. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Madge Evans is nine years old. Bill Hart measures six feet one in his boots and gingham shirt. Write direct to the actor or actress for the photo. Twenty-five cents is the amount usually sent. Hopetomeetchawagain.

M. H., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players studio in New York. What's the idea of pictures of the stars for your hope box? We never had none of them in our God knows when chest. We ainta telling yuh to send a quarter, we're just suggesting it as the best thing to do when you want a photo.

THE JESTER

By Olga Petrova

The Jester sighed as laughter filled the air,
And bitterly he bowed his humble thanks,
Thinking how very great he might have been
In Shakespeare's roles. A great tragedian
Had given place to what? A low comedian.
Instead of tears, he made the public laugh.

S. C. C., BROOKLYN, MASS.—Oh, yas, we know people's ages and everything. Ann Pennington is twenty-three and she's not married yet. Harold Lockwood is thirty-one. Write to Anita Loos at the Lasky office in New York and we're quite sure she'll send you a photo. Evelyn Nesbit is appearing in vaudeville at the present time. Tom Moore is with Goldwyn. He's a peach if you say so and he was on the stage before he became a picture actor more than five years ago. Gosh! you're right about Bill Hart! He's human. Yep, Charlie Ray is married. Wend you weary "feetsteps" this way whenever you like. We'll be glad to have you.

LYNN, MASS.—We won't ever give you any info again unless you send your name along with your questions. Clifford Bruce played the outlaw in "The Winding Trail." Nawfully, nawfully mad! That's why your questions weren't answered before.

R. G., CHELSEA, MASS.—George Fisher was last with the Paralta Co. in Los Angeles. Joe King is with Triangle; John Bowers, with World; Charles Gunn, with Paralta, and Kenneth Harlan isn't married, and Jack Holt is with Lasky, and Fred Church is with Universal. The name of the dive keeper isn't given in the cast of "Little Lost Sister."

H. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—If A. says Mary Pickford is a decided brunette you tell him he is wrong. And if B. says she is a decided blonde with blue eyes and all the trimmings you tell him he is wrong. And this is the truth, the whole truth about Mary Pickford. She has light golden hair and hazel eyes and she was twenty-five years old in April.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, CANTON, OHIO.—Mary MacLane wrote books and loved cold boiled potatoes at midnight when she was seventeen. She lived in Butte. She no longer lives in Butte permanently and she is no longer seventeen but she still has that very great fondness for cold boiled potatoes at midnight. Sometime when we're seventeen we're going to write a history of *our* life and then we're going to tell how much *we* crave cold boiled hash.

LOUISE, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Jean Angelo was *Dr. Carewe* in "The Divine Sacrifice," the World production in which Kitty Gordon was featured. House Peters is another one of those mysterious absenters from the screen along with Blanche Sweet and other stars who have given up their screen work for the present and are giving no hints as to their return in the near future.

J. B., BAYONNE, N. J.—Any of the studios listed in the studio directory which appears in each issue of PHOTOPLAY is reliable. Address Mary Miles Minter at the American studio, Santa Barbara, Cal.

D. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Don't believe you saw Carl Stanton opposite Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe." Mahlon Hamilton played with the little star in that production. "A Bit of Jade" is a Mary Miles Minter picture.

F. C., HAMILTON, OHIO.—George Walsh is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. Douglas Fairbanks measures five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty. Creighton Hale weighs one hundred and forty and he too is five feet ten inches in height. William Russell is a six foot twoer and weighs two hundred and three pounds. Harold Lockwood is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and seventy-five.

NAZIMOVA FAN, MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—Address Alla Nazimova at the Metro studios in New York. Didst thou know that Mme. Nazimova is the wife of Charles Bryant?

J. W. D., WORCESTER, MASS.—Address Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. He isn't with any company.

B. H., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Mahlon Hamilton doesn't say whether he is a member of the ancient order of the henpecks union or not. He doesn't look the part to us. Address him at the Pathe studio.

L. R. W., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Jean Paige has only appeared in the Vita. O. Henry pictures. She was born in Paris in the state of Illinois in 1898.

R. S. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—William B. Davidson played with Edna Goodrich in "Her Second Husband." June Elvidge is single. Eileen Percy is with no company at present. Haven't heard of the reported engagement of Bill Hart and we're quite sure Bill would tell us of such an event. Owen is older than Tom Moore. H. B. Warner is doing no screen work. That's the reason we haven't had an interview of late. "God's Man" is now being shown in the outlying districts of the city. Wallace Reid, Antonio Moreno and Marjorie Wilson are stars. The star of a production is the one who is best known and most popular and the one featured. Beverly Bayne is twenty-four.

I. T. M., SPOKANE, WASH.—Olga Petrova is glad to answer the letters of her admirers, but she does not send out her photograph.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

N. S. A., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—We can't get any trace of that serial. Perhaps the play you have reference to is "The Fascinating Widow." That's the one that made Julian Eltinge famous on the "legit." Twenty-five cents is sufficient to send when asking for a photo. Write to Sessue Hayakawa again and tell him of your previous letter and of the mistake made in Wallie Reids picture being sent you. Send your idea to some company. Write again.

R. A. H., SALEM, OREGON.—Wanda Petit (now Wanda Hawley) is twenty-one. She is married and is very much of a blonde with blue eyes and light hair. Miss Hawley is five feet six inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-four. Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal., is where she gets her mail. No trouble a-tall.

M. G., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Norma Phillips was last on the stage in New York. She has done no screen work in over two years. "The Unbeliever" is considered a crakin' good picture. Marguerite Courtot plays the feminine lead in it. William Shay is with the Herbert Brenon Co. and Jimmie Cruze with Lasky.

D. B., BERKELEY, CAL.—We're not going to tell you how many summers and winters and springs and falls we've seen, nor how many teeth we've lost, or if we are bald or if we have the rheumatism or if we have to wear specks when we read or any of those really personal things you want to know about us. Hazel Daly doesn't give her age. We don't like ladies wot swears.

T. W., ROYAL OAK, MICH.—Thank you for telling us about Hi Russell. Here's the news for our readers: Hi Russell is one of Detroit's leading brokers and has worked up a big local reputation as a movie star in comedy pictures.

B. H.,—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Charlie Chaplin made his first picture for his company just as soon as his studio was completed. "A Dog's Life," his premier production is now on the market. You may expect to see Chaplin releases regularly. Mary Pickford was twenty-five in April. She's just about four feet eleven inches tall and weighs less than a hundred pounds. Why man alive don't you know that the people are going mad over that very smile of Doug's and here you ask, "Why does Doug Fairbanks always bust out laughing?" Eileen Percy played with him in "The Man from Painted Post."

EDWINA, CUNENBURG, N. S.—Enid Bennett is with the Ince forces at Hollywood, Cal. She's married, you know, to Fred Niblo, the actor. Pauline Frederick is the wife of Willard Mack. We've given you the attention you demanded, Edwina.

MOVIE FAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Harry Ham is in the service of the U. S. Address him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal. Ann Pennington is with Famous Players. Mary Pickford's mail is sent to the Artcraft studios, Hollywood, Cal. Ann Pennington was born in 1895. Harry Ham doesn't tell how many years ago he came to this hard crool woild.

Photoplay Writing

(Continued from page 89)

of the different companies, the type of pictures they like, and the type of directors they employ is very helpful to the prospective scenario writer.

We are often asked whether it is safe for a writer to send his scripts to the various companies, the implication being that the producers of motion pictures are for the most part a band of piratical thieves. This idea seems to have become a firm conviction in the minds of many writers, and like most popular delusions, has—or at one time *had*—a foundation in fact.

In the early days of the motion picture there were many wild-cat, fly-by-night companies organized by an irresponsible lot of adventurers who tried to exploit the new art, and succeeded merely in disgracing it. In the stress of competition, however, practically all of these shoe-string organizations have been forced to the wall and their promotors driven into outer darkness. The motion picture industry today is in the hands of several groups of men who, almost without exception, are of the highest probity and honor, who would scorn to steal ideas even if it were good business to do so, *and it most decidedly is not good business,* as these men perfectly well know.

Practically every successful author is constantly assailed for plagiarism by people of whose persons or works he has never even heard. A case in point is furnished by an experience of the author of this article with regard to "Down To Earth," a picture produced by Mr. Fairbanks. In this picture there are certain scenes in a sanitarium, filled with hypochondriacs who, during the course of the story, are lured away from the sanitarium by a ruse and cast ashore upon a supposed desert island, where by leading normal, active, outdoor lives, they regain their health. Now it would seem that anyone would have the right to lay certain scenes of his story in a sanitarium, and yet, weird as it may seem, a suit was brought against the authors of this article and they were hailed to court at the instigation of a certain writer, because, forsooth, he had written a story in which certain scenes were laid in a sanitarium, as if sanitariums were his own private and particular preserves on which no one should be allowed to poach. The suit, it is needless to say, was a fizzle, and the case was thrown out of court. But the incident serves to illustrate the feverish state of mind in which an author is likely to work himself over a grievance which is a product of his own imagination, and which has no foundation.

So we say in conclusion, be reasonable. Do not imagine that producers wish to steal your ideas. On the contrary, most producers will gladly pay you well for them in order to encourage you to help supply their great demand. So send along your script to any of the leading producers without fear or trepidation, and be assured that if it contains one germ of originality, that germ will be discovered and its author eagerly sought after, in the hope that he may be able to develop that germ into an organism from which a successful picture may be made.

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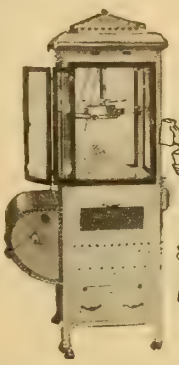
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Canadian Siege Artillery
Somewhere in France

FIELD POST
16 FEB 17

U.S. ARMY
FEB 19

Soldier's Post

Sergt W Rawcliffe 24231
13th Canadian Battalion
3rd Brigade
B.E.F.
Somewhere in France
Aug 30th 1917

Dear Friend

You want to know what to send me well old chap, the most appropriate thing is something sweet, hard candy, chocolates, cake, anything in the line. The other day one of the boys received a box of Pep-o-mint Lifesavers. If you can get any of these, send them along. I only had one roll, but they lasted like mine, & my mouth has been watering for some ever since. When the real smoke they certainly fill the bill. If they are not "actually Life Savers," they are certainly mint Savers."



Letters home beg for them

They crave sweets, our boys in France.

"Remember those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers with the hole in the middle? Well, send some along."

"Your parcel was most welcome, especially the Life Savers."

"Don't forget to put in a box of Pep-o-mint Life Savers, so I can have some when I go up the line."

These are bits of actual letters from the front. Perhaps your soldier has written just such a letter to you. If so, you surely appreciate what Life Savers mean to our fighters.

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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

August
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Says Annette Kellermann, and she tells how, in this issue

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* * *

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Or, are you too wise to be natural — are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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James R. Quirk, Editor

VOL. XIV

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No. 3

AUGUST, 1918

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From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

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Pictures have become a public utility and this powerful new association of picture patrons is destined to become the mouthpiece of every community in the United States.

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Lila Lee, the Girl of the Month

The girl of the month because:—she is only fourteen years old, has never faced a camera, yet has just been made a star by Paramount. And not a "child" star, either, for she is to play grown-girl parts. The story of a slender genius of womanly emotion found in vaudeville.

Charles, Not Charlie Chaplin

Charlie, behind the camouflage moustache, is the most whimsical thing in the universe; Charles, without the moustache, is a rather poetic artist, melancholy rather than uproarious—altogether a genius, and therefore altogether interesting. Charles, not Charlie, will be with you in September.

Stewart, Westerner of the West

Most of our Western stars were Easterners who assumed their chaps and lariats and sombreros after they grew up. Roy Stewart, the newest planet of the plains, is a *real* Westerner—he grew to his six feet and one hundred and seventy pounds on a diet of cactus and horned toads. His story is in PHOTOPLAY for September.

Have a Heart!

It looks simple from the outside: this business, or art—or whatever you are pleased to call it—of writing stories in shadows and lights. We sit out here in the darkness of our neighborhood house and pick flaws. It comes to be a pastime, a part of our picture pleasure. Did you ever think that, sometimes, the very chaps who built the picture had labored and sweated, yes, and swore, trying to avoid those very flaws. In the September issue Julian Johnson, who has just returned to the editorial chair of PHOTOPLAY after a year's absence, will tell the producers' side of the story. He has been in the front line trenches of the studios and the dugouts of the scenario writers. "Have a heart," he says; so that's what we call his story.

Taylor Holmes

The picture theaters know him as Taylor Holmes of "Efficiency Edgar" and "Ruggles of Red Gap," while to the old-fashioned theaters he is "Bunker Bean." He and his two worlds are delineated interestingly in these pages next month.

Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

Pay Day....Metro
Prunella....Paramount
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De Luxe Annie....Select
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Joan of Plattsburg....Goldwyn
High Stakes....Triangle
Baree, Son of Kazan....Vitagraph
Missing....Paramount
The Mysterious Client....Pathe
Peg o' the Pirates....Fox
The Mating of Marcella....Paramount
Believe Me, Xantippe....Paramount
His Own Home Town....Paramount
Old Wives For New....Arteraft
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A Red-Headed Cupid....Triangle
Who Is To Blame?....Triangle
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A Soul For Sale....Universal
The Oldest Law....World
The Accidental Honeymoon....Rapf
The Golden Goal....Vitagraph
The Triumph of the Weak....Vitagraph
Wolves of the Border....Triangle
Her Decision....Triangle
A Daughter of the West....Pathe
True Blue....Fox
All Woman....Goldwyn
The Street of Seven Stars....De Luxe
The Firebrand....Fox
Cecilia of the Pink Roses....Graphic
Reclaimed....Harry McRae Webster
"Blue Eyed Mary"....Fox
Vengeance....World
Men....U. S. Exhibitor
Confession....Fox
The Bravest Way....Paramount
The Man Hunt....World
Stolen Orders....Brady
For Sale....Pathe
More Trouble....Pathe
A Broadway Scandal....Bluebird
Lend Me Your Name....Metro
A Game With Fate....Vitagraph
Viviette....Paramount
Love's Conquest....Paramount
Ace High....Fox
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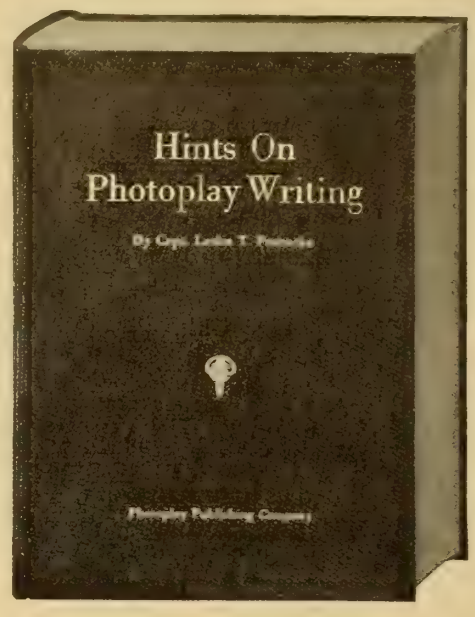
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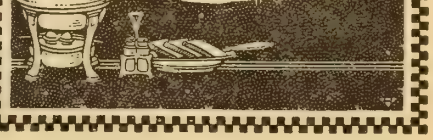
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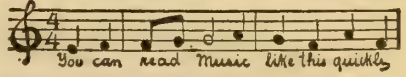
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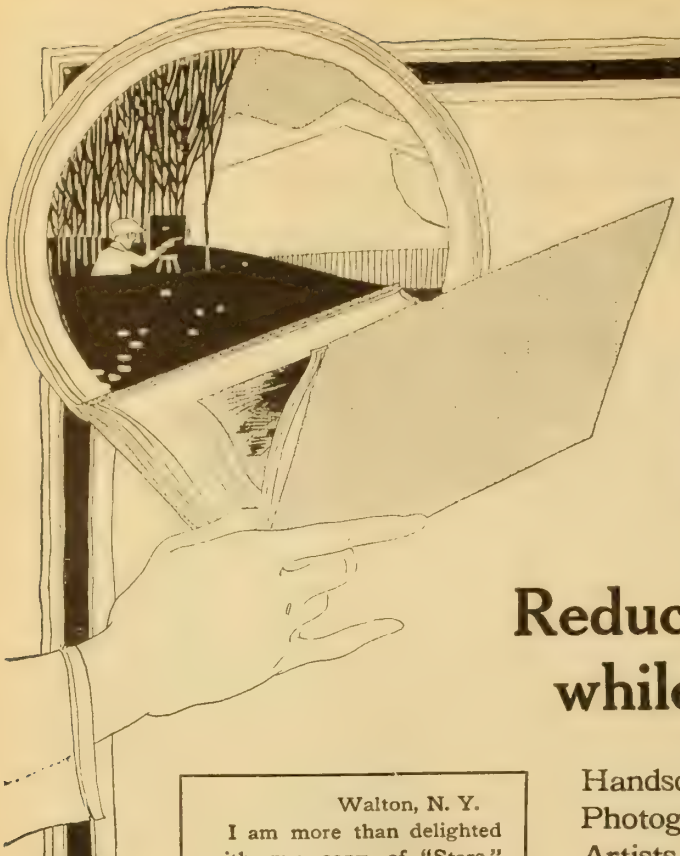


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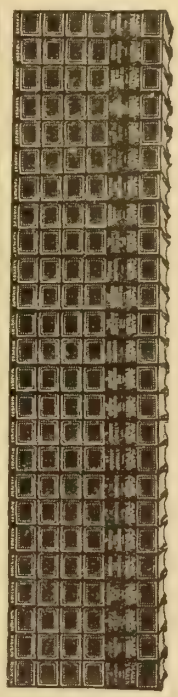
"Hey Tom!"

DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning—

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.



MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

Novels Boys' Stories Humor Essays Travel History

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

The Great American

He was American. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty, as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die.

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For rousing sallow, sluggish skins, try the famous Woodbury treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice.* Dry the skin carefully.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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JUNE ELVIDGE has one all-absorbing interest in life—clothes. She admits it. "I like my work at the studio because it is just one charming frock after another." Miss Elvidge's good taste is apparent on the screen in World photodramas.

White Studio



Witzel

LONG ago PHOTOPLAY called Charlie Ray "Ince's Wonder Boy. Ray has come through—witness his work in "The Hired Man." "His Own Home Town," and "Playing the Game." He plays baseball, drives his own car, and loves his wife.



BIG Bill Farnum is a he-man. Boy fans enjoy his smashes with the villain; girls thrill at his fifth-reel grabs. Unlike his contemporary, Bill Hart, Farnum is an accomplished Romeo. He demonstrates in "Rough and Ready."

Underwood & Underwood



IN "War Brides," there was a boy who held the attention even when Nazimova was on the screen. Richard Barthelmess—and he kept right at it, and now he's a Paramount leading man. Lately seen with Marguerite Clark.



Lumiere

WEBSTER CAMPBELL is co-starring with Corinne Griffith in a Vitagraph photoplay, "New York, or Danger Within," a patriotic hurrah and spy exposé by Robert W. Chambers. Miss Griffith is really Mrs. Webster Campbell.



Evans Studio

PHOTOPLAY'S August number would be incomplete without a few close-ups of the accepted surf costumes. Presenting Maude Wayne, a Triangle-Keystone beauty—last word being lily-painting. First glance is deceiving; Miss Wayne is matching the colors of her skirt and hose.



ROXANNA McGOWAN seems to be having a tough time of it regardless of what she might have said when she came out. Whether it's a shark or an alligator we don't know; nor, apparently, does Roxanna.



Evans Studio

WOULD you ever have guessed that the girl at the left is called Myrtle? Lind is a fine last name and Myrtle's all right, of course, only—well, one can't help thinking of some really inspired given name for a girl like—like Myrtle. Yes, they're all Triangle-Keystoners.



AFTER a year's absence, Anita Stewart returns to the screen in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Her smile is just as brilliant as if she hadn't lost a case in court and participated in an automobile smash-up her very first day "on location."

Underwood & Underwood



LACE and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, flower-hung garden walls —these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. But in reality, Lillian, an ingenue in appearance, is a rather suave woman off the screen.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV AUGUST, 1918 NO. 3



Diamonds and Paste

WHEN a woman buys a gown she does not simply go into the first shop she sees and buy it across the counter. She considers fabrics, colors, designs. And after the gown has been made to her order, if she does not like it or it does not fit, she does not condemn all clothing, and say she will not wear any in future.

When a man decides to pass an evening at the theatre, he does not simply drop in at the first house whose electrics meet his gaze. He wants to know what play it is, and who wrote the play, and who is starred, and perhaps who produced it. Nor if, after all these precautions he does not like the entertainment, does he say, "All plays are bad. I will not go to the theatre again."

Yet they do it to the movies.

"Let's go to the movies," says Friend Wife, and with Friend Husband she sallies forth. The chances are that, unless they are actual fans, they will go into the picture house nearest their home. If it happens that they see a poor production, or a story which does not interest them, or a star whose nose is not the exact shape they like, they will go home declaring that moving pictures are no good.

It is not the person who can compare intelligently the productions of the various companies, who fulminates against pictures, but the one to whom movies are just movies, coming from he neither knows nor cares where.

The woman who knows there are as many kinds of gowns as there are women who wear them, and the man who is as particular about choosing a play to see, as if it were an automobile, too often loose their sense of the variety of creation when it comes to the movies.

Nor are these the people who are unintelligent in other matters. One of the greatest geniuses of the theatre recently wrote an article in which he made himself ridiculous by drawing the most absurd conclusions from pictures he had seen, when the very nature of his comments proved that he had been seeing the very worst and not the best productions.

The eventual success of pictures with this sort of people depends upon the better class of producers maintaining standards so high, and keeping their names before the public so prominently, that the most casual observers will know that here, as everywhere else, there are diamonds and paste, and that there are some dealers who will not sell paste.

"Anybody Can

World's most famous swimmer gives and tells how exercise transformed her



THERE is just one secret of the art of swimming—confidence. Once the person who wants to swim has banished fear and become confident, swimming is as simple as walking.

Between the aspirant and this confidence there lie several superstitions, or traditions, all of which can easily be abolished. Among these imaginary disabilites are the following:

"My arms and legs are not strong enough" or some similar physical disability.

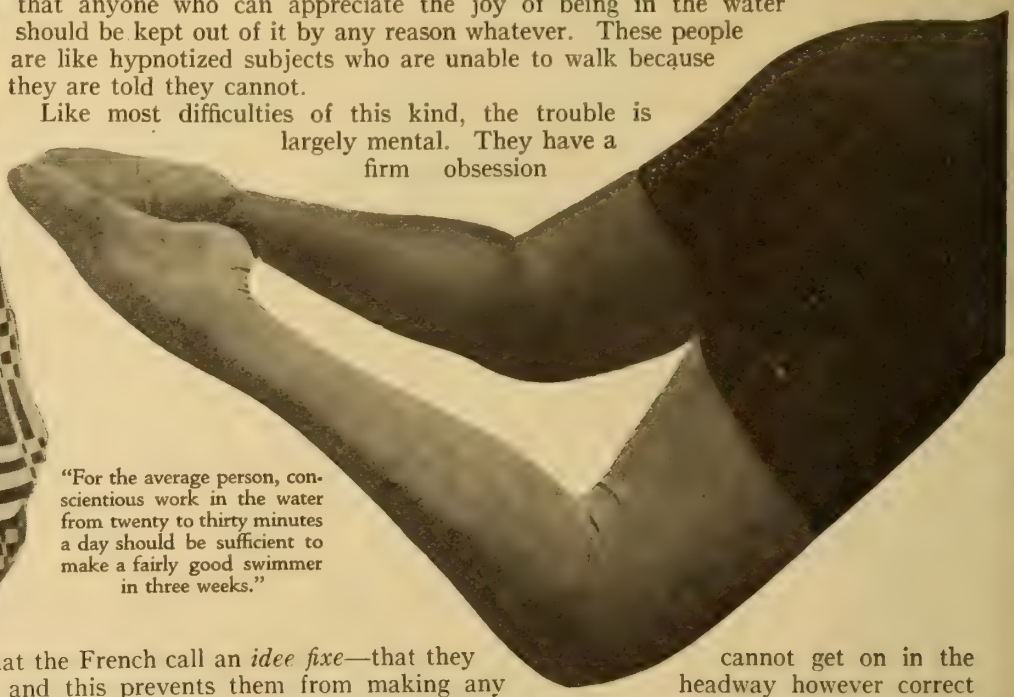
"The minute I touch the water I sink."

"I cannot learn to hold my breath under water."

"Water gets into my eyes and blinds me."

Every morning I get plaintive letters from people who insist that they can never learn to swim. They take lessons, they tell me and believe that they understand the principles perfectly, but when they get in the water, all they can do is cling to the rope and shriek.

Many of them make fun of their efforts, good-humoredly, but to me the situation is always more pathetic than amusing. It has always seemed to me so unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it by any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot.



"For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks."

Like most difficulties of this kind, the trouble is largely mental. They have a firm obsession—what the French call an *idee fixe*—that they cannot get on in the water and this prevents them from making any headway however correct their technical knowledge of strokes may be. Nearly all who "cannot swim" will insist that their arms are too weak or their legs too stiff or that they are suffering from a congenital fear of the water. One man told me mournfully that I could never understand what he must overcome before going in the surf.

"It is easy enough for you to talk," he said, resentfully.

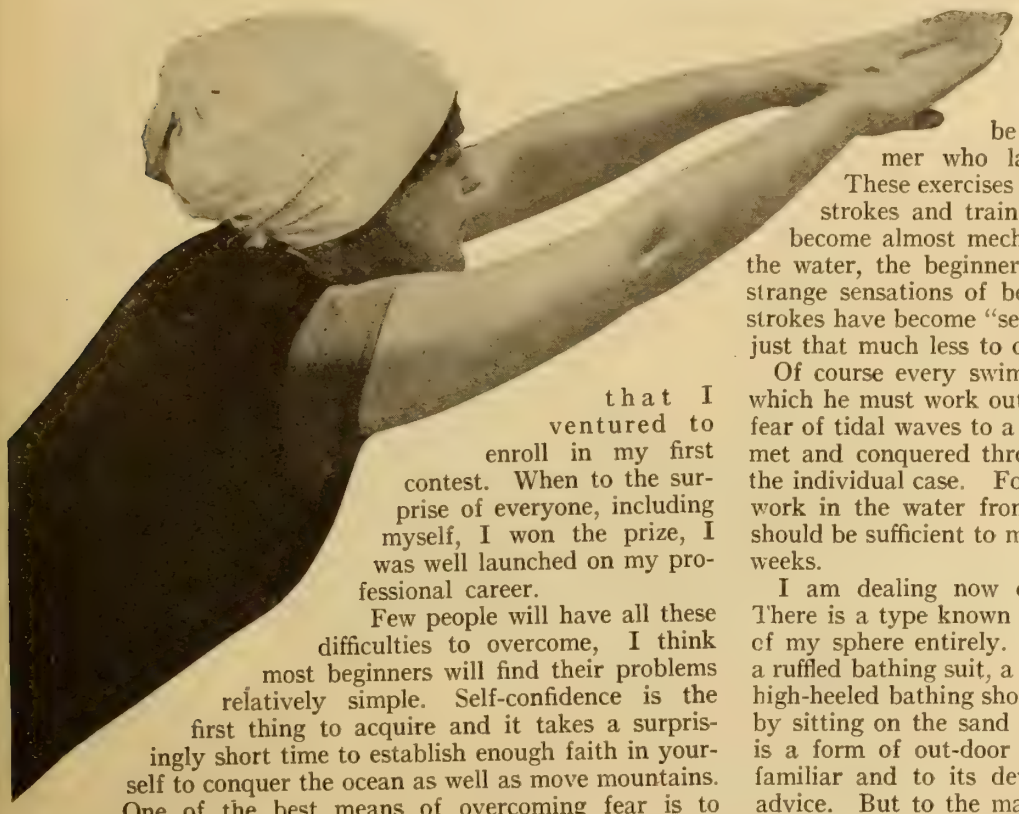
This sort of thing always amuses me, for no prospective swimmer could have begun their career with more handicaps than I. As a child I was a cripple. My legs had been painfully misformed almost from babyhood, and I was obliged to wear steel braces which hurt my pride as well as my ankles. Moreover I had that terror of the sea and of all strenuous activities that is characteristic of frail and nervous children.

I might today be in the position of those who look on wistfully at out-door sports, if I had not been fortunate enough to find a doctor who believed in the superiority of corrective exercise to drugs. He began these exercises so gradually that I grew to regard them as games, and never dreamed that I was being lured by inches into the sea-bathing which I hated. He then set to work to overcome my fear of the sea and through infinite patience, convinced me that it was a jolly if boisterous play-fellow instead of the roaring monster it had always seemed.

I shall never forget my thrill of delight and power when I first realized that I was master of my movements in the water just as on land. Gradually my legs regained normal form and strength, my general health improved and I found that what began as a "corrective exercise" had become an ideal recreation. My enthusiasm increased so rapidly

Swim"—*Says Annette Kellermann*

Photoplay readers advice on swimming, from child cripple to physical perfection.



that I ventured to enroll in my first contest. When to the surprise of everyone, including myself, I won the prize, I was well launched on my professional career.

Few people will have all these difficulties to overcome, I think most beginners will find their problems relatively simple. Self-confidence is the first thing to acquire and it takes a surprisingly short time to establish enough faith in yourself to conquer the ocean as well as move mountains.

One of the best means of overcoming fear is to realize how difficult it is to sink. You can prove this to your own satisfaction by dropping a coin in water that is just a little deeper than your arms can reach. If you increase this depth by degrees so that stooping over to reach the coin with the hand causes the entire disappearance of the body under water, you will find that you are unable to pick it up without the aid of a swimming stroke that will cause you to descend. The human body floats by a small margin, and it is usually the blind movements of a frantic struggle that cause drowning.

Familiarity with the swimmer's habits of breathing will also do much to dispel fear. An unexpected mouthful of salt water will make a beginner believe that he is strangling to death and will upset whatever poise he may have acquired. To prevent this, a few simple experiments in a bath-tub will do wonders. You can easily become accustomed to holding your breath under water by taking a full breath before submerging, and then expelling the air through the nose while submerged.

Another thing that will inspire confidence is the ability to open your eyes and keep them open under water. This also can be practiced in the tub. Clear water will at first cause a little irritation of the eyelids but this is perfectly harmless and will disappear.

No one can feel entirely at home in the water until he has learned to see as fish do.

Dry land swimming exercises may be very helpful to the aspiring swimmer who lacks familiarity with the water. These exercises accustom the muscles to the various strokes and train the mind so that the movements become almost mechanical. In his first struggles with the water, the beginner is naturally handicapped by the strange sensations of being in a new element, but if the strokes have become "second nature" on land, he will have just that much less to overcome.

Of course every swimmer has his own set of problems which he must work out by himself. These range from a fear of tidal waves to a loathing for jelly fish and must be met and conquered through the experiments that best fit the individual case. For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks.

I am dealing now only with the practical swimmer. There is a type known as the social swimmer which is out of my sphere entirely. Their method consists in wearing a ruffled bathing suit, a cap trimmed with rubber roses and high-heeled bathing shoes to match. The exercise is taken by sitting on the sand and posing under a parasol. This is a form of out-door sport with which I am not at all familiar and to its devotees I cannot possibly give any advice. But to the man or woman and even to the little child who really wants to swim—to every one in earnest, I can say with absolute certainty that there are practically no obstacles which perseverance will not overcome.

"It has always seemed unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it for any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot."





Dorothy and Lillian in their dressing-room.

The Real Lillian Gish *Vs. The Imaginary*

Preconceived notions are invariably wrong —particularly so in the Gish Case.

By Julian Johnson



MOST people have a preconceived notion of Lillian Gish, just as they have of the Kaiser, business hours on a submarine, a big party in old Rome, summer at the North Pole, what a Chinaman is thinking about, the origin of the American Indian, Theda Bara's private life, Mary Miles Minter's real age, or Mr. Griffith's next picture. Like the Hun philosopher's idea of a camel—he never saw one, but evolved a picture from his inner consciousness—preconceived notions are almost invariably wrong. And never more so than in the Gish case.

There is a growing suspicion that the word "Gish" is an adjective rather than a proper name. In so far as it applies to Lillian. It must be admitted that there is ground for this suspicion.

It has been Lillian Gish's privilege to rise to world-wide celebrity as a *figurante* of innocence, maidenhood and springtime love in the photoplays of D. W. Griffith—and, in one frock or another, out West or back East, down South or over in France, she has never played anything else.

Lace and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, old tunes pianissimo, a mystic Rocking Cradle, flower-hung garden walls—these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. Fresh blood on new-fallen snow is a terrible thing to see, much more terrible than blood on ground. So Mr. Griffith makes Lillian Gish the snowy background for the blood of his battles: rapine coils at her feet, the bat wings of murder flap past her head, the red hands of atrocity and terror reach toward her out of the murk—and never quite touch her.

That's why the picture populace has considered and does consider Lillian a pale, perfumeless lily, off as well as on.

The yardstick on a woman's brain is her sense of humor. Women are naturally a little more flexible than men, they are more facile and more adroit, and when they can give and take a joke they become the real sovereigns of the earth. Of course it is a popular tradition that no ingenue can possibly have a sense of the ridiculous—else she would laugh at herself and automatically go out of the ingenue business. Perhaps because she is one of the greatest professional ingenues in the world, Lillian Gish artfully locks her sense of humor up in her dressing room when called onto the set. In fact, knowing when not to laugh, and never laughing in the wrong place, is laughter's Scottish Rite. So far, Lillian of the lillies has never untied so much as a wan smile—in public—which has not been of the sub-deb order.

But on Serrano avenue in Los Angeles there is another sort of Lillian: an ingenue in appearance, still, but a rather suave and well-poised woman in reality, in spite of

the fact that she is scarcely over the top of twenty years. She is the studious rather than athletic type of girl—she leaves the muscle stuff to the "Little Disturber" in the same household—a girl who despises the shams of society, a girl who is much more at home with Balzac and Thackeray and Dickens and Galsworthy than with Chambers or Owen Johnson, a girl who has just returned from Europe more intensely devoted to America than ever.

To begin with, Lillian Gish is an enthusiast about the war. She is very much of an optimist, and she sees from the chaos of destruction the supreme reorganization of the world.

"I think this is a wonderful age to live in!" she declares. "It seems to me the world was going to sleep in selfishness—not a part, but all of it. America was quite sure that its inventions were the most wonderful things of history, England was all tied up in social traditions and class distinctions, and Germany, the supremely selfish thing of the Universe, was headed for a reincarnation of the old Roman Empire.

"When this is all over, the world is going to quit being provincial. We'll be less citizens of the Loire, or Kent, or California, and we'll be more citizens of the world. We'll understand each other.

"You know, we've got into a terrible habit over here: we think that the first thing to do to win is to call the Kaiser all the names we can think of—and the rest will be easy. They've passed that stage in England and France. The French and English are giving the devil his due just to beat him at his own game! It was only when I had been there quite awhile that I began to see that this spirit of sizing up murderous German ambition and soulless German accomplishment in a cool, dispassionate way was just about the worst thing that could happen to the Germans. When people get angry they lose their heads and call names. When they're perfectly calm, and patient even in suffering, and just quietly determined to win—then they're awfully dangerous!"

And Miss Gish has some right to be a war critic, for she has been in the battle line in France, and went through eight air raids in London.

"Almost always," she declares, "there were warnings—the aircraft guns in the distance, then nearer; finally, the deep, heavy boom of the falling bombs. Only once was our fright very sudden and intensely real. It had been a quiet evening, with no thought of an impending raid. We were living in the Hotel Cecil. Suddenly the biggest noise in the world came from the courtyard and street below. In the tremendous roar of the explosion the whole hotel rocked as though in an earthquake. I was flung from my chair, and in the dark—it is almost a criminal offense to turn on the lights in an air-raid—people rushed about like little ants in a hill you've just stepped on. The most dreadful part was the screams and groans of the wounded and dying in the street below, for the bomb had struck a party in carriages. One cannot venture into the street when the anti-aircraft guns are barking, for the spray of shrapnel is even more dangerous than German high explosive—and there they lay, begging for aid, for fifteen full minutes, under our windows! It seems hours. As soon as the guns ceased of course almost everyone in the hotel rushed to them . . . not many were living, then . . . I shall never forget it.

"Another thing, that I wish I could forget, was my visit to the homes of a lot of poor mothers after a school had been bombed by a German squadron at midday, flying at the great height of 18,000 feet. I saw one woman whose little brood of three had all been torn to pieces by German nitroglycerin. She wasn't crying. She wasn't saying anything. But if there is a hell I saw it in the depths of her dry, sunken eyes. If I could reproduce that look on the screen they would call me greater than Bernhardt. And if I did I should go insane."

Mr. Griffith, it seems, was the bane of the party's existence—he and Billy Bitzer, the cameraman, but Bitzer was not quite as venturesome.

"Bobby Harron was fairly tractable," says Lillian. "In other words, if there was a lot doing, he'd take us—or get us where we could see, if possible. But Mr. Griffith—! He might be at dinner with a general, and if the air-guns began to sound he grabbed his hat like a little kid at the first shouts of a ball-game, and vanished. Lots of times he didn't come home till the following day! He was always in the street—he actually chased the darned things, as if trying to make them drop a nice sample bomb on him!

One of Mr. Griffith's peculiar studies for future years was collected in a camouflaged camera-nest near the Opera, in Paris. Here, for an hour or so on a number of days, Bitzer ground steadily and unobserved on the countenances of passers-by: the soldier, the widow, the old man, the Englishman, the bride, the child, the American, the coquette, the poilu's wife—he has a record of the unconscious war-face of every manner of human being in Paris. Lillian Gish, with Dorothy, started her act-

"WHO do you think are the most ideally fitted of all people—according to the British—to become airmen? Not the British officers, nor young French adventurers, nor even American racing drivers. The American cowboys! An airplane does the same thing to your liver, I guess, that a bucking broncho does. Driving anything on a level is no preliminary training, but the fellow who has 'zoomed up'—as the airmen say—on some bad little horse in Arizona is perfectly broken for the saddle of a scout plane."



Stagg



Carpenter

Top—Dorothy Gish as "The Little Disturber" in "Hearts of the World." Below—Dorothy herself.

ing career as a child in the melodramas of Blaney and Al Woods. Later on she attracted Belasco's attention, and played principal fairy—or something like that—in "The Good Little Devil," with Mary Pickford. But she says that she was utterly unsuited to this role—hadn't enough experience for it in any way. Then she went to the Biograph, and under Mr. Griffith's direction, where she has remained ever since.

The sisters Gish—Lillian and Dorothy—have always lived with their mother, Mrs. Mae Gish, yet have not escaped the customary quart and a half of rumors of engagement and impending marriage—little Dorothy being perhaps an especial victim. So far, neither of them has any matrimonial intention in reality.

Serrano avenue, and their home, is not twenty minutes ride from the old Fine Arts studio which has modestly draped the birth of numerous masterpieces. Lillian, in her odd moments of neither working nor reading, is essaying swimming, French and piano. Dorothy—when not hopping about the country in her new enclosed car—is swimming to beat the band.

And Dorothy, being a selfish little sister, clips the end off her sister's interview: "Want to know where the 'Little Disturber' character *really* came from? Well, she was a little cockney girl; she's English, not French at all. Mr. Griffith saw her on the Strand one day, freshness, wig-wag walk and all. He followed her for hours—or rather, we did, and then I thought he was dreadful to make me play her. I couldn't. Besides, I didn't like her. I thought she was crazy! But Mr. Griffith insisted, and then I cried. He insisted some more, and—and I did. And I'm glad, now."

Think you that Lillian brooked or cared for the Little Disturber's interruption? She wound up the party herself after all. "When I'm thirty," she announced, "I'm going back to the stage. I want to play real women—not impossible heroines, or namby-pamby girls. I should like to play Becky Sharp—just to let you know how I feel about parts!"

Personally, I think Lillian Gish is going to play a lot of very real women before she leaves the screen—if she ever leaves it. She has the capability, the perception, and the intelligence.



Lillian Gish in an amusing scene from the Griffith war-drama, appearing with Ben Alexander, who thus became the greatest boy actor on the screen.

Stagg



The open-air movie theatres in the camps are put to many uses. Boxing bouts are one of them.

"Smileage"

YOU never heard of a city of 40,000 population without a picture theatre. Well, the army cantonments are cities with an average population of about 40,000.

Sometimes the picture theatre has walls and a roof. Sometimes there isn't enough room, so on fine nights they set up the apparatus outdoors, Mother Earth furnishing chairs.

One of the advantages enjoyed by the soldiers is that they don't have to pay any war tax. But they do have to pay admission to the shows —five or ten cents. It was to relieve them of this expense that Smileage was invented. Railway mileage books provide the owner with transportation for a certain distance. These Smileage books, which are being widely sold and sent to the soldiers, provide the recipient with a certain number of admissions to picture shows.

The great resources of the National Army provide first class operators, exchange men, and all other members of the profession to conduct first class motion picture entertainment cheaply.



Our soldiers are not the least bit fastidious at the movies. The ground serves just as well for a seat as the orchestra chair even though it is not as comfortable.

Gloria Glorified

Proving that hatpins are still mighty useful things



THERE are times when the everyday usual is downright unusual. For instance, there was once upon a time a girl who—

Was born in Chicago (where few come from, but whence all go in time);

Never even was a wee bit stage-struck;

Aspired to be a portrait painter;

Adored mathematics and Latin;

And regarded acting for the films as the last word in nothing to do.

Her name was—and is—Gloria Swanson, and since then—three years ago when she was sixteen—her views have changed considerably. There's a reason.



In "Society for Sale," with William Desmond, Miss Swanson graduated from light comedy to drama.

One day some friends invited her to visit the Essanay studio in Chicago with them. She was not interested; they insisted. So, to save argument, she went. A director saw her.

"You ought to screen wonderfully," he said, "—if you don't screen terribly."

That aroused her fighting blood. "I wanted to see," she explains, "if it was possible these others had something I didn't have. It was a dare. 'Try me,' I said to him. He told me to report for a mob scene scheduled for the following week. I went and was selected to play a small part. Well—"

That started her on her career: six months with Essanay, a year and a half in Mack Sennett's Keystone light comedies on the West Coast, nearly a year in Triangle comedies, and then—the big jump!

Surprising how things happen; what little things can bring about big things. Here was one on top of the other. Playing in Triangle comedies Miss Swanson started out "on location" one day a few weeks ago. She found she had forgotten her hatpin, and rushed back to the studio for it, almost bumping into Jack Conway, Triangle's feature director, in her haste.

"Wait a minute," called the director. "I've been watching your work, and I'm going to have you cast in a new picture I'm starting on. Want to be?"

"Do I?" fluttered the girl. "Gracious! I'd give my life for the chance."

And so another dramatic star was made.

Simple, isn't it?—when you know how!

MISSING

The faith of the wife of a soldier that endured the severest tests

By Jerome Shorey

WHEN Nell and Hester Cookson were left orphans, there was no doubt as to which would be the ruling factor in their existence. Nell was ten years younger than her sister, and pretty. Her prettiness had never been permitted to give her any satisfaction, however. "Never could expect to find any brains inside that doll's head" was one of Hester's daily rebukes. It was not because Hester did not love her sister, but because she felt her responsibility to protect her against the cruelties of life, that she insisted upon this axiom of their relations—that Nell must do nothing without her approval. There might have been, too, something of the involuntary jealousy that one woman cannot help feeling for another to whom nature has been kind.

Also, it is unfair to criticize too severely those upon whom heavy responsibilities are placed, without resources adequate to the situation. The sisters were not destitute, but the little annuity left them was barely sufficient for actual necessities, as necessities are measured by that class which inhabits the border land between the middle class and the aristocracy in England. They had been tenderly nurtured, well educated, taught to know and appreciate the finer things of life—taught everything, in fact, except how to make their own way in the world, and find joy in it as well. It was not merely that the idea of a gentlewoman working was revolting to them—or at least to Hester—but it was bewildering. What could they do? They knew music, but not enough to teach it; and everything else they knew was of about the same practical value—useful for social purposes and little more.



The man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he be brought back to her safely.

There was an obviously simple solution to the entire problem—anyone could see it at a glance, and Hester seldom allowed a day to pass without reminding Nell of it. This was, of course, that Nell could marry money. Hester did not even state it in the customary diplomatic form—"make a good match." "You must marry money" she said to Nell, over and over again. Perhaps it was this crude but honest expression of the idea that brought about the first and only revolt in the history of the sisters' lives. Had Hester taken a less desperate view of the situation, and tactfully managed to keep before Nell's attention the various desirable possibilities among the men of their acquaintance, there might have been a different story to tell. But with the cold, calculating manner of a social auditor, she appraised every man they met, maligned their possible virtues, until Nell could hardly endure it.

Even then, the habit of obedience might have broken down her resistance, only for the arrival in Nell's life of a romance which drove out all thought of any course of action incompatible with its demands. It happened quite suddenly, before Hester could take any steps to prevent it from coming to a crisis. The sisters attended a bazaar, given for a war charity. Hester approved of her sister's activities in such matters, because they brought one in touch quite intimately with the "right sort of people." Of course, many undesirables were present as well, but this could not be avoided in war times, so completely were all barriers of caste destroyed. This very leveling was an advantage not to be scorned, for did it not also bring within their reach desirable acquaintances otherwise impossible?

The acquaintance of Lieut. George Surratt was not, however, such a desirable one, but it was accomplished without Hester's knowledge. The bazaar opened early in the afternoon and continued until late in the evening. Hester employed her time in hunting, deliberately, for the right man for Nell to marry, and so engrossed was she in this quest that she did not notice that her sister was almost constantly in the company of Lieut. Surratt. George's regiment was soon to leave for France. He and Nell were attracted to each other immediately, and the very feeling that they might never meet again had a compelling force in drawing them closer together in a day,

than they might otherwise have come in months. With everything at such high tension, true character dwells close to the surface, and before Nell and George parted that first evening, they knew that they loved each other.

Hester looked askance when the lieutenant called at their home the following day and she began making inquiries. That evening she took Nell to task.

"You must not see this young man again," she said. "He is nobody—a beggar! Why, he has hardly any more money than we ourselves. And he doesn't stand to inherit anything. He is quite impossible. You must drop him."

"It's too late, Hester," Nell replied quietly. "I have promised to marry him."

"Marry him!" Hester exclaimed, aghast. "Never! You shan't, do you hear? You shan't!"

"I have promised to marry him, and I shall—immediately," Nell insisted calmly.

This disobedience was unthinkable. The submissive Nell had never before displayed even the suggestion of such a possibility. Never having encountered the problem before, Hester did not know how to handle it, so she stormed, scolded and threatened. But the Nell who had found love was a different person from the listless girl who never had questioned her sister's authority simply because nothing had sufficiently mattered. So she remained calm and immovable in her simple declaration.



George's letters from the front were replete with descriptions of life in the little French village, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and confidence in the outcome.

There was, inevitably, another scene when Lieut. Surratt arrived the next day to take away his betrothed. He might be called any day, and they decided not to postpone the wedding.

"Young man," Hester sneered, "how do you propose to support my sister?"

"We have discussed all that," he replied. "You do not seem to realize that life is somewhat different from what it was a few years ago. There are millions in England today who would regard you as wealthy. I have a little money, and that shall be added to what Nell has. She will be comfortably situated, and need have no fear for the future. She has assured me that she wants nothing more."

"It is not what she expects—it is what she is entitled to that I am talking about. I am here to protect her, and I propose to do so," Hester loftily replied.

"I would like to retain your friendship," the young man answered, "but it is your sister's happiness I am thinking about first. And I do not believe you have the least conception of what is necessary for that happiness. I don't believe you understand her ideals. And since you compel me to do so, I must say it is obvious that you are thinking more of yourself than you are of her."

When she could find words to express her rage, Hester ordered her sister's betrothed out of the house, but when he went he was accompanied by Nell. So buoyant is youthful love that not even the shadow of war and George's impending departure, could dim the light of their happiness, much less the querulousness of a disappointed sister who, they assured one another, would eventually recover from her anger. They little knew the depths of vindictiveness in Hester's heart.

Surratt took his bride to a little village in the north of England and there they forgot—or pretended to forget—for a week, that the guns were booming in France. George rented a little cottage, and made all arrangements for his bride to be cared for while he was doing his country's work. So the days passed swiftly, and they learned in the quiet hours of understanding silence, that they had made no mistake, and that the romance which had bloomed so suddenly in their lives was in truth a life mating.

One afternoon the peremptory summons came. The moment before, it had seemed that nothing ever could interrupt their happiness. Nell was at the piano, singing George's favorite song, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee." Her voice was clear and untroubled as that of a lark. As she ended George leaned over and kissed her.

"I shall never forget this moment as long as I live," he whispered. "No matter where I may be, I shall always hear you sing that song."

Then the knock on the door and the telegram. He had to leave in the morning. But while, for the first time in her life, Nell faced the prospect of being alone in the world, entirely dependent upon her own strength, there had come to her a new vision of existence which lent her a quiet confidence. She nearly broke down once, as she packed his kit bag—the visual fact that told of his imminent departure,—but she pulled herself together, determined to be a worthy member of that vast army of women who were giving all that was dearest, to free the world from its awful menace. Yet when they knelt together for a little moment of prayer, the man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he might be brought back to her safely.

Nell wrote to Hester at once, ignoring their quarrel, simply telling her that George had gone to the front, and inviting her to come and live with her. Hester, realizing that nothing was to be gained by obstinacy, and that she

might as well make the best of things, accepted, and a week later joined her sister. She had been beaten once—in the critical battle of her life with Nell, and so there was less of her former spirit of imperious domination. Moreover, she could recognize strength when she encountered it, and realized that Nell was no longer the listless little girl she had always known. So she learned to have her way by more subtle methods, and as Nell had no interest in anything except her husband's welfare, their life together was quite harmonious.

One of the nearest neighbors of the sisters was Sir William Farrell, a young man who, owing to a slight lameness, was unfit for military duty, but who had made splendid reparation to the general cause by establishing upon his estate a hospital and convalescent camp. This was the center of the war charity activities of the vicinity, and the sisters soon met the philanthropist. Hester, always the sycophant, cultivated the acquaintance persistently, and invited Sir William to call at their cottage. He found it a restful place, and as one of his favorite diversions was sketching, he used to escape frequently from his numerous responsibilities and stroll away to some picturesque spot with Nell, for relief from the constant scenes of pain at his hospital.



Sir William believed Nell to be a widow and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. At last he found occasion to plead his cause.

Hester watched the growth of this friendship with sinister eye. There was no telling what might happen. The fortunes of war were such that any day might bring news of the death of the man whose insult she would never forget. The greater Nell's faith and love, the more Hester chafed against the memory of her defeat. So she lost no opportunity of throwing the two together alone. She might gain her ends with Nell even yet.

But Nell was supremely unconscious of anything that might be in her sister's mind, and whatever may have been Sir William's thoughts, he kept them closely in his own heart. He shared with Nell the joy she had in George's letters from the front, his descriptions of life in the little French village where they were quartered, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and his confidence in the outcome.

"And when it grows quiet," he wrote once, "I can hear you singing 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie' again, and see you as you sat there that last afternoon at the piano. And then I know it will all come back again—it comes to me with all the sure knowledge of my belief in you and in my God."

Then came a day when there was news about George but not from him. He had led his men in an unsuccessful raid upon the enemy's lines, and had not returned. He was listed simply as "missing." He might have been taken prisoner by the Germans, but this was unlikely, as the Germans did not care to take prisoners, or he might be lying out in No Man's Land, dead or mortally wounded.

Hester slyly persuaded Sir William to break the news to Nell, and he did so with all the gentleness and sympathy he possessed. He did not try to rob her of her slender hope that George might still be alive, and yet he showed her carefully how little chance there was that such might be the case. Yet somehow, she could not believe that George was dead. It was not that she did not recognize the logic of what was told her, but there was an unquenchable feeling that somewhere he still lived. Nor did this feeling pass away with the passing weeks. No news arrived, and there was nothing upon which to base either hope or fear, but still Nell clung to that positive assurance that George would yet return.

For several months, Hester made no open attempt to combat this belief. The memory of her other defeat was too keen to permit her to risk another open encounter where Nell's love was concerned. So she satisfied herself with subtly encouraging Sir William, and noted with satisfaction that Sir William needed but little encouragement. At last she felt that she might risk a suggestion.

"Sir William is very fond of you, my dear," Hester remarked, one morning, with an attempt to be quite casual.

"He has been very kind," Nell replied. "I don't know how I should have got along without his sympathy and understanding."

"You can have much more than his sympathy, if you will accept it," Hester said, insinuatingly.

"What do you mean?"



Little by little the gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. Nell's voice trembled so she could hardly sing on, but somehow she managed.

"Oh don't be such a silly. The man's in love with you."

"Hester!"

"Well, what of it?"

"If I thought that—oh! But he knows how I feel about George."

"It's time you came to your senses, sister. You surely aren't going to mope all your life over—"

"Hester!" Nell's voice was firm and commanding. "Perhaps you had better never speak of George again, until he returns."

Nell turned from her sister and went out into the garden. Her brain was in a turmoil. Surely Sir William was not thinking what Hester had hinted. Yet it was, of course, possible. She knew that she could give no reason for her absolute confidence that George would return. She knew that, to everyone else, she was a widow. At any rate, she would not precipitate matters, but at least she would be on her guard. So she succeeded in retaining Sir William's friendship without giving him any opening for a declaration of his feelings.

Nearly a year after George had been reported missing there came a letter addressed to Nell, the envelope bearing the mark of a base hospital in France. Nell was not at home at the time, and Hester opened the letter. It was from Dr. Howson, a friend of the family, who was in charge of the hospital, and it read:

"Without desiring to arouse your hopes too strongly, I still feel that I should tell you there is a patient here who, I believe, may prove to be your husband. He was found wandering about in a village we recaptured, wearing a German uniform. He seemed to be completely deaf and his mind a perfect blank. He was suffering from a complication of ailments, and it was impossible to get any information from him. I met your husband but once, and there is no one here who could identify him. If it is he, however, he has changed terribly, from the suffering he has undergone, and he is still far from being out of danger. If you come, be prepared for a shock."

Hester quickly decided upon her course. There was no use letting Nell know the situation until the facts were established. She would go to France herself, first. So she made an excuse that she wanted to go to London for a few weeks, and left for the hospital.

One glance was sufficient. There was no mistaking George Surratt—Hester remembered his features only too well. But what a different George it was who lay on the cot before her. His hair was white, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dull. He was still in the same stupor in which they had found him. He looked up at Hester without a gleam of recognition. She turned back to Dr. Howson.

"That is not my sister's husband," she said, without a quiver. "I am glad I spared her the false hope."

"Perhaps it is as well," the doctor replied. "The poor fellow hasn't long to live, I fear. We are barely able to keep him alive, but unless his mind can be brought back, it is only a question of days before he must waste away."

So Hester went back home, and said nothing of her journey. She warned Dr. Howson also against mentioning it, on the ground that it could not possibly do more than cause Nell further unhappiness. All this she justified to herself with the excuse that nothing could be done for George, and Nell would be better off to remain ignorant of his misfortunes. Eventually she would be convinced of his death, and then all would be well. In fact, it was now clear that Nell had been right when she insisted that George was alive, and when he died she would also, doubtless, realize this. So Hester concluded to stand aside and watch the drama unfold itself.

Meanwhile the seemingly inexhaustible patience of Sir William Farrell was beginning to show the strain. He believed Nell to be a widow, and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. Not all Nell's tact in fending off the issue could keep him silent forever, and at last he found occasion to plead his cause.

The temptation was tremendous. Perhaps she was wrong—only her instincts told her that George still lived. As against that, there were all reasonable arguments. And here was a fine, sympathetic gentleman of the highest type, offering her a life not merely of

(Continued on page 116)

Missing

NARRATED by permission from the Paramount photoplay, based upon the novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, produced with the following cast:

Sir William Farrell....Thomas Meighan
Lieut. George Surratt...Robert Gordon
Dr. Howson.....Winter Hall
Nell.....Sylvia Bremer
Hester.....Ola Humphrey



Vampire or Ingenue?

Even Louise Glaum's press agent never learned. However, who ever saw a siren in a tam o'shanter?

By Herbert Howe

HOW would you like to be a vampire's p. a.?

No, not her pa,—her press agent. You have read in magazines about p. a.'s. They're always referred to with the same delicacy as one uses in speaking of bigamists, burglars, pro-Germans and "cooties." I think the editors are jealous because they don't have the chance to hob-nob with stars. They confer the degree of M. H. (Master of Hyperbole) upon all press agents. Sure, press agents lie. So do the editors. The only difference is the press agent always knows when he's lying and the editor doesn't,—always.

I was a press agent. That doesn't hold now, or I wouldn't say anything about it.

Once I was delegated to introduce a vampire to New York.

Now that's worth suffering the ignominy of being called a p. a., eh?

One bright morning I was informed by an official of the company that Miss Louise Glaum would arrive in New York the next day. She had never visited the city to anyone's knowledge; therefore it was up to some one to introduce her to a few people, preferably those connected with newspapers, so that she would not perish of nostalgia and nonentity. I was to be "Some One." The morning of the peacock lady's arrival I suffered so with nervousness that I had to go to a doctor. He took my pulse and said my heart was beating so far above normal that I ought to be dead. I replied that I soon would be.

I fully expected to see the siren supreme descend from the train wearing a simple boa constrictor and a headdress of peacock feathers interspersed with javelins. When I did behold, for the first time, one of those ladies who-do-not-care, it was in the Lounge of the Claridge Hotel.

"Miss Glaum," said some one, and there she was.

Not a peacock feather, serpent, cigarette or foreign accent about!

Instead, there was a young girl, about ten years younger than you would expect the vampire to be, wearing a tailored suit, a tam o' shanter hat and a smile. All she needed was a curl and she would have passed as an ingenue. In fact, I never have decided whether Louise Glaum is ingenue or siren.

She has the eyes of a madonna and the mouth of a temptress. Her smile is guilelessly roguish. Her hair is short and curls waggishly. Sometimes in some lights it is a soft, dark brown; at other times in other lights it has a glint of Satanic flame. She's enigmatic because she doesn't try to be. Affectations always make a person apparent. She hasn't any. Half her charm is in her frankness. For instance, I heard her admit these shocking things:

"I was born on a farm in Maryland.

"I made my debut at the age of twelve in a Methodist church. I was made-up,—my eyes pencilled with matches, my cheeks rouged with crushed geranium blossoms. I was a complete failure. I horrified my darling mother and my sisters. I was almost excommunicated from the church. I hope the people who saw me that awful night have forgiven.

"When I played with a stock company on the road I had a trunk that was the despair of the stage carpenter. It was always flying to pieces and spilling my few clothes

over the station platform. Finally it collapsed for the last time and was abandoned even by the patient carpenter. Only the kindness of the leading woman, who offered to put my clothes in her trunk, permitted me to finish the season.

"I used to cook on an alcohol lamp in my room. One night I set the bed on fire and was nearly arrested by the hotel proprietor.

"Then I tried to launder my linen. I purchased an electric iron, which was eternally blowing out fuses in every hotel I visited. For some time I escaped detection by hiding it in the bed clothes and sitting still as a mouse when the search for the offender was on. Finally I was caught. The hotel proprietor was a villain. I should have known some vampire tricks then. But I didn't; I cried."

My idea for a vampire's entertainment had been—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne and manslaughter for excitement. Instead, Louise preferred that funny Italian "red ink," Turkish coffee and subway rides. She had never been on a subway, she declared, and she liked the crowds.

I had been informed that stars seldom keep appointments on time, and vampires never. Miss Glaum did some of the time, but most of the time she was an hour too early or an hour too late. But she always apologized beautifully. This was the stock excuse:

"I met a girl (or gentleman, as the case might be, and usually I imagine it was the latter) who recognized me, and of course I had to be nice to them."

On one occasion she kept a very important caller waiting a half hour, and the person was raging—until she met Miss Glaum. Afterward I learned my star had been chatting with the hotel manicurist. The manicurist said, "She is so nice to every one." I got so I could join in on that chorus in perfect key—"I had to be nice to them."

When our siren finally set out for the West it was only after the studio had wired her no less than three times that she must get back to start production of a new play. She must have arrived about a week late, but I know she squared herself quite easily by saying, "I had to be nice to them."

The last words I heard as she and her cortege of farewellers departed from the hotel lobby came from a bell hop.

"Goodbye, Louise," he shouted, "Hope you'll come back soon."

"Goodbye, dear," she replied.

I'd like to know what his tip was, but Louise (I caught the bell hop's familiarity) said she had just "been nice to him."

Never again will I pity her victims. She may kill them, but I know that in so doing she will be nice to them. She may plunge the knife into their hearts, but after so doing, she will see that they die as comfortably as possible.

Louise Glaum does not need an accomplished leading man for her Romeo; indeed, one scarcely notices her opposite, so intent is he on her charming method of love-taking. And so this Louise is not a vampire after all, except upon the screen; and of late her managers have cleverly discovered that the real Louise—perhaps a superb mixture of vampire and ingenue—is much more interesting than any peacock lady however alluring she has been as such. And she was so charming and "ingenueish" in that tam o'shanter!



In such moments as this, snipped from "An Alien Enemy," it might be difficult to decide the question—but then you realize that Miss Glaum is acting and that she wouldn't stab anyone for worlds or universes.



Louise Glaum does not claim to have Lucille or Duff-Gordon green eyed with envy. Her mother is the eager and talented collaborator on matters of dress. Here—curiously—under a mother's watchful eye, evolve the gowns that are supposed to lure men onto the rocks.

Gas Meter to Megaphone

"Learn the gas business and then go West" advises Raymond Ditto to the ambitious.

By E. V. Durling



"I WANT a job."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

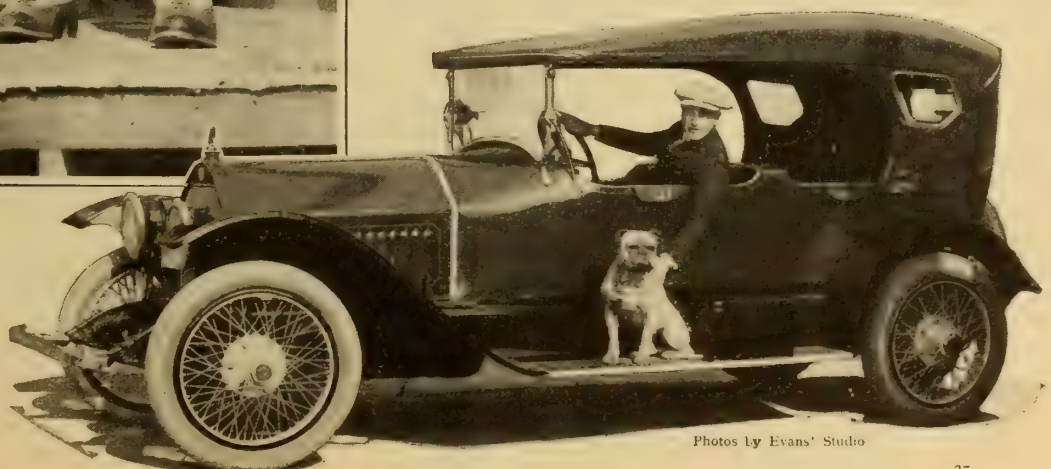
"All right—go into the property room and help carry out that piano for the set on stage two."

So it was that Raymond B. West entered the motion picture business seven years ago. He started as a property boy. He became in turn assistant camera man, camera man, assistant director, and finally director. Strange to say, Mr. West is probably the only motion picture director who started at the very bottom of the ladder and worked his way up to the top. Which is probably why he gets $750 per week, some $40,000 a year. And there is no perhaps about it—he gets it every week.

The object of this essay is not to point out the many and varied abilities of Raymond B. West or to comment upon his personal habits. Whether he owns an automobile, plays golf, or beats his wife is neither here nor there. If such are his hobbies so be it. This story is written to assure the young men of the country who are gas collectors, expert accountants in grocery stores, night clerks or those engaged in any of the occupations which will produce after twenty or thirty years of continuous service the magnificent salary of $25 per week, that there is yet hope. For Raymond B. West, now a director, wearing twenty dollar puttees, was once a collector for a gas company in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

West did not come to Los Angeles to go into the picture business. He came to work for another gas company. While wandering along the main street of the city he encountered a friend from the old home town—a certain Chester Withey who is now a motion picture director of no little fame. At this time "Chet" was an actor, and strange to say he was proud of it. He told West about it and added as a final punch to his tale, "and I'm getting $75 a week." At once the gas business lost one of the greatest collectors it ever had.

And the next day a solitary figure made its way to the New York M. P. Co. Fred Balshofer, who handles the destinies of Harold Lockwood at the present time, was directing a scene just outside the studio gates. West—for it was indeed our hero—stood gazing open-mouthed upon the actors and wondering what a man would do with seventy-five whole dollars coming in every week. With true cinema courtesy Mr. Balshofer suddenly ceased his work, turned toward Mr. West, and inquired: "What the hell are you doing here?"



As a director Raymond West not only finds life more enjoyable but his friendships have multiplied tremendously. After all, there are not many people wild about gas collectors—or collectors of any denomination for that matter.

Photos by Evans' Studio



Evans' Studio

Successful filmsters have been known to deny that they had families; but you can hardly expect an ex-meter reader to go back on his charming wife and son.

Then followed the lines at the top of this story which serve to introduce the reader to the enterprising ex-collector.

Mr. West's ideas on the subject of a young man's opportunity in the picture business are interesting. He says: "The motion picture magnates are continually characterizing the film industry as fifth in importance in the United States. If this is really the case it is time they instituted big business methods. The Standard Oil Company, The Western Electric, The Bethlehem Steel Company and similar organizations do not wait for young men to choose their industry. They go out and get them and carefully develop them. They are then given an executive position.

"This does away with the chance of ability being buried. Now I believe this same system could be applied to the motion picture business. We have just as much to offer in a salary way as any other big industry.

"This system would do away with the argument as to whether or not a man needs stage experience to succeed in the picture business. What he needs is picture experience and there is only one way to get it and that is to work up from the bottom. Most certainly if I have my own organization, and I expect to some day, I will go out after the young men and develop them and not sit around sighing about the lack of directors, camera men or technical workers. The same system can be applied to the scenario department, the business office and the vast branch of the industry known as the exhibitors. I say seek the brains, the energy and the artistry of the country and they will make the plays and players."

There is no doubt about it, Raymond B. West has the right idea, and when it is all over, over there, the young men and the film magnates should get together.

Ingenues

By Delight Evans



WHY are Ingenues?
I laugh at them.

These Pretty Babies
With curls,
And Starry Eyes,
And lips that Pout,
And—sometimes—Chins.
Usually they are
Alone in the World,
Except for a
Venerable Relative
Who hovers Vaguely
In the Back-ground.
They are almost always
Wistful; and they see
Visions of Broadway
In every passing cloud.
They all have
Imaginations and a Trustful Smile
To help them along.
They are always
Afraid; and you can't help wondering
Why Grandad never took Summer Boarders
Before.
They Dream.
We know they do—
For when one Dreams
One's face is always a Blank—
Now isn't one's?
They are so Lovable

It's darned hard to find
Anything they don't Love.
They love
Artists, and the Cows and Chickens and
The Flowers and the
Blue Sky
And the Dear
Old Dinner-Bell—
EVERYthing except
The Hired Boy
Who, as everyone knows,
Is Good and True,
Though Poor.
Usually
They go to
The City;—
And if it isn't a
Cruel Landlady
It's the Floor-Walker.
But The Hired Boy, who has Come to The City
Because the Country didn't seem the Same
Without her Checkered Sunbunnit
To Confuse the Color-scheme,—
Stumbles in just in time.
And they Embrace,
Their Lips meeting in the Long, Long Kiss
Which is the Heart of the Silent Drama.
(Thank Heavens it's Silent!)

WHY are Ingenues?
I laugh at them.

The Unexpected Happens

By Pat Dowling

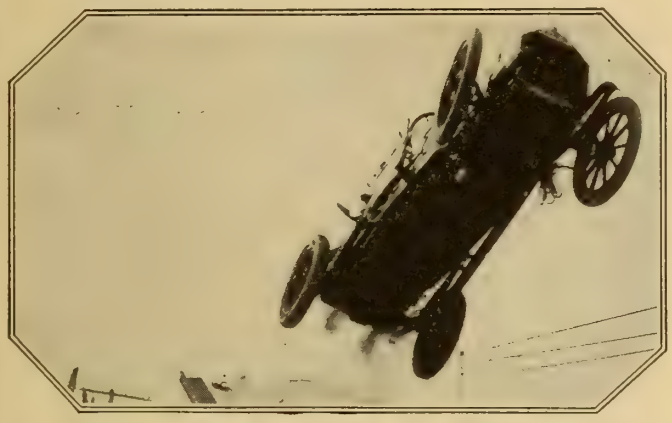
IN CECIL B. DEMILLE'S private compartment of the Lasky Studio vaults, there is a strip of film, now considerably over two reels in length. Whenever things are a bit dull, which isn't often, or there is an especially distinguished visitor to entertain, DeMille brings out this film. He calls it his Chamber of Horrors. Its origin:



The matadors and toreadors and picadors were all assembled in the arena. These were real bull-fighters from Spain and they had fought in hundreds of more realistic fights than this. They didn't take a movie scene in "Carmen" very seriously. Perhaps they should have. The bull caught one of them on his horns and tossed him thirty feet after galloping around the arena. But it couldn't be a scene so the film went into Cecil B. deMille's private collection.



The hero cantered down a mountain road to join the leading woman and the other man. As he arrived, one of the virulent breed of California rattlesnakes popped its head up behind the leading woman and the other man. The hero—Dustin Farnum—shot the rattler before the actors and the cameraman knew what it was all about. This little episode found its way into the picture, showing how dramatic scenes are often made on the spur of the moment.



Now comes the death-defying-dive of an automobile. The heroine was scheduled to drive an automobile over a chasm left vacant by a fallen bridge. A dummy was to double for her. She practised running down the approach to the bridge and stopping just in front of the chasm. Once the car didn't stop and the girl and auto dashed off into space.



A harmless looking but desperate old Pilgrim father was supposed to beat the leading woman over the head with his heavy walking stick. As a matter of fact he intended to "fake" the blow. He didn't "have it in for" the leading woman. But he came just too close to realism—or his hand slipped. The girl was unconscious an hour.



The rider dashed into a glade with a cowboy swinging to the saddle. But he failed to swing. The rear left hoof of the rider's horse caught the cowboy in a rapid flank movement, and broke his leg. The rider dashed on but the cowboy was carried away to nurse his injured member. That wasn't in the 'script either.



Fannie Ward, about to trip across a rustic bridge for a film scene, caught the heel of her slipper between the logs. She reached for the side railing but it gave way and down went Fannie into the pool below. The tail end of the movie film shows Mr. deMille and the assistant director pulling the star out of the water.

I Want to be a Film Star

You do, perhaps—but can you qualify? Here is the real truth about the probabilities of your really succeeding before the camera.

By Verne Hardin Porter

Drawings by R. F. James



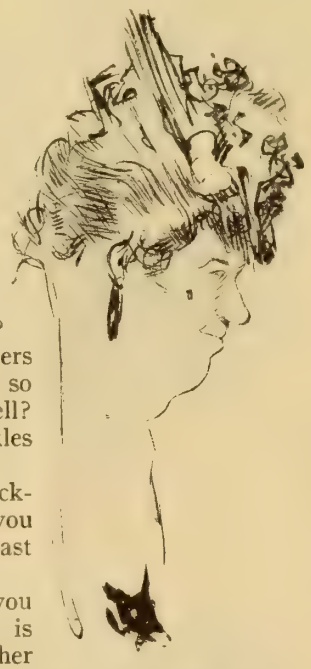
I know that if ever I got the chance I could make good as a motion-picture actress. I am eighteen; people say I'm beautiful, and I have fluffy hair and nice eyes,—large, too. I've had considerable experience in amateur dramatic productions, taking the leading parts in several, and the critics have always praised me highly. I like tragedy best. I can sing, dance, ride horseback, swim, play tennis and drive an auto. What should I do to get a place as a film actress? Have I a chance?
Omaha, Nebraska. MILDRED S.

YES, you have a chance, but first—

Is your nose perfectly straight?

Your eyes are large, you say, but are they dark?

Have they any casts or defects, is the pupil unusually large, are you just a wee bit cross-eyed, or do you wear glasses at times?



Have your teeth any gold fillings in them that show? Gold, you know, photographs black.

If not (for such fillings would bar you), are your teeth small and regular?

Are your ears small and set close to your head?

Do you bite your fingernails?

Are your neck and shoulders well developed and filled out so that you wear evening-gowns well?

How about your feet and ankles—are they well shaped?

Are you bow-legged or knock-kneed? If you are, how do you think you'd look if you were cast for a short-skirt part?

You say that people tell you that you're beautiful. That is likely to be against you, rather than in your favor. For the first thing the casting-director looks to see is whether you have (1) large, (2) strong, (3) straight features, a good nose, a good profile. An oval face, by the way, photographs best. Occasionally, but not frequently, small features take on a certain piquancy and sauciness on the screen; and if they do, they are valuable. Otherwise, no!

All these questions that I have asked are checked against you by the casting-director to whom you apply. If you pass the appearance test, then is the time to prove whether you have dramatic or comedy ability. You didn't know that, did you?

One day I was standing on one of Paralta's big stages talking to Robert Brunton, production manager, when a young lady dressed in perfect taste and with a face and figure that I'll wager had set many a masculine heart to fluttering, approached. She had run the gantlet of office boys, secretaries, the casting-director and all, and had come to present her case to the manager.

She wanted to be a motion-picture actress. She seemed to have all of the requirements. She was nineteen and looked, so Mr. Brunton admitted to me after she left, "like a million dollars." She had studied dramatic art in one of the best academies in the country; she had had a year of stage training; she had studied classic dancing; she had poise and personality; she dressed in exquisite taste; her parents were wealthy and, to get a start, she wanted to work for nothing!

And he refused her a place, smilingly, tactfully, but refused withal. Why? Simply because, discernable only to his practiced eye—I myself could not note it until he pointed it out—her nose was not absolutely straight!

"Think what a close-up, showing her face six feet long and four or five feet wide on the screen, would do to accentuate that crooked line of the nose," he explained. "It would spoil her for the audience."

Light eyes of blue and gray—light blue and light gray—frequently appear expressionless, particularly if the light strikes them at a cross slant.

Hair, unless it be of the veriest blond almost white, photographs dark unless it is lighted up artificially from behind. Red hair shows almost black on the screen.

Through the rapid action of the camera toning them down, large features are made to appear small. Seeing Mary Pickford on the screen, you'd never suspect that her face is unusually broad across the eyes and forehead. Nor would you think of Bessie Barriscale, almost svelte by camera treatment, as haunted by ever-near plumpness.



More peculiar still is the fact that the camera plays the trick of fattening up thin faces, making long faces seem shorter and fuller, shortening or elongating noses at its own pleasure (though rarely doing differently with the same nose), beautifying the plain, rendering ugly the beautiful. Some features of this trickery can be explained, others are against all reason.

Why was it that the most beautiful woman I have even seen—the most beautiful, we all agreed, who'd ever stepped foot inside the studio—looked as ugly as sin when we projected a test-strip of her on the



screen? She had all of the requisites: splendid features, eyes, hair, teeth, figure; but for some reason the camera disliked her.

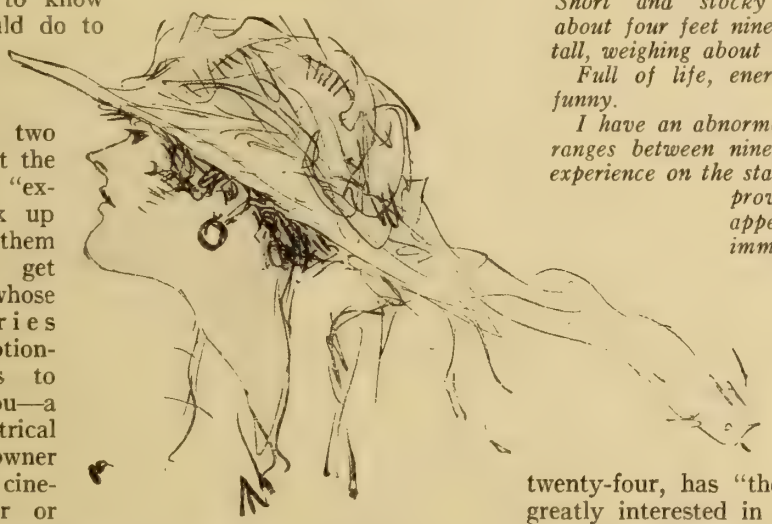
Why was it that the Universal's beauties, one of the fairest from every state in the country, produced not a solitary screen charmer? Why is it that beauties of society and of the speaking-stage usually look so unnecessary on the screen?

We have but one answer to all these questions: No one knows.

For that reason the photographs of this, that and the other aspirant that come piling in to the casting-directors of all of the studios can mean nothing. The "still" camera is a different breed of animal. It has its tricks, but they are not those of its big brother, the movie camera.

That one snapshots well, or appears spectacularly beautiful in sepia at fifty dollars a dozen, doesn't carry the slightest weight with the film camera. It has its own ways that are strange and peculiar.

So, Mildred S., don't waste your photographs on the casting-director.



YOU want to know what you should do to get a place as a film actress. Do either one of two things—start at the bottom as an "extra" and work up as most of them have, or else get someone whose judgment carries weight in motion-picture circles to recommend you—a director, a theatrical manager, the owner of a string of cinemas, an actor or actress — someone who knows what the films want and who knows and believes in you and your ability.

You'll get little by writing from afar telling how able or beautiful or handsome you are. Thousands of such letters pour in to the studios. Don't write unless you have something specific to offer, such as a broad speaking-stage training—an experience that is, by the way, being looked upon with growing favor by the film producers.

But as to writing to see whether there is an "opening"—don't. Arthur Hoyt, Triangle's casting-director, tossed me a bunch of such letters, come in the morning mail, and out of them I picked a few. Here is a sample:

I have a four-and-a-half-year-old boy, a bulldog and a fine specimen of Jara monkey who play nicely together. Will you be able to find work for them?

And:

My name is ————, and I will take Ford Sterling's place either on the stage or screen. I rather prefer the screen. I have written my first play already, which means I am ready to act. I have many good stunts. One is: I button my vest with a button-hook. Another is: I shine my shoes with a manicure brush. They are pretty good, but the best ones follow, so I will have to close up, wishing to hear from you soon with a welcome letter.



This, from the far east, was the cream of them all:

Being undersized, I am a young man the age of twenty-two, and would like if possible to get a chance in the moving-picture game. Short and stocky build, about four feet nine inches tall, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Full of life, energy and, without bragging, naturally funny.

I have an abnormally large head. The size of my hat ranges between nine and nine and one-half. Have had experience on the stage but have never had any chance to prove my ability as a comedian. My appearance on the street always creates immediate laughter.

Another, announcing that he is of good family, "would be willing to work for you,"—"would like to ask if you can't accept a position for me,"—and makes it stronger by saying that he is "clean and good." One, a young man of twenty-four, has "the honor to inform you" that he is greatly interested in motion-picture acting, for which he is studying, taking a course in make-up and gestures.

"I have," he says, "a thorough knowledge of being acquainted with the life of farmers, and higher class of personal characters."

The prize package comes from Milwaukee. "Would you like to try a new player during a vacation next summer?" he asks brightly. "If so, what would your offer be?" And then, as if being in the market for a new suit, he gives his height, bust measure, waist measure, hips, length of "upper limbs," knee, "lower limbs," ankle, upper arm, forearm, wrist measurement, weight, *et cetera*, and details his "ability" as "impersonating, singing, speaking, drawing, painting and violin playing."

"My complexion," states this master of detail, "is light; also my hair, which is light and fluffy when washed, and dark and oily before it is washed."

These, then, are fair samples of the casting-director's mail. Some letters, it is true, give facts vital to the subject—but he can tell only by seeing you and trying you out.

Going back in a roundabout way to your question of what you should do to get a place as a film actress, let's get acquainted with this chap, the casting-director, to whom you will apply for a position, and find out what his duties are.

He, in the new order of things, hires—and fires. He doesn't give a tinker's rap whether you've studied in a school of motion-picture acting. He may look down upon you because you have. He and I know that nine out of ten of them give you less than nothing for your money; that many of them are out-and-out fakes.

That you will "work for nothing to get a start" means two things to him: that you value your services lightly, and that, being financially able to work for nothing, you will not take your work as seriously as though you were dependent upon the position for your support. Furthermore, by working for nothing, you will be taking bread out of the other fellow's mouth.

In his schedule of duties, the casting-director includes the reading of all scenarios written out scene by scene for production and ready to be turned over to the different directors. Each 'script has its "character sheet" describing each player as to age, dress, station in life, temperament and general characteristics. This helps him, but he must wade through the entire detail of action of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty scenes (for a five-reel picture) to become intimately acquainted with his characters so that he can fit his players to them with nicety.

With these needed characters fixed in his mind, he goes over his list of available players to see if any of them will fit. If he has, as some studios have, a large stock company—regular players on weekly salary—oftentimes he goes out of his way to employ them in the different parts; even stretches a point if need be, or changes a characterization. He naturally prefers to use them; he knows what they are capable of and how they will look on the screen, and it is, furthermore, part of his job to keep them working.

But if he can't fit any of his stock players to a part, he "sends out" for some particular player who, to his mind, does fit. He has a list, tabulated and card-indexed, of four or five hundred players upon whom he or any other casting-director can call.

He is always looking for new recruits. He watches the screen to note the work of players employed by other companies. He watches the speaking-stage. He listens readily to a recommendation from someone he thinks should know, and usually investigates. At one studio the casting-director's eye fell upon the telephone girl. He put her in a picture, she photographed beautifully and showed some acting ability, and now she's a regular member of his

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PITY THE POOR "EXTRAS!"



THE slightly bored extra-ladies-and-gentlemen to the rear have been sitting in a warm sun atop a Fifth Avenue motor bus for about an hour now. It's noon and they have been at it since nine that morning—and no sandwiches in sight. The director with his inevitable 'script is to blame—he's showing Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres how to act on a motor bus; and it's all for a Vitagraph picture, "Sisters of the Golden Circle," from O. Henry's story. Practically the entire picture was filmed on top the bus. Of course the extras get paid for it—but heavens, whattabore!



ACT I—SCENE I

When you meet Irving Cummings, you meet an actor and feel like an actress.

By Alison Smith



WHEN you meet Irving Cummings, you (providing you are a "her") feel at once as if the curtain were going up on a first night play in which you are his leading woman. He advances to greet you with a perfect John Drew manner. You unconsciously adopt the airs of your favorite actress. Your surroundings assume the aspect of a stage set. You walk on in the midst of Act I, Scene I—a gilded cafe. A moment later you find yourself seated at a tiny table with rose-colored lights. The orchestra is playing "La Boheme"—off-stage, as it were. You hunt for your cue. My cue was to start the biography of the hero, which in every well-regulated play is given by the maid "discovered" dusting, at the rise of the curtain. Lacking the maid, I induced the hero to give his own biography and learned among other things that:

He was born and educated in New York. Unlike many New Yorkers, however, he knows that there are other cities on the map. He learned this from his stock experience and on long tours with such productions as "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller. He left stock for the films because of the larger salary and stayed with them because he considers it the most fascinating work in the world. While he is willing and eager to play anything from bishop to thug, he prefers out-of-door scenarios. He likes the heroes who have a chance to rough it and rescue the heroine from the variety of dangers that haunt the screen wilds. He has played leading man to every possible type of actress, and this has left him with a marked distaste for vampires and a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue. He proved this by his enthusiasm for Barbara Castleton who is now his leading woman in a series of five-reel features for World. He has flashing black eyes and wavy, hero-like, black hair and a smile that is sometimes boyish and sometimes very, very sophisticated.

All these impressions were woven through a tea which always preserved the illusion of being behind the foot-lights. It gives you the feeling that you are reading your lines well and that you are "ably supported" as the critics say. Mr. Cummings added the final Pinero touch by speaking French to the waiter. Almost I could hear the applause as the curtain fell.



Irving Cummings and little Madge Evans are the best of "pals." Mr. Cummings has a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue, proven below where Director John G. Adolfi is coaching him with Barbara Castleton, his new leading woman.



'Twixt Josephine and Joe

"Josephine" has dignity and femininity but it certainly can't cover Miss Sedgwick's versatility.

By Jay Cole





Hartsook

Showing Josie in two typically contrasting moods. It's wonderful to be both feminine, and a coach driver!

REALLY, you know, it simply couldn't happen. Why, it's preposterous! It's against all tradition, all precedent. It's one of those biographical notes that are as rare as a blizzard in Los Angeles.

Even if it could be true, no press-agent would permit it to be admitted.

Except that it is true! What's true? Why, that Josie Sedgwick, born in Texas, tomboy from the romper period up, Triangle's star cowgirl leading-woman (except when she's vamping), facetiously referred to at the studio as "the female Bill Hart," and all that—it's true that until two years ago she'd never put her foot in a stirrup or knew the starboard from the port side of a horse.

I know it's true because she told me herself. That's enough for me.

You'll know the full significance of this awful confession when I tell you that ninety-nine per cent of the sweet young things who aspire to become film queens invariably catalogue their qualifications in just this alluring order:

"I can ride horseback, shoot, swim, dance, sing, roll my eyes, drive an auto, row a boat, paddle a canoe, etc., etc."

"Until two years ago, when Romaine Fielding saw me playing in a dramatic sketch at the Orpheum in Galveston, and made a cowgirl comedienne out of me," Miss Josie told me, frankly, "I couldn't do any of these things. The first time I ever really talked to a horse was before a film camera."

All of which was in spite of the fact that down in Galveston twenty-one years ago Josie Sedgwick's parents fondly named her Josephine, which is quite a nice name for a girl-baby, which to all intents and purposes she was. As she grew to spindly-legged, gawky kidhood, they thought better of it and compromised on Jo. Jo was in turn evolved into Joe, because of Josephine's acute tomboyishness, her fondness for male attire and the regularity with which she clipped her blonde locks with Ma's finger-nail scissors.



Everything indicates that Miss Sedgwick is just arriving from somewhere. And this is her usual way of getting where she's going.

This led to the general assumption among those who didn't know the entries in the family Bible that little Sedgwick girl was a boy.

Then, in desperation, her mother began casting about for an identifying cognomen. She recognized that her boyishly inclined offspring was in nowise a Josephine. And she was certain that the name Joe was not quite respectable. So she made it fifty-fifty, so to speak—Josie. And Josie it remains.

At seven she became a stage-child, playing dramatic sketches in vaudeville with the Five Sedgwicks, her father, mother, brother and sister. During those years she took nothing but boy parts, all dramatic.

"While, in reality," she explained, "I am a comedienne."

Each winter she played on the stage; each summer she attended a convent in Galveston, and caught up on her reading, writing and 'rithmetic. Then, having been inducted into the films as a western

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Mabel Normand's history has been—being ready—as it will ever be.

Would You Ever Suspect It?

All the while she was making slapstick, Mabel Normand was reading Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shaw

By Randolph Bartlett

"DO you rent this apartment furnished?"

This was the only important thing I asked Mabel Normand. And this is why I asked it:

When I called, Miss Normand was quite obviously a very busy young person. A parcel had just arrived and she hurriedly tore off the wrappings and brought to light a collection of men's pocket articles bound in pigskin, including a memorandum book, a photograph case, and such odds and ends. She explained that they were for Father Kelly, the chaplain of a contingent of the American Army, just sailing for France. Miss Normand had received word from her brother, at Spartanburg, that Father Kelly had been very kind to him when he was in the hospital, and would be in New York a day or two before sailing. So Miss Normand was preparing to show her appreciation. This was something that could not wait, so while she went on with her work of doing the things up for Father Kelly, I nosed around the living room.

A big book case in one corner invited inspection. The array of authors was as unusual as it was fascinating. There were Gautier, Strindberg, Turgeneff, Stevenson, Walter Pater, Kipling, Oscar Wilde, Shaw, Ibsen, John Evelyn, J. M. Barrie, Francois Coppée, Bret Harte. Of the superficial best sellers there was not a single sample. Nor was



there to be found in the room a copy of any of the cheap, current fiction magazines. On the piano was a heap of music in which was to be found Rubenstein but not Irving Berlin, Chaminade but not Jerome Kern, Rimsky-Korsakoff but not Von Tilzer, Kohler etudes but no ragtime.

So when she told me that everything in the apartment belonged to her, I knew that we were going to have more important things to talk about than whether she considered the moving picture still in its infancy, and what her favorite role was, and whether she could cry real tears when the director asked her, and so on. In a recent article in PHOTOPLAY it was observed that the sole secret of enduring success in moving pictures is intelligence. Miss Normand's collection of books has, probably, done little toward making her successful, but they are an index to the possession of that intelligence without which there can be no success. Of course the mere ownership of books may mean nothing except that the owner is an easy prey to salesmen, but when, as with Miss Normand, there is a thorough knowledge of what is contained between the handsome covers, it means a great deal.

Let there be no mistake about this, however—Mabel Normand is no highbrow. To a person whose mind is not virile and active, association with the masters of literature is fraught with peril. But Miss Normand has that active mind. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor. While she was bumping and splashing her pretty self all over the landscape of Southern California and its well known coast line, in the Fatty and Mabel series of comedies, her mind was developing toward something more important. She was not satisfied to go on forever decorating the slapstick classic. The opportunity came, and Miss Normand was ready to be starred in big features. Still she is not satisfied. From farce she has ascended to comedy, but she knows there are higher rungs of the ladder still unclimbed, and when the next opportunity comes again she will be ready.



This girl reads Gautier, Turgeneff, Pater, Coppee, Wilde—but she is no highbrow. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor.

That has been her history—being ready. Not so many years ago, as the calendar counts time, she was living in Staten Island, just down the bay from New York. She wanted to earn her own living, and it was not long before she found a place as a model for artists. Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, and other noted illustrators, were among her employers. It is not a highly paid profession, and there were times when she walked all the way from Thirty-first Street to Sixty-seventh to save car fare. For the life of the artist's model is widely misrepresented. There isn't much romance in it.

Among Miss Normand's intimate friends of those days were Alice Joyce and Florence LaBadie, also artists' models.

The fact became known to them that it was possible to earn five dollars a day working in moving picture studios. As the income of the model averaged three dollars a day when she was so fortunate as to have engagements both morning and afternoon, this sounded like good news. So one day Miss Normand ventured into the Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street, the very cradle of the modern moving picture.

"I'll never forget it," she says of this adventure. "I had been told to be sure to see Mr. Griffith, and somehow or other I found my way up to the floor where they were working. The lights and the confusion bewildered me. The blotchy appearance of everybody's face, caused by the rays from the light batteries, frightened me. I sneaked off into a corner and tried not to be noticed.

"While I was standing there the most beautiful creature I had ever seen came upon the scene. She was a gorgeous blonde—I have no idea who it was—and her golden hair hung clear to the floor like one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters. I knew nothing about makeup and wigs, and I supposed this was all her natural appearance. If that was what they wanted in the movies I knew there was no chance for me. I wanted to get away before anyone saw me and laughed at me.



"As I was going out of the door a man stopped me and asked me if I was looking for anyone. It was Del Henderson. I stammered that I wanted to see Mr. Griffith, though the fact is, that was the last thing I did want. He told me to wait a few minutes. I tried to get away again and Edwin August stopped me. I evaded him and then Frank Powell came along. Somehow or other, in spite of all my efforts, Mr. Griffith saw me and immediately ordered someone to take me down to the wardrobe room and put me in a page's costume. I suppose it's about the only time any person trying to get into the movies actually made an effort not to see Mr. Griffith.

"Well, they had a terrific time finding a pair of tights small enough for me. They had to twist them into knots to make them fit. And I was horribly embarrassed. Yes—I know it doesn't sound like the ordinary idea of an artist's model, but I never had posed with so little clothes. They told me to stand still in a certain part of the scene, and I felt my knees wobbling. My legs felt like sticks of well-cooked spaghetti. At last they started work, and it never seemed to end. I don't remember the name of the picture—all I recall is that the wonderful creature I had seen was a blind sculptress.

"It came six o'clock and I could hear that dear Staten Island ferry calling me, but they wouldn't let me go. I never had been late to dinner, and I knew my mother would be worrying. But they kept us there until nearly ten o'clock. I think they gave me ten dollars for the session, but that was no lure. I never went back. They had told us to come back the next day, but I had no idea that the picture was unfinished, and I didn't want any more."



Mabel Normand with Roscoe Arbuckle in an old Fatty-Mabel comedy. When she was making these farce comedies Miss Normand became known as the most fearless girl in pictures.

It was quite a while after this that Miss Normand summoned up courage to try again. The second time she became a member of that company from which came Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, the Gish sisters, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and all that long list of screen stars who had their start with D. W. Griffith.

When she was making farce comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle, Miss Normand became known among the players as the most fearless girl in pictures, when there were dangerous stunts to be performed. Nobody ever "doubled" for her. With all her slenderness and petite grace, she had the will power to go through with anything she attempted. She couldn't bear to be called a quitter. A typical incident occurred just when she recovered from a long illness that kept her away from work all summer, two years ago.

Just before she was laid up, she had been working on the comedy "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," and it had to remain unfinished until her recovery. At last she felt able to go back to the studio, and started out in her car. As she neared Edendale her nerve began to ooze away.

"I can't do it—I can't," she groaned, and ordered the chauffeur to turn back.

Before she had driven back many blocks, she began to call herself a coward.

"You've got to do it," she kept repeating to herself. "You've *got* to do it."

So the chauffeur was ordered to turn again toward the studio. Three times she ordered him to drive back home, and as many times her Irish blood rose at the thought of submitting to her fear, until at last she fairly whipped herself to her dressing room—and finished the picture.

Miss Normand's latest presentations, those that draw her away from the slapstick stuff, are "Joan of Plattsburg," in which she plays a modern and American Jeanne d'Arc, and "The Venus Model," in which she essays the title role recalling the good old days when she was so well known as the diving girl. Her first picture in her new affiliation gave her the luscious part of "Arabella Flynn," an errand girl, in "Dodging a Million." In "The Floor Below," a newspaper story, she was a copy girl, acting as no copy girl ever acted now or then. But no matter what she does—romping through a picture and lifting it out of the commonplace, or reading Strindberg, Shaw, or Ibsen after a hard day's work at the studio, Mabel Normand stands all by herself.



Wolf, stricken by his own scourge, was dying. "I spread the infantile paralysis germs," he said, thickly. "All for the greater power of Germany!"

SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, waging secret warfare on America. Harrison Grant, the Club president, has secretly installed a dictograph in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies.

Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictograph aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe.

Dixie Mason, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He wonders if she is German aide or American.

Grant thwarts a plot to bring on a strike that would stagnate all eastern America, finding its impetus in sinking of ships, presumably by the longshoremen. Grant succeeds in obtaining the famous "secret portfolio" of Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy of the German Imperial Government. This portfolio reveals many of the Teuton plot plans.

Slakberg, a spy who succeeds in becoming secretary of an American munitions plant, prepares to have all the shells made to be of German measurement. But Grant discovers the plot.

Dixie Mason, disguised, warns Grant of a Teuton plan to raid Canadian centers, having imported arms in coffin boxes. Here again is the plot thwarted, but Dixie, clothed as a youth, is discovered by Grant, who now realizes she is not a spy, but seeking to save the town of Hopewell menaced when the Germans plot to blow up the guncotton works located near there. They later save the Welland Canal from destruction. Von Papen and Boy-Ed are informed by Bernstorff that America intends deporting them.

The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

CHAPTER XIII

The Reign of Terror

IN the great rooms of the Imperial Germany Embassy at Washington, Capt. Karl Boy-Ed and Capt. Franz von Papen were holding their last conference with Ambassador Bernstorff on American soil. It was several weeks after their failure to dynamite the Welland Canal—a little operation of espionage which had brought about exactly the consequences which Bernstorff had foreseen, the expulsion from America of his two best captains of destruction. The United States had demanded their recall—and the only answer possible had been given—acquiescence.



William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. What he and his men — the nation's Eagle Eye — have learned is here revealed for the first time.

Von Papen clenched a fist.

"They may send us back, Boy-Ed," he announced, "but our organization will stay!"

"More than that," answered the dapper Boy-Ed, "it will direct its activities from a little suspected quarter. The Secret Service is not paying much attention to San Francisco right now."

"Correct," answered von Papen, smiling with one corner of his mouth, "and the longer they keep their suspicions away from San Francisco, the better work Consul Franz Bopp will be able to do for Imperial Germany. By the way, I have here a code message of instructions for him. It tells exactly what I want done. I must send it today, so that every arrangement will have been made by the time of our departure."

"And those instructions are?"

"To create a reign of terror from coast to coast immediately after we leave America. It will show these idiotic Yankees a thing or two and—"

"Speaking of idiotic Yankees," broke in Bernstorff as he entered the room from a balcony where he and Dr. Heinrich Albert had been watching a military parade, "here is a little roll of film I wish you would take back to Hindenburg." Whereupon he opened what seemed to be a pair of field glasses, displaying them to be a cleverly concealed camera, and took forth a roll of negative. "I know that Hindenburg will be interested to see these tin soldiers that America calls an army."

Thus ended the last conference between the arch spies of Imperial Germany. Bernstorff and Albert were to remain in Washington, von Papen and Boy-Ed to hasten back to New York that they might give their final instructions to Heinric von Lertz, Madame Augusta Stephan and Baroness Verbecht. Those instructions came the day that von Papen departed, and assembling his spies before him, he said:

"Remember, that this reign of terror is in the hands of Consul Franz Bopp at San Francisco. He will have full charge in the West, von Lertz in the East—with the understanding that Bopp is to send the men here to do the work. When they arrive, aid them all you can. I would like, if possible, to make the destruction of the big gun works at Bethlehem the climax of the affair."

"It shall be done," answered von Lertz.

Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club shadowed von Papen until his departure, noticed his extreme care about his baggage—cabled Falmouth to be sure to make an exhaustive search of the Captain's effects when the boat touched there. As for Boy-Ed—

It was Dixie Mason of the Secret Service who accompanied him on his last trip to his office, persuasive, smiling, ingratiating Dixie, now and then leaning forward



Day after day the newspapers told a constantly growing story of horror. Throughout the tenement districts the infantile paralysis epidemic was spreading.



"Von Papen will join us at East Machias," advised Boy-Ed. "Here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours. How many torpedoes have you?"

to whisper to him that America would be very lonely without him. To the boat she went also—and then to a telephone.

"Let me speak to Harrison Grant," she announced, when central connected her with the Criminology Club. Then—

"This is Dixie. I just said goodby to Boy-Ed."

"Yes."

"And while I was in his office, I happened to look at his daybook. There was a notation on it mentioning Franz Bopp in San Francisco. I don't know what it means—but I'm going out there to investigate. Watch von Lertz."

"Thanks, Dixie," responded Harrison Grant. "By the way, I wrote Madame Stephan a letter saying that she'd better give up any information that she has or that results will be bad for her."

"Hope it'll work, Harry. Goodby."

"Goodby, honey. Be careful!"

And Dixie Mason faded from New York, to become a shadow among shadows in San Francisco, and to seek to learn the secrets of the numbers of men who constantly hurried to and from Consul Franz Bopp's office.

For, the reign of terror had begun. In Pinole, where thousands of pounds of nitroglycerin exploded entirely by "accident," in Seattle, where a dynamite laden barge lashed the harbor to a foam, in Portland, in Vancouver, and on through the West, strange fires and explosions had become a matter of daily occurrence. And in the East—

"O. K. at Buffalo!" It was a voice over the wire as Heinric von Lertz listened expectantly, "the whole place burned up." "Good!"

A messenger boy entered. His telegram read:

"O. K. at Wilmington."

But those words meant another fire—and more destruction of life and property. The reign of terror was working out well. Heinrich von Lertz bowed happily at the entrance of Baroness Verbecht.

"The world is good," he laughed.

"Is it?" she said caustically. "I think otherwise. Have you seen the papers?"

"No—too busy. Why?"

"Von Papen's baggage was searched at Falmouth. They took away his checks and check stubs, all his personal letters and a good many other things that will tell of his activities in this country. I think I know who gave the information that he was carrying this stuff! Look what I found in Madame Stephan's apartment just now!"

She produced a letter—bearing the stamp of the Criminology Club and the signature of Harrison Grant. Revenge was strong in Baroness Verbecht's eyes.

"That letter looks like a threat," she began. "It's a code message between them! That's where the tips have been coming from that have enabled the Secret Service to block our game. That's—"

But already the seething von Lertz was out of the office and on the way to see Madame August Stephan. There he flaunted the letter in her face; he refused to listen to her explanations, he stormed at her, he raved at her—and he did that thing which he had sought to prevent. He raised rebellion in the heart of the woman who had been faithful. He at last caused revulsion to take place of absolute fidelity. Then came his voice, raging, storming:

"Remember, Imperial Germany demands obedience—or death!"

Madame Augusta Stephan rose very quietly. She touched a hand to the page of the book she had been reading, "A Tale of Two Cities."

"In that case," she said quietly, "here is your answer:"

Von Lertz strode forward. He read the passage:

"It is a far, far better thing I do than I ever have done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

"Bah!" he seethed and left the room.

Madame Stephan hurried to the Criminology Club, where Harrison Grant, Cavanaugh, Stewart and Sisson were standing with haggard faces, a group of telegrams in their hands, telling of new assaults against America.

"Hide those telegrams," Grant whispered. Then, to the woman—

"Well? Have you decided?"

"Yes." Madame Stephan smiled. "No need for the concealment of those telegrams, either. I can tell you everything that is in them. What is more, I intend to tell you everything that is about to happen. First of all, there is a countrywide plot for Saturday night.

"I have been accused falsely," she went on. "That is all I care to tell you. Do you care to take my confession?"

Grant bowed, acquiescing.

The next night was Saturday night. In the great gun works at Bethlehem, the night shift was struggling with the great tasks that lay before it. Down in the boiler rooms, the firemen were plying the shovels as they sought to keep the steam at top level. Everywhere was rushing, seething activity. Then suddenly—

A form burst into the boiler room, striking the shovel from the hand of a fireman. The intruder showed the badge of the Secret Service.

"Not another scoopful of coal must go into those boilers until we've examined this coal!" he ordered.

"Why? Because we've just caught a German spy disguised as a woman, throwing bombs made in the shape of coal into the chute. Anyone of them is powerful enough to wreck the whole plant!"

And in twenty other places throughout the country, the same sort of a scene was happening, while in San Francisco—

"They're all in the office now!" said Dixie Mason to the Captain of the police she had assembled for the raid on Franz Bopp's office. "Take every one of them—I'll bring the charge and present the evidence to the district attorney."

The police ran forward. An hour later, the newspapers of the country were receiving the story of the arrest of San Francisco's Imperial German Consul, together with most of his staff and his entire crew of destroyers. As for the woman who had caused the defeat of Imperial Germany's reign of terror—

She lay on the floor of her apartment. Heinric von Lerzt bent above her, a revolver still in his hand. His eyes were feverish. He knelt and stared at her.

"Dead," he said quietly, "dead!"

A sudden flash of memory came over him.

"That book she was reading!" he whispered. "I'll—"

A moment later, the maid entered the room, to run forward hysterically at the sight of the woman on the floor. Von Lertz stopped her.

"Telephone the coroner," he ordered, "your mistress has just killed herself."

"What?"

"Yes—see—here is a passage in 'A Tale of Two Cities' that she marked just before she shot herself"—and he pointed to it and read it aloud.

And while von Lertz made his explanations, in a dingy old laboratory in a dark tenement street of New York, a bearded, fiendish eyed man was studying a tube of bacteria which he held before him—and gloating over it.

"When the warm weather comes," he mused, "then will Imperial Germany strike with a weapon that is invincible!"

CHAPTER XIV

The Infantile Paralysis Epidemic

IT was not long after warm weather came that Dixie Mason saw a strange appearing man in the office of Heinric von Lertz. When she entered the office, she believed that she saw some money pass between the two men—and she was certain that just before she entered, von Lertz had been giving him instructions. But when she asked questions—

"Only an old schoolmate, in financial distress," answered von Lertz to her queries. Dixie glanced at him queerly.

"Heinie," she said quietly, "I don't believe you trust me as much as you once did. Why?"

"That's not true!" Von Lertz raised both hands in protestation. "But this is something with which I am bound to keep secret, except from one other person."

"Does Bernstorff know of it?"

"Not through me."

"Or Albert?"

"No—at least, I have not told him."

"Then the one other person must be Baroness Verbecht."

Von Lertz smiled in answer—but gave no answer. Dixie Mason went poutingly to the couch on the far side of the room. There she toyed with a magazine—finally to raise it in sudden interest. Why should von Lertz be reading the Medical Review?

She turned the pages. There was nothing there in the way of notes Idly she skimmed the pages—at last to come to one dog-eared,—telling of the final isolation of the germ of infantile paralysis by scientists in Berlin and the hopes for a specific that would rid the world of the scourge. Dixie read—then thought nothing of it. Was it not natural that a German should take an interest in the achievement of a countryman? Dixie



Ambassador von Bernstorff knew what was going on toward the destruction of American industries. And his information was a splendid chance for someone to make a play on shorts on the market and clean up a young fortune.

rose to go. Heinric von Lertz came forward from his work at his desk.

"I'm sorry—that I can't tell you," he began. "But—really, it's a secret. Today Germany begins a new offensive."

"On the French front?"

"Not this time. Imperial Germany strikes in the dark!"

Nor was Dixie Mason able to gain more. A week later, however, she hastened to the office of Harrison Grant—to find him in the uniform of a sanitary inspector, while the members of his organization were clothed in the white of inspectors also.

"We're working in the interest of humanity," he announced. "I suppose you've seen the stories of the growth of infantile paralysis?"

"Just exactly what I've come to talk to you about," answered Dixie Mason. "I'm afraid that Imperial Germany has had something to do with it. I saw von Lertz paying money to a man I know wouldn't be above the murder of children, and I know that on the same day von Lertz was interested enough in the subject to dog-ear a page of the Medical Review, telling of the isolation of the germ."

Harrison Grant bent forward.

"Have you been able to locate the man?"

"No. I've shadowed von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht persistently, but they always lose me. I know that they go somewhere in the tenement district around Chatham square, but that's all."

Apprehension of the criminal who was spreading the germs of infantile paralysis was difficult just then. Besides, the disease was growing to such an extent that every effort had to be directed against the plague itself. Day after day the papers told a constantly growing story of horror throughout the tenement districts and even in the homes of the rich the epidemic was spreading. Day after day, trains left the city, crowded with fear-ridden mothers removing their children from the surroundings of suffering.

While in the tenement laboratory of Dr. Wolf, once of Berlin, von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht listened to the reports of progress from the livid lips of the bearded old murderer, heard his stories of the spread of the disease and of the causes that led to it.

"And there's no chance of Imperial Germany being blamed!" he announced in his cracked voice. "They won't understand. Why should we kill children? they will ask. They will not know that it is the rule of Imperial Germany to weaken by any means possible, the morals and the strength of any nation that may be a belligerent. And when we have swept the nation clear of children and of many men and many women—what will America be then? A spineless nation—a fightless nation, ready and waiting to be overridden by Imperial Germany. And to think—" he spread his hands in estatic joy—"to think that I and my beloved flies have been the cause of it all!"

He almost ran forward to where a large number of small oval screens rested on a table of his laboratory.

"There they are!" he almost screamed, "there are the agents of Imperial Germany. They are the ones who spread the disease for us. See? I spread the culture in there and let them walk in it. Then I release them in the tenement districts. They hurry to the food. Food goes into the mouth. The disease is planted—and Germany is on the way to another victory.

"And look—" he pointed to great rows of bottles—"today Germany begins a new phase of its offensive. Medicine—a cure-all. My men will sell it on the street—."

"Be careful!" Von Lertz strode forward. Wolf grinned evilly.

"It analyzes perfectly harmless," he said in answer. "But when given to a patient suffering from infantile paralysis, it produces certain death."

But the trail of the spreaders of infantile paralysis was destined to come in another way. The weeks traveled by, to find New York almost in the grip of hysteria. Every edition of the papers brought new deaths. Every hospital was overcrowded. Day by day Wolf went forth on his rounds, to spread more flies, each with its legs covered by the infantile paralysis germ, in the infected districts. Day and night was the Criminology Club working in its efforts to clean up the dirtier districts, making the spreading of the disease more difficult. And toward the close of a day—

"I've been wishing for you!" It was Wolf's assistant who spoke as Baroness Verbecht and Heinric von Lertz came into the laboratory. "Wolf's drinking! He—"

A sound outside the door interrupted. Wolf entered, his eyes bloodshot, his step faltering. He reeled and stumbled, falling against the table which bore the culture tubes of the dread disease. A hand struck one of the brittle tubes of glass. It broke, cutting deep into his flesh. Dully Wolf stared at the blood on his hand.

"I've cut m'self," he announced dully.

"Yes—" the voice of Heinric von Lertz bore fright, "on a culture tube. Quick—we've got to get you to a hospital. You'll be infected."

"Think I will? Not me—I'm immune. I'm—"

But a week later, the strain of Wolf's boasting changed. He was in bed now, a victim of the racking pain he had distributed to thousands. Then von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht watched their agent of death taken away.

"Gather everything into this room in a pile. We've got to burn the evidence!" ordered von Lertz.

An hour later Harrison Grant, passing on his rounds, stepped back quickly as a pile of old bedding, blankets, and glass pounded down in front of him, from where

Von Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving U-53 has just touched at Newport," he in- be a great deal of



firemen were dragging the wreckage from a burned tenement. The broken glass of culture tubes claimed his attention. He bent forward—to pick up a burned photograph—and a test tube still bearing the label of the germ of infantile paralysis. Grant went forward to where a storekeeper was mourning over his burned out shop.

"How'd all this happen?" he asked.

"It started in a laboratory upstairs," answered the shopkeeper. "The doctor or whoever he was had just been taken to the general hospital with infantile paralysis and —well, a little after that, the fire broke out."

Harrison Grant hurried for the Criminology Club and Dixie Mason.

"That's the man," she announced after a glance at the photograph.

"Good! Go to the general hospital. Dress as a nurse and arrange to be stationed in his ward. See if you can get a confession."

Three days later, the telephone rang in the Criminology Club. Harrison Grant recognized the voice of Dixie Mason at the other end of the wire.

"Come quick!" she said.

For at the hospital, Dr. Wolf was dying—dying and silent almost to the last.

"I spread the germs," he said thickly. "Yes, I spread them. It was all for the greater power of Imperial Germany."

"At whose orders?" Grant asked the question. Wolf stared at him. His lips moved slightly—but no words came. The disease spreader was dead. Soon the newspapers told of a betterment in the infantile paralysis situation—and credited it to cooler weather!

And while the childhood of America resumed its health and strength, two men turned their faces toward the Western Hemisphere from Imperial Germany. One of them was Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, former naval attache of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington. The other was Capt. Franz von Papen, former military attache—both bound for a neutral southern country that they might direct the activities of a hidden campaign against one of the greatest of American commodities.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST COTTON

The result of the meeting of von Papen and Boy-Ed in the neutral southern country was not evidenced for some time. Then reports began to come from the cotton districts of the United States that were anything but gratifying. The boll weevil had begun to invade the cotton fields, causing devastation to appear where there should have been acres and acres of white blooms; crops failed mysteriously—ton by ton the production of cotton was being cut down. And quite coincidentally, a short time before each new outburst of the natural enemies of cotton, a spy left the headquarters of von Papen and Boy-Ed, carrying concealed with him, hundreds of specimens of the destroyers of the commodity.



a few telegrams at the Blank apartment. "The formed, "I think before many hours there will information for me."

And perhaps it all would have led to success had Imperial Germany contented itself with the mere destruction of fields, and of growing crops. But Imperial Germany yearned for more than that. Great crops of cotton already had been picked and ginned. On the harbors of New Orleans, Galveston and even New York, thousands of tons of cotton were awaiting shipment to France, to England and to Russia. And Imperial Germany had determined that if this cotton could not be diverted to Germany, then it must go to no one. The result was that Dixie Mason dropped into the Criminology Club one day for a little chat with Harrison Grant—and an exchange of opinions.

"Von Lertz continues



Time after time the harassed Mrs. Blank sought to elude the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, von Bernstorff, but she was blocked.

to get mail and telegrams from Zacatecas," said Dixie as she seated herself. "And also to get a number of secret reports from cotton centers down south. I—"

"And you haven't been able to learn what they mean?" Harrison Grant wagged a finger at her. "I'm afraid that von Lertz is losing some of his Imperial German stupidity."

Dixie smiled.

"If I had only von Lertz to work against," was her answer, "things would be different. But there is Baroness Verbecht—it seems she has assumed complete charge since the suicide of Madame Stephan. Personally, I think that that suicide some day will be traced directly to Heinric von Lertz, but that's another matter just now. The point of everything is that I have made an investigation and have learned that several shipments of cotton from the Harris Compress at Shreveport have been found to be eaten up with acids. I think I know how it's being done. I'm leaving tonight for the South."

"Good girl, Dixie!" Harrison Grant was glad of the opportunity to hold the hand of the little Secret Service operative for a moment," and I know that if there is anything going on, you'll get track of it. I wish that I could go along—but I can't. There's another little matter that is claiming my attention."

"Which is—"

"The wife of a certain broker in New York. For purposes best known to the service, she must be known only as Mrs. Blank, because I believe that she is only a pawn in her husband's hands. At any rate, Bernstorff has become fascinated with her. I have investigated Blank and have found that he is a scheming sort of fellow who would not be above forcing his wife to receive the attentions of another man. Ambassador Bernstorff knows what is going on toward the destruction of American industries. And suppose he should give advance information to someone connected with the stock game. The result would be a chance for a play on shorts on the market and the cleaning up of a young fortune."

"I see." Dixie rose. "Success, Harry!"

"Success to you, Dixie."

And so, Dixie Mason disappeared from New York, to take her place in the south, to trace the shipments of cotton from the fields to the gin, to aid in the cleaning up of fields affected by the boll weevil, while in the southern country, in constant communication with von Lertz and with Wolf von Igel, Boy-Ed and von Papen directed the activities of hundreds of spies scattered through the cotton districts.

Harrison Grant had been more than busy. Stationed in the shadow of the Ritz-Carlton, he had watched Ambassador Bernstorff more than once signal with the window shade of his room, receive an answering signal from across the street, leave the Ritz-Carlton, enter a blind passageway of the building across the way, get into a freight elevator and be taken aloft to the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Blank. More than that, he had learned that Blank had invited Bernstorff to a ball at his country estate—and through another broker, Harrison Grant had received an invitation.

The night of the ball the great estate of Blank was ablaze with lights. Mingling with the guests was Harrison Grant, his eyes following the worried, fretted features of Mrs. Blank. Nor was it long until he had been introduced to her and was chatting with her, while Blank glared at her from across the ballroom, and the nervous, irascible Bernstorff saw in him a rival for the affections of the woman he craved.

Mrs. Blank's mind had been a seething cauldron for days now—ever since her brutish husband had confided to her the plan for making her a puppet in a game of fascination. Beaten down for years by his overbearing nature, striving to struggle against him, but failing always, Mrs. Blank was facing the worst maelstrom of her career. And striving as best she could against it, she welcomed the apparent friendship which Harrison Grant extended to her, and the company which he offered—anything for a task imposed upon her by her husband. Time after time, when she sought to elude Blank and the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, she was blocked. But once they met—for a moment, and Harrison Grant took advantage of that moment for a bit of advice he hoped would be heeded.

"Naturally, you know that I am the president of the Criminology Club," he said with little attempt to disguise the meaning of his remark. "We are at present working in the interest of the United States against certain representatives of a foreign country, one of whom is here tonight. The duty of every American citizen is to work against the spies which that country employs here—and should anyone gain any information from them, it should be communicated at once to me. In spite of the fact that it might make money for someone else on the stock market."

"I understand," she answered—and a moment later, Harrison Grant saw that she smiled at Bernstorff.

But while Harrison Grant was playing his game against that of Blank and of Bernstorff, Dixie Mason was more

than busy in the South. She had accomplished the arrest of one of Germany's acid throwers in the big compress at Shreveport, and was busily gaining a confession from him. Nor did the fact that the arrest had been seen and communicated to Wolf von Igel in New York by another of Germany's army of spies, worry her. For, with the search of the prisoner and the finding of papers upon him, Dixie had communicated her facts to the Department of Justice. And while Wolf von Igel strove to gather up the papers of his office and hurry them to the Imperial German Embassy in Washington, the Department of Justice entered to raid that office, seize those papers and again open a hornet's nest of German intrigue. For those papers told practically everything that the United States wanted to know concerning the activities of Wolf von Igel in America.

The papers were taken and Wolf von Igel removed to a safer place while Paul Koenig of the Hamburg American line, hurried to the office of Dr. Albert to communicate the bad news to him.

"That means that someone has learned our cotton secrets," Dr. Albert announced. "Very well. Cotton on the docks of New York must not be loaded on the steamers. Summon von Lertz."

The result was that fire broke forth in the harbors of New York, fire which destroyed bale after bale of cotton, which swept throughout the shipping district, which leaped from dock to ship and from ship to dock; fire in which thousands of bales of cotton crumpled into the smoke of nothingness. The further result was that a telegram was delivered to Bernstorff at the home of Blank, telling of that fire and of its results. Bernstorff did not notice that Blank was staring over his shoulder as he read that telegram. Nor did Bernstorff notice that Blank and Mrs. Blank suddenly disappeared from the maze of frivolity.

Carefully concealed just outside the conservatory, Harrison Grant was watching and listening. Within were Mr. and Mrs. Blank arguing about Bernstorff.

"Can't you understand what it would mean?" Blank was saying. "For instance Bernstorff got a telegram tonight that great cargoes of cotton had been destroyed in the Erie Basin tonight. He knew in advance that they were going to be destroyed. And if I had known it, I could have bought short on cotton, sold tomorrow and made money. You're the one who can get that information. Bernstorff's crazy about you. He'll tell you what you ask him. And you've got to do it. Now promise!"

Grant leaned forward. From within had come the low sound of a woman's voice. And her words were:

"I promise."

Nor could Grant help wondering just to what that promise would lead.

As for Imperial Germany, it was busy in a half a dozen directions at once. The visit of von Papen and Boy-Ed had struck a snag in the arrest of von Igel. Already they were packing their grips and making arrangements to get secretly across the line into the United States, that they might aid in a new blow that Imperial Germany was aiming against America—then escape. And that new blow was to be—

Far out in the Atlantic, the periscope of a U-boat appeared above the waves. And the churning submersible was headed straight for America!

CHAPTER XVI

THE RAID OF THE U-53

Separation, a new blow against America—then escape! Such was the plan of Boy-Ed and von Papen as they made their way into America and headed toward the East. But as they did so, the trail of at least one of them was picked up by the Secret Service with the result that when Karl Boy-Ed entered a small grocery store near the wharves of Newport some time later, a young girl watched from the shadows across the street. She was Dixie Mason.

(Continued on page 100)



A form burst into the room, striking the shovel from the hands of a fireman. "Not another shovel full of coal must go into these boilers until we've examined this coal," cried Grant. "We've just caught a German spy throwing bombs in the shape of coal into the chute above."

A Queen

Few may dictate to nobility. Yet David W. Griffith told the Dowager Queen Alexandra and court ladies how to act before the camera. They were quite submissive too.



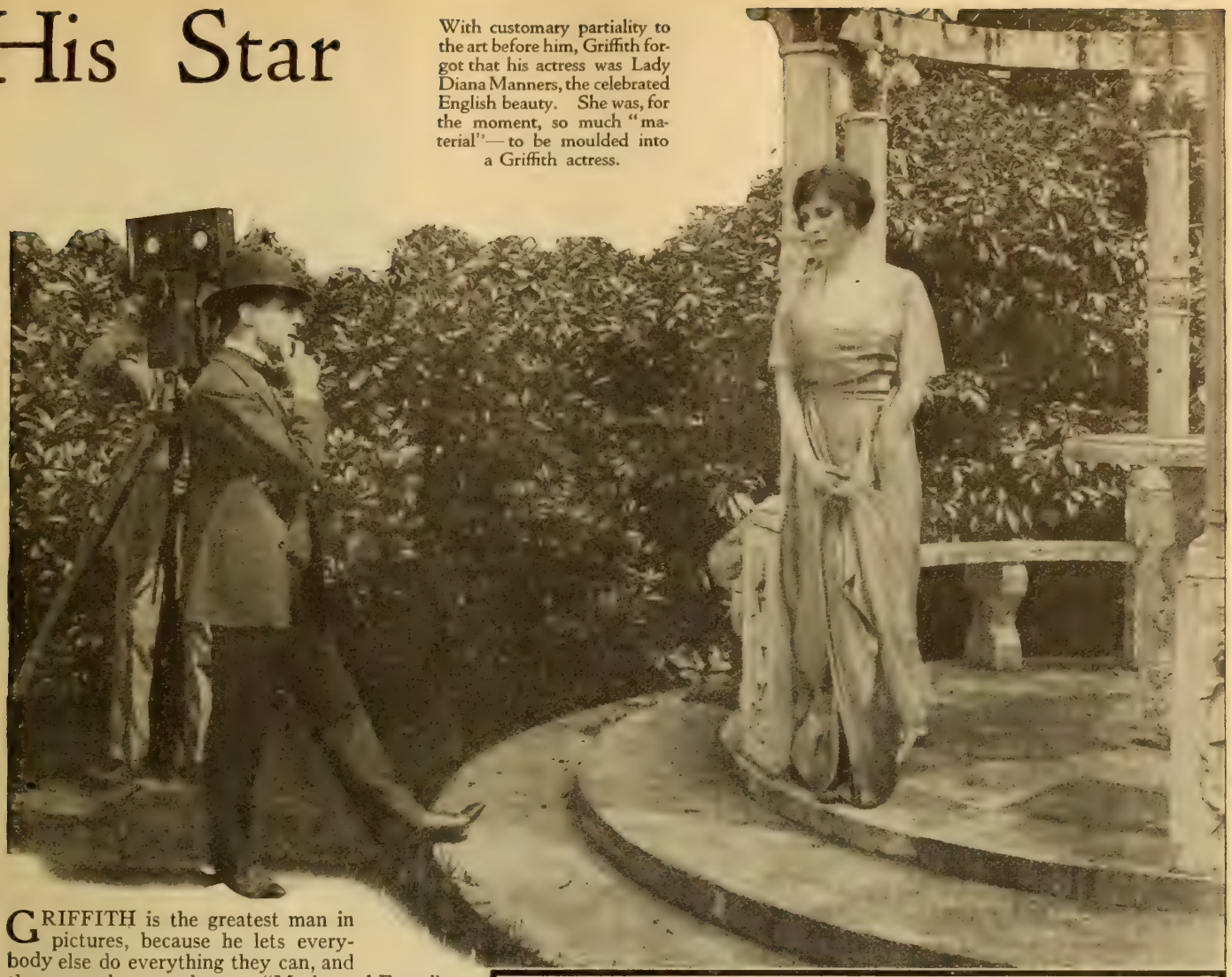
The Dowager Queen Alexandra as she appears in a scene of Mr. Griffith's first Artcraft picture, "The Great Love."



Mr. Griffith instructing Lily Elsie how to play an important scene.

His Star

With customary partiality to the art before him, Griffith forgot that his actress was Lady Diana Manners, the celebrated English beauty. She was, for the moment, so much "material"—to be moulded into a Griffith actress.



GRIFFITH is the greatest man in pictures, because he lets everybody else do everything they can, and then goes them one better. "Masks and Faces" was produced in England, and it had almost all the stage and screen notables of Great Britain in the cast. What does Griffith do? The most beautiful women of the exclusive court circles act in his picture, "The Great Love." This is the picture recently referred to in PHOTOPLAY, in which Griffith will show the regeneration of British society through its war activities.



A group of English noblewomen as they appear in the picture. At left is Lily Elsie. Then appears Lady Diana Manners and at extreme right Mrs. John Lavery.



An unusual tableaux showing Bettina Stuart-Wortley scrubbing the floor. It's a hospital scene.

Headin' South!

Readers will please stand while Jack Holt sings "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."



Jack Holt with Mary Pickford in "The Little American," one of his first pictures.

JACK HOLT has a secret.

He isn't really in Southern California to work in pictures—he's down there to get warm.

Jack spent so many years in Alaska driving a dog team over the snow and got so blooming cold that he had to spend the last six years trying to thaw out.

This leading man was born in Winchester, Virginia, the burg to which Sheridan made his celebrated twenty-mile dash. The son of a minister, Holt went to the Virginia Military Institute, developed into a civil engineer and then went up to Alaska as a surveyor. He switched from surveying to driving the mail sleds and for many, many moons during the winter months drove the dog teams from Valdez to Fairbanks.



As proof of his sojourn in the Far North, Jack produces a cake of genuine Alaskan—the adjectives were supplied by his publicity department—ice.

Jack would save his wages as a surveyor until he had enough to go prospecting. After he spent all of his money hunting gold he would go back to work again as a mail driver.

At times during the winter months in some parts of Alaska, it becomes far from warm, and it was nothing for young Holt to come staggering into the Blue Skin Roadhouse pretty well frozen up. One time in the last snow of the year, after they had a gentle fall of nearly fifty-five feet in Valdez, and all the snow except the trail had softened up,—Jack and his dog team with a lot of tender missives bound for the hardy heroes of Fairbanks fell off the trail and were nearly frozen to death before found. But the mail business became monotonous and as a minstrel company was being organized to play the Alaska camps, Holt joined out as an end man.

Finally his craving for warm weather became so great that Jack left Alaska and came to the States and bought himself a ranch in Oregon. The ranch went "bluey," as he says, and one day, down in San Francisco, Jack heard of a motion picture company that needed a man to jump off a cliff into the rushing river. Jack took the job and from then on devoted his interest and energy to pictures. He started in with Universal and Lubin and it was while he was with the Universal Company that his work was noticed by the Lasky organization, and it was not long before he was offered a contract. Practically his first production established him as an actor of rare ability. In this role he appeared as the German-American Lieutenant in "The Little American," in support of Mary Pickford.

From a German officer in "The Little American" he was converted into an American Quartermaster in "The Secret Game."

Holt did a number of productions at the Lasky studio and then went over to the other Paramount organization, Thomas H. Ince, to play the lead for Dorothy Dalton. The production was delayed and he was promptly borrowed by Lasky to do "The White Man's Law" and several others. After doing the Dalton picture he settled down for a little vacation when Clara Kimball Young cornered him for "The Claw." Now he's back with Ince.

Witzel

And here is just Jack, who was lured into the moving picture game by an invitation to jump off a cliff.

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Thrift Stamp—A New Problem. As these lines are written motion picture theatres in the West are discussing the serious problem which the Thrift Stamp has brought about—primarily, the Thrift Stamp, aided and abetted by Red Cross and Liberty Bond drives. The managers assert that the thrift stamp has destroyed the bigger portion of juvenile patronage, and in some instances menaces the very existence of the theatres themselves, by having eaten up the enduring margin of profit.

This is a problem with two grave sides—also it is a cloud with a nice silver lining.

For the first, the prime consideration of this nation today is not amusement, but winning the war. We have been told, and we believe, that nothing in the way of luxury or pleasure must stand in the way of our armies and the means behind them.

The cloud's silver lining is that any process, governmental or private, which is recognized as having taught thrift and the necessity of saving to the boys and girls of a nation is a good process, and augurs sanity, power, progress and wealth in the ruling generation to come.

It would, indeed, be a national calamity if any general financial disaster should overtake the nation's picture theatres. Indeed, these are the spiritual parks of the soul, just as necessary, now, as material parks for our physical selves. We do not believe that the administration anticipates nor would countenance any such thing at this time, for the movies are America's relaxation, and in these days of tension relaxation was never more vitally necessary.

The answer would appear to be this: if any form of amusement suffers, it will be high-priced amusement. If we have to, we can spare the two-dollar show a whole lot quicker than the ten- and twenty-cent show.

Comparative instances, though, show no such danger impending. The reports of Mr. Hoover, and his aides and successors in Belgium, tell us that no matter how destitute a district, or how utterly dependent on funds from America, a portion of every family's pittance was put aside for the beloved Cinema, and the oppressed Belgians went out of their troubles by going through the screen to other lands.

The theatrical business in London, including pictures as well, flourishes almost as in peace times.

In a modified sense, this is true of Paris—and would be quite true had not the nation been so actually depleted of its artists, creative as well as interpretative.

Come on with Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds and honorable buttons of the Red Cross! The only answer now would seem to be careful management, conservation, perhaps fewer shows, here and there—but always better ones!

Our Old Department. A year ago PHOTOPLAY used to comment, every month, on the soberly asinine electric signs to be found before apparently first-class city theatres. The signs grew more reasonable, and the department faded. But the nuts are with us again.

Inspect, for instance, this legend, which in large fire-type adorned a playhouse at Fifth street and Broadway, Los Angeles, during the last week in March:

It May be Your Daughter—and Charlie Chaplin.

While at the same time this allurement was displayed with equal prominence on the main street of Hollywood, the Athens of our art:

Shoes that Dance—Amateur Night.

❦

One Way to Censor. The censor we still have with us, but as there is more than one way of removing the pelt from a feline, there are more than a few ways—if we can find them—of walking around the obnoxious smoke screen of stupid bigotry.

One way has been found by the Strand theatre in New Orleans. This enterprising institution has an "advisory committee," of fifty citizens, who pass not only upon the pictures, but upon the subtitles. Needless to say, such criticism is constructive rather than destructive, as is the defacing inspection of the professional moral policeman.

The kernel of wheat in the Strand's scheme is that it makes the motion picture *a community interest*, not an occasional peep-show in which the community takes the watch-dog's leavings. When motion pictures become generally a community interest, and a community pride—in other words, when each man feels that the picture is a thing in which he is not only a daily spectator but a responsible participant—when this time comes the public censor will die just as naturally as a little stinkweed hung up over the kitchen stove.

❦

What He Had Been Playing. The individual managers of a circuit of theatres in certain small southern cities got together in New York recently. It was their annual convention, and their parliament was extensively harangued by those lesser lamps of Broadway who make a business of cheaply duplicating Broadway successes for the provinces. During the past year the fillums has cut into this nice profit something terrible, Mose!

Among the specially vindictive at this meeting was a two-cylinder producer whom we'll give the name of Ginsberg. Ginsberg doesn't

know much about the movies, but he has a conviction that it ought to be illegal to put a first-class photoplay in the same town with one of his nineteenth editions of Frohman. Ginsberg calls all screen efforts by the general and contemptuous name, "Chaplins." He made "Chaplin" a generality when he found that every theatre on his circuit, or nearly every theatre, as cancelling his worthy dramas in favor of the capers of Charlie

Yet Ginsberg found one manager who assured him that he had never had a Chaplin in his theatre. He spoke specifically, but Ginsberg, alas, took the answer as a generality. Ginsberg broke up the meeting to introduce him. "Here," he declaimed, "is a gentleman who never had a Chaplin in his house yet makes money — tell the gentlemen why you never play the Chaplins!"

"Well," answered the manager, "I can't—I don't have no open time for 'em, because my folks can't never seem to get enough o' Mary Pickford an' Bill Hart."

❦

Edison, Hail and Farewell! The Edison studio and laboratory in the Bronx, New York City, has been sold. In all probability the Edison name on film plays has passed into history.

To many, this will bring a certain poignant regret, for in the days of beginning, Edison upheld the banner of progress with splendid courage and great result. To others, the announcement means nothing at all—to the great majority, it is just an item of news.

Is there a bit of irony — or is it a fine farewell?—in the fact that the final Edison production, "The Unbeliever," is listed among the season's big winners?

To those who observe the march of photoplay events it seems as though film history, like much of the record of human life, moves in a circle. When Edison was in the heyday of its power, motion pictures were ruled by a mighty trust. Then came the humble independents, their unbeatable energy, their progress — and today *they* are a virtual trust!

What next?

❦

Your Kind Applause. "I have never heard an audience in a photoplay theatre clap its hands even when the house was bursting with people," said Vachel Lindsay, in a book published three years ago. We do not now recall whether or not we frequently encountered applause in those ancient times, but certainly one of the most interesting phenomena of today is the almost invariable applause which greets a favorite actor or a pleasing scene. There is more significance in this than the mere knowledge that the audience approves what it sees. The applause makes it more evident than ever that pictures have become real to the spectators. We would not applaud a pretty picture found in a book or in an art gallery, because its unreality is too obvious. But the moving picture has become a personal thing, its players actual persons. Except for patriotic spectacles, which we applaud for the same reason that we stand when the national anthem is played, this applause would be withheld if we stopped to think about it. We do not stop to think; we do not stop to realize that this thing that has aroused us is only a shadow. Our applause is spontaneous, because the thing we see is just as real as if the actors in person were before us, on the stage. In other words, we no longer look at a picture, we look into it.

❦

Sunshine or Spotshine? The making of moving pictures is now more than ever the monopoly of Southern California, yet the general public — the consumer of motion pictures — knows, and does not know, why.

Most people believe that the film men have convened in California because of its sunshine. This is true, but just why and how it is true the public does not realize.

The great advantage of Southern California is that its reliable weather permits companies to work on "location," and to make plans in advance for such exterior photography, at least three hundred days in the year. This is a factor of prime importance in turning out pictures on schedule, and at anything like endurable costs. Neither exhibitors nor performers' salaries wait upon bad weather.

Of secondary importance to this is the sharp, clear quality of the light itself, and the cheapness of electric power.

Interior photography is becoming more and more a matter of artificial lighting. The difference between sunshine and spotshine, as far as pliability and calculated effect are concerned, is the difference between a rain and a hose. You can do just what you please with a hose — wet anything, anywhere, any time, as much or as little as you like. Adolph Zukor is authority for the statement that in a year or two, at most, work done in the studios will be done wholly with artificial illumination.

❦

Another Scold. Frank Crane, usually a kindly person in his syndicated editorials, has joined the ranks of the scolds. But like many another estimable gentleman who tries to talk about pictures, he seems to know very little about his subject. He saw a bad picture, and with this as a topic, ferociously attacks producers as a whole, demanding, for example:

"Why pay Mary Pickford a billion dollars a year and then get the teamster or the plasterer to write the story for fifty cents?"

The figure of speech was ill chosen. Recent Pickford stories have been from the works of the following teamsters and plasterers: Bret Harte, William J. Locke, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.



There was an uncanny quality in this little creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame. She was the embodiment of the music and color about her.

Maid of the Storm

A Cinderella who took adventure into her own hands

By Dale Carroll

ARIEL crouched in the sand at the mouth of her cave and watched the gulls as they wheeled out against the stormy November sky. Familiar as the scene was, it never lost its charm for her. All the world about her seemed to share her joy in the approaching storm—the little white-caps in the choppy, slate-colored sea, the long reeds bent by the wind, and even the birds as they circled over the horizon line. One of the gulls especially fascinated Ariel. It seemed larger than the others and gyrated peculiarly high above the others. Its spasmodic movements brought it nearer and nearer to earth—and then Ariel saw that it was no bird at all, but some giant-winged monster struggling to keep its balance. Her face turned skyward, Ariel watched the thing flopping about in the wind. Suddenly it swooped toward her and fell the long distance to the beach, with a great crash.

Ariel rushed to the spot, but not before a group of fishermen had gathered about the mass. Pinned under the wreckage was the long slim figure of a young man. One leg was bent under him and blood was beginning to trickle from his forehead, shadowed by an aviator's cap. Ariel felt a poignant thrill of pity as if one of her beloved pines in the nearby forest had fallen blasted at her feet.

Solemnly she trotted after the little procession that bore the bird-man to the cottage where Andy MacTavish, Ariel's foster-father, had grudgingly offered a shelter. Before the doctor came, Andy's clumsy fingers had cut the aviator's high boot from the broken leg and no one noticed that Ariel had gathered it in her arms and hidden it among her other childish treasures.

"He'll need a rare bit of nursing," the doctor had told them.

Ariel silenced Andy's sour complaints by her faithful promise to give up her long walks and her romps with the fisher-boys and even her games in the cave if they would allow her to nurse the stranger. Andy grunted his consent and the invalid stayed.

Patiently Ariel slaved about the cottage, changing the bandages, preparing his food and soothing him as he tossed and muttered of the strange world in the city beyond the cliffs. Her first reward was the look of recognition and gratitude which he gave her one morning as she brought in the tray with his breakfast.

"Did you fall out of the sky too?" he asked her whimsically.

She smiled rapturously at this first indication that her labors had not been in vain.

"I was here already," she told him. "I'm taking care of you. I'm Ariel."

"Ariel, of course you're Ariel," he answered and then murmured something about "come unto these yellow sands" which she didn't understand. But from that moment, he began to improve and soon he was able to limp from the cottage to her cave where she delightedly shared with him all her treasures.

This was a secret cave which she had named the "Witches' Cauldron" and had told the fisher-boys such blood-curdling tales of its origin that none of them could be bribed to approach it. There, with the birdman seated on a rock and she at his feet on the moss, they spent long lazy afternoons through which he learned her simple history.

She was called Ariel, she told him, because that was the name of the ship which had cast her up on the sands of the Kentish coast where Andy had found her. He had taken her back to his wife because he believed it to be his duty and not from any love of her, as the lonely child soon learned.

"That was when I was a baby," she told him. "I stayed here and played in the cave and grew up. And then you came," she added quaintly.

The stranger was not equally confidential. His name was Franklin Shirley, she learned, and he lived in that city of splendor and mystery known to Ariel as London. But as to his past and his plans for the future he remained uncommunicative and preferred to sit on the throne Ariel had made for him and listen to her chatter and watch her dance to the music of the waves.

She loved to invent strange dances for him. She had caught the rhythm of the waves and the wind until she seemed no longer a human child but some elfin incarnation of the storm. Once, after one of these wild dances, Franklin had caught her to him and buried his face in her wind-blown hair.

"Ariel!" he had cried, repeating her name again and again, "you are the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

After this, life had but one meaning for Ariel. They loved each other and she was content. Some day there would be another cottage, just above the Witches' Cauldron, where they would live only for each other. It was joy enough only to wait.

So that, when he casually announced that he must soon be back in London, it was a bolt from the blue. They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon which matched her eyes and a tiny sapphire brooch which he pinned on over her gingham frock.

"So that you wont forget me when I am gone," he said lightly.

"Gone!" Ariel's eyes were so blinded with bitter tears that she could hardly see the hand he held out for goodbye. She watched him as he walked away into the sunset and then she stumbled back to the cottage, the forgotten coil of blue ribbon trailing behind her in the sand.

Then followed days of incredible desolation. It was some time before she could go back to the cave, now haunted with bitter sweet memories. One day she forced herself to enter, and in a spirit of defiance, tried the old

Maid of the Storm

NARRATED by permission, from the Paralta photoplay based upon the story by J. Grubb Alexander and Fred Myton, produced with the following cast:

Ariel.....Bessie Barriscale
Franklin Shirley.....George Fisher
Abe Strohman.....Herschal Mayall
Andy McTavish..... Joseph Dowling
Jules Picarde.....Howard Hickman
Ludwig Strauss.....Nick Cogley
Elaine Shackleford.....Lois Wilson



They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon and a tiny sapphire brooch. "So that you won't forget me when I am gone," he said.



Franklin raised his head and in that one glance, a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding.

dance, but her steps faltered and she fell sobbing to the sand. Suddenly she raised herself on one arm and gazed into her reflection in the pool beneath her. In spite of her tear-stained face, the beauty that Franklin had found was clearly there. "You are the loveliest thing," he had said, "that I have ever seen." Why then had he never spoken of the love which was surging within her? If what he said was true, she was lovelier than the women he met at the dinners in London, which she had seen illustrated in the society papers. What had they that she lacked? Even though they were less lovely to look at, they could talk to him in his own language of his own interests. This was called education and she had none of it. She would go to London and break this barrier that separated them, and then be wholly his. A sudden gust of wind answered her cry of resolution and she sprang out of the cave with her arms outstretched to the storm, defying the elements as she defied all the powers allied against her.

That night, a quaintly bundled little figure stole out of the cottage while Andy and his wife slept. Her only burden was the boot which she had hidden since the day when it had been cut from Franklin's wounded leg. Inside was an address, "Josiah Dobbs, 17 Shaftesbury Way," and by this she could trace her lover. For surely, Ariel thought, no boot-maker could forget Franklin if once he had entered the shop.

A kind-hearted peddler gave her a lift in his cart and she reached London in the late afternoon of the next day. She made her way through the tumult of the city avenues to a tiny side-street where she found a shop with "DOBBS" painted in red letters above the door. She knocked timidly and, receiving no answer, opened the door and stood hesitating in the threshold.

Three old men, seated about a work table, looked up simultaneously. The cobbler had been surreptitiously entertaining Ludwig Strauss and Jules Picarde, his two cronies, at a game of cards, without the knowledge or consent of Jean his spouse, who disapproved of both cards and cronies. Their astonished gaze met Ariel standing in the door, clutching desperately the boot which now seemed her only friend. The sight brought an amazed grunt from the three, which gave the warning to Jean in the other room. As the torrent of her abuse grew nearer and nearer, Ludwig hurried Ariel out of the shop and into his own little garret above the stairs.

"It is better so," he explained. "She is a good cook, that woman, but she has a fiend's tongue. Jules and I have neither cook nor scoldings. You will stay with us and perhaps give us both."

So Ariel stayed. She kept the tiny rooms tidy and amused the two old men with her chatter of her life by the sea. They were both members of an orchestra in an East End theater, and they would go over their music, with Ariel sitting in rapt attention at their feet. Once they broke into a wi'd strain that was full of the spirit of the storm and the sea. Ariel sprang to her feet and into the steps of the dance that had thrilled Franklin in the cave of the witches. As the last note died and Ariel dropped exhausted to her chair, Jules turned impressively to his old friend.

"It is genius the child has," he said solemnly. "The genius that Strohman is looking for but has not found. He must see her dance. Tomorrow she goes."

The next day, a badly frightened little girl was literally pushed into the office of Strohman, who made and unmade stars by a nod of his head. As Ariel looked up at his courteous greeting, she saw a powerfully built man with a somewhat heavy face, which seemed oddly expressionless, like a mask. After a few perfunctory questions, he signaled for music and she danced for him, the dance of the winds. When it was over, he dismissed the pianist and beckoned to her to come nearer.

"Sit down," he said, abruptly. "Do you know that you have the spirit of a great artiste?"

Ariel shrugged her slim shoulders. She was beginning to feel that all this clamor about her dancing was a meaningless farce with no bearing on her real purpose in the city.

"You can be a great artiste," the manager repeated. "But you are not interested in your art. You did not come here for that. What are you here for?"

It was the first intelligent interest that Ariel had found in her purpose and she met it with a rush of confidence. She told Strohman of her love for Franklin and of her burning desire to make herself of his own kind.

"When I am like his own people, then he will know that he loves me," she insisted gravely. "Then we will be married," she finished as a child reciting a well-known lesson.

"I can make you anything you want to be," said Strohman. "I will present you in one of my own productions and you will be a great dancer, much greater than any women your lover knows. Perhaps then he will marry you as you expect. In return, I am asking only one thing from you,—a promise. You are the sort of girl who keeps promises."

Ariel could only nod.

"I want you to promise," said Strohman, "that if he—this man—your lover—does not marry you after all I have done, that you will then come to me."

At the last words, he leaned over his desk and fixed his gaze on her puzzled face. Ariel was not frightened but still bewildered.

"It is a very foolish promise," she said with child-like contempt. "And it means nothing, for of course we will be married. But if you ask it, I can promise." She held out her hand almost gayly as if it were part of a game.

* * * * * * * * *

The opening night of the "Ballet Egyptienne" had packed the huge opera house to its doors. Strohman's productions were always sure of an enthusiastic reception but "The Scarlet Lotus," it was rumored, represented the very height of the great manager's efforts. Furthermore, it was to introduce a new discovery known to the theatrical world only as Mlle. Ariel. So there was more than the usual stir of expectation as the lights died down and the quivering of the violins opened the first bars of the ballet.

Far up in the gallery were Jules and Ludwig, too excited for speech even with each other. Their minds each held the same memories of a frightened little girl in gingham, clutching a huge boot as she stood at the door of the cobbler's shop.

In a box, further down, a much bored young man formed part of the theater party which had come to investigate the new "discovery." It was Franklin Shirley whose fiancée, Elaine Shakleford, had dragged him to the affair mainly because the man she really loved would also be in the party. So they both played their weary role of devoted couple until the little farce was ended by the rise of the curtain.

As the vivid figure of the little dancer whirled out from the wings, Franklin forgot his boredom. He had endured new varieties of aesthetic dancers until he loathed the species but this was really something new and refreshingly lovely. There was an uncanny quality in this little creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame.

(Continued on page 112)



In the little garret in Soho Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. It was her farewell to the little girl who had once danced in the cave.

Animal Stuff

How the jungle stars are taught to act for the motion picture camera.

By Susie Sexton

CONVERTING raw material into motion picture stars, whether it comes on two feet or four, is not essentially different. In fact, directors who place the greatest emphasis upon the qualifying word "raw," say that the advantage is all with the dumb animals of the jungle rather than the dumb humans of the stage.

If the task of fitting the four-footed student for the screen is a hopeless one, viewing the case from the director's standpoint, it is not beyond the range of possibilities to end a particularly trying lesson by slaying the pupil. But the technicalities of the law discourage the slaying of potential motion picture stars of the human family. On the other hand, looking at the situation from the four-footed actor's corner, a particularly trying director may be eliminated from the situation with one blow of the paw, trunk, or tusk. But think how few, of all the human actors who have yearned to slay their directors, ever have succeeded in carrying out the impulse.

Take Leo Brutus, for instance. Brutus, a jungle-bred actor who now earns $300 a day while working before the camera, has differed with just eight directors. Three of their number now rest beneath neat mounds in various cemeteries, while the other five remained in hospitals long enough to decide that the king of beasts was right—they were in the wrong profession. They yielded to his arguments and went into the drug, grocery, or shoe business. Brutus, the largest lion in captivity, is now the most convincing motion picture villain in the world. He owes his position, among the dark men who are always taking the joy out of life in film dramas, to Michael Schliesser of the Bronx, self-styled naturalist.

If you can once convince a lion, man-eater though he be, that you have beaten him at strategy, he will remain beaten, so far as you are concerned, for all time. It was this simple principle of psychology, not pitchfork and pistol, which Director Schliesser employed when he undertook the training of Brutus as a potential movie star.

Several years under the big top in a circus menagerie had accustomed Brutus to bright lights. So to make the lion completely amenable to discipline before the camera, Mr. Schliesser decided, it would only be necessary at their first meeting to make this terrible Hun change his front as he was preparing for an attack. When Schliesser first entered the lion's cage he grasped the back of a chair, with its legs pointing toward his pupil. Brutus, in the opposite corner, crouched for a leap. Director Schliesser stamped his foot sharply after the manner of Spanish dancers in the fandango, and advanced toward the lion from one side. Taken by surprise, the man-eater recoiled and moved to the other side of the cage. His master stepped into the corner the lion had occupied. And Brutus, realizing that he had not been able to maintain his front and had been forced into a retreat, when his own purpose had been to cause the intruder to retire in disorder, acknowledged grimly that he had met his master.

Unfortunately, Brutus, whose brain was constructed for jungle use rather than the purposes of civilization, realized instantly the value of his conqueror's theory that an adversary once beaten remains beaten. He determined to try similar tactics on his two-footed co-workers in the studio. Making faces, he discovered, would scare any human being into hysterics and send even a strong-nerved camera-man to the emergency ward suffering from shock. Knowing that the lion uses this method of thwarting a particularly fussy director or putting an end to an unusually long scene, his owner tries to keep the grimaces turned in his own direction during a picture, so that he can use his own methods of controlling the big beast.

Vitagraph once hired Brutus for a role in "The Cave-Man." The director wanted a close-up of the jungle-bandit's treacherous face, registering all of its evil expressions, taken when the lion was not behind bars. Mr. Schliesser said it would be possible for a photographer to go down into the lion's arena without danger,



These actors do not hesitate to really murder their directors. Brutus, for instance, has differed with eight. The surviving five of the eight have gone into the grocery, or other similar less hazardous business.



Bears are hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled for screen work until he is more than two years old.

if he would not give Brutus a single look during the entire proceeding. A freckled, red-haired camera-man volunteered. He was led down to the set where the camera had previously been placed in position for him. But he had cranked out only a few feet of film when he yielded to his curiosity. Noticing suddenly that Brutus was preparing for the spring he reserves for those who have been hypnotized by his horrible faces, Mr. Schliesser glanced quickly at his companion. The camera-man was motionless and his face had blanched so that not a single freckle was visible.

It required highly strategic moves to get man and camera out of reach of the lion's claws after that, but the director had his close-up. In time the photographer regained his freckles and was given a five-dollar raise for bravery.

The real difficulty in using animals in pictures, many directors assert, lies, not in coaching the dumb beasts, but in training human actors who take part in the same scene to do their part.

Mary Fuller once made a picture for Universal, in which a portion of the story was laid in the African jungle. As a special bit of color the director added a hyena to his cast. It was decided to turn the hyena loose and have it follow a semi-circular course out of the shrubbery to the door of the tent, in which sat the hero in English hunting garb, waiting for a native African servant to bring in the mail. At the door the hyena was to pause for several seconds within focus of the camera.

Coaching the hyena was easy. Raw meat was smeared on the studio floor in a semi-circle leading to the point where the director wanted the hyena to stop. Knowing that the animal's impulse would be to seize the meat and get away from the clicking, blinding lights, the trainer fastened to the floor where the hyena was to pause, a huge horse's shin. The hyena was letter-perfect in his role when the director called "Camera." But not the leading man. Even hardened trainers admit that they pale at sound of the hyena's laugh. It gave this handsome hero an acute attack of nerves.

But the actor was calmed. Lights were turned on once more. Following his prescribed course, the hyena began to crunch the horse's shin while the camera-man cranked furiously. Then it was discovered that no African servant was ready to bring in the mail The director found his missing actor shaking like a leaf in a far corner of the studio.

"Mah, Gawd, man," yelled the darky in answer to the director's remonstrances, "if that there animal makes that noise on a horse's shin, what you think he do to these yere bare feet o'mine. No, sah, Ah don' go in that picture."

That scene was finally shot with the hyena's keeper made up as an African.

Birds are the most difficult of all creatures to train for a screen production. Yet William F. Reilly, master of properties at the Famous Players Studio, who has been preparing animals for the screen ever since the Edison Studio was no



An owl, the symbol of wisdom, has no sense at all and cannot be trained for motion picture work. Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy" had no histrionic ability although he received ten dollars a day.

bigger than a hat-box, was responsible for the successful appearance of fifty or sixty wild pigeons in Marguerite Clark's "Seven Swans." It was necessary to keep the birds in a cage at the studio four weeks before they became accustomed to the unusual lights and noises.

The secret of managing feathered actors lies in accustoming them to a certain kind of food. Mr. Reilly fed his pigeons shelled corn and entered their cage every day so they would not be afraid of human actors when they were ready to join Miss Clark's cast. After a month of actual studio experience the birds were released on the set. And the director found it was an easy matter to make them alight anywhere he wished by sprinkling a little corn on the spot whether it was on the ground or on the head, shoulders, and outstretched finger of his star.

Another example of the reluctance which human stars often feel about appearing with four-footed actors was given during the filming of this picture. Six white rats were hired as extras to wear gold crowns for half a day in one scene. By sprinkling a little food around, the director was able to make the rats romp and enjoy themselves. Any woman will realize, however, that Miss Clark had a nervous forenoon.

Strangely enough, an owl, the symbol of wisdom, really has no brains at all, and cannot be trained for motion picture work. That wise old bird who exhibited such *sang froid* as Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy," had no histrionic ability, although he received a salary of ten dollars a day. The minute he is brought under Cooper-Hewitts an owl becomes practically senseless. He wags his head knowingly from side to side, of course, but that is only because he cannot look otherwise than wise.

Bears are always hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled at all for screen work until he is more than two years old. Up in the Bronx there is an eighteen-month-old grizzly named Teddy, who will soon appear on the screen in a wrestling bout with Snowy, the beautiful white dog who has played a number of times with Marguerite Clark, and also with Doris Kenyon in "The Hidden Hand." One caress from Teddy would break a strong man's arm, but he permits Snowy to throw him again and again, and to all appearances gets decidedly the worst of it. Snowy is half Russian wolf, half shepherd, and was trained for police work. He and Teddy were raised together, which is one reason, their owner explains, why this Bruin permits such liberties.



Scenes of this kind, such as are frequently seen in the Sennett comedies, require infinite patience. The animals have to be rehearsed daily for a year or longer before they are ready for the camera. A grizzly must be held by a chain for many months before it is safe to let him taste freedom. When they are to be photographed it is also necessary to teach the animals to keep their act within a limited space. For this reason attendants stand on all sides during rehearsals to keep the four-footed actors within bounds.



Mack Sennett's menagerie in California contains all kinds of dumb animals even to trained fish. And Louise Fazenda helps train them.

In his California studio Mack Sennett has a menagerie which contains every dumb actor imaginable, even to trained fish. These are added to the Sennett staff in infancy and know nothing but the studio atmosphere.

When Clara Kimball Young went to North Carolina to make the "Heart of the Blue Ridge," she acquired the distinction of being the only actress in pictures who could appear with a wild animal without registering the slightest fear. In one scene she sat munching an apple on the bank of a mountain stream. A grizzly sat beside her and claimed every other bite of the apple. So much did the bear enjoy this scene that he decided to go home with Miss Young and the trainer had great difficulty in making him change his mind. This bear had a wide comedy experience with John Bunny, Flora Finch and Hughey Mack.

Monkeys are the easiest of all animals to train for the screen, although they must be kept constantly within reach of a whip, not for use so much as for psychological effect. Pupeka and Laura are a famous monkey comedy team now in pictures. They were accustomed to studio glare by being put regularly into a darkened room where flash lights, such as photographers use, were exploded at intervals. Laura will register every stage of the joyful emotions if her trainer exhibits a jelly bean over the camera-man's shoulder. Pupeka is ready to play Hamlet as a farce whenever he hears the whispered words "Castor oil." Pupeka did excellent work in Metro's comedy "Her Baby."

Lure of the blue lights appears to be in the blood of some four-footed motion picture stars. Roscoe Arbuckle's famous brindle bull terrier, Luke, cries like a baby if he is not permitted to go before the camera when the lights are turned on. "Fatty" Arbuckle spends all of his spare time between scenes teaching his bull terrior "Luke" new comedy stunts such as walking up and down a second story ladder, furnishing the motor power for a corn meal mill, or steering a speeding locomotive.

Miss What's-My-Name?

Proving that a star by any name can be as sweet.



If you're a novice—the right sort of novice—Thos. H. Ince will doubtless cast you into "leads." At least that is how this little extra girl "graduated."

SIXTEEN, tiny and shy; Helen Garrett, by name—a nobody; red-gold hair and golden eyes; merely an "extra girl" out of work, discouraged and sick at heart; and then—

"I'm tired of hearing that experience is a necessity," growled Thomas H. Ince one day while casting over his lists for a leading woman for his Wonder Boy, Charles Ray. "I'll make a bet with anybody that I can turn the veriest novice into a star—a real star, if she's the right sort of novice. . . . Remember that little extra girl, Helen Garrett? Mop of red-gold hair; big eyes—wistful, appealing? Send her to me."

Helen Garrett couldn't believe it at first. Ince had noticed her in the ranks and thought her promising! It sounded like a fairy-tale. But after she had talked to him, she made up her mind she would justify his confidence; and she bent all her energies and talents and good looks to "making good."

Did she? Well—did you see her as Ray's leading woman in "His Mother's Boy," then again in "The Hired Man," and once again in "A Son of the Snows?" But a leading lady whose name never saw the light of day, despite the fact that the exhibitors and their patrons began to ask who she was, a greatly discouraged, little leading lady.

In support of Charles Ray in "His Mother's Boy."



After about four months of namelessness she summoned up courage to ask Bert Lennon, he of the flaming locks who does the Ince literary chores, if Mr. Ince didn't like her work.

"Stands to reason he must," returned Lennon. "He's keeping you working, isn't he?"

"Then why—why does he give Doris Lee all of the advertising and publicity credit for being Mr. Ray's leading-lady—when I'm the leading-lady?" she asked tearfully.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed Lennon. "Didn't you know?"

Whatever it was, she didn't.

"Well, listen," started the wordsmith. "Exhibitors demand short names for players—for the electric signs—see? And—and I reckon I forgot to tell you that I'd changed your name. You've been Doris Lee for four months!"

And now Doris Lee doesn't mind being Doris Lee at all; in fact, she rather likes it. She's had so awfully many letters from screen friends telling how much they like Doris Lee, and she's been only too glad to answer them; and of course it doesn't take so long to write "Sincerely Doris Lee" on a photograph as it would to write "Cordially Helen Garrett." And then, being Charlie Ray's leading woman is a steady job; and Doris has visions of a little California bungalow and a black-and-white striped speedster in the not-too-far distant future. But Miss Lee says in conclusion: "I like my work so well that if they didn't pay me for it I'd do it for nothing." So that's why she's a success on the screen; her heart's right there.



MARGUERITE CLAYTON, lovely truant from the screen, re-appears as leading woman for George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Marguerite is a real old-timer, though it's hard to believe; she played with "Broncho Billy" Anderson.



PRETTY Peggy Hyland is one of our ablest allies. English and demure, she is popular with picturegoers both here and over there. She ran away from home to go on the stage! Her latest? "Peg of the Pirates," a fantasy of the sea.



NOT content with premier vampire honors, Theda Bara has announced herself as America's greatest emotional actress. She demonstrates her versatility as an East Indian in "The Soul of Buddha" and as "Salome" in "Salome."



"WINSOME" seems to be the word that best describes Marion Davies. She left the musical comedy stage for the screen, making her celluloid debut in a play from her own pen, "Runaway Romany." Now she's "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."



THROW up a new throne—Lila Lee has arrived! Not yet sixteen, she is the latest Paramount star. Jesse Lasky discovered her in a Gus Edwards vaudeville revue, where she was known as "Cuddles," and now she is making her first photoplay.



THINGS have come to such a pass in picturedom that we count an evening ill-spent if we can't watch Norma Talmadge sweep through five thousand feet of film. We would not have it otherwise! She is now "De Luxe Annie," a gentle crook.



MIRIAM COOPER—the sad-eyed Confederate rose in the photoplay from which we date film history; The Friendless One in the Sun Play "Intolerance;" now a forlorn heroine for Fox. She is married to Raoul Walsh, her director.



IF there is anyone more delightful than Marie Doro, on or off the screen, we want to know about her. Miss Doro is a real person, with a lively sense of humor. Now that she has her own company great things are expected of this unique personality.



The Man Who Took The Pictures

"SEE the little birdie, please," ordered Alfred Cheney Johnston in his best professional tones, as he stood by his camera.

"Suppose you look at the little birdie yourself," retorted Anita Stewart, who was posing. Mr. Johnston did.

Miss Stewart took an excellent likeness, although we must admit that Mr. Johnston himself did everything but squeeze the bulb.

There are photographers and photographers—and Alfred Cheney Johnston, to whom we are indebted for the preceding eight pages.

In the last year Mr. Johnston's little studio in New York has become a familiar spot to most of the important stage and screen stars, despite the fact that it is not on Fifth Avenue and is not approached through a marble hallway, nor furnished with tapestries, plush and antiques. It has only one excuse for existence, and this is that in there Mr. Johnston puts into practice his theory that a photograph can have as much character as a painting. In fact, Mr. Johnston originally wanted to be a painter. He studied art, and, with a desire to create something new, began working out sketches in broad effects. However, he came to feel a greater personal appeal in the photographic medium.

Goldstein, a Keystone Tragedy

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN of Los Angeles, the tailor who soared, has been given a ten-year sentence in the Pacific prison of the Federal Government at McNeill's Island, as a reward for "The Spirit of '76," the figurative wrench he endeavored to throw into the machinery of the British-American alliance. In imposing sentence Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe said that the case involved the destiny of the nation.

The now-penniless seamster producer also faces a fine of five thousand dollars, and his family troubles have reached the legal stage. Some little affliction like corns or bad teeth is all he needs, now, to make his cup of misery brimfull.

Goldstein is a bumptious ignoramus, more fool than villain, who mistook greedy aggressiveness for talent and business energy. His foot slipped when he tried to insult Uncle Sam as he had already insulted Art. A theatrical costumer, he bought stock in "The Birth of a Nation," made a bit of money, and decided to beat Griffith. He sold some of his own stock, and produced the Spirit aforementioned: a multi-reel whoop of bunk sentiment, fictitious history, coarse plot and insectivorous acting. Purporting to be a transcript of the war of American liberation, it was a fifty-fifty libel of the Colonies and Mother England.

It was German propaganda, impure and simple. Goldstein knew very well the real source of his backing, and why he was backed.

But mark the patience of the United States! "The Spirit of '76" was actually billed in Chicago, and after it had been shown up for the celluloid snake it was, Goldstein enjoyed an unmolested year. The country only asked that he quit where he stood. However, the tailor felt that he must give the Kaiser action for his money, and out came the damnable transparency in Los Angeles. Once more Uncle Sam was gentle. At first nothing more serious was contemplated than a liberal censoring.

Seating himself on the powder-barrel, Goldstein lighted his firecrackers: he put the condemned parts back, and endeavored to make a public showing of the picture.

The next day, and thereafter, his address was the County Jail.

It's Come To This

NOR was this ever thus. Three years ago—again going back into the Pliocene age, filmaciously speaking—you might have seen a little knot of sad-faced men almost any evening at the Lambs Club, the exclusive actors' organization of New York, wagging themselves mournfully.

You would approach and inquire, in tones of funereal depth:

"Who is it now?"

"Hopper!"

"My God!!! And I was talking to him right here, only yesterday. He seemed so well, so strong, so full of the zest of life. You're sure?"

"Sure! It was in the paper, but still we feared it might be so—and it is. Hopper himself has admitted it."

You were staggered, but whipped yourself into the self-torture of learning the ghastly details.

"What's he going to do?" you asked.

"COMEDIES!!!"

"NOT THAT—OH NO—NOT THAT!!!!!"

And so they passed on, one after another,—Willie Collier, Arnold Daly, Tyrone Power, until the club was so deserted because of migration to California, that David Warfield had to be introduced to someone to play pinochle with him. And he has stood steadfast, that Grand Old Man, determined to fight this Thing without fear or compromise. Like Horatius at the bridge, with John Drew at his right hand and William Faversham at his left, they remain, the triumvirate of incorruptibles, magnificent in their splendid isolation.

So there you are. It has come to this, that not only are People One Knows going to the movies, but if one wants to see the Players One Knows, One must go One's Self.

Texas, *the* State *of*

Waco is proud of Texas Guinan, but no more so than is the Pacific Coast.



Witzel

"THE Triangle film plant," droned the imaginative guide to Culver City, "is by far the biggest in the world."

"You'll have to prove that," returned the often-lied-to traveler in celluloid. "That's the standard statement in every sun-canning factory I ever got into."

But the Cerberus of Davisburg was not at all taken aback by this challenge. "Easy enough! Texas is the biggest state in the Union, ain't she? Well, we got Texas in one room."

Which remark, however, was one of the flage sisters; either Camou or Persi; both good girls, and very handy, too. For the Texas he referred to was not the enclosure containing the Alamo, San Antone and Bill Bailey, but Texas Guinan, a little while ago one of the brightest blossoms in the Wintergarden bouquet.

Miss Guinan put her singing voice in mothballs, her dancing slippers in the piano and the Santa Fe Limited in high last August. It was her seventh or eighth hundredth trip to the Pacific Coast, but her first to a studio.

The comedienne felt that she should be immediately thrust into the enduring celluloids—even while they were taking tests of her and teaching her the trick of sunshine makeup—so she purchased a motor and furtively chased different companies about location, hoping to poke her well-known features in as an extra person. But, owing to watchful directors, this was denied her.

But bye and bye the Shut Open Door sort of eased itself ajar, and she found herself doing a corking adventuress in a tableau known as "The Fuel of Life." Her first starring vehicle, released late in January, was a unique and powerful Western story of renunciation called "The Gunwoman." In this the young lady, whose most serious business on the limited stage had been to remind elderly gentlemen that youthful ideas are immortal, gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role, blazing with action and surcharged with those deeper emotions which, behind footlights, fall only to our middle-aged actresses of international fame. As this is written Miss Guinan is enacting a role which has the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp, in a sketch of New York mid-town life known as "The Love Brokers." So much for the pictures, and the opportunities they offer, as compared with the chances in a place where they hoist a curtain instead of calling "Camera!"

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city



Miss Guinan's first starring vehicle was "The Gun Woman," in which she gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role. At right she is pictured in this character, supported by Francis McDonald.

Excitement

By Johnstone Craig



Strauss-Peyton

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. On the stage Texas starred in "The Kissing Girl" and numerous Wintergarden successes.

of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. After that she livened up Colorado for a number of years, went East via Chicago and made her stage bow as one of the head pillars in a humble temple of flesh called "The Snow Man." (Interesting archeological note: Franklin Farnum, full of enthusiasm and a sweet tenor voice, was one of her fellow sufferers in this night-blooming-hop-toad of town halls and country hotels.)

However, La Guinan was a chorine just two days. Then she became a sort of principal-ette, so to speak, dropping her spear to carry a promissory note in the music. Two years later she was made a star in "The Kissing Girl." Her recent Wintergarden successes include the stellar roles in "The Passing Show of 1912," "The Whirl of the World," and "The World of Pleasure."

When Texas Guinan is really at home she lives in a period house at 13 West Eighth Street, City of New York. She isn't any more afraid of that "thirteen" than Oliver Morosco, who is sure that it's his lucky number. Maison Guinan, as a matter of fact, isn't exactly a period house. It's more of an exclamation point. It is, besides being an exclamatory feature, a depot, a Grand Central Station, for all the antiques in the world and a few from the planets. What the cold-eyed cobra is to the little birds, in India, an antique shop is to—ah, you're wrong!—anyone who happens to be with Miss Guinan when she passes an old-stuff store.



In "The Love Brokers," in which she co-starred with Alma Rubens, Texas enacted a role that had the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp. It is a sketch of New York mid-town life.

"Do you live here?" asked a friend, on his first visit to the young woman's bewildering drawing-room, "or is this Sing Fat's warehouse?"

Among other things, she has collected quite a number of pieces of gold and silver from the wild tribes of North America. These are known as "coins," and are kept in a bank on Broadway.

There is said to be a man in Sitka and a little girl in Waxahachie that she doesn't know, but otherwise Miss Guinan's acquaintance is what you could expect. Her lunches, at which she seldom refrains from conversation long enough to eat anything, are most frequently taken at the Claridge Hotel, which was once sourly christened "The Guinan business office" by a short, blonde, disagreeable, feeble old editor, who was born in Boston and who wears spectacles.

She has a number of hobbies besides antiques and their collectors. Among these are lemons, other antiques, swimming, riding, more antiques, the color red, flowers, antiques, anything Galsworthy writes, house parties, motoring, gowns and hats—of which she has at least fifty trunks, Russian authors (particularly Dostoievsky), and, finally, antiques.

(Continued on page 117)

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

JOHNANITA.
Have you Got It?
Everybody
Says it That Way—
Johnanita.
It Means
John Emerson
And Anita Loos.
Anita—
Who Looks Sixteen,
And Thinks like Sixty.
John, .
Who Directs.
They
Collaborate, and
It's Some Combination.
I
Was With Anita
One Whole Day.
I
Had Lunch with her,
And
Talked with her—
That is,
Anita Talked—
I
Simply Stared.
Imagine—
Maybe—
The Tiniest Girl in the World,
With
Black black Hair
That she Twists Up
Under Fascinating Round Hats;
The Largest Eyes,
The Smallest Nose,
And
A Mouth that Looks Always
As if she'd just Been Kissed.
And Besides,
You don't Dare
Talk to her.
Anyway,
I Didn't.
I was Afraid
She'd Call my Bluff.
She Really Talks; but
She Listens, too—
I should Think
They'd Stay Up Nights
To Think Of
Clever Things
To Say to her,
Just
To Hear her Laugh.
Well—
I Guess They Do.
And she Always Does—she'll
Laugh with You, when all the Time
She Must Know
That she Could Have Said it
Much Better.
Oh yes—
John was There.
I Like John.
John Directs.
Anita—

I Walked Down the Boul Mich
With Anita Loos; I
Might Just as Well
Have Stayed at Home,
Walk Down the Boul Mich
With Anita Loos—
They won't Know you're There.
And all the Time,
I was Loving her to Death,
You Know
About her Brains.
You've seen the Pictures
She's Written—
"American Aristocracy,"
"His Picture in the Papers,"
"Wild and Woolly"—
And now
Johnanita
Are Doing
A Story of Camp Life; and
Sometime they'll do
A College Story.



Stagg

Johnanita laugh at everything.

Oh, you'd Love Anita!
She
Was on the Stage
When she was a Littler Kid
Than she is Now.
She Said
She Simply Had to Go On—
But it Cured her—
(Well,
That's What she *Said*.)
"If I couldn't Write—
I'd Want to Have
Something to Do
With the Stage."
I Think
Some Fillum Stars
Would Worry
If they Thought Anita Loos
Was Going In
For the Close-up and
The Lip-Biting.
Only,—
Anita Wouldn't.
I Wish
She Would.
Can't You
See her on the Screen? She'd—
But
What would we Do
With a Fillum Star
With a Sense of Humor?
Anita Loos
Is the Only Woman I ever Heard of
Who can Laugh at Herself.

Johnanita
Laugh at Everything—they
Laugh at themselves, and
With Each Other.
I asked Anita Loos about it—
"Yes," she said; "We
Laugh at Everything; we
Make our Living
That Way."
Maybe
Some day
Anita Loos
And John Emerson
Will do a Great Big Satire
On the Movies.
In the Meantime—
They're Making
The Whole World
Laugh at themselves.
And
Johnanita
Laugh the Loudest of All.
John
Has a Twinkle in his Eyes
All the time.
And Anita—
Anita is Prettier than Ever
When she Laughs.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By

Randolph Bartlett

Marguerite Clark has never been half so charming as in "Prunella."

"PAY DAY" is one of the most important pictures ever produced, because it betrays melodrama. I do not refer to the honestly impossible melodrama of William S. Hart or Harold Lockwood, but to the cheap and cheesy melodrama that sneaks along in the guise of drama of social life—the melodrama of the crime in the back parlor that shrieks the identity of the criminal to all but the characters in the play—the melodrama of the hardworking girl and her amorous employer—the melodrama of eavesdroppers and coincidences—these are hauled out into the full light of the Kliegs and shown for what they are.

"Pay Day" is, possibly, the swan song of the Drews in pictures. They discontinued their brilliant comedies of domestic life because exhibitors did not know that their name in front of a theatre, advertising one thousand feet of laughter, would draw more shillings into the till than the latest horrordrama in five reels. This stupidity on the part of the one-horse exhibitor, this horrid and abysmal idiocy, this blindness to his own interests, may cost the world the Drew comedies, those gems of humor, for the laborer is worthy of his hire; and the self-respect of Mr. Sidney Drew would hardly permit him to accept for his fine artistry a smaller remuneration than is paid to the latest simp ingenue.

So it is quite fitting that in retiring, at least for the present, from the screen, Mr. Drew should have made a five-reel picture, which could have been the kind of melodrama the exhibitor thinks is good because it is down to his intelligence, but which any person with a spoonful of brains recognizes as a keen-edged satire on that form of so-called amusement. "Pay Day" has everything. It has the girl who steals from her kind employer for her unworthy sweetheart; it has the marriage for money; it has murder; it has escape from prison; it has the trick of the revolver that wasn't loaded; it has the scientific twist of artificial inoculation of leprosy—all these, ladies and gentlemen, crowded into five tense, terrific, thrilling acts, that will lift you out of your seats with hair-raising episodes, lightning speed incidents, and blood-curdling plots—a heart-throb in every turn of the crank.



Irene Castle and Warner Oland meet in a clever mystery story, "The Mysterious Client."

At this point Mr. Drew sticks his tongue in his cheek and winks. The hopeless bonehead will take this straight. He has seen it all before, so far as the actual outlines of the story are concerned, and he knows it is thrilling. He will not notice such subtleties as the debonair villain with a gardenia in the lapel of his overcoat, and another underneath in the lapel of his dinner coat, so that he is never without the badge of his caste. He will not sense the satire in the titles. But there is sufficient enlightenment among picture patrons to discern in this the underlying principle, that melodrama—the sort of melodrama I have mentioned—is essentially funny, and that with a simple twist of the wrist the shockers become shriekers, the thrillers, ticklers.

Not the least amusing phase of this unique pro-



Norma Talmadge, the miniature dynamo, has an ideal role in "De Luxe Annie."



Gloria Hope makes the heroine of "$5,000 Reward" an interesting person.



In "Pay Day" the Drews laugh at melodrama; it is a five-reel swan song.

duction is a scene showing an argument between Mr. and Mrs. Drew, as to whether or not they shall make this picture, with the intervention by telephone of President R. A. Rowland of Metro, luring Sidney with much gold to embark upon the enterprise.

PRUNELLA—Paramount

"Prunella" comes to the devotees of moving pictures with these questions: "Do you want pictures to stand still or go ahead? Do you want to continue forever watching the unwinding of the tales of commonplace things of life, or do you want to broaden your mental vision? Do you want poetry now and then, or do you insist upon always having prose? Do you want the screen to reflect the highest art of which it is possible, or are you satisfied to hold it down to everyday life?" According as "Prunella" wins the enthusiastic approval of the public, or slips by with just average attention, will these questions be answered. It is a fantasy—a tender little story of an adventure in love by a little girl who has been secluded from life and kept in ignorance of love. It is told with the most delicate art, the characters being picturesque marionettes, Pierrot, Scaramel, Coquette, and many other mummers. Even the scenery is in the spirit of masquerade, consisting of quaint miniatures of houses, trees and gardens. Marguerite Clark, whose entrance into pictures was brought about through Mr. Adolph Zukor's admiration for her work on the stage in this play, has never been half so charming, except perhaps in one or two of her fairy tales. The entire moving picture business and profession owes Mr. Zukor a vote of thanks for having the vision and the courage to put squarely to the public the question of whether or not movies shall remain movies forever, or advance to a point where they can stand on the same high plane as the other fine arts.

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Artcraft

It is impossible for Elsie Ferguson to appear silly enough to give a good impersonation of Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," a woman who was clever enough to save a large sum out of her housekeeping expenses in a few years, clever enough to sense everyone's motives, clever enough in everything except an understanding of the law of forgery. The play is antiquated, and needs all the complex psychological dialogue of Ibsen to make the story stand up. Yet Elsie Ferguson is so interesting a personality that no picture in which she appears can be entirely dull. The only consistent character in the piece is Krogstad, who should have been made the hero, for did he not, after having been disgraced, so rehabilitate himself that he was able to hold a position in a bank until the supreme ass Thorvald Helmer kicked him out for petty personal reasons? Alexander K. Shannon plays this part better than it has been done in any stage production I have seen.

SOCIAL BRIARS—Mutual

A girl dreams of going to the city and making a hit on the stage—and does so. This is the whole story of "Social Briars," which Mary Miles Minter decorates, and Alan Forrest tries to enliven. It is to yawn. And what the title has to do with it, is a mystery.

DE LUXE ANNIE—Select

Norma Talmadge is a miniature human dynamo. In almost any role she imparts a feeling of restless energy. In "De Luxe Annie" she has a story that is ideally suited to her. As a result of a blow, a young woman loses her memory and acquires criminal tendencies, enters into a business partnership with a crook, and is restored to her

proper station only after many adventures. With a less gentlemanly person than Eugene O'Brien playing the part of the crook, there might be a suspicion that all was not well during the lapse of memory, but the crook "comes through clean" at last, and his hand is shaken by Frank Mills, who plays the part of the young woman's husband. It is a lively story, and the acting of both Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien is the best in months.

THE YELLOW TICKET—Pathe

It was not easy, until seeing the picture, to imagine Fanny Ward in the role of the tragic young Jewess, Anna, in "The Yellow Ticket," but she leaves off her blonde wig (or puts on a black one—who can say which?) and wins her dramatic spurs. A remarkable cast supports the star —Warner Oland, Milton Sills, Anna Lehr, Armand Kalicz, Helene Chadwick. The story, dealing with the curious Russian rules governing "fallen women," and with the ever passionate police officials of that country, is not the sort discussed in family circles, though the disagreeable features are handled with great care and restraint.

CYCLONE HIGGINS, D. D.—Metro

"Cyclone Higgins, D. D.," is another in the series of hilarious farce melodramas in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are offering the finest entertainment of their long careers. Bushman plays the part of a husky but uncouth minister who brings the gospel to a rough community in the south. He uses the direct method of thrashing those who refuse to accept his ministrations peaceably. It is all delightful, with enough serious plot to lend substance to the fun. Little Ivy Ward's mimicry of the awkward preacher's walk is a scream.

TOYS OF FATE—Metro

In "Resurrection" Nazimova proved that she is as great an actress on the screen as on the stage. In "Toys of Fate" she proves that "Resurrection" was no accident. She plays the part of a gypsy who is inveigled into a marriage with a wealthy man upon whose estate her father's band is encamped. There is a tense atmosphere of tragedy throughout, and only with the conclusion does the minor strain resolve itself into happier mood. Nazimova's role varies from the carefree pranks of the untamed girl to absolute despair, with moments which would baffle a lesser artist. The story drags, toward a protracted close, with a series of shop-made, mechanical incidents.

THE WINNING OF BEATRICE—Metro

There are two kinds of good pictures—those which blaze new trails by their originality of idea and treatment, and those which follow the familiar paths in a manner so pleasing that to see them is like meeting an old friend. "The Winning of Beatrice" belongs to the latter class. A young woman's father is killed and his enemies make it appear that he committed suicide because of defalcations; the daughter achieves commercial success and finally exposes the plotters. This theme is not new. But May Allison wins to stardom by her convincing manner, giving life to what might have been a dead level role. The presence of Hale Hamilton as her leading man may have inspired her; this actor knows how to be humorous without losing his romantic appeal. It is his screen debut.

HER TERRIBLE TIME—Mutual

Billie Rhodes is one of the most enchanting of comediennes, because she is pretty as well as amusing, but, even more, because she is furnished with comedy plots which are



Hale Hamilton may have inspired May Allison in "The Winning of Beatrice."



Kitty Gordon is a tormented bride in "The Interloper," a picture that ends happily, however.



Jack Abbe in "Who Is to Blame" is a deliciously dignified Japanese servant.



Harry Morey gives a genuine picture of an uncouth laborer in "The Golden Goal."



Elsie Ferguson's personality alone redeems **"A Doll's House"** from dullness.



Roy Stewart is a lovable Red Saunders in "A Red-Headed Cupid."

humanly recognizable. These comedies, such as "Her Terrible Time" and "Her Rustic Romeo," while hardly reaching the fine, satirical point of the Drew ticklers, more nearly approximate that than any other productions now being divulged.

JOAN OF PLATTSBURG—Goldwyn

"Joan of Plattsburg" contains one of the master strokes of picture imagination. Joan, a foundling, hears the story of Joan of Arc and is consumed with a desire to be called by her country. Hiding from her persecutors in a cellar, she hears strange sounds and voices, and hastens to tell the news to an officer who has befriended her. It develops that what she heard was a concealed wireless, and the voices of German spies. The parallel is worked out beautifully. Mabel Normand as Joan touches a point of artistry higher than ever before in her career. Even her feet are intelligent. This long delayed production is Goldwyn's best, and one of the best pictures dealing with war conditions in America.

HIGH STAKES—Triangle

J. Barney Sherry occupies a unique position—he is the one middle-aged man star with a romantic appeal. He has such vigor and virility that his iron-grey hair only emphasizes his youthfulness. In "High Stakes" he has the most interesting role that has been assigned him in a long time. The story hints at "Raffles" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and then takes an original twist all its own. The cracksman reforms, and how completely he does so is proved by a finish that would have delighted O. Henry.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph

Baree, half wolf, half dog, is nearly the star of the picture which bears his name, "Baree, Son of Kazan." He protects his beautiful, halfbreed mistress from a brutal trader, and finally avenges the murder of the girl's father by killing the persecutor. It is taken from James Oliver Curwood's novel, which, in turn, contains a strong suggestion of Jack London's great story, "The Call of the Wild." It is a story of elemental emotions, done with power and beauty. Nell Shipman as the girl of the northern woods, is at her best, except for two braids of hair of unbelievable length, which detract from the effect of a performance otherwise perfect.

MISSING—Paramount

"Missing" is the first good picture J. Stuart Blackton has ever made, so far as my range of vision has carried me. It is so far superior to his three pictures from Gilbert Parker's novels that there is no understanding how it was done by the same man. It is a story of women and war, with the theme that rouses the emotions and holds the interest, at the same time establishing firmly the philosophy of the song and smile at home, when the loved ones are fighting. The plot has to do with the schemes of an elder sister who tries to make a young wife believe her husband is dead, urging her to marry a wealthy suitor, and with the faith of the wife and her fidelity to her love. Robert Gordon—Huck Finn a few weeks ago—blossoms out as a juvenile hero. Marcia Manon is charming as the pathetic little wife, and Thomas Meighan forms a striking background.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT—Pathe

Here is a picture which is entertaining because it is a real mystery. "The Mysterious Client" is a story which

(Continued on page 102)

Cramping His Style

Herbert Rawlinson says he can't find enough elbow room to be himself in the East, but he had the waiter scared

By Alison Smith

IF a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. So, when Herbert Rawlinson met me with the announcement that he was "tearing mad," I waited to be shown.

He was so angry, he insisted, that we must go somewhere to cool off. We found a tea room on a side street well off Broadway where I could sympathize with his wrongs over *cafe parfait* and French pastry. That was easy. He could enlist your sympathies if he were describing an interruption by the police while he was robbing a safe.

This, however, was really righteous indignation. He had been to a pink tea "to please a relative," he said plaintively, and an "anaemic little parlor snake" (description by Mr. Rawlinson) had been running down California. He (the parlor snake) had called Los Angeles a rube town and Santa Barbara a desert station and San Diego the jumping off place. All this before an admiring audience of Eastern women with Mr. Rawlinson fretting and smouldering in the corner.

"I was getting so hot under the collar," he told me, "that I thought I'd better beat it. I kept thinking of what I'd do to him if I got him out on the range. I had one bit of satisfaction before I left," he added grimly. "When he stuck out his flabby little paw, I gave it the real California grip. You know. Like this."

He illustrated and immediately all my sympathies were with the parlor snake.

"He'll nurse that mit for some days," said Mr. Rawlinson, sweetly.

As soon as you meet this smiling youth you understand why he must belong to the West and the West to him. The film who's who for once, in its terse style, has the best possible description. "Rawlinson, Herbert," it remarks, "boxing, rowing, swimming, motoring, riding, fencing," and then, out of breath, it adds, "all-round athlete." He strides up Broadway with an air of roaming the plains and his method of crossing the street is simple but blood-curdling. He has rumpled, non-skid hair, and direct blue eyes, and a jolly, direct grin. Even his dimples are direct, with no nonsense about them. He talks in gusts and illustrates everything he says with gestures which Western fiction writers describe as "free." "Free," however, is too mild; they are violently eman-



To repeat—if a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. And evidently that is what the heavyweight—no, it isn't Francis X.—is trying to find out. Perhaps Herb has the "fighting grin."

Witzel

cipated, and a menace to the china and silver. He has a convulsing habit of telling you the most lugubrious tales of woe from his past life, roaring with joy over them until you join hilariously in his glee over the glorious way in which he was stung.

Most of these adventures happened at the French school where he was educated. He gave me vivid, Peter Ibbetson pictures of a puzzled little English boy striving to understand the strange habits of his French classmates. Later he came to America where he promptly ran away with a circus having read, doubtless, that all American boys begin work in that way.

From the big tent, he drifted into a traveling stock company where, he said, "I doubled in brass." This, he explained impatiently at my interruption, is the gentle art of playing a horn in the overture and then ducking behind the scenes to make up as the villain and kidnap the heroine in the second act. All of these hap-hazard experiences gave him valuable training in stage craft and he was managing a company in Los Angeles when Hobart Bosworth discovered him and induced him to go into the pictures.

"In my first picture, I played a monk," he said and then he showed me how he looked as a monk. He might have been more convincing if he had not ended the impersonation with an unholy wink. "I'm better in the crook roles," he admitted, apologetically. "A good yegg drama is my favorite outdoor sport. We had some regular raids in Los Angeles," he added fondly. "I know my way over every roof and fire-escape in the city. 'Come Through' was an interesting film to do. I played Jimmy the Possum, a gentleman crook, foxy but on the level. All the cops were wise and used to help us out, and we had some grand little scraps."

I smiled politely but with the mental reservation that I would prefer not to be the chief raider in any of the scenes with Jimmy the Possum. His heart is too thoroughly in his work.

When I asked him about his plans, he grew serious immediately.

"Most men of my age have only one plan these days," he said soberly. "I am a year beyond draft age, but I'm making every effort to get over there as soon as my responsibilities here are provided for. That thought is back of everything I am doing. I guess it's back of everything most everybody is doing."

For all his loyalty to "the coast" he admits that he is glad to get back to Manhattan, and that Broadway and Fifth Avenue look better than ever to him. It is his first visit for nine years, and he is getting all the thrills of a stranger in New York. Combined with this, is the delight of reunions with old friends like Hobart Bosworth and Ruth Stonehouse.

"I've met some bully new people too," he told me, to take the curse off the parlor snake. "Folks are about the same, regardless of the map. And there are a lot of things in the world beside climate and scenery. Even at that you people back here have the Palisades and Grant's Tomb. But say, do you remember Muir Woods on a Spring day?"

When two Californians get the "do-you-remembers" the conversation becomes unintelligible to anyone born east of Tahoe. Ours was a glorious mixture of San Francisco fog and Pasadena sunshine and the color of the Berkeley Hills at sunset. It was fascinating to us but impossible to reproduce to anyone who is not at least a native son by adoption. By the time we had compared notes on our favorite "hikes" and swapped camping stories, we were both weak with laughter, his non-skid hair was waving wildly, the silver and china was all over the place, and a sedate waiter was hovering anxiously over our table. Suddenly, after a blacksmith's bang on the table, Mr. Rawlinson stopped soberly.

The waiter, standing solicitously near, was, I saw, alarmed at the bang. I chuckled inwardly, wondering if many of his patrons emphasized their thoughts in such a forceful manner.

"I'm not really myself here," Mr. Rawlinson went on. "I feel subdued in the East. I wish you could interview me out West on a bright June morning. We could hop in my car and shoot out to Montecito, a mile a minute along the Santa Barbara track. I can't seem to get up any speed here but oh, lady, lady, how that country makes you feel!"

I gasped. If he was subdued here, what must be his idea of animation? I should dearly love to interview Mr. Rawlinson in California, but it would be from the safe shelter of a British tank, with insurance against shell shock.



D-y-i-n-g!

ALLEGORICAL movies with devils, and owls, and nude extra girls with net angel wings.
Anatomical clinics under the guise of historical dramas and sea legends.
Widow-robbing promoters of new picture companies.
Fabulous salaries (with a bare dozen exceptions.)
Children who register delight by manifesting symptoms of St. Vitus dance.
"Uplift" photoplays by nasty-minded producers.
The hokum about "ran four weeks on Broadway."
Weak-chinned cowboys.
Young club men who go west.
Shriners parades and Coffee Culture in Brazil.
Venerable ingenues.
Imitators (. . . . .) Space for your own pet peeve imitator.
Middle-aged college boys.





Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people

By CAL YORK

SOME TIME we are going to print a list of leading men who are married and have children but who refuse to be photographed with their families. Irving Cummings will not be among them, for he is shown above, with wife and baby, proving that he is not in the Agonized Archibald class.

CONWAY TEARLE has announced his marriage to Adele Rowland, the musical comedy star. Tearle's latest screen appearance is in support of Anita Stewart in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

SUCCUMBING to tuberculosis, Benjamin C. Chapin, famous for his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, died at a New York sanitarium. Mr. Chapin became seriously ill on Lincoln's Birthday when he went to the institution where he died. By an odd coincidence, Mr. Chapin's life work, "The Son of Democracy," a series of ten motion pictures depicting the life of the First American, was released on the same day that the actor went to the sanitarium, and he was unable to realize the financial benefits of his work, which to date have totaled nearly half a million dollars. Mr. Chapin was born in Bristolville, Ohio, in 1874. His resemblance to Lincoln caused him to impersonate the emancipator on the stage and later on the screen. It required five years for Mr. Chapin to produce the Lincoln Cycle.

BILL HART gave a party! The big Westerner made one of his periodic appearances in evening clothes at the military ball in honor of the officers of his regiment, the 159th California Infantry, or the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." Hart loaded a special train with feminine film stars, and from the moment the party stepped from the train at San Diego until it started back to Los Angeles after the ball at the Hotel Coronado, things moved at top speed. The grand march was led by Hart and Mrs. Colonel Farrell, and Colonel Farrell, commander of the 159th, and Katherine McDonald, Hart's leading woman.

IT is reported that Laurette Taylor is to appear for Artcraft in "Peg o' My Heart," her greatest success. There was some talk of obtaining this popular story for Anita Stewart, from Oliver Morosco; but J. Hartley Manners, the author, is said to have entered a vigorous protest and declared his rights, also those of his wife, Miss Taylor, who created the part.

MONROE SALISBURY in his new picture has pretty Edna Earle for his leading woman. It was Edna's first Western part; and she says, "I had to do some real horseback riding, and I was rather frightened at first, but I got through whole, so it's all right now."

FOLLOWING a complete reorganization, Paralta Pictures Corporation is ready to take up again the making of photoplays. Palalta made its entrance into the industry in March of last year. Eighteen productions have thus far been completed. The studios will continue without let-up under the new executive direction. Robert Brunton will remain as manager of productions.



Edwin L. Hollywood directing Wm. Marion and Beth Hollywood in front of the White House at Washington for the first government propaganda photo-drama. Inasmuch as it is the first picture made directly by the government, Mr. Hollywood was given the use of all government buildings for exteriors and interiors. Many stage and screen stars donated their services.



Voila: Director Oscar Apfel pretending to show Warner Oland how to pretend to frighten Alice Lee, the Chinese actress, who is to pretend she is afraid, for the pretentious World production, "A Mandarin's Gold." Yep—that's the fashionable manicure of a real mandarin.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR and Jesse Lasky were viewing "How Could You, Jean?", Mary Pickford's latest subject, which Taylor directed, when suddenly the operator stopped the film and said he couldn't run it any more. "Why not?" asked the surprised Mr. Lasky. "Because," replied the operator; "the studio's on fire." The fire was a real fire—the loss to the Lasky plant was figured at close to $100,000.

TOD BROWNING, another of those directors who "assisted Griffith," is now with Bluebird directing Ella Hall.

WELL, Terry Ramsaye has put it over again. Some time ago, out of his fertile brain, came the idea of a fifteen cent coin. The idea was so good it found favor, not only with motion picture exhibitors, but with many great merchandising institutions. Ramsaye is the publicity inspirer of the Mutual Film Corporation. His head is an idea laboratory. Ramsaye pushed his pet idea so hard that it is now the subject of a bill just introduced in Congress to authorize the fifteen-cent coin.

AFTER the premiere of "Hearts of the World" in New York, George M. Cohan said to David W. Griffith: "Mr. Griffith, your play's there. It gets hold of the heart. That's all I can say. Why should a buck and wing dancer like me speak about art?"

HARRY LEON WILSON, the humorist, author of "His Majesty Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red Gap," the "Ma Pettingill" stories and innumerable others, is disposed to see the funny side of everything in the world, including himself, thus disclosing himself as a rare bird.

Mr. Wilson, who lives in Monterey forty miles from a gin fizz, opened his morning mail to find an invitation from a motion picture studio to submit "strongly dramatic plots, developing consecutive interest, their most important situations and their climaxes" for a number of stars, and offering to lavish one thousand dollars per plot on him—*if* the plots were acceptable.

Mr. Wilson, be it understood, is one of the highest paid fiction writers in the world, and I am not going past facts when I say that he receives in the neighborhood of two thousand, five hundred dollars for each short story he turns out, and Heaven only knows how much for serials. Therefore, a thousand dollars per novel-length plot did not excite him. And this was the letter he dictated in reply:

Let me recall your attention to the very ancient story of the fastidious diner in the cheap restaurant who gives the waiter elaborate specifications for the steak he wants. The waiter, when the diner has finished his long directions, says:

"Mister, if there was a steak like that in the place, the Boss would eat it himself."

THE newest recommendation for "going into pictures" is, according to the casting director for World: "I am the young lady who holds the record for selling the greatest number of Liberty Bonds in Cordele, Georgia."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS announces that picture rights have been secured for "He Comes Up Smiling," the play in which the comedian scored his biggest stage hit.

THE Chicago studios of the Selig Polo-scope Company have been closed, confirming rumors that were current for over a year. It is stated authoritatively that practically all the studio activity will be concentrated in the Pacific Coast studios.

DOROTHY JARDON, from the varieties, is soon to appear in pictures, trade-marking herself as "the tigress of the screen."



Klieg eyes, that *bete noir* of all picture players, exiled Mme. Olga Petrova to Palm Beach for two weeks recently. The gentleman who is joining in the pleasures of the enforced vacation is her husband, Dr. John D. Stewart, a prominent surgeon, who fails to qualify for the Only Their Husbands Club by reason of the fact that as a high ranking specialist he is rather noted in certain benighted circles where Mme. Petrova is known principally as Mrs. Stewart.

LITTLE MARY ANDERSON, long with Vitagraph, is now engaged as Sessue Hayakawa's ingenue lead for his new company. She will appear in his first picture.

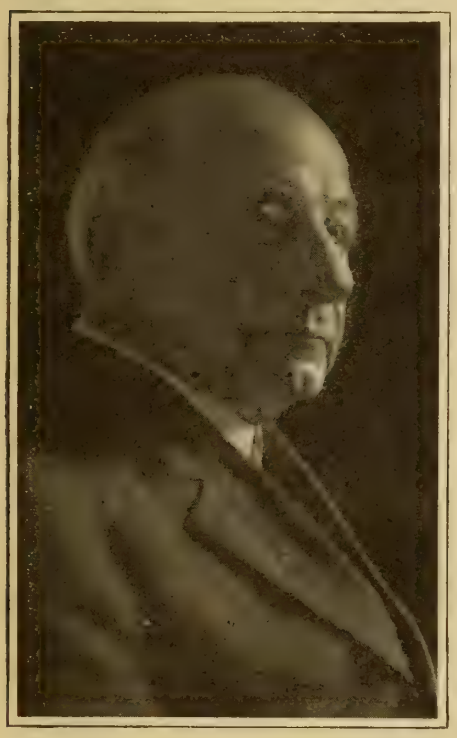
RUTH ROLAND and George Chesebro have been engaged to play the leading roles in the new Pathe serial, "Hands Up." The story deals with the traditions and ancient rites of the Incas. It is to be produced on the Pacific Coast under the direction of George Fitzmaurice.

KAJ GYNT, the Swedish actress who supported Ethel Barrymore in "The Eternal Mother," returns to Metro in the production of Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth." Miss Gynt for three years played leading roles at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm. In Strindberg's celebrated play "Easter" she played the part of Eleanor at a command performance before King Oscar of Sweden. Her motion picture debut was made with the Swedish Film Company.

"THE WOLF-FACED MAN" is the name of the new Pathe serial to be released sometime during the summer. The cast includes George Larkin, Ora Carew, Horace Carpenter, and others.

EMILY STEVENS has closed her theatrical season and returned to the Metro studio in New York to appear in a screen version of Rachel Crothers' play, "A Man's World," in which she will be directed by Herbert Blaché.

HUGH THOMPSON, the leading man who was seen in Fox productions for a long time, has left that organization and will be seen in the near future with Emmy Wehlen in "For Revenue Only," a story by Katharine Kavanaugh, who won one of the prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S scenario contest.



Russell Bassett, the grand old man of the movies, died last month at the age of 72. His career on stage and screen covered half a century, and he appeared with almost every great player of the time. He will perhaps be best remembered for his work with Mary Pickford for Famous Players.



There used to be two Earles in the Vitagraph family—director William and actor Edward. "Ann Acushla" was one of director Earle's last pictures for Vitagraph, and here he is shown directing Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle on location. Director Earle is now with World; Edward continues with Vitagraph.

JOHN BARRYMORE has returned to the screen as a Paramount star. This announcement marks a continuation of his career with the Famous Players which was interrupted by his recent stage successes. His first play will be an adaptation by Charles E. Whittaker of Willie Collier's play "On the Quiet." Chester Withey, who was associated for a long time with Griffith, has been engaged to direct the picture.

IF Dustin Farnum discovered you and gave you a big part in his new picture, and wanted you to sign a contract to play more big parts, would you turn him down? The girl in this case was hidden away upon a 150,000-acre ranch in Arizona, where Farnum and his company went on location. The girl was pressed into service and astonished everyone by her natural talents. Mr. Farnum tried to prevail upon her to stay in pictures, but without success, as the young woman is happily married and says ranch life appeals to her more than a picture career. So far as we know hers is the only case on record.

JAY BELASCO is now a director. He's bossing himself and Ethel Lynne in a Christy comedy.

FOLLOWING "Captain Kidd, Jr.," Mary Pickford will make two more productions for Artcraft and then take a good long vacation in the mountains. Mary says she is going to buy a whole mountain and build a house. "And I am going to take a month's vacation and boss the carpenters. No—I won't wear overalls—all the screen ingenues do that; it's old stuff. I'm going to have a costume especially designed for the part. I'll own all the animals I want, too."



Louise Glaum and Bessie Barriscale talking over the old days when they were together at Culver City in Tom Ince's aggregation. Miss Barriscale has been a Paralta star ever since the inception of the organization; Louise Glaum has completed three pictures and says she's glad she joined.

RALPH INCE has a Tiffany gold wrist-watch with radium numerals on the face, and Ralph is always lifting his sleeve these days to show it off. Before, he vowed he would never, never wear one; but when Olga Petrova presented him with this in appreciation of his work with her, he changed his mind.

(Continued on page 101)



Photo by Committee on Public Information

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

WHEN the youngsters of future generations come upon the obese volumes of history marked "1918" and "1919" they will find it recorded that one of the chief forces in marshaling the people behind the men behind the guns was the motion picture.

The screen's greatest educational work at present is being done in patriotism. The United States government is using millions of feet of film to assure Russia and other Kaiser-kidded countries that we are really in the war to the finish. And Uncle Sam has also made many pictures for home consumption—pictures showing the training activities of the army and navy—pictures that add heat to our melting pot and help to swing that ponderous pendulum, public opinion, around where it will come back strong along the right track with a big boost toward winning the war.

In reaching the people through the screen, the community house, next to the theatre, has been the chief rallying point.

What is a community house? Merely a schoolhouse with some common sense,—a schoolhouse for adults as well as children, for social as well as educational purposes,—one used evenings as well as day times, summers as well as winters. The community house is to a mere schoolhouse what an auto roadster is to a baby carriage.

As well as to the theatres, it is into these community houses that Uncle Sam sends his pictures, to reach the people. Any school can secure these government films upon request to the council of defense of the state in which the school is located.



Photo by Committee on Public Information

Uncle Sam himself has gone into the educational moving picture field. His "Pershing's Crusaders," released by the Committee on Public Information, shows what the "Sammies" are doing both at home and "Over There." Panel at top of page shows them in the trenches. Directly above, how our boys are taught the intricacies of the war plane.

And in this sort of social work—part entertainment, part education—lies the present chief field of usefulness of the screen in the school. Although the greatest of all "schoolma'ams," the screen is very young and inexperienced in teaching and, not having been invited in, is waiting at the class-room door.

But in the school auditorium how she shines! There she sings and sparkles fiction and fact, romance and reality, travel, industry and news for the benefit of the whole school and the neighborhood as well.

Let's see how these live schools go about it to make use of the screen. Take, for instance, Jud, an earnest little place in North Dakota.

The folks around Jud wanted to get together. They became tired of seeing the school auditorium used only for occasional political meetings and the annual Christmas tree festival. They believed its usefulness should not cease at four o'clock. So they opened their eyes and saw the greatest socializing and educational force of to-day—the motion picture.

Finally the township purchased the electrical plant, for it was a township high school. The patrons of the school held a box social to help pay for the machine. The bal-

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

ance was made up by private subscriptions, later repaid from the profits. The search for the right films began. PHOTOPLAY'S expert helped them out, furnishing them with films and putting them in touch with such splendid sources of free films as the United States government, the state institutions and the large number of industrial films.

Shows are held every Saturday night. The local band always furnishes the music. And the people are getting together—through muddy roads, blizzards and all. The whole plan is cooperative; the profits go back into better films and added equipment. And the folks around Jud are becoming better and more patriotic citizens.

Jud is typical. There are hundreds of "Juds" enriching the land. The extension division of the North Dakota Agricultural College is reaching the farmers of the state through use of the screen in 450 rural schools. There are thirty "Juds" in Chicago alone.

For another typical experience, let us pick on the little town of Mingo, Ohio. Read the enthusiastic story told by Principal Aughinbaugh of the Mingo schools.

"We have been running a public picture show for the past year. We got our start on borrowed funds with which we bought out a theatre. We soon wiped out the debt, added a second machine and a player-piano to our school auditorium and made many lesser improvements. There are now four other schools in the county following in our footsteps.

"Our first program consisted of "Cinderella," a five reel standard feature, a Burton Holmes travelogue and a cartoon comedy, all secured from a Paramount exchange. Since then we have run a show every Friday night and sometimes twice a week.

"And not long ago a farm near us changed hands at $300 per acre which would not have brought half that sum a year ago. The purchaser said he wanted to live in 'a live neighborhood.' The movies are regenerating our rural districts, as well as the cities and towns.

"We do not use junk pictures. And we have gone into the study of projection with the preciseness of the laboratory in optics and light, and now our projection is better than that of some of our professional brothers. People with theatres nearer come to see the 'Mingo pictures.'

"At times we also use our machines for class work. I cannot see why any school should be without a picture machine, if its pupils and teachers are alive. Our purpose has been to give wholesome recreation and some education at small expense and we have notably accomplished this."

What Mingo has done thousands of other schools can do. And more and more educators are coming to believe, with Rex Beach, that "there is no more direct, effective way of driving home a fact or teaching a truth than through the picture. Words are feeble things compared with it."



How the lowly caterpillar becomes the gorgeous butterfly is nothing short of a fairy tale when shown in moving pictures.



"Strange Things of the Sea" is the title of a Curtis Educational showing weird, interesting creatures of the "Land of the Deep Water."



Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" becomes an even more vivid literary relic when shown "on the screen." Edison has done it with vim, vigor and veracity.

"Uncle Ca

Harriet Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery classic—perhaps the greatest piece of democracy propaganda ever conceived—has now been done into moving pictures.



Marguerite Clark as "Topsy," the amusing little pickaninny who "just growed." You remember "Topsy" is befriended by "Little Eva," who gives her her freedom.

Walter Lewis as "Simon Legree," the brutal overseer—whose tyranny over Uncle Tom established him as the ideal villain of melodrama. Will they hiss him on the screen?



"PROPAGANDA" today is a powerful and familiar word. Mrs. Stowe never used it, perhaps, in connection with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yet who shall say it was not the purest and most successful propaganda exploited?

Written ten years before the Civil War, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" acquainted the entire world with the futility of slavery, produced a finer appreciation of humanity—a belief in democracy that germinated the ideals for which we are today fighting.

And now, thanks to the camera, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has reached another vehicle of expression. It is astonishing that the enterprising film people never before thought of it as a screen possibility. Paramount sent a company to Louisiana to make "Uncle Tom" on the original site. J. Searle Dawley is in charge of the direction of this classic. Famous Players is starring Marguerite Clark in both roles—"Topsy" and "Little Eva." Read by millions, seen in theatres by as many, a hundred million, perhaps, will see "Uncle Tom" on the screen.



Tom's bin"







Above, in oval—Marguerite Clark as "Eva St. Clair," the lovely little daughter of a wealthy plantation owner. She meets Uncle Tom—as pictured at left, above—and persuades her father to buy him. St. Clair promises to free Uncle Tom—but neglects to do so; and little Eva dies in the old negro's arms.

Frank Losee as "Uncle Tom," the lovable negro murdered by the oppression of slavery as typified by Simon Legree. Forgotten after Little Eva's death, Uncle Tom is bought by Simon Legree; and when at last they come to set him free, it is too late—Uncle Tom is dead.

Florence Carpenter as "Eliza," the beautiful mulatto. Her escape with her child over the ice, tracked by blood hounds, is a memorable bit of stage history. It is even more thrilling on the screen.

Dorothy Dal

The slogan was of the
othy was sensitive enough

By John



Evans studio

This face and the will behind it nagged after Tom Ince until he suddenly discovered he was sorry he had been wearing the protective "I Am Blind" sign.

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Chicago, Dorothy Dalton heard her mother say: "I Will." Dorothy was a mite of a girl at the time but the sound of the official slogan of the city of her birth had a musical ring to her ears and she distinctly liked it, even in her baby way.

This "I Will" was destined to play a very important part in the professional career of the Dalton girl. It manifested itself first, when, after a siege at a private school, D. D. got the idea into her pretty little head that she would like, better than anything else in all the world, to be an actress —a really, truly actress on the speaking stage. At the time motion pictures were not so popular as they now are and she paid less attention to them than she has of late years.

When Miss Dorothy's plan was laid before Pa and Ma Dalton, there was an instantaneous and pronounced parental veto to the scheme.

Then it was that the "I Will" came to the fore.

Dorothy merely informed her parents that she proposed to go on the stage, no matter what anybody—and this sweeping declaration, of course, took in Pa and Ma—had to say about it.

It was simply the "I Will" stuff sprouting in the youthful character.

Of course Pa and Ma gave in—gave in gracefully, if not gleefully.

Was Dorothy a success on the stage? She surely was. At least Virginia Harned, with whom she first played, in a splendid stock company in Chicago, said she was—and then wanted Dorothy to sign her name on the historic dotted line for another season, but the young woman by this time had tried her histrionic wings and had made the rather astonishing discovery that she could fly—that these same wings were strong enough to carry her anywhere, so the opportunity to play a second season with Miss Harned was passed up. She went east into stock.

ton's "I Will"

city of her birth, but Dor-
to take it personally.

H. Blackwood

Five theatrical years did Dorothy play in stock, in vaudeville with her own company and on the "big time," and in New York productions.

Then came an eventful summer when she was the leading actress of the Keith stock company, at Portland, Maine. This Keith organization as a rule only played four matinees a week and it was on one of her "off" afternoons that Dorothy Dalton went to see her first motion picture. It was Billie Burke in the Ince production of "Peggy."

Dorothy was captivated. It was a new phase of acting. She voted in favor of it by the time the first reel was half over. By the time the picture was finished, she had formulated another "I Will." This time it was a determination to become a screen actress—a star, if you please.

The only motion picture Miss Dalton ever had beheld, understand, was this Billie Burke one and it bore the Thomas H. Ince trade mark, therefore, argued the Chicago girl, Ince must be the only manufacturer of motion pictures in the world, and she forthwith sent him a telegram, merely addressing it to Los Angeles. This telegram announced with all the finality of Youth and Inexperience that Dorothy Dalton had made up her mind to go into pictures and that she had chosen Ince as the fortunate producer to procure her services.

The Ince answer was a bit disappointing and disquieting. It was to the effect that he had never heard of an actress by the name of Dorothy Dalton—and besides, he had no place for her.

Now mark the "I Will" character of the Chicago girl.

Was she discouraged? Not so you could notice it. She instantly sent in her resignation to the Keith management and wired to Ince that she was coming to California, to help him make motion pictures.

Three weeks later a dimpled young miss of just about twenty and two years showed up at Inceville. She had Thomas H. pointed out to her and with nary a show of nervousness or any of the kindred ailments, she went up to him and said "Here I am"—just like that!

Ince was compelled to ask for information as to the identity of his girlish visitor, and when he discovered it was the young lady who had wired she was coming all the way from Portland, Maine, he hemmed and hawed a bit before he told her that he was sorry that she had made such a long and tiresome trip but, really, you know . . . same old stall stuff that he had been handing out to ambitious embryo Pickfords and getting away with it for a good long time, but it didn't seem to hit anywhere in the vicinity of Dorothy Dalton.

She only smiled upon Ince and said she'd be down the next day—perhaps there would be something then.

But there wasn't anything for her on the morrow nor for a good many morrows, but this didn't pique the Chicago young stock leading actress a bit. She continued to smile, flash a pair of wonderful dimples and an upper and lower set of dental furniture that apparently were well nigh 100 per cent plus, and then the inevitable happened!

One morning, Ince found an actress missing from his place of business. Sickness, temperament—no matter what the cause—it gave Dorothy Dalton a chance to show what she could do in front of the camera.

She didn't do a thing but photograph like the proverbial

(Continued on page 117)

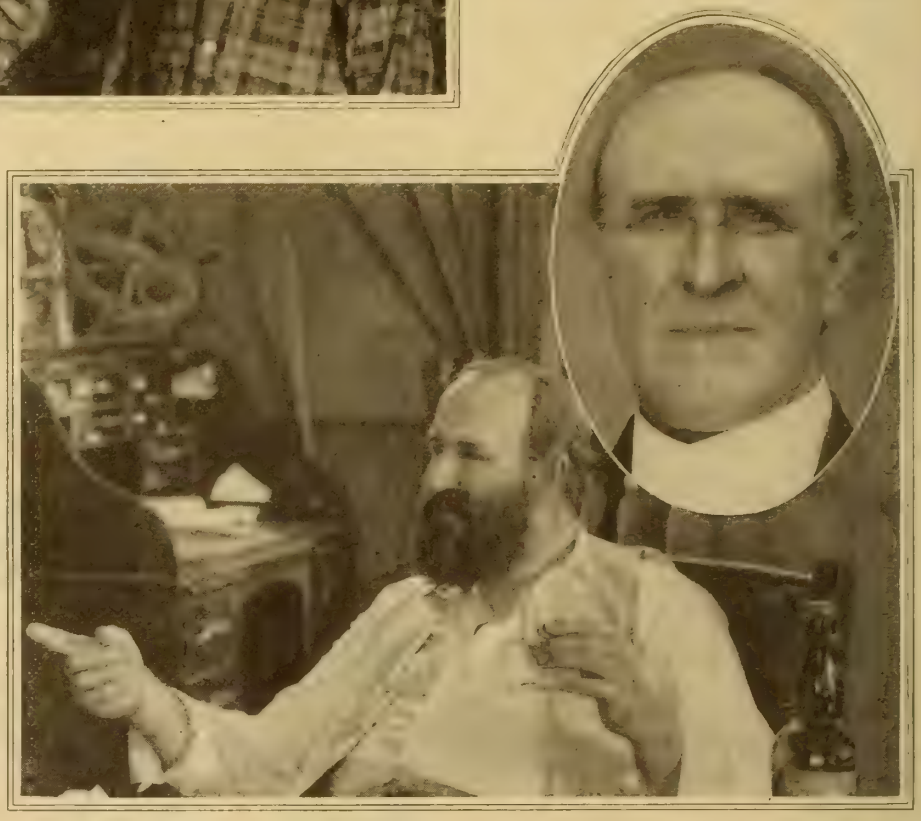


If you were a tadpole and I were a fish, wouldn't we feel honored? 'Tis said that the fish all rise to the surface when Miss Dalton hovers around.



The Sad Tale of Hildegarde

HILDEGARDE is from one of the old Plymouth Rock families. There is no doubt that in the Mayflower there were some of her ancestors. But she has the misfortune to be a cripple; one of her limbs is shorter than the other. A limp prevents her ever becoming more than a character actress at best, in pictures. For Hildegarde is an actress. Two years she has fought to gain recognition, but until Mary Pickford discovered her on location in "M'Liss," she never had a real chance. Mary took pity on her because of her misfortune and also because of her dramatic ability, and she induced Marshall Neilan to bring her back to play a rather important bit in "M'Liss." The director argued that there was one scene wherein she would be required to run—and this Hildegarde could not do. "Then," said Mary, "we'll have a double for that scene, because Hildegarde must have this role." Now that "M'Liss" is completed, Mary says she will adopt Hildegarde. "Perhaps she will be most at home in my garden—with the chickens and other pets." And no doubt Mary is right—for Hildegarde happens to be a Plymouth Rock hen.



A Recipe for Whiskers

WHENEVER the directors on the Lasky lot want an actor to play a part calling for chin decorations, they give Theodore Roberts a few days' advance notice, and he shows up at the appointed time with a full grown crop.

Roberts is now wearing a nine months growth, but not from choice.

"The worst thing about growing a beard in motion picture work," says Roberts, "is that when you get started they won't let you stop. As soon as you get through one picture and get rid of one director, another grabs you and says, 'Hey, save that beard for me.'

"A few weeks ago, just after I had finished playing one whiskered part, I started for home and the safety razor. But Mary Pickford stopped me. 'Oh, Mr. Roberts,' she said, 'I want you to play the part of my father in "M'Liss," so please do not shave off your whiskers.'"

And by the way—the white-bearded gentleman holding Hildegarde in the picture at upper left is none other than the versatile Mr. Roberts.



Brown & Dawson

Photographing No Man's Land

ONE of the astonishing things in moving pictures is the fact that practically no improvements have been

made in the camera in ten years. This lends interest to a camera invented by Carl Akeley, naturalist, sculptor, and hunter of big game.

It is smaller and lighter, and has a gyroscope stabilizer which enables the operator to use it without a tripod.

The operator can watch the scene being photographed, exactly as it will appear on the film, by the use of an eyepiece that closes to exclude light, when not in use.

The camera can be focused without disturbing the film, by using a cutting device which perforates the celluloid.

A telescope can be attached for long-distance photography.

Mr. Akeley has placed his invention before the American government, and it has been adopted for work in France.



Blanche Sweet's Double

THE camera says that on the screen she looks enough like Miss Sweet to be Miss Sweet herself.

And that's exactly why and how Claire Anderson got her screen start.

Miss Anderson, having been born back in Detroit some eighteen years ago, found herself out in California three years ago sans funds. She went to a newspaperman friend and told him she had to find work.

"You're good-looking," he said. "We'll try the movies. I know a man who knows a man who has a brother who—" et cetera. And so Miss Anderson came to interview Russell Smith, at Griffith's studio.

"If you only looked like Blanche Sweet!" wailed Smith. "She's left us and there are still some scenes to be taken in her last picture, 'The Escape.' . . . . Say! Maybe you *do* look like her! Let's see."

So they gave her a film try-out, and, by George! she did!

That was her start. Then Mack Sennett made her an offer. She took it. For her first comedy, it was necessary for one of the girls to enter a cage of lions. All but Miss Anderson declined. She went into the cage and got friendly with the lions. That doubled her salary and got her a leading part.

When Triangle began casting around for dramatic talent, it chose Miss Anderson. Her first work was with Alma Rubens in "The Answer." Then she played *Mary Smith* in "The Servant in the House," and last but not least, she was awarded the title role in "Mlle. Paulette."

Sartorializing with an Expert

ALPHARETTE HOFFMAN is the costume director of the Famous Players-Lasky studios.

"Tell me," said a Mere Man who had been sent to interview her; "everything in the world about ladies' gowns and—well, things they wear."

Miss Hoffman smiled and said it couldn't be done—that is, she couldn't do it. "There's so much I don't know," she said.

But the Man persisted; and coaxed from her the following factlets:

She goes to New York four times a year on an average and visits all the modistes and designers, and talks to them and absorbs their ideas.



Then later, perhaps, Cecil de Mille will come to her and say, "I want a gown for a girl who must look so-and-so"—that is, she is to represent a certain character or mood or quality.

"Then I look at the girl and I think— Oh, I do a lot of thinking. Fast thinking, sometimes, too. And I say to myself—'last month I saw a pale gray with silver brocade—that would exactly express the character; yes, that is it.' Then I call to mind the ideas I have imbibed and design the dress accordingly. There's such a lot of it that is instinct.

"You see a designer of gowns is much like a politician—with her mind sensitive to the pulse of the period. Fashions are affected by conditions and we must feel these conditions and thereby mould the fashions. War — for example. See how it has touched the fashions with militancy. Many costumes are designed a year or more in advance. That is, a designer thinks of a model and puts it away in his brain wardrobe till the occasion for it is ripe—then he brings it forth and astonishes the world. As an example of the lengths to which we go I may say that Mr. deMille is spending something like $75,000 for the gowns in 'Old Wives for New.'"



1—They got me out of bed at 7:30 this morning and then foolishly put me right back again. Suddenly I looked up and saw a cow or a lion with the end of the carriage in his mouth, pushing me back and forth. That clicking noise—from the camera—was going on and someone was yelling: "Push it off the scene, Teddy—that's a good dog." Teddy pushed and pushed.



2—While I was discovering my whereabouts, a big loafer stooped over and picked me up as though I was a hot milk bottle. I was scared to death for fear he would drop me. I knew he hadn't carried many like me before.



3—He got hold of a fuzzy thing with a long tail and took the two of us to a beautiful lady. She beckoned to me. I said "goo-o-o!"

4—"Here's where you register jealousy, kid," said a voice at the camera. I turned and there, to my great astonishment, saw myself sitting in a high chair. Or, if it wasn't me, it was another me. It had on a cap and it was pretty. I'd hate to be pretty; women make enough fuss over me as it is.



Bub's Diary

One eventful day in the life of a movie baby — posed by Charlie Murray and other Mack Sennetters, to say nothing of the dog.

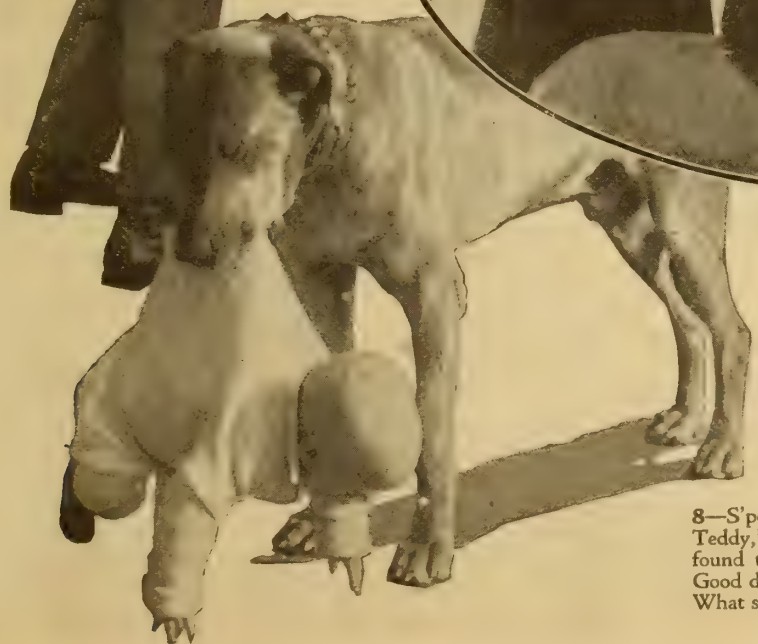


5—I wanted the lady to hold me but this big loafer showed me the shiny thing that says "hello" and that helped a little. That person in the cap said "Ooogle-gloo-bah-baaa-a-" Insolence! As though I didn't know the line was busy.



6—This loafer must have thought I was cold but I wasn't. Anyway, he got me upstairs but there wasn't any top to it and no bed room and no crib and bottle. I wish my mother hadn't educated me for dramatic work.





7—At last, someone who knew my anatomy! I like the shiny buttons, but they wouldn't let me play with them. Trouble was coming because the cow or the lion or whatnot, was hanging around again.

8—S'pose this thing had dropped me! "All right, Teddy," someone said. "Into the house. You've found the baby you stole, Teddy. Take it home. Good doggie." Why do they always call me "It?" What sacrifices we stars must make for the screen!



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

It'll Be Warmer for Bill Presently

A SCENE was depicted in "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin" that showed, in a heated argument between the kaiser and the captain, in the Royal palace, the breaths of these two blokes. It was very visible upon the screen. Is the kaiser observing "heatless" Mondays?

A CUB REPORTER, Wichita, Kas.

You Don't Mean Samson, Do You?

SAY! what's the name of that incredibly strong man who played opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Whims of Society"?

When he was trying to burst open the door of her room, to save her from being asphyxiated you could see the whole wall bend.

Ye Gods!! such strength!!

I saw the same impossibility in one of Mary Anderson's pictures. One man was trying to annihilate another, by banging his head against a wall that gave every time his head came in contact with it. Would that every wall would give when I bumped against it.

L. M. F., Peoria, Ill.

They Need this Prescription in France

IN "La Tosca" Mario, the lover of La Tosca, is tortured by spikes driven into his temples, which leave deep gashes. When he and La Tosca meet at the prison there is not a sign of a scar on Mario's temple. Magic, eh?

R. H. BOISE, Idaho.

Getting Wet Is Believing

IN "The Hillcrest Mystery" the hero leaves for home in a pouring rain. Just before he steps out into the street he puts out his hand to see if it is raining. The fellow must have been blind—not to have seen the downpour.

EDA CORLIN, Chicago.

Boy, Page Mr. Baedeker

IN a recent Triangle picture the audience was informed by a sub-title that it was about to see the people and country town of "Lillyville;" yet strange to say the name "Florence" was distinctly shown upon the depot roof.

"READ," Meridian, Miss.

Each Purl a Tear

IN "The Thing We Love," Kathlyn Williams appears to be very proud of a sock she is knitting and anxious to do her bit, still it is very evident to real knitters she does not know the first principle of sock knitting for she is trying to knit it up side down. The sock is apparently finished except the cuff at the top and we see her knitting away at the end which in reality is the beginning of the sock. It isn't being done that way—yet.

L. C., Toledo, Ohio.

"Oh, Time in Thy Flight!"

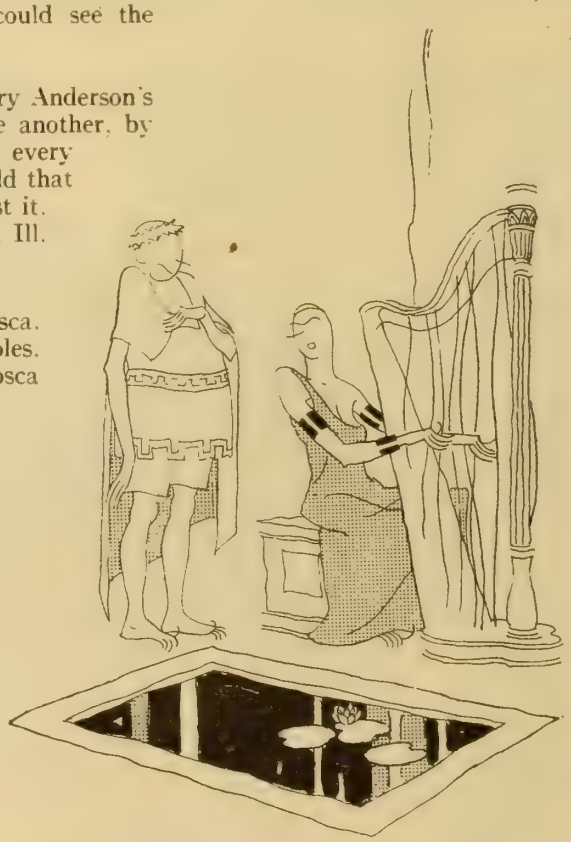
IN "The Cross Bearer," World, the Cardinal enters the Pope's sanctum at twenty minutes past two, and after completing his visit, leaves at ten minutes past.

G. C., N. Y. City.

Again—Love Is Blind!

IN "Heart's Desire," Marie Doro, as the peasant girl, falls in love with the son of her landlord. She marries him in the end and a "closeup" shows their hands, with the ring on Miss Doro's right hand. Here, and I have always believed it was so in most places, the ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. Is America different?

R. H. ADAMSON, Beverly, West Australia.



Again—Cleo in Bad

WHOEVER wrote the photoplay "Cleopatra," starring Theda Bara, certainly should have studied ancient history. Some of the incidents of the play, such as Caesar leaving Cleo to be crowned king at Rome, are ridiculous, as they are not in accordance with historical facts. In this picture the Priest of Isis in Egypt was represented to be a man with flowing hair and beard, while history tells us that the Priests of Isis were compelled to shave their heads and faces. Which shall we believe?

In one scene, Cleo is seen playing a harp, the strings of which are so loose that the least shaking of the instrument causes them to vibrate wildly. Now, anybody who has had any experience with harps knows that the strings in such condition would never produce music.

CHAS. BRUMBAUGH, Orange, N. J.

Referred to Our Puzzle and Farm Editor

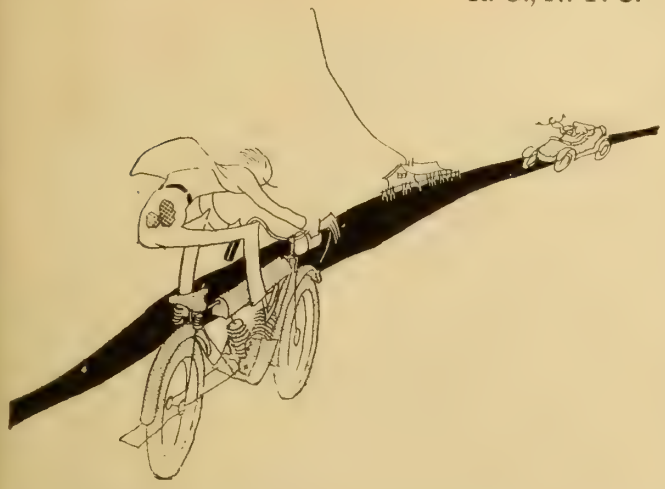
IN "The Land of Promise," Thomas Meighan is shown cultivating cabbage. In the distance we see corn flourishing as it would be in September. That evening Meighan makes the remark to his wife that they have been married six months. Their wedding taking place the 19th of September would make the time he cultivated the cabbage the 19th of March.

GRANT EVANGE, Bangor, Maine.

Why, Barbara!

IN Theda Bara's "The Forbidden Path," she poses for a painting of the Madonna. Later, when it is unveiled, Barbara Reynolds says "She has a soul of innocence in her eyes." As a matter of fact, the Madonna's eyes are cast downward so that the eyes could not be seen at all.

R. G., N. Y. C.



Shades of Speed and Benzine!

IN Carlyle Blackwell's picture "Leap to Fame," he slides down a rope off the roof when he sees the girl being kidnapped by the villain below. The slide soils the seat and legs of his light trousers a beautiful black. Blackwell then jumps on a motorcycle and after that rides on horseback to overtake the villains. Here one sees the same trousers perfectly clean.

NELL GROELING, New York City.

Some Army Tactics

SOME time ago I witnessed the photodrama, "For The Freedom of The World."

Though the hero became a member of the Canadian army all the privates shown wore the American uniform!

By investigation I have learned that there is no law in the British army whereby an army officer and his wife can be court martialed and sentenced to death for being in each other's company while he is on active duty at the front. There are hundreds of officers' wives from England and Canada serving in the capacity of Red Cross nurses and various other divisions of the service, who often see their husbands, and I have failed to discover any case where there has been a court martial much less a sentence of death for violating what the scenario writer claimed was a law in the British army.

If, in real life, a man shot a woman with the gun the hero of the play used to shoot the heroine, that woman's body would be severed in twain. But we can do anything in the movies!

And too, a spy is not court martialed by the German high officials in Germany any more than the same is court martialed by high officials in this or other countries. The prisoner is court martialed and sentenced by a body of officers and men who are in the vicinity of the outrage, unless there is something unusual in the case, and there was not in the case under discussion.

Also, a prisoner sentenced to death has not the privilege of deciding whether he or she shall be shot blindfolded. That is already decided by the men in charge.

Of course, I'm not complaining—"I am only telling you."

GENEVIEVE MCADAM, Everett, Wash.

From a Good Housekeeper

IN "Tarzan of the Apes," during one of those heavy tropical rains, a lion runs out in front of the camera and kicked up dust. I'm glad I don't live there.

R. H. HOOPES, Salt Lake City.

A Long Operation?

IN "Wanted, a Mother," with Madge Evans, we are told that the operation is to take place at ten o'clock. During the operation the huge clock in the room says five minutes to nine and in the next instant it's a quarter to eleven.

EDNA M. A. C., Newark, N. J.

Mr. Elliott to the Guard House!

WHY do soldiers, playing in motion pictures, salute superior officers when they are without a hat? They defy all military rules, at least Mr. Elliott did in "Joan of Plattsburg."

RUTH NOE, Toronto, Ont.

In the Suburb Called New York

IN "The House of Glass," Clara Kimball Young returns to the city five years after she had broken her parole. She is afraid to appear on the streets for fear she will be recognized; in fact, she even fears to raise the shades. Doing so, however, after a period of hesitation, she peeks out and we catch a glimpse of a busy street scene in lower Manhattan. Later, we are shown exterior views of her house and find it a two-story brick building with broad terrace, white woodwork—typically suburban in style. There are even a few shrubs planted near the window. This is not the kind of home found in the shopping district of New York City.

CHARLIE DICKINSON, Richmond, Va.

Two Bombs

IN "Riders of the Night," Metro, Viola Dana wears the most awful looking men's shoes imaginable but she wears them under beautifully *clean* and *darnless* white silk stockings. Some combination!

Another thing: Why don't actors and actresses really write the letters which are shown on the screen? Every real fan knows the average handwriting shown on the screen is not in keeping with the player's personality. Are they afraid of writer's cramp or haven't they the time?

MARGARET DENISON, Denver, Colo.



Perhaps His Head Was Bald

IN "The Crisis," one of the foremost characters in the play, a Southern gentleman, kept his hat on in the house. He even sat at his own dining table with his young daughter while his hat remained upon his head. Did he wait for her to be seated first at table? he did *not*. Since when have southern gentlemen who are recognized the world over for their politeness to women, their graceful manners and their chivalry, adopted such customs?

Why, oh why, do northern directors attempt to make southern pictures? The north knows nothing about the south and never will.

"REBEL," Lexington, Ky.

Chaplin Subtlety

IS there not something fine and splendid in the sight of Chaplin's dog, in "A Dog's Life," caring for the brood of little puppies—the dog being of the masculine sex?

W. R. W., Chicago.

The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 53)

Why was Karl Boy-Ed in Newport? The answer was not long in coming. From the wharves came the sound of whistles and of sirens. Then the news seemed to radiate along the street—the U. 53 had arrived in port, having crossed the ocean ostensibly to pay a visit to America and to—

Dixie knew that it was something more than a simple visit to America. For one thing, it was to pick up Boy-Ed and von Papen. Another was—but that was what Dixie did not know.

But look! A submarine officer in German uniform was entering the grocery story. Dixie watched close, made arrangements with her cab driver for a speedy pursuit the minute he came forth, then waited. The officer was Captain Rose of the U. 53, at that moment paying his respects to Captain Karl Boy-Ed, and listening to the words of the former naval attache to the Imperial German Embassy.

"Everything is all right," Boy-Ed was saying. "Von Papen will join us at East Machias—after we have touched there for supplies. And in the meanwhile, here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours, their weight, names and destination. It will be an easy matter to pick them up. Now how many torpedoes are you carrying?"

"Six."

"That will be enough for our first raid. I have made arrangements for ten more to be supplied us when we touch for von Papen. What arrangements have been made for taking me on board?"

Captain Rose of the U. 53 smiled.

"When the crew sees us coming, they will open the U boat for a short visit by the spectators who are crowding around it. They naturally will all throng on board. As they do so, we will go aboard also. No one will notice you in the crowd. Then, as soon as we see that you are safe, we will shunt out the visitors and proceed to our business. Simple, isn't it?"

A half hour later, the U. 53 slid out of Newport harbor. And while it churned on its way to the open sea, Harrison Grant stood in the shadow of the Ritz Carlton, watching the window of Mrs. Blank's apartment. He had seen the shade rise and fall. Further, he had seen Bernstorff enter the secret passageway and travel to Mrs. Blank's apartment by means of the freight elevator. Cavanaugh came to his side.

"The Submarine U. 53 touched at Newport," he advised.

"So?" Grant smiled slightly. "Then we can be on the lookout for casualties in the morning. It did not come merely for a visit."

And had he been in the apartment of Mrs. Blank, we would have been certain of his statement. For while Blank listened from behind the portiere, Ambassador Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving a few telegrams there.

"The U. 53 has just touched at Newport. I think before many hours have passed, there will be a great deal of information for me."

And Blank, with that much information, was already hurrying to a telephone that he might make arrangements for a series of short selling on maritime stocks —that he might reap the harvest of Bernstorff's information.

Far out in the open sea, only the periscope of the U. 53 was visible. In the submarine itself, Captain Rose was looking through that periscope and giving orders. He turned sharply:

"I see the Strathdene, a British freighter. Be ready to fire on it!"

"A torpedo?" Boy-Ed asked the question quite casually as he came forward.

"Certainly."

Signals sounded in the submarine. Hurriedly the engine of destruction was made ready as the U boat maneuvered into place for the firing of its shot. Then—

From a locker at the wide of the tiny main compartment of the submarine, came a sound—then a voice—then a woman as she leaped forward.

"You're not going to do this thing—please!" she begged. The crew of the U. 53 stared at her as though they would stare at a ghost. At last Karl Boy-Ed summoned a smile.

"So it's Heinie von Lertz's little friend, Dixie Mason!" he announced! "The little lady isn't the friend we thought she was. Perhaps she belongs to the Secret Service—"

Captain Rose turned to his men.

"Hurry with that torpedo!"

"Stop—in the name of—humanity!" cried Dixie Mason.

"Humanity?" Boy-Ed leered at her. "I don't recognize the name. It must be about time to fire the torpedo, Captain."

The answer of Rose was a signal to the crew. A moment later came the crashing sound of an exploding torpedo as the Strathdene went to its grave in the Atlantic. Later, in New York, Bernstorff showed a telegram to Mrs. Blank.

"The first of Germany's offensive on this side of the Atlantic," he announced. "The U. 53 will remain some time. Every ship that goes forth from New York will be torpedoed before it is ten miles beyond the three mile limit."

"But how is that possible?" Mrs. Blank looked at him with innocent eyes. "Where will the torpedoes come from?"

"From a base on the Maine coast, so well concealed that even I do not know where it is."

Mrs. Blank laughed, then rose. She walked to the window and looked casually down the street. In the shadow of the Ritz Carlton was the figure of the man she had seen there for days—Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club. Still talking to Bernstorff, then apparently giving up the thought of writing, crumpled the paper, and walked to the window again. A minute later, Grant was staring at the paper which had fallen from the window above. It read—

"Submarine base on Maine coast. Take precautions."

Grant turned to Cavanaugh who had come to his side.

"We must notify the navy at once!"

And while the radio stations were sending the messages to the destroyers and warships, the U. 53 was continuing its task of destruction. The Stephano, the Bloomersdyk, the Christian Knudson all had been sent to the bottom, while Dixie Mason had been forced to watch the explosion through the periscope and while the officers of the U. 53 laughed at her and railed at her. And now—

"The West Point is in sight. Ready!"

Again Dixie Mason saw a torpedo being brought forth. Again she leaped forward to protest against this hidden menace of destruction. But again only laughter met her. Dixie turned upon the officers of the U. 53 and Karl Boy-Ed.

"You cowards," she stormed at them, "you thieving, sneaking cowards!"

Her angered eyes caught sight of a heavy wrench, left where a member of the crew had tightened one of the heavy bolts of the engines. She leaped toward it. Before Boy-Ed and Rose could stop her, she had seized the wrench, thrown herself at the torpedo as it was being hauled into position, and with one great blow, smashed the propellor.

"Our last torpedo!" shouted Rose.

"We've still got the gun!" came the answer of Boy-Ed. "Emerge and shell the ship—quick! Stromberg! Watch this little she devil until we come back."

Already the submarine was rising to the surface. A moment later, Dixie Mason, facing the sullen Stromberg, heard orders from above, then the booming of a three-inch gun. She knew the rest—the West Point was being shelled to its destruction.

Dixie allowed her eyes to rove about the little chamber. A tiny wall desk was before her—merely a shelf attached to the side of the submarine, upon which papers were scattered. Then she closed her eyes, and leaned wearily against the wall, while from without there came again the sound of the gun, shelling the West Point. Stromberg watched her a moment, then turned toward the bolt of the engine, again loosened. Only for a moment—but that moment was enough. For in that time, Dixie had reached the desk, seized the papers which her eyes had selected, glanced at them, then run for the companionway.

"Longitude 69, latitude 44," she murmured, that she might memorize them the better—"call at base situated at longitude 69, latitude 44—"

Up the companionway and out upon the deck. At the gun, one of the crew turned and shouted. But too late. Dixie Mason had run far to the end of the deck of the U. 53, given a great leap and was in the water, swimming with all the strength she could summon.

Shouts from the deck. Shouts and curses and orders. Then an order in a new tone—from Karl Boy-Ed, staring into the distance with a telescope.

"It's a United States destroyer!" he shouted. "Let the girl go! Submerge at once!"

An hour later, Dixie Mason, nearly exhausted, felt herself lifted into a boat by the strong arms of a sailor.

"Get me to land, quick!" she ordered. "I have important information—about a submarine base!"

(To Be Concluded)

(Continued from page 87)

E. MASON HOPPER of Metro had eight extra men working under him recently, whose combined ages total 560. The oldest is ninety, and he insists upon calling all the others "mere boys." Their picture is "As the Sun Went Down."

"MUTT," the little white dog who co-starred with Charles Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," is dead. Mutt died of a broken heart and self-starvation. Although he had everything to live for, at the studio, the absence of his master, who was touring the country for the Liberty Loan, denied the little mongrel of the one thing he wanted—the loving attention of Charles Chaplin. Chaplin has not yet been told of "Mutt's" passing.

D. W. GRIFFITH in Philadelphia consummated a clever publicity move. The local board of censors objected to certain scenes and sub-titles in "Hearts of the World" on the eve of the opening performance. As a great many tickets had already been sold, the management returned the money and gave an undeleted exhibition of the picture without charge. The lobby was filled with attacks on the censors and the morning papers ran stories of the affair entirely favorable to the picture; and the decision of the board was appealed before the Common Pleas Court, which ruled, after seeing the film, that it was useful in the fight against Germany and suggested a compromise. Only two scenes were deleted; and "Hearts" is in Philadelphia for a long run.

THERE are 2,080 stars in the Pathe service flag. Ferdinand Zecca, the new director general of productions who arrived recently in New York from Paris, says that more than 2,000 French, English and Italian employees of Pathe have served in the ranks of the Allies. More than 80 men have responded to the call to the colors in the United States and the list is rapidly growing.

CLOSELY following the statement that the Franklin brothers were to direct Norma Talmadge, came the announcement that C. M. Franklin had enlisted in the National Army. His work will be carried on by his brother Sid Franklin, who has a film under way in the Talmadge studios. This team of directors was responsible for some of Norma Talmadge's earlier successes in the first days of Triangle. Now Sid Franklin has quite a two-man reputation to sustain.

IF the sincerest praise is praise from a child, then Emmy Wehlen ought to feel very much flattered. Baby Ivy Ward was working on the Metro studio-floor with Emily Stevens between scenes for her own picture. Miss Wehlen was watching the progress of her sister star's new film. Ivy looked wistfully at the glittering figure, dressed for the scene, and two tears rolled down her cheeks. "Nobuddy," she announced to the world in general, "will interduce me to the pretty lady in the blue dress." An assistant director led her to the object of her admiration. "Why, those are real tears," exclaimed Miss Wehlen. "Did you cry them for the scene?" "No," replied the child; "I cried them for you. But now I don't want to cry any more." Then the two actresses had a real heart-to-heart chat.



Stagg

Yes—it's Bill Hart in a dress suit, dancing with Mrs. Colonel Farrell at the ball given by Hart to the officers of the 159th California Infantry at the Hotel Coronado in San Diego. Mrs. Farrell is the wife of Col. Leonard M. Farrell, commander of the 159th—the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men," of which Bill is god-father.

HOWARD HICKMAN is no longer an actor. He's decided to give it all up and try his hand at directing. Hickman will boss his own wife, Bessie Barriscale, round the Paralta lot; and his first picture is "The Rainbow."

HAZEL DALY, perhaps best known as the devoted little "Honey Skinner" of the Essanay Skinner stories with Bryant Washburn, recently learned to swim a perfect breast stroke in two weeks at a Chicago natatorium—an achievement which, according to her swimming instructor, requires three months' hard practice on the part of the average feminine beginner. Miss Daly took the swimming course because her gypsy-girl role in "The Little Rowdy" requires a considerable amount of shady-woodland-pool swimming stuff. She is now with Selig in California.

ERNEST TRUEX and Shirley Mason appear in the first John Emerson-Anita Loos production for Paramount. It is a story of camp life, with "Ernie" cast as a soldier and Shirley a secret-service operative.

PEARL WHITE'S ambition to do something for the Government may soon be realized, as she is now in Washington, the guest of the War Department.

WITH a sigh, we Underwood this one: Viola Dana previous to her departure from the Coast for New York, auctioned off her famous menagerie, which included a donkey and goldfish.

AND we weep as we record this: Madge Kennedy has beautiful hands, and a certain modeler, impressed, desired to perpetuate them. He could not understand Miss Kennedy's refusal upon hearing that he was a modeler—not in clay, but in soap. She said she couldn't bear to think of being in everybody's wash-tubs.

BUT the best of all, dear readers, is this: Beverly Bayne each day receives white violets, from an anonymous admirer.

MAURICE TOURNEUR will make a series of motion pictures presenting Mother Goose and other nursery stories, for the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.

HOUSE PETERS and Anna Lehr have the leading roles in a new states rights feature.

JAMES K. HACKETT has gone to the Coast to make a feature film. Long, long ago Hackett appeared in a screening of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

(Continued on page 111)

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 82*)

is so full of inconsistencies that the spectator feels a distinct mental superiority to everyone connected with the production, and then when the end comes realizes that all the flaws he discovered were logical and necessary. This sounds intricate, but it is quite simple, and because it is mysterious, no part of the plot will be revealed here. The scenario, by Roy Somerville, is remarkably clever; the story was by Charles Dazey. The cast is headed by the brilliant trio, Irene Castle, Warner Oland and Milton Sills, who nearly made even "Patria" good. Caesar Gravina, an Italian comedian, is worthy of being starred. This is an opportunity for a producer who wants to turn out comedies that do not rely upon acrobatics for their effect.

STOLEN ORDERS—Brady

William A. Brady's first production since leaving World is an eight-reel version of the noted melodrama, "Stolen Orders." The original has been transposed into an American plot, bringing all its thrills with it and adding a few more. The general effect is an Ivan shocker superimposed upon a Pathe serial. The acting of Montagu Love, the charm of June Elvidge, the four remarkable fur sets of Kitty Gordon, and the innate nobility of Carlyle Blackwell embellish the action. It is another proof of the fact that five reels suffices for almost any story.

PEG O' THE PIRATES—Fox

As "Pay Day" satirizes melodrama, "Peg o' the Pirates" burlesques the familiar tale of the Spanish Main and the kidnapped damozel. It would make a wonderful libretto for a musical comedy of the Gilbert and Sullivan sort. How the burly and bewhiskered desperadoes step lively to the trickeries of their dainty captive must be seen to be appreciated. It is Peggy Hyland's best work since she came to these shores two years ago. Frank Evans as Captain Bones is a truly terrifying gent.

"The Triumph of the Weak" (Vitagraph)—Alice Joyce as a mother who steals to save her child from starvation, goes to prison, is paroled, marries without telling her husband the truth, and is blackmailed by a former confederate; a sombre but vivid role for Miss Joyce.

"Her Decision" (Triangle)—Gloria Swanson proving her right to stardom in the story of a stenographer who marries her employer to get money to save her sister from disgrace; the only J. Barney Sherry as the employer.

"A Daughter of the West" (Pathe)—a melodrama in which the principal characters are known to their intimates as Daredevil Gordon and Rawhide Pete; "Baby" Marie Osborne and Sambo provide atmosphere.

"Wolves of the Border" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart—is a story of a triangular feud involving neighboring ranchers and a band of outlaws; it is hard to believe there can be so much shooting in the wild west and so little killing. Perhaps this bad marksmanship is what makes the wild west so wild.

"True Blue" (Fox)—an English remittance man unexpectedly falls heir to an earldom, deserts his American wife and young son, and the son grows up hating his father, only to heap the proverbial coals of fire at last; William Farnum as the son; an artificial story with little heart in it, except for the first reel.

"All Woman" (Goldwyn)—Mae Marsh in a very diffuse story of small town politics, dissipation and intrigue; this star has yet to find the director who understands how to make the most of her pathetic winsomeness.

"The Street of Seven Stars" (Le Luxe)—the too common mistake of trying to put everything in a novel into a picture, resulting in chaos; Doris Kenyon, smiling and pretty, but lacking in dramatic force.

"The Firebrand" (Fox)—Virginia Pearson as a Russian princess in a story of the betrayal of Russia by aristocrats; very thrilling.

"Cecelia of the Pink Roses" (Graphic Films)—Marion Davies in a story where hardly anything happens until the fifth of the seven spools; pretty but tiresome.

"Reclaimed" (Harry McRae Webster)—Mabel Julienne Scott, one of the most beautiful and talented of screen actresses in a melodrama so silly that it is almost as funny as the Drews' "Pay Day," though not intentionally so.

"Blue Eyed Mary" (Fox)—A typical bit of June Caprice confectionery, in which a sweet ingenue reconciles a long estranged father and mother, and, of course, marries.

"For Sale" (Pathe)—Gladys Hulette in the oldest movie story in the world—the poor girl who marries her employer in name only to get money for a worthless sweetheart, and finally falls in love with her husband; Miss Hulette doing her best work in her worst story; Creighton Hale as the husband.

"More Trouble" (Pathe)—Frank Keenan as a comedian; a son comes home from college, followed by a flood of debts which he disowns, precipitating a melodrama of high finance; clean, lively.

"A Broadway Scandal" (Bluebird)—Carmel Myers looking a lot like Constance Talmadge in a clean, snappy melodrama which is twice as long as it needs to be.

"Lend Me Your Name" (Metro)—Harold Lockwood playing both of a pair of grown-up twins, and changing places with himself, in a hilarious farce comedy; Bessie Eyton and Pauline Curley as the sweethearts of Lockwood and his other self; a mistaken identity yarn, taken on the gallop, with beautiful backgrounds.

"A Game With Fate" (Vitagraph)—Stalwart Harry Morey and beautiful Betty Blythe in a story you wouldn't believe if I told you; a man bets he can get himself sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence, for a crime that was never committed, and nearly goes to the chair for it.

"Viviette" (Paramount)—Vivian Martin as the storm center between a jealous lover and his more polished brother; intensely emotional, but clean and beautifully done.

"Love's Conquest" (Paramount)—Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful, as a duchess of sixteenth century Athens, who finally succumbs to a noble-hearted though lowly lover, who serves her faithfully at his dire peril; rather ponderously acted.

"Ace High" (Fox)—Tom Mix in a thrilling melodrama of the well known Northwest, saving a child from death in the snow, saving her from a foster father and marrying her.

"A Square Deal" (Mutual)—Margarita Fisher in a light comedy proving something or other about the proper place of a wife being the fireside.

"The Man Hunt" (World)—Ethel Clayton as a gentle cave woman; she woos and captures a protesting lumberman, who is determined not to fall in love with her. A pleasing picture.

By Staff Reviewers

WHEN MEN BETRAY—Ivan Abramson

"When Men Betray" is the reason for censorship. It has an assorted lot of villains who go methodically to work to "betray" every woman in the cast. These affairs range from the wealthy matron and the clubman to the maid and butler, but all are equally tiresome and disgusting. Gail Kane did her best with an absurdly tragic role. It is a picture which should be kept from children and adults both. If it was passed by the National Board of Review, the board may as well go out of existence for all the protection it is to the public.

BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—Paramount

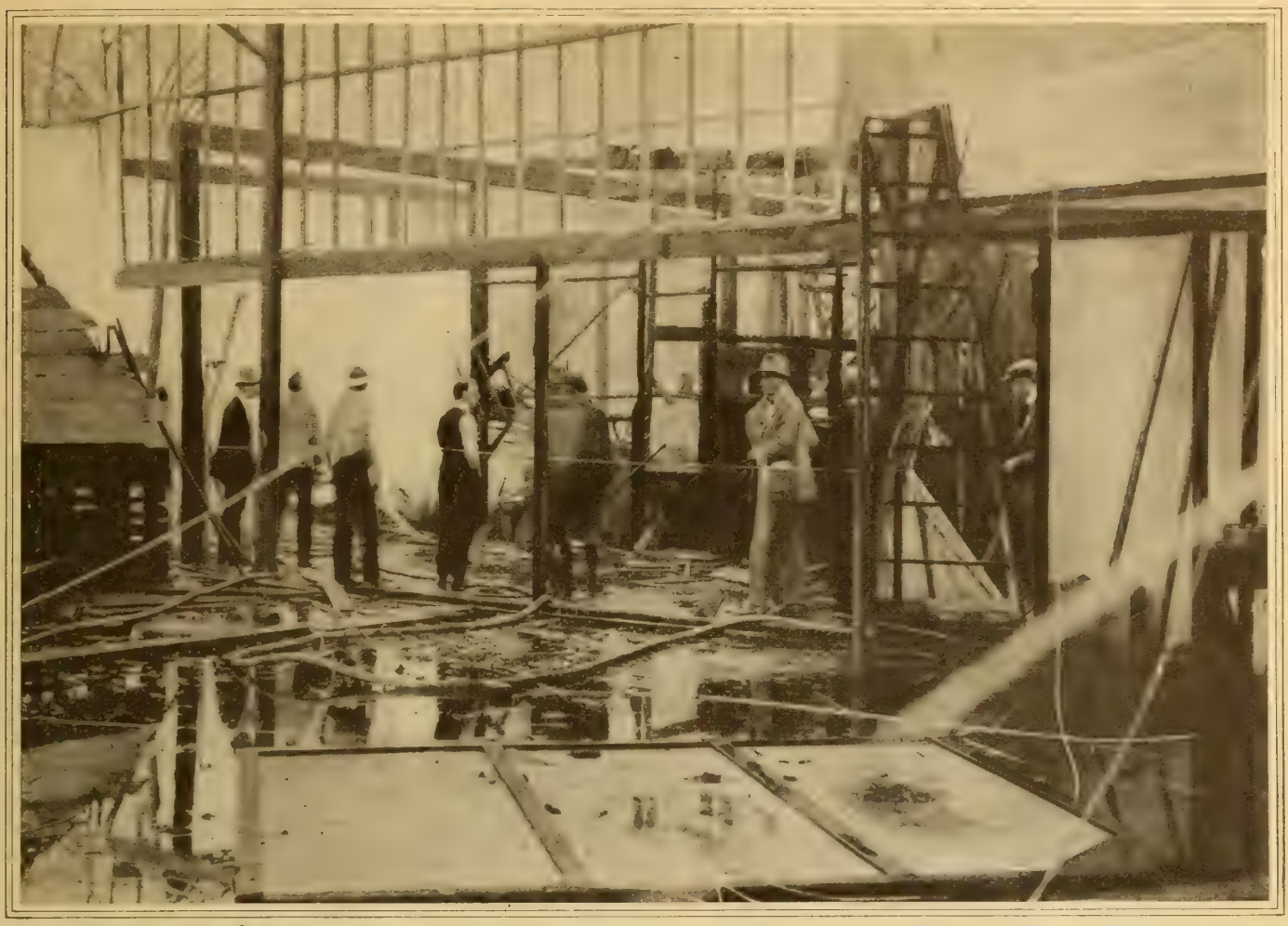
Wallace Reid and Anna Little have made "Believe Me, Xantippe" as engagingly foolish as it was on the stage. The adventures of the inventive young man who commits forgery on a bet that he can elude capture, lend themselves delightfully to screen comedy. The sub-titles make the most of occasions for slang.

OLD WIVES FOR NEW—Artcraft

It is extremely difficult to build up a pleasing romance upon a foundation of divorce. Add to this difficulty the displeasing fact that "Old Wives For New" contains scenes of disgusting debauchery, and you can appreciate the failure of this elaborate, beautiful and well-acted picture. A man of fine instincts, whose wife becomes lazy, slovenly, and horribly fat, falls in love with a woman of his own type, and eventually everyone is happy. There is some power displayed in the telling of the story, but it leaves a nasty taste. The cast is remarkable—Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Marcia Manon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Edna Mae Cooper, Gustave Seyffertitz, Tully Marshall. Cecil B. DeMille directed, and seemed to revel in the most immoral episodes.

(*Continued on page 104*)

A GREAT FIRE THAT DIED IN INFANCY





Above—The gentleman in shirt-sleeves is Jesse Lasky; the time is half an hour after the fire started. The fire is now history, and twenty minutes later, actual reconstruction, in the form of temporary shoring for an all-steel frame to supplant the charred and ancient wooden one, will have commenced.

LAST month the tightly-packed Lasky lot, in Hollywood, had a hundred-thousand-dollar fire that was a miracle for not becoming a million-dollar one. It happened in the middle of a busy afternoon, and started in an old wooden building on the north side of the enclosure. It destroyed a store-room, a quantity of film and is said to have damaged the color processes upon which the Lasky people have been working for many months. But the marvel is that it didn't spread to stages, offices, store-rooms and other buildings. The fire was stopped—by the Hollywood fire department and the whole studio force.



Theodore Roberts and Wanda Hawley seem to think the fire isn't going to amount to much. Mr. Roberts is arrayed as some sort of Oriental monster in "We Can't Have Everything," Above, Tully Marshall plays the hose and Ernest Joy, in the fez, directs.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 102)

HIS OWN HOME TOWN—Paramount

"His Own Home Town" is a drama of the under dog with Charles Ray in this characteristic role. He does not remain the under dog, however, but returns to the town which despised him, cleans up its politics and marries his boyhood sweetheart. Ray is at his best in this wistful picture of misunderstood youth.

A SOUL FOR SALE—Bluebird

"A Soul For Sale" pictures the struggles of two elderly roués for the possession of a young girl, played by Dorothy Phillips. She is finally rescued by the athletic hero. It is an unsavory theme, developed with crude, melodramatic force.

THE OLDEST LAW—World

"The Oldest Law" follows the adventures of a young bachelor who engages a pretty country girl to "entertain his men friends" as housekeeper in his establishment, and then is surprised when the world misunderstands his good intentions. The intelligent acting of June Elvidge makes the play entertaining, though not plausible.

THE INTERLOPER—World

In "The Interloper," Kitty Gordon is a bride who is tormented by the virtues of her husband's first wife. An obliging friend proves that the wife was not so virtuous after all which make everything all right again. The film owes whatever merit it has to the skillful direction of Oscar Apfel.

A RED-HEADED CUPID—Triangle

The "Red-Headed Cupid" is Red Saunders himself, who most unselfishly unites his cowboy pal with the pretty girl from the city. Roy Stewart makes a lovable Saunders and the director has brought out all the dry Western humor that made the stories so popular in print.

THE ACCIDENTAL HONEYMOON—Rapf

"The Accidental Honeymoon" is a frankly frivolous story of a young man and woman, forced to pose as bride and groom. The usual farcical complications, which follow are so naively presented that they are not even questionable. This is largely due to the good taste of Robert Warwick and Elaine Hammerstein, as the honeymooners in name only. The action has caught the atmosphere of the farm in which it is staged—an adorable farm with pigs and everything.

WHO IS TO BLAME—Triangle

"Who Is To Blame" is a really original treatment of that unoriginal problem—marital infelicity. The husband and wife are separated by a vampire, who is just about to triumph when she is trapped by the Japanese servant. Jack Abbe plays the servant with all the delicious dignity of the California house-boy, and is worthy of a play written about himself.

$5,000 REWARD—Universal

"$5,000 Reward" is interesting solely because Gloria Hope makes you care so very much about what happens to the little heroine. She frees Franklin Farnum from a murder charge by intriguing a confession from the real criminal. Miss Hope plays the role with far more originality and imagination than the author showed in writing it.

THE GOLDEN GOAL—Vitagraph

In "The Golden Goal," Harry Morey is a burly longshoreman whose life is nearly ruined by a scheming society woman and entirely redeemed by a noble stenographer. Morey gives a genuine and powerful picture of the lovable, uncouth laborer and his clumsy struggles to get out of his class. Florence Deshon is his Delilah.

THE FAIR PRETENDER—Goldwyn

"The Fair Pretender" is a pleasant variation of the "Green Stockings" plot with Madge Kennedy as the self-made

(Concluded on page 117)

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods



Witzel

Nativity of Roscoe Arbuckle, Born March 24th.

MR. ARBUCKLE was born to fame, honor, and the power to rule over others. If newspapers, billboards, or moving pictures were not invented, he would get before the public in some other way. He would make a splendid leader in war, as well as a good actor. He has more power for serious drama than comedies, but, if left to his own choice, the product of his brain would be clean and pure. The law of attraction, or cause and effect, should draw Mr. Arbuckle close to the salt water, where he would have the best luck financially. He was sick with throat trouble in February and will have another attack in July. He has so many good qualities that I have not the space here to enumerate them, but I will mention that he will always be inventing ways to make more money. He is saving but generous, and loves to give dinners to friends. Should live in a corner house, if possible facing the west, or should have a corner room facing the west. Among the things he should avoid are Socialism and electricity, and he should expect no money or property from the dead. However, indications are that in 1920 he will be a "bloated millionaire."



White

Nativity of Miss Beverly Bayne, Born Nov. 22nd. (Hour Not Given.)

MISS Bayne has six planets in fixed signs, indicating that once she gets her mind made up, it generally stays up, and the only way to make her change her opinions is through kindness. (I can only read from the positions and aspects of the planets at birth, on account of not having the hour.) From the position of the little lady of Love, namely Venus in Capricorn, I would advise Miss Bayne to guard her worldly goods, that is, not to trust anyone to do the investing of her money or they will pick the wrong thing to invest in. Marriage will be delayed, or, if married young, the husband will be interested in commanding her money or estate and there will be a difference in age. I would advise celibacy while on the earth this time. The position of the mental planet Mercury in Sagittarius gives her ambition, a just and very independent and often rebellious nature, with some tendency towards rashness or impulse. She has the power to read human nature very well. She is very magnetic, with the power to attract both sexes. She is capable of extra hard work, but cannot lose sleep. She longs for pure affection.



Bessie Love, one of motion pictures' most delightful stars, says: "The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured."

Jessie Reed, who was "Beauty" in "Sinbad," the Winter Garden Show which played in New York, says: "I scarcely knew my nails when I had finished manicuring them with Cutex, they looked so well-groomed."



When you see how well Cutex makes your nails look, you will never go back to the cutting method



Apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. It removes all discolorations



Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. Gives your nails a transparent, lasting polish

Why you must not cut the cuticle

Manicure your nails without cutting. See how much lovelier they *can* look!

IN manicuring your nails don't cut or trim the cuticle. When you cut the cuticle, it grows tough and ragged. It breaks and forms hangnails. All around the base of the nail little cracks open upon the tender, sensitive skin underneath—the appearance of your whole hand is ruined!

Knowing the need for a safe and efficient cuticle remover, a specialist worked out the formula for Cutex. Cutex has taken the place of the ruinous knife and scissors. It is absolutely harmless. It will quickly remove surplus cuticle without cutting, leaving the skin at the base of the nail firm and smooth.

How to manicure without cutting

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick. Both cotton and orange stick come in the Cutex package. Dip the stick into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse off the dead surplus skin with clear water.

If your skin has the tendency to become dry, rub a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort—a mild, soothing cream—around the base of your nails when you go to bed.

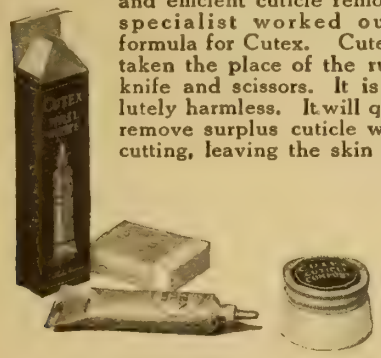
Have your first Cutex manicure today. Notice how short a time it takes and what a well-groomed appearance your nails have.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If your store hasn't what you want, order direct.

Let us send you this complete manicure set

Mail the coupon today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete Individual Manicure Set, enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 708, 114 West 17th Street, N. Y. City.

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 708, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.





This individual Manicure Set is complete. It contains enough of each Cutex product to give you at least six manicures. Send fifteen cents for it today.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

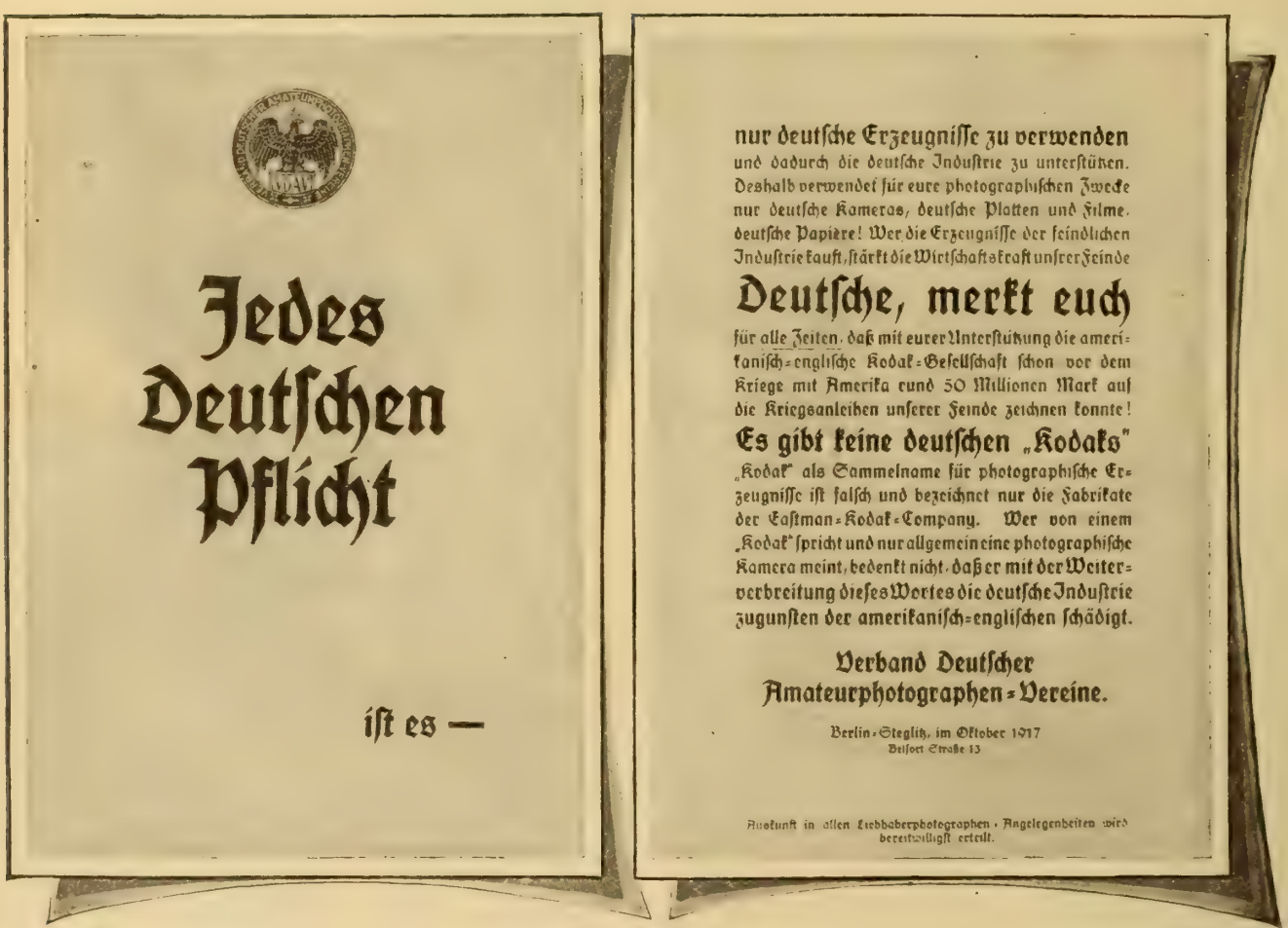
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 708, 114 West 17th St., N. Y. City.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

To the People of Germany they said:



Jedes Deutschen Pflicht

ist es —

nur deutsche Erzeugnisse zu verwenden
und dadurch die deutsche Industrie zu unterstützen. Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme, deutsche Papiere! Wer die Erzeugnisse der feindlichen Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unsrer Feinde

Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die amerikanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

Es gibt keine deutschen „Kodaks"

„Kodak" als Sammelname für photographische Erzeugnisse ist falsch und bezeichnet nur die Fabrikate der Eastman-Kodak-Company. Wer von einem „Kodak" spricht und nur allgemein eine photographische Kamera meint, bedenkt nicht, daß er mit der Weiterverbreitung dieses Wortes die deutsche Industrie zugunsten der amerikanisch-englischen schädigt.

Verband Deutscher Amateurphotographen-Vereine.

Berlin-Steglitz, im Oktober 1917
Belfort Straße 13

Auskunft in allen Liebhaberphotographen-Angelegenheiten wird bereitwilligst erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

—*If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

A translation of the circular in full is as follows:

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

Mabel Normand

—tells a new way to use

Carnation Milk

For Picnic Sandwiches and Dainty Desserts





MABEL NORMAND, the Goldwyn star, likes to make things to eat. She has created something mighty good this time. She takes some cream cheese—such as you get at your grocer's—and blends it with Carnation Milk as directed in her recipe herewith. On a lettuce leaf sandwich as the "filling," or with bar le duc currant jam, or preserves of any kind—Well, you can take her word for it that it's worth tasting. See how she looks after the first bite of her sandwich.

You can buy Carnation Milk at your grocer's. Order a few cans now, and use it in your cooking, with your coffee, to make desserts—in short, for every milk use in your home. It is just cows' milk, pure and fresh, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. It "stays sweet" until opened, and for several days thereafter—even if you keep it in a cool, dry place without ice. It is the wasteless milk supply, and that means a lot in these days of thrift.

Mabel Normand's Cheese Whip

Take a brick of cream cheese; slowly work into it several tablespoonfuls of Carnation Milk, undiluted. When the cheese has taken up all the Carnation Milk it will hold, add a couple more tablespoonfuls and whip the mixture with a fork until it is light and fluffy. Spread it on sandwiches or serve it with preserves and toast or wafers.

Delicious Cream Pie

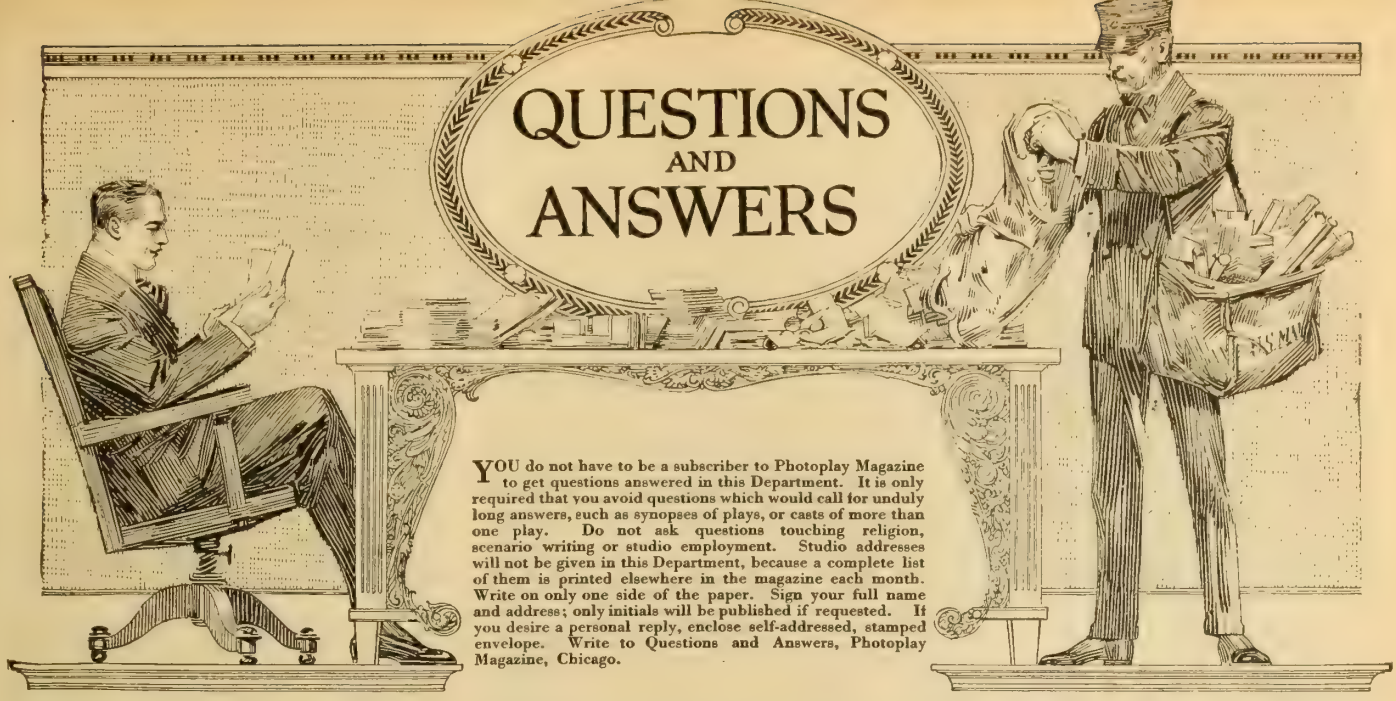
1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Put Carnation Milk and boiling water in double boiler, mix flour with a little water, and add to hot milk and water. Cook 5 minutes; beat sugar and yolks of eggs together; then add to milk and cook 5 minutes more. Add butter and vanilla. Have pie crust baked; add filling. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and put on top of pie. Set in oven to brown.

Book of Recipes Free

We will gladly mail to any reader of Photoplay a copy of "The Story of Carnation Milk"—our famous book of practical recipes. Write for it now.

Carnation Milk Products Company
884 Stuart Building Seattle, Washington

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

J. C., Ephraim, Utah.—Your service to the U. S. Government comes before everything else. Therefore, an actor under contract to a company who is called in the draft cannot wait until his contract with the film company is fulfilled, but must go immediately upon getting his notice. The film companies contract is void when the government needs you.

E. M. C., Montreal, Can.—Geraldine Farrar is thirty-six. Her eyes are blue-gray and her hair is black. Address her at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She —that is a likeness of her—appeared on the cover of the December, 1915, Photoplay.

Hart Enthusiast, New York City.—Harold Goodwin played opposite Bessie Love in "The Sawdust Ring" and also the part of David Bryce in "The Silent Man." You say that "The Answer Man makes me think of that hard funny candy we used to adore so much because it lasted so long." Say whatdayamean? Or can it was that you are implying we're "sweet as lasses candy."

E. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—"The Blue Bird" has been filmed and is now being shown to the public. It's a Paramount picture and probably has reached Indianapolis by this time. Bobby Connolly is nine; Leland Benham, eleven; Ernest Butterworth, Jr., eleven, and Frank Butterworth, twelve. You may write to us whenever the spirit moves you. That's the kind of a guy we are.

M. S., San Diego, Cal.—Josephine Whittell (Mrs. Robert Warwick) and Lois Wilson had the feminine leads in "Alimony." The former was the designing divorcee and the latter the young wife. It is a First National Exhibitors' Circuit production.

Justa Ford, Pittsfield, Mass.—"Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" was filmed in the west. The desert scenes were really made in the desert. Alice Joyce was born on the first day of October. That was Vernon Steele in "Fields of Honor" with Mae Marsh.

Irish, Detroit, Mich.—June Elvidge was born in 1893. Mollie King, five years after that. June is more than likely to send you the photo you so much want to have. She is at the World studio in Fort Lee, N. J.

B. V. T., Habana, Cuba.—Antonio Moreno is single. Pathe studio is his address and he's thirty.

H. E. D., Bryn Mawr, Pa.—Leah Baird was *Olga* in "Neptune's Daughter." Walter McGrail, *Jack Hollis* in "The Ressurrection of Jack Hollis." No record of a Maisie Campbell production. Did you know that your friend, Ollie Kirkby was recently married to George Larkin? Santa Ana, which can be reached from Los Angeles by trolley, motor or steam car, was their Gretna Green.

I WONDER WHY?

Bad men always die—in the movies.

Pretty girl-crooks always marry young attorneys—in the movies.

Rich young men always Go West—in the movies.

Little orphans—if they have bright curly hair and large dark eyes—always get themselves adopted—in the movies.

Tall melancholy westerners always come from out of the desert—in the movies.

Young manicurists always have rich uncles—in the movies.

Men from thirty to fifty are always wicked — or uninteresting — in the movies.

Callow youth is always glorified—in the movies.

Wall Street daddies always neglect their daughters—in the movies.

Farmers always have flivvers and farmers' wives always wear sunbonnets —in the movies.

C. S., St. Louis, Mo.—Why the grudge against Gladys Brockwell? You either have been misinformed or else are the possessor of too great an imagination. Miss Brockwell's hair is not a crown of temporary, but of permanent glory. We'll speak to Mary Pickford about having you write all her scripts. She'll undoubtedly be dee-lighted. Vivian Martin's age is a profound secret. No one knows and it won't tell.

E. M., Elmhurst, Cal.—Address Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club; Wallace Reid, Camp Lewis, Washington, and Mahlon Hamilton at the Pathe studio. Billie Burke is thirty-one.

M. A., Bingham, Utah.—Bessie and Montague Love are not related. In fact Love has only come after Bessie since her screen career began. She was originally known as Bessie Horton, but D. W. Griffith thought the name Love suited her ever so much better, so Bessie Love she became. There's the entire story.

J. U. C. P., Galveston, Texas.—Dear J. U. C. P.: Your shower of curses arrived intact. Surely *you* won't care to have such as we answer your questions. Therefore we're not agonna.

Somewhere in Hartford, Hartford, Conn.—Louise Glaum has been married. Mabel Normand has been one of our particular flavorettes ever since the Biograph days, so we agree with you.

Nifty, South Bend, Ind.—Well, now tell you just how we feel about the matter. Jack Pickford's away to war and he's a nawfully nice guy and he probably wouldn't care if Olive sent you a photo. Address Miss Thomas at the Triangle studios. Some lucky dawg we say your brother is to have sawn and shooken Olive's lily white hand. We had a cousin wunce who was the sister-in-law of a man who *knew* a girl that looked like Olive. It's an unforeseen pleasure to serve you, Nifty.

H. T., Kaliki, Honolulu.—Blanche Sweet is returning shortly via Select and you'll probably hear a lot about her in Photoplay. You saw the Blanche Sweet story in the April number, did you not? Margarita Fisher (she has dropped the "c" and made it just plain fish) is with American company. Ask her for a photo. We bet she'll tell you about the cast of the picture you want to know about in which she appeared.

V. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.—You must look at the Photoplay in a different way each month if you've seen Marguerite Clark's and Mary Pickford's addresses given in a dozen different ways. The business address of the former is care of Famous Players studio and of Mary, Artcraft studio, Hollywood.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

INQUISITIVE, FARMINGTON, MO.—If you used the plot originated by someone else you would have the deuce of a time selling your script to any company. Not much credit due you if you use the idea of another. Lottie Pickford isn't on the stage. She makes pictures occasionally.

D. M., SOO, ONT.—Douglas Fairbanks is with Artcraft; Francis X. Bushman with eastern Metro, and Harold Lockwood with western Metro. Mary Miles Minter and William Russell at the American studio.

F. S., OSKALOOSA, IOWA.—Address George Walsh at the eastern Fox studios. Even though he has a secretary we believe *he*, himself, would write to *you*.

M. D., CENTRAL CITY, NEB.—Permit us to decide which is your favorite department in PHOTOPLAY if you are having such a difficult time in choosing. Don't you think it's the Answer Department? Bessie Love will send you a photo. Pathe is her address.

G. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—You ask, "What are the requirements of a person to become a movie star?" Any color eyes; Grecian nose; curly hair that long grows; pearly teeth; natural pose; sunny smile; lots of clothes. Thas all. June Elvidge is single. Carlyle Blackwell and his wife are separated.

H. N., INCASVILLE, CONN.—The octopus in "The Shielding Shadow" was faked.

BLONDY BROWN, ALBANY, N. Y.—Eugene O'Brien is thirty and he isn't married and we believe he might like you because you live in Albany and he likes Albany. But then shucks, Eugene might not like you any more for living in Albany than he would if you were Arabella Pklnskl of Zion City. You can't tell about these actor folk.

A. T. and S. M., NATCHITOCHES, LA.—Henry Walthall is not divorced—yet. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring. Frances is a sister of Blanche and Julie Ring. We couldn't possibly tell the opinions of Thomas Meighan and Henry Walthall but *we* like "picture show fiends" and we're glad you're they.

O. B., SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, H. F.—Send your letter on to Miss Minter at the American studio in Santa Barbara, Cal.

B. L. M., BALTIMORE.—Mighty glad you are such a staunch PHOTOPLAY-er. Gee whiz, there is a bunch in league with you and present indications point to "more to come."

J. K. K., NEW CASTLE, PA.—Can't see how those advertisers are to be made to not call all their pictures the "biggest and best." You see that is what advertising is for. *They* think their goods is the best and it's their duty to make *you* think so, too.

G. L., CALGARY, ALTA.—We don't ever tell why we have a mystery surrounding us. We don't know. Nobudda noes. Your great fondness for Answer Men, Property men and coal men leads us to believe that the charms of some baggage man will get you yet. The property man is the one who takes charge of all the properties of a studio and must have the properties in the right place at the right time. For instance, telephone on the left hand side of the table; pencil on desk, pen on desk, ink on desk, letter on desk. All gotten and placed in the correct place by the property man. Get us? It's about as clear as the Chicago river.

BLACKIE, NELSON, B. C.—Mary Pickford on page 15 of the April PHOTOPLAY. No more "sub-deb" stories scheduled for the present for Marguerite Clark. You heard that Billie Burke is forty-five. Just a little mistake. Billie Burke will be forty-five—in fourteen years. Enjoyed the pome.

J. M. W., MADISON, WIS.—No kinship between Ralph and Frank Morgan. Blanche Sweet is returning via Select. That is she has a company of her own releasing through Select.

L. V., NEWTON CENTER, MASS.—Address Niles Welch at the Somerset Hotel, New York City. You just slip a quarter into the envelope of the letter and ask for a photo and we think Niles will "come across." Address Bessie Love at the Pathe west coast studio and Mary Miles Minter at the American Co.

THE NEED

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatt'ries without blinking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

H. M. L., LYNN, MASS.—Cleo Ridgely Horne is busy taking care of the Horne Twins, Jimmie, Jr., and June Jassamine. Didn't you see the pictures of the Horne family in the May PHOTOPLAY? May Allison is being featured by Metro. Mahlon Hamilton is with Pathe. Maybe we are slow in giving you the information you want, but we believe in that old adage that one answer in the magazine is worth two unanswered questions.

WATCH MY STEP, LINCOLN, NEB.—The eight little Bushmans happen to only be five in number. The picture you speak of was filmed at Bushmanor. The yeas are right in the Lockwood marriage question.

G. R., MANCHESTER, N. H.—Now you write that real nice letter to Robert Gordon that you told us about and we bet he'll "come across" with a photo and a letter. His address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Just as soon as Anita Stewart decides to "stay put" we'll try to get that interview for you. Drop in again.

GRAPEVINE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The Fairbanks Twins were last in the Follies. Oh yes, that was quite some little time after they posed for the Goldust advertisement. A picture of Billie Burke and her baby in the June issue. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron.

F. R., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Constance Talmadge was the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge is nineteen and her address is in care of Select, Hollywood, Cal. Dorothy Dalton was born in 1893. Alatia Marton is twenty-three and Ruth Clifford is eighteen.

LOCKWOOD FAN, PORTLAND, ORE.—Harold Lockwood has been married about ten years. The maiden name of his wife is not known to us. He has a son.

LORENA, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Far be it from us to tell you whether you should go to see "Cleopatra" or anything else. The cast for it is: *Cleopatra*, Theda Bara; *Caesar*, Fritz Leiber; *Antony*, Thurston Hall; *Pharon*, Albert Roscoe; *Charmain*, Dorothy Drake; *Iras*, Dell Duncan; *Octavia*, Genevieve Blinn; *Vendituis*, Herschall Mayall; *Octavius*, Henri de Vries; *Kephren*, Art Acord.

HARRY, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—We know better than to call you English. D. W. Griffith has a brother.

T. C., MARKED TREE, ARK.—Mollie King played *Philippa* in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." Yep, she's quite some gel.

J. S., NEW YORK CITY.—William S. Hart, that's his name. He is forty-three and isn't married. However, have you heard the latest? They do say he's engaged and she lives in Butte, Mont. Mighty glad that you derive so much fun out of this department.

J. C., SPOKANE, WASH.—Priscilla Dean is 21 and not married. Harry Carter was born in 1879 and is now at Universal City. He has brown hair and blue eyes and was on the musical comedy stage, having been projected onto the screen when the company in which he was playing was stranded in Los Angeles.

A. E. U., FREMONT, NEB.—Enjoyed your knitting article very much. We immediately sent for a pair of needles and a hank of yarn and we're plying them daily and hourly. Any spare minute when we're not answering questions we knit,—two purl two and drop two.

G. S., JR., NEW YORK CITY.—"Over There" with Charles Richman has been released and shown in New York. Anna Nilsson is the blonde-blue-eyed girl you have reference to. You were in a mob scene of that picture and are anxious to see yourself as others see you? Well, watch out that you're not disappointed.

J. B., CORPUS CHRISTIE, TEXAS.—Olga Petrova lives in New York. You are using green ink because that is the favorite color of Mme. Petrova and she uses green ink too? Well, well, and how ink has gone up too—especially green ink. That was Mahlon Hamilton with Olga Petrova in "Exile." Two or three pictures made by her own company are now on the market.

A. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—We're glad you're glad to know us. And we believe you when you say you are twelve and in the seventh grade, even though you say no one else takes your word for it. Write Norma Talmadge at her own studio; Anita Stewart at Vitagraph and Olive Thomas, Triangle.

J. A. N., NEW YORK CITY.—You'll outgrow your mad desire to become a motion picture actor. Would yuh buhlieve it to look at us now that when we were seventeen or thereabouts we wanted to be a Big League baseball player? But jiminy crickets, if we were seventeen now we'd want more than anything else to be a Sammy.

(Continued on page 118)

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 101)

THE scarf that Eileen Percy sent to her soldier boy has been received and acknowledged. Eileen's photo now adorns Private Gould's home-made shelf in the barracks; and she is "Queen of the Intelligence Section." Gould said his pals joshed him somewhat at first, but afterwards congratulated him. And the postscript to a long letter filled with entertaining descriptions of "our boys'" life in France is as follows: "It might interest you to know that some of the boys insist on calling me 'Eileen.'"

CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK has returned to New York after spending four months "over there." He expects to be here three or four weeks on a special mission for the General's Staff. Captain Warwick received his commission at Plattsburg last November and was assigned to the Intelligence Bureau on General Pershing's staff.

FLORA FINCH, remembered as the famous co-star of the late John Bunny, is again to come before the public. This time she is not to be glimpsed from the silver sheet, but is to appear on the vaudeville stage in a farce burlesque.

LOUISE HUFF is a very recent addition to the stars of the World Film Company. Miss Huff has just left Paramount, where she has made a number of pictures with Jack Pickford.

HENRY WALTHALL is again with Griffith. This announcement is one of the biggest we've made in a long time. For Henry Walthall did his greatest work under David Griffith—as "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," in "The Avenging Conscience," and other photoplays. Walthall's contract with Paralta was cancelled by mutual consent; and the actor is now at work on one of the Artcraft pictures to be made by Mr. Griffith.

RUSSELL BASSETT'S long career ended last month. The old actor died at the age of seventy-two at his home in New York after fifty years in make-up, the last five or six of which were spent before the moving picture camera. Bassett's last screen work was done for Paramount. Surviving are a wife and son, Albert Antonio Bassett.

CORP. S. RANKIN DREW was shot down in an aerial combat in May. His machine fell after a battle fought well inside the German lines. It is believed that he was only slightly wounded and that he is now being held prisoner. Before enlisting in the French aviation corps in 1917 Corp. Drew was associated with Vitagraph, both as actor and director. Some of his important screen appearances were in "The Hunted Woman," "The Vital Question" and "The Girl Philippa." He is a nephew of John Drew and the only son of Sidney Drew.



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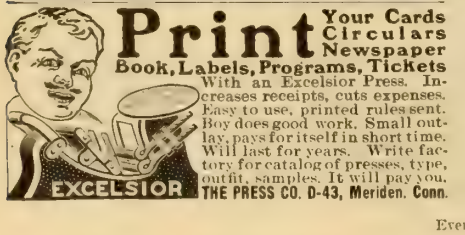
The toilet water for excessive perspiration











Maid of the Storm

(Continued from page 62)

She was the embodiment of the music and color about her. The dance mounted to feverish intensity until, in a sudden burst of sound, it ended and the curtain fell only to part again and again to the clamour of an excited audience surprised out of its usual first night tolerance.

After the tumult had died, Franklin sought out the party which had gathered in Strohman's luxurious apartments for a triumphant dinner to the new star. He was seated next to the young guest of honor and he could not help but notice that he held her attention almost to the neglect of the other members of the party. Something in the curve of her cheek, in a wistful look in her eyes, recalled fleeting memories, a sudden recollection of "old unhappy far-off things," which piqued his imagination without giving it any definite form. There was nothing vague about the attraction the young dancer had for him, however, and before he left he had exacted an invitation from Ariel for tea the next day.

Ariel's triumph had turned to ashes at Franklin's failure to recognize her. She spent a sleepless night torn by the memories that his presence had aroused in her. In the morning Strohman insisted upon a drive, and as soon as they were seated in the limousine, he handed her a paper folded at the society notes. It was a flattering reference to the engagement between Elaine Shackleford and Franklin Shirley, "both well known in the younger set." Ariel handed back the paper without a word.

When Franklin arrived for tea, she had no doubt about her power over him. However blank his recollection of the past might be, the present held him beyond all power of resistance. Ariel knew that the situation swung on an intonation of her voice or the pressure of her hand at parting. Because of the conflict of desires, she kept the poise of a mere acquaintance and let him go with no token that she too felt the affinity between them.

With the morning came sanity and renewed courage. To her surprise, the maid brought her a card bearing the name of Mrs. Whitney Shackleford, and admitted a gentle old lady in black with a fragrance of lavender about her. She had heard of Ariel through Mr. Franklin Shirley, she said, and had seen her dance that night. For a while they spoke only of Ariel's work and of the great dancers of the past. But on leaving, the little old lady drew Ariel's face down to hers.

"Your face is so sweet, my dear," she said softly. "You never could wantonly hurt anything. I am glad I have seen you. My little girl's happiness is safe in your hands."

After she had gone, Ariel threw herself at full length on the *chaise longue* and gave herself up to bitter memories. She was trapped. Her only chance for sanity was to recognize this and cease struggling for happiness. Franklin had forgotten the past and his present belonged to another woman.

In a delirium of pain, she staggered to the telephone. By the time she had given Strohman's number, however, her nerves were under control. His voice came over the wire, eager, answering. To his frantic questions she had only one answer.

"You win," she told him laconically, and dropped the telephone even before she could hear his response.

On her way to Strohman's apartment she ordered her chauffeur to drive into the little garret in Soho where Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. Franklin had been there that very morning, she learned, and they had told him the story of her first arrival, and shown him the boot by which she had hoped to trace him. He knew the truth now, but it hardly mattered, she thought. She kissed the two old musicians, her eyes wet. It was her farewell also to the little girl who had once danced to the winds in the cave.

Meanwhile, Franklin Shirley had been dashing aimlessly about the City, half stunned by the memories that now came rushing back in an overwhelming flood. He now knew that she was the Ariel of the cave and of the most elusive and exquisite experience that had ever become part of his life.

After insistent attempts to see her at her apartment he finally managed to seek out Ariel's personal maid whom he found in tears. He persuaded the half-hysterical girl to tell him that her mistress had left after midnight for Strohman's rooms. He pacified the girl with plausible assurances, but inwardly he was seething with suppressed fury. Outside he hurled himself into a passing taxi and gave Strohman's address. An outraged man-servant tried to stop him at the door, but he pushed the man aside and stalked into the living room where Ariel stood silently beside her manager who looked suddenly very old and weary.

Franklin stood for a moment with his back against the door. Then he slowly raised his right hand and as Strohman looked up he faced the muzzle of a revolver. Ariel gave one startled movement and then the three stood motionless. It was Strohman who broke the silence with a short laugh.

"Put up your gun my friend," he said dryly. "We are three fools, but you two are lovers and that is your prerogative. As for me, I have no such excuse, so I will proceed to be sensible. And the sensible thing as I see it, is to leave you together." He went out still smiling.

Ariel's eyes had never left Franklin's face. The defiance in her expression had faded to tenderness at the sight of his evident agony.

She went over to him and gently took the pistol from his hand. Clenched in his other hand was a crumpled bit of paper which she smoothed out and read. It was a telegram announcing the elopement of Elaine with the man she had always loved. She added that she was very happy.

Franklin raised his head and met Ariel's rapturous eyes. In that one glance a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding. Outside, the storm broke in heavy gusts against the windows, but the two lovers stood locked in each other's arms oblivious of the storm-world far beneath them.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).
HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM CO., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City. N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



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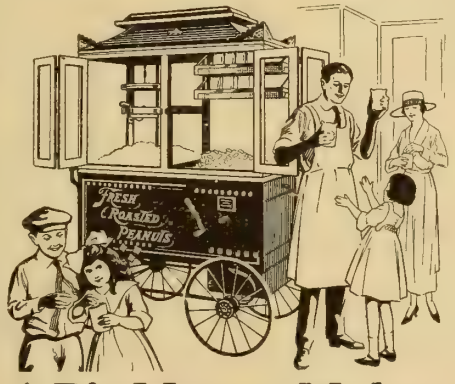
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I Want to be a Film Actor

(Continued from page 40)

stock company. Another found the distinctive type for which he had been searching for months, in the drug section of a department store.

These players are for what are called "bits"—small parts: maids, butlers and man-servants, nurses, waitresses, and all of the many minor characters that through the action of the plot circulate around the principals.

You'd be mighty lucky if you got such a part first-off. There are a hundred applicants for every one of them, applicants with training and experience.

If you start as most of them have, little Mary not excepted, you will first face the camera as an "extra."

In the old days the extras trudged from one studio to another looking for work by the day. Several hundred usually were registered at each studio, and when a casting-director wanted a mob he would send out a flock of telephone calls for them. But this was not often, and one must live. Some found that by keeping in close touch with the studios, they kept themselves well forward in the casting-director's memory. Thus developed the system of "making the rounds."

With the systematizing of the film industry there has come into existence in Los Angeles a film players' exchange, used by virtually all of the studios as a general employment agency for extras. This exchange started with the names of two thousand extras on its lists; in a few weeks this number grew to five thousand. Now the exchange is making an effort to cut this list to about one thousand three hundred, including only people of known experience and ability,—at three dollars a day!

Under this system the casting-director bothers himself little with the details of getting extra people for his pictures. He calls up the exchange and, like ordering sugar from your grocer, he says, "Send me ten eighteen-year-old girls with ballroom costumes," or "I want eight ditch-diggers," or "Get me a bunch of old men and women to make atmosphere in a poorhouse scene." And, lo and behold, they come trailing in at the appointed time, wrapped and delivered as ordered.

Not all of these five thousand aspire to film stardom. Some of them are girls and boys living at home, or married women picking up a few extra dollars. Some of them are old men and women too broken in body and spirit for the everyday working world. But at least half of them are ambitious to make their mark in the films, to make the pictures their life work.

They are starting right. Most of them have applied for stock positions and have been refused. They are sticking doggedly. They know that as extras they will be seen on the screen. Who knows but what the camera will pick them out from the crowd as its particular favorite? Who knows but what some director will see in them some special, success-bringing ability? Who knows?—why, it happens almost every day!

On the screen you sometimes see an

I Want to be a Film Actor

(Concluded)

extra grimacing, gesturing, moving about in or around and in front of the principals. Usually he or she is doing it against the director's orders, but doing it deliberately—to *attract attention.* In the argot of the films, that is known as "mugging." And if there is anything in the world that stirs a star to temperamental hysteria, it is to see a semi-closeup of herself on the screen with an extra's contorted, just-see-how-nice-I-look face showing blandly over her shoulder.

And for an extra to win the reward of a closeup, though it may be but a bare flash of three or four feet of film—three or four seconds in the showing—that's a near approach to heaven on earth!

My hat is off to the extras. More power to them, and more success. They're fighting their fight bravely. I wish all of them could win.

THERE are, as you see, two ways to "get in." One is what is known as having an angel—someone to recommend you and to get you a hearing. The other is to start at the bottom and work up.

Mary Pickford started out as an extra when she applied to Griffith back in the old Biograph days. Theda Bara was one; Anita Stewart, even with a brother-in-law as director, worked at first in mob scenes.

The list is too long to re-iterate. With the exception of those who have come from the legitimate stage, it includes virtually all of our present-day film stars.

Film producers are searching frantically for new types and new personalities. But they must be shown. So don't you be like the rooster who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

'Twixt Josephine and Joe

(Concluded from page 42)

type, she has played nothing but western pictures with the single exception of "The Maternal Spark" in which she took the part of a denatured vampire.

Though we're rather used to hearing that Miss So-and-so is beloved by all who work with her, I'm going to say it again about Miss Josie. She's always armed with a smile and a "Hello!" She's always happy. She hasn't any temperament, or if she has she doesn't exercise it openly. And she has whole regiments of nerve.

"She's not like most most of them," her director, Cliff Smith, said. "I don't have to ask her to do thrillers; I have to ask her not to."

She sauntered back to us while we were talking.

"How would it be," she asked me, "to get a photograph of me being thrown from a bucking horse?"

I had my mouth open to croak, "Splendid!" when Cliff Smith poked me in the ribs with his elbow. "For the love of Pete, don't let her do it," he hissed in my ear. A crowd of cowboys, all of them her ardent admirers, gathered around her. "Aw, let's don't, Josie," they pleaded. "You just gotta quit breakin' that collarbone uv yourn."



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Missing

(Continued from page 32)

comfort, but of opportunity to be useful in the world. His wealth tempted her not at all, but his ideals of the use of wealth opened up great vistas of desire to do something great for England. And yet, with all these temptations, Nell hardly wavered an instant. The thoughts passed through her mind only to be driven out by the one consuming thought of her life, that one day she and George would meet again and be happy as they had been in the past.

A week after Hester's return, the messenger from the village telegraph office came to the cottage. Hester answered his knock.

"This telegram's for Mrs. Surratt, lady," the messenger explained, as Hester reached for it. "Most special instructions to give it to no one else."

"But she's not at home," Hester explained. "I will see that she gets it."

"Why, Hester!" came Nell's voice. She had come into the room unheard by her sister.

Trembling with apprehension, Hester stepped back. Nell signed for the message, and quickly tore it open. It was from Dr. Howson.

"Your husband very ill in hospital here," it read. "Is now positively identified although your sister came last week and insisted patient was not Surratt. Come at once."

Nell turned upon Hester.

"You fiend," she cried. "You—"

But Hester had fled to her room and locked the door, and Nell realized that it was too important that she should speedily reach George's side, to waste time denouncing her unscrupulous sister. Gathering together what few necessities she could take on the journey, she hurried to find Sir William Farrell. She did not feel equal to the ordeal of making the trip alone. She showed him the telegram and he consented, without a second's hesitation, to go with her.

Two days later they reached the base hospital, and were met by Dr. Howson. He welcomed them, but warned Nell that she must be prepared for the worst.

"You will hardly know your husband," he said. "He has aged terribly. And he will not know you, I fear. He recognizes no one. I have had you come because unless his mind is restored he cannot possibly recover. We can do just so much with the body, and then all our science fails unless the brain is alive and helping us. We must have that determination to live which does not exist save in the conscious mind. So you must be brave, for everything now depends upon you."

Nell was brave, not merely because she had become inured to the idea that had been instilled into all women of the allied nations through the years of the war, but because of her faith that still burned within. She knew that one day she and George would be reunited, and this was not yet a reunion. This was not even George—this inert body lying upon the cot. The George she knew must come back. She would bring him back.

It was no simple task. She sat beside him, and smoothed his brow with her hand, but he only looked at her blankly. She kissed him, and held his head close to her heart, but when she looked into his face again there was the same vacant, bewildered stare. It was heartbreaking, but her faith never wavered. Then, of a sudden, she remembered his words, that happiest of moments, when she was singing to him, just before the fateful summons had come.

"No matter where I may be, I shall always hear you sing that song."

So she leaned down close, and began singing softly the song he had loved so well. At first it seemed that this, too, would prove unavailing. But as Nell began the second verse a puzzled expression came over George's face, the first expression of any kind there had been there since they first found him. He seemed trying hard to remember something, trying but without success. Then little by little the gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. Nell's voice trembled so she could hardly continue, but somehow she managed to go on to the end—

Her heart then broke, and she fervently prayed,
"Oh God in heaven, let me go too,
And be wi' my laddie, sae gude and true."

The song ended in a sob.

"Nell!" George's voice was a whisper—a weak, barely audible sound, but Nell heard it, and buried her face beside his on the pillow.

A few weeks later George was able to leave the hospital, and go back to the little cottage in the north of England. Sir William preceded the reunited couple, to have everything in readiness for the still weakened man. Hester, he learned, had already gone, exiled by her own unnatural ambitions. And so the faith of the bride was proved, and the happiness of these two renewed—a happiness wrested from the awful conflagration of the world, which cannot utterly consume all joy, and makes that which survives the stronger for the tests which it imposes upon humanity.

An Authorization

A MARRIED man of draft age, who could not read or write, asked his wife to write the Exemption Board of his district stating that his family was dependent upon him. Here is what she wrote, and which he guilelessly presented to the Board in person:

"Dear United States:

"My husban ast me to rite you a recommen that he s'ports his famly. He cant rede so dont tell him, jus take him. He aint no good to me. He aint done nothin but drink lemon extrack and play a fiddle ever sins I maried him ate yeres ago and I gotta feed sevn kids of hisn. Maybe you kin get him to carrie a gun. He's good on squirls and eatin. Take him an welcum. I need the grub and his bed for his kids. Don't tell him this but take him.

Hiz wife, Mary mead."

Texas, the State of Excitement

(Concluded from page 77)

In California she lives in a bungalow by the sea, but she is saving her pennies for a country place on Long Island.

She is a very unusual musical comedy product, this young woman who talks Galsworthy, Ren Wolf, Bernard Shaw and Sime Silverman, all in a sentence, and she has great dramatic possibilities on the screen—possibilities which Dr. Davis is rapidly turning to practical use. Her fear is of getting fat, her hope is to see Jake Shubert directing a motion picture, her faith is in today, for you never can tell what the condition of the money-market is going to be tomorrow.

Her pictures, strewn around here, rather speak for themselves, except that they don't say that she has eyes like an Egyptian sky and brown hair.

"What do you think I ought to say?" she asked her approaching interviewer.

"Nothing," answered the interviewer, "for my space is used up, and if you start you'll talk all night."

Dorothy Dalton's "I Will"

(Concluded from page 93)

million dollars, and in fact she quite ran away with the honors of the picture.

Then and there the name of Dorothy Dalton was placed upon the Thomas H. Ince pay roll—and there it has remained until this day, even in the face of offer after offer at a salary that often made the young screen star blink and ponder.

"The Flame of the Yukon" represents the apogee of the Dorothy Dalton screen popularity, although it by no means reflects the actress in her best and most artistic moments. Still, it's the screen product that makes people who meet her for the first time open their eyes a bit wider as they exclaim: "Oh, yes—I saw you, in 'The Flame of the Yukon.'"

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 104)

widow who invents a "late" husband. Her mythical spouse comes to life and causes much embarrassment. It is a gay little story, particularly adapted to Miss Kennedy's talent for spontaneous comedy.

"The Bravest Way" (Paramount)—Sessue Hayakawa in a role more domestic and less exotic than usual,—a Japanese gardener who sacrifices love to loyalty but eventually is rewarded.

"Vengeance" (World)—Montagu Love as a Swami who trails an idol's jeweled eye through five reels of mystic melodrama; Barbara Castleton's first World film but her role only demonstrates her ability to wear garden frocks charmingly.

"Confession" (Fox)—Sid Franklin puts new thrills into old melodrama; the murder, the man-hunt, the last-moment-pardon made absorbing through skillful direction; Jewel Carmen, charmingly plaintive as usual.



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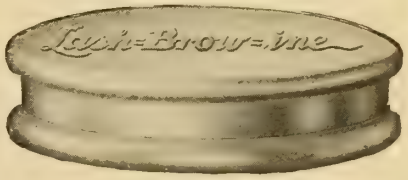
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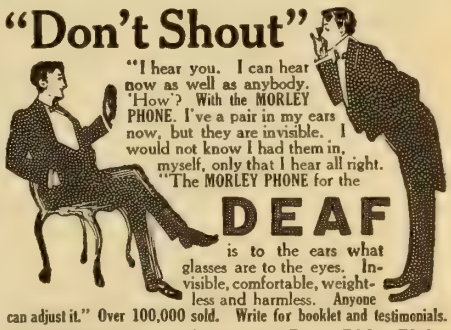
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

J. M. K., IRONWOOD, MICH.—Wallie Reid's address is the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Never saw Marguerite Clark drink, smoke or chew, so don't believe she makes a practice of it.

MARION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We are able to tell you how old Heeza Star is. How many times he has been married. How many small Stars there are. Where they live. What they eat. The size of their shoes. The names of their car. Their favorite color. The list of Heeza's plays and everything else about the Star and Picture families. But up to date we have been unable to figure out why so many men and women wish to become movie actors and actresses. Charlie Ray's wife is living. His address is in care of the Ince studio, Hollywood, Cal. No record of the whereabouts of Norman Trevor. Roland Bottomley is not married. "Hands Up," a serial, is the next production in which Ruth Roland is to make her appearance.

A JERSEY CHICKEN, WEST NEW YORK, N. Y.—Paul Panzer is coming back to the screen after an absence of a year. He's appearing in a new production, the title to be announced shortly. That explains his crossing the Weehawken, W. S. ferry from Jersey.

THE THISTLE, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—Don't know whether Mr. Ford received your letter or not. If he did you will have an answer to it, we know.

JE VOIS SAVOIR, HAILOWTON, MONT.—William Scott was *The Stag* in "The Devil's Wheel." Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first new Vitagraph production is to be "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Wallace MacDonald was *The Harmony Lad* in "The Shoes That Danced." He isn't married. Hugh Thompson played with Theda Bara in "The Forbidden Path."

E. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mrs. and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks are separated. There has been no announcement to the effect that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore had parted.

O. J., NEW YORK CITY.—You'll have to write to the Lasky company and ask them the price of the "stills" from the pictures you mention. We haven't any idea of the cost. Address June Elvidge at the World studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

BONITA GOMEZ BLOOD, BONES CANON, COLO.—Well, you never can tell who we may be in disguise, but we'll assure you right here and now so that your fears will cease, we are not a Bolsheviki or a Hun. Quite careless of your principal to preserve you. Or did you say can? Address Jack Mulhall, Jack Pickford and Elliott Dexter at the Lasky studio, Hollywood. And William Desmond at the Triangle studio. Billie Burke at the eastern Lasky studio. Enid Bennett and Charles Ray at the Thomas Ince studio; Vivian Martin, Morosco, and Mary Miles Minter, American. You'll have to write to Miss Bara yourself and ask her for a photo.

P. D., MUSKEGON, MICH.—Now dearie, the young man you adored so much playing in "A Self Made Widow" is John Bowers. We advise you not to trifle with him, for he was just recently married. The other very handsome one opposite Alice Joyce is Walter McGrail. You're right about us being Jazzie, but Juggie—no. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

A. C., HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883. Haven't heard that his father is living in Texas. Mr. Fairbanks has a secretary.

PATTIE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Haven't heard of the marriage of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. Billie Burke is going back on the stage next season. Creighton Hale is with the Pathe company. "The House of Hate" is the late Pearl White picture and Antonio Moreno is being co-starred with Miss White in that serial. One of the late Polly Frederick's production is "Fedora." Geraldine Farrar is to play for Goldwyn this summer. Pauline Frederick is a Goldwyn star now too. "Women and the War" is to be the next big Griffith picture to follow "Hearts of the World." Pauline Frederick was educated in Boston. Henry Walthall is again appearing under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Elsie Ferguson's eyes are blue and her hair is brown.

PEARL'S PAL, N. Y.—Pearl White is again appearing in a serial. Better tell Pearl White about the makeup yourself. Have never seen the handwriting of your favorite star. Ever hear of Hooverizing on paper?

R. V., GUELPH, ONT.—There are classes of all sorts and descriptions for women doing war work in the U. S. Believe the Red Cross nurses are the only ones being sent over at the present time. All the actresses you mention send out their photos and answer letters.

M. S., DENVER, COLO.—Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine. He's played in too many pictures to mention them all, but some of them are: "The Mating," "The Cycle of Fate," "Mickey," "The Bride's Silence," "Southern Pride," "A Game of Wits," "A Branded Soul," "The Straw Collar," etc.

MADAME BUTTERFLY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Art kidding us, Madame Butterfly? We live in Chicago, you know.

M. L., LOWELL, MASS.—Henry Hull may do a picture or two when he completes his engagement in "The Man Who Came Back." "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Prunella" are two late Marguerite Clark pictures.

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN, DETROIT, MICH.—Mollie King is appearing in vaudeville. Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first release is to be "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

P. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mae Marsh is twenty-three; Alice Lake doesn't give her age; Sessue Hayakawa was born in 1889; and Billie Rhodes in 1897. The birthday of Tom Forman is February 22; Constance Talmadge, April 19; Richard Barthlemess, May 9; Robert Harron, April 12, and Billie Rhodes, August 15.

BLUE GRASS BILL, LEXINGTON, KY.—Well suh, we'll try that creepin' into the editor's office and askin' for those pictures as you suggest just as soon as we get rid of the rheumatism. We've got a very artistic editor and if we didn't creep picturesquely he might not pay any attention to us. Cecil de Mille is married.

E. & L., NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.—Roberta Arnold (Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson) is a tall slender brunette. Very few people liked the colored drawings. No cast of "Arizona." Be sure and write again, E. & L.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

K. T., KEOKUK, IOWA.—Jack Holt is with Lasky. He's played with Mary Pickford and Sessue Hayakawa and Margaret Illington and he's very popular. That all? Oh yes, his address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. John Bowers is with the World Film Corp. He was divorced from Beulah Poynter and recently married a non-professional. You'll be able to see Mr. Bowers in World pictures for the next one hundred and four weeks. In April he signed a contract to appear in World pictures for two more years. Because you asked us not to we won't say we're glad you like us, but we are glad anyway.

E. L. Y., EVANSVILLE, IND.—We've never noticed any particular likeness between Wallace Reid and Marguerite Clark unless possibly their eyelashes slant in the same way. In that case you may resemble both of them. Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are on the legitimate stage. Kathlyn Williams was born in Butte, Mont., the village made famous by copper and Mary MacLane. Miss Williams doesn't give the year of her birth, but after viewing "The Whispering Chorus" it doesn't seem possible that the event took place more than twenty-three or four years ago, though records show that she's probably about thirty-seven or eight. Believe she would write to you.

F. D., WEST FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—You want to get fat like Roscoe Arbuckle? 'Tis said he eats three square meals and a couple of extras each day. The story about Roscoe becoming intoxicated each hour is not true. It can't be did, even in the "movies." *We* know.

R. H. B., EVANSVILLE, IND.—There is really no reason why you should hesitate to write Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Blackwell for their photos in evening dress, inclosing twenty-five cents to each. We know of no other way for you to get them. Thank you for the pleasant wishes.

ELMA, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Pleased to learn that we're liked so well "down under." Bessie Love was born in Texas about eighteen years ago. Pearl White is of Italian and Irish descent.

M. M., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Sorry, but we haven't received the late measurements of the stars you are curious about. Both Olga Petrova and Pearl White have green eyes.

MARY ANDERSON FAN, PENSACOLA, FLA.—How tall is Mary Anderson? Why she isn't a-tall. She's four feet, ten inches short. Pearl White has Pearl-y White teeth.

V. O., CANOTERIE, QUEBEC.—Harold Lockwood has a son and a wife. She's not a professional. Vivian Martin is married to William Jefferson. Triangle studio, Culver City, Cal., is the address of William Desmond.

HELEN H., MONROE, LA.—Helen, you'll have to speak to Mr. Goldwyn and Mrs. Paramount and Miss Universal and all the other members of the film families and ask them why they don't put in settings to suit *you*. It must be *too* exasperating for words to have all the settings too cold. Accept our deepest sympathy and our hopes that you'll see 'em warm up.

A. V., CHICAGO.—There isn't any lucky one so far as Eugene O'Brien is concerned, so you have a chance.



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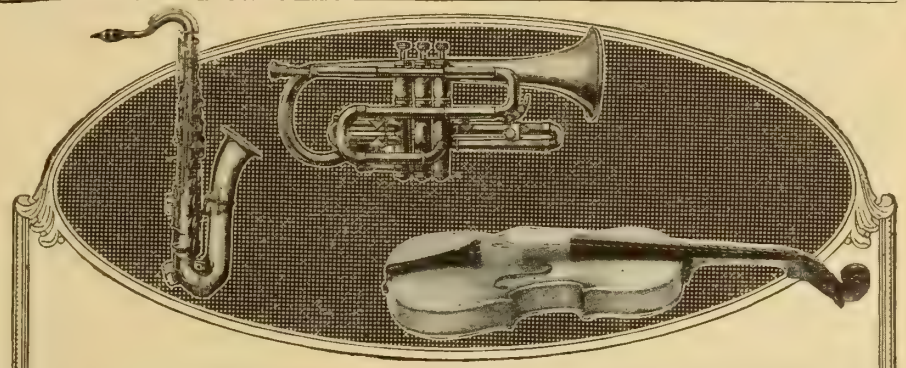
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DOROTHEA, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Wallace Reid was born in New York in 1891. He's six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five and he has brown hair and blue eyes and Delight Evans interviewed him and we asked her what kind of a voice he had so that we could tell you the truth and she said it was just right, so it's O. K. to call him the man with the just-right voice.

BILLIE, SPRINGVALE, MAINE.—Florence LaBadie died of injuries received in an automobile accident. Vera Sisson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Hidden Spring."

JAZZ BAND FIEND, MALVERN, ARK.—Mary Pickford, Nell Craig, Ruth Stonehouse, Bessie Barriscale, Norma Talmadge and Vivian Martin are the ones in the list you give who are married. Fred Wright, the director, is the husband of Miss Craig.

GRACE DARMOND BOOSTER, WILKESBARRE, PA.—Florence Vidor and Jack Holt both appeared with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Honor of His House." That trio played together for quite some time. Mr. Hayakawa has his own company now and neither Miss Vidor nor Mr. Holt are scheduled in any of his new releases.

H. J. L., DETROIT, MICH.—It would be impossible to go over every scene of "Hearts of the World" and tell you just which ones were filmed abroad and which were not. This is very confidential. *We* couldn't tell at times which were the actual battle scenes and which were "staged." Can you imagine that?

JACK, HASTINGS, NEB.—You're in rather hard luck. Proposing by letter to Mary Miles Minter and Mae Marsh both in one month and being refused by the two of them. Cheer up and remember it's a queer road that doesn't branch out, and you'll be getting a movin' picture actor-ess yet.

IMA NUT, TORONTO, CAN.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887. Irving Cummings in New York City one year later. Don't mind us. If you don't want to believe your favorites are married it's your privilege not to believe so.

LEWIS, CANUCK, FOREVER, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Harry Ham was born in Napanee, Ont. You shot the question, we answered.

H. R., STAUNTON, ILL.—Mary Miles Minter is sixteen. American studio is her address. Address June Caprice at Fox. She's nineteen. Mary Pickford's address is the Artcraft studios, and she's twenty-five and admits it. Pearl White is twenty-nine and she's with Pathe. Dorothy Phillips receives communications at Universal City and she's twenty-six. George Walsh is as old as Dorothy Phillips and he's with Fox. Franklyn Farnum is with Universal and he's thirty-five. Francis Bushman is with Metro and he says he was born in 1885.

WORRIER, BOSTON, MASS.—You say you are a fan and want to know if you may depend upon the Answer Man to give you "dope" about your favorites. To which we reply in poetic meter: Come right along, oh photoplay fan. We'll give you all the facts we can.

INQUISITIVE, CANTON, OHIO.—Anita Loos and Anthony Kelly are known as screen writers.

TRIB, MT. HAWTHORN, WEST AUSTRALIA.—Marguerite Clark's address is Famous Players studio. Well, from your writing we should imagine you would make a very good screen actor, but from your signature we know that you never will be one. Consult a handwriting expert.

TILLIE, TOPEKA, KAN.—Go to New Yawk and become a star, Tillie, if you have made your final decision, but remembah Tillie, remembah that we won't show any partiality so far as you are concerned. We'll answer the Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark questions just the same, though they probably won't be coming in as thickly as the ones about you.

H. Y. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We have seen your college paper, "The Punch Bowl", and liked it. Thank you for offering to send it to us.

C. F., LANSING, MICH.—Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Grace Darmond, Vivian Martin, Louise Huff and June Caprice are blondes. Thomas Meighan and William Russell have dark hair.

L. P. I., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Viola Dana in "Breakers Ahead." She played in "Blue Jeans," too. "Blue Jeans" and "The Blue Bird" were not the same picture.

L. R. U., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Address Harold Lockwood at the Metro studio, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro, New York; Jewel Carmen, Fox, Hollywood; Virginia Pearson, Fox, Fort Lee, N. J.; Earle Williams at the western Vitagraph studio, and Anita Stewart at the Brooklyn studio of Vitagraph.

R. B., WARSAW, N. Y.—Say, young fellow, look at our studio directory appearing in each issue of PHOTOPLAY and you'll find a whole list of reliable film companies given with their addresses. What more can you ask?

LA LORELLE, SALISBURY, MD.—Violet Horner played the part of *Zarrah*, Hal de Forest of the *Sultan*, and William Shay of *Prince Omar* in "The Daughter of the Gods." Douglas McLean's communications are sent to 135 W. 79th St., New York City. Quite sure he'll "come across" with the photo. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet, ten inches tall; Harold Lockwood, five feet, eleven; Dustin Farnum, six feet, and Wallace Reid, six feet. Douglas Fairbanks played in "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish." Marjorie Wilson and Gladys Brockwell played with Doug in "Double Trouble."

CARMEL COLONEL, STANTON, NEB.—Haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Pathe studio is where Pearl White is located. Violet Mersereau is at the Monterey Hotel in New York. Creighton Hale is at Pathe, Warren Kerrigan, Paralta. Why do movie actresses wear curls? Might better ask: Why do movie actors and actresses wear curls? That's a stumper! Olive Thomas is with Triangle at Culver City.

B. B., UTICA, N. Y.—We reckon you all will find a photo of Conway Tearle in the art section of the January, 1917, PHOTOPLAY.

T. D., EAST LOGAN, UTAH.—The X between the Francis and Bushman means Xavier. Write to Wallie Reid at the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. The rumor of his being at Camp Lewis was false. The scenario is the outline or synopsis of the play. Anyway, that's what Noah tells us. Your writing indicates that you have a great desire to possess a motorcycle. In time your desire will be fulfilled.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. M., TEXARKANA, ARK.—Harry Morey is a star. He has been co-starred with Alice Joyce. He hasn't any special leading lady. You just ask him for a photo and specify that you'd like one without that eternal fag. Virginia Rappae was the orful vampire in "Paradise Garden." William Hinckley died in March. Naomi Childers last played on the legitimate stage with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." Winifred Allen is now Mrs. Lawrence Sperry. Harry Morey and Alice Joyce are with Vitagraph. Marguerite Clark with Famous Players. Bessie Love played the Bride of Cana in "Intolerance."

EDNA, LOCKWOOD ADMIRER, PITTSBURG, PA.—Honestly have you seen all those three film stars? Some people are the luckiest. We'd be glad to send you a photo if we were Harold Lockwood, so perhaps Harold being Harold will be glad to do likewise.

HELEN & DOROTHY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Tom Moore is married to Alice Joyce. Address Mr. Moore at the Goldwyn studios. June Caprice is nineteen. She is single. Madge Kennedy is married. She doesn't give her age.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Write to Mary Pickford at the Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal., and ask her if she received the gift you sent to New York. Mary Pickford is far from being like India rubber and her height remains stationary even though you have seen it given several different ways. She's about four feet, eleven. The question of our national flower has never been settled, but the golden rod is supposed to be it. We're in the best of health, thank you.

D. W., TULSA, OKLA.—Theda Bara was born in 1890. She's single. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Bayside, L. I., is the address of Maurice Costello. Mr. Costello's eyes are blue-gray and his hair is brown. Both Lillian Walker and Edith Storey are unmarried. Flora Finch was last with Pathe. Florence Turner is now living in England. Olga Petrova's husband is a surgeon. Mahlon Hamilton is no longer the leading man for Olga Petrova. He's with the Pathe company and he doesn't say whether he's married or single.

BEAUSAJOUR, ASCOT, AUSTRALIA.—Quite sure Paul Scardon will be glad to write to his native countryman. Mr. Scardon was born in Australia in 1878. He appeared on the stage in Australia for twelve years. His screen career started with the Reliance-Majestic company about five years back. He has been with Vitagraph for some time.

PEGGY, PITMAN, N. J.—The Mary Pickford picture, "The Teacher and the Bully," is not a new production. In fact it is very old and was recently reissued. Might say it was produced about eight or nine years ago, which is ancient history in the film world. Vivian Martin is living in Hollywood. She was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Won't tell how long ago. She's been in pictures for more than two years. Harrison Ford was the "handsome young man" in "The Sunset Trail." If Haskell Coffin ever did a sketch of us he isn't aware of it and neither are we.

R. H., NORFOLK, VA.—"The Firefly of France" is a late Wallace Reid picture. Mr. Reid has blue eyes and blonde brown hair and is six feet tall and weighs about one hundred and eighty something or other and he dresses just like a real reel hero and he parts his hair in the middle sometimes and sometimes he doesn't. He wears a wrist watch and he smokes a pipe and he's just as nice off the screen as he is on and he is married to Dorothy Davenport and he has a young son William Wallace Reid, Jr., who is going to grow up to be just like his father and he has a car and a house and he lives in Hollywood and he's popular and—oh well, you know all about him now and you just keep on having him for your favorite. He's all right.

E. C. M., NEWCASTLE, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks has appeared in more than fifty-seven varieties of pictures. "Wild and Woolly" wasn't intended to be ripped up in that fashion and the jumpiness of it was undoubtedly due to the age of the film when shown to you. See?

I. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—There may be a commercial studio or two in Denver, but no well known company is located there. Chicago studios are perhaps nearer Minneapolis than any others, but there is practically no work being done in the Chicago studios now. Generally a synopsis of the story is all that is needed for a scenario. There is no set number of scenes to a reel.

Answers to June Puzzles

First Prize, $10.00—Miss Myrtle Norton, 60 Bainbridge Street, Malden, Mass. Second Prize, $5.00—Kenneth R. Walter, 180 North Fulton Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y. Third Prize, $3.00—Mrs. C. E. Learned, Box 351, Clayton, N. Y. Fourth Prize, $2.00—Mrs. Frederic Wellman, 1940 East 72nd Place, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of the $1.00 Prizes—Miss F. J. Van Benthuysen, 551 W. 178th Street, New York City, Miss Helen Linn, 2511 Ames Avenue, Omaha, Nebr., Marshall Dielf, 141 W. Concord Street, Boston, Mass., William Reynolds, 1338 King Street W., Toronto, Canada, Chas. J. Cunningham, 1713 N. Madison Avenue, Peoria, Ill., C. L. Hindbaugh, 2963 Talbott Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. Lieut. S. W. McArthur, M. R. C. Base Hospital, 14 Camp Custer, Mich., Miss Helen Wagner, 661 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich., Aldred Aurich, Box 306, Sacramento, Calif., Joseph Juenker, East Aurora, New York.

Correct Answers

1—Harry Morey
2—Henry B. Walthall
3—Walker Whiteside
4—Mae Murray
5—June Caprice
6—Julian Eltinge
7—Harold Lockwood
8—Pauline Frederick
9—Taylor Holmes

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September
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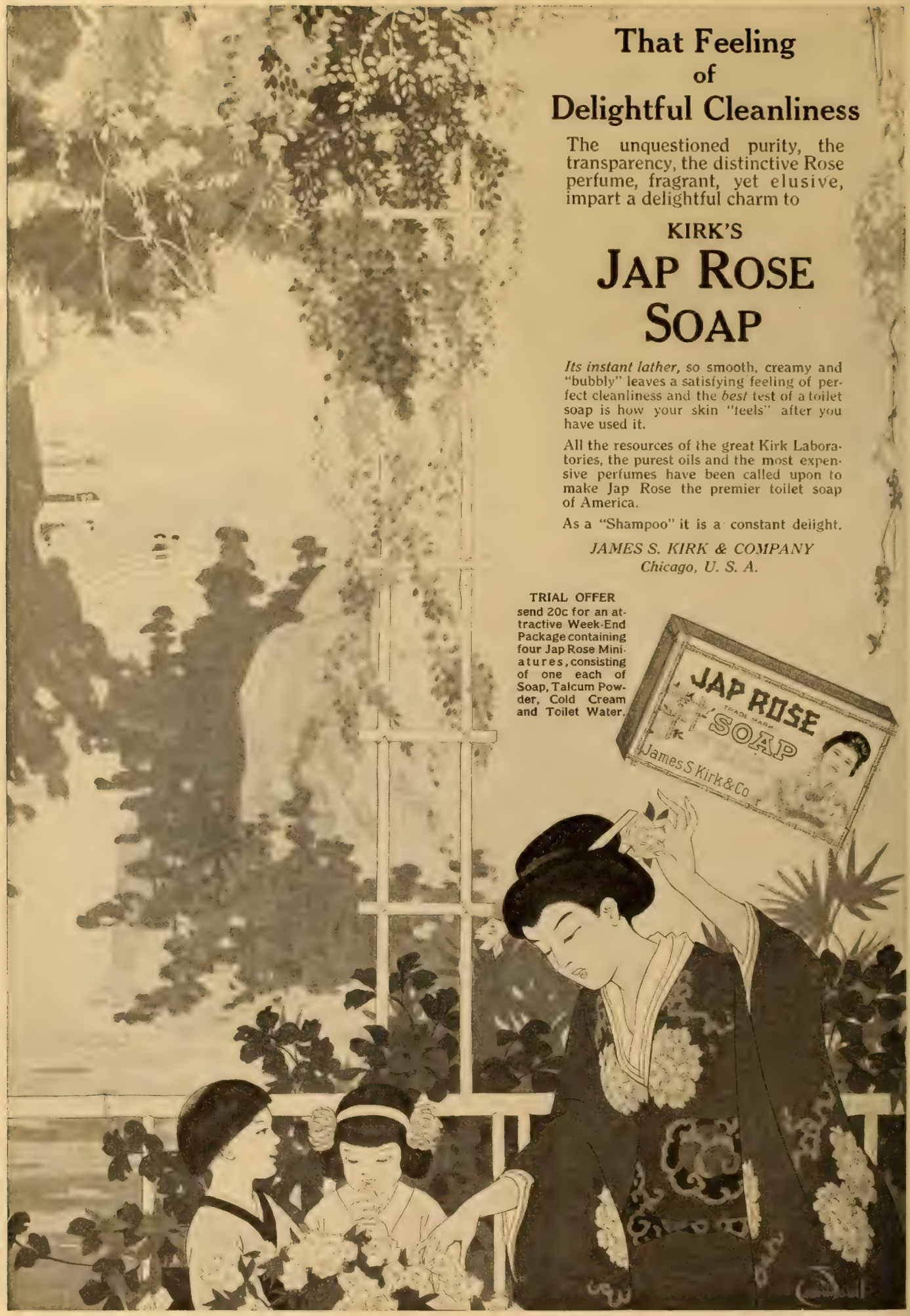


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Next Month

Without referring to Messrs. Zukor, Lasky et al., we promise that next month's will be a paramount issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be full of the most timely special articles, it will be vivid as an autumn forest with its array of unusual illustrations, it will be surcharged with personality material, it will give all the news of the whole field of motion pictures, and it will, especially, follow in its own field the widely divergent courses of America's manifold energies in the prosecution of our great war for the freedom of the world. This periodical feels that it is not only a duty, but a great honor and privilege to do this, in every way that is within its special powers.

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The Dominant Race

What land has contributed more screen players, and writers, than any other on the face of the globe? It's almost a monopoly, and it's a singular fact for which there seems to be no accounting. In October, the story—and the proofs.

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—the man in the film, or the man in the footlights? While the theatre has for half a century been accepted as the criterion of fashion, here is proof—in an absorbingly interesting account by the modest young man responsible for the attire of three-fourths of the motion-picture gentlemen—that the crown has passed from the night to the daylight stage.

A Dramatist Who Found Himself

What is more interesting than a human document—the story of a man who triumphs in expression only after an heroic struggle with his medium? We're wondering why this account has never been printed before; it's the true narrative of a celebrated American playwright, who, retiring with a comfortable fortune at middle age, discovered that spoken lines no longer lured him. He threw himself into picture-writing with all the enthusiasm of youth—and today he is one of the most successful American scenario-writers.

Photography—The Mile-a-Minute Art

Do you know that the art of photography itself, the great material base of all motion picture achievement, is a thing as changing as the substance of stories and our idea of good acting? The story of American motion picture photography is an absolute romance; its problems today are as exciting as some of the problems of war. One of its masters—J. M. Nickolaus—laboratory chief of the Triangle Film Corporation, will tell you of it in October PHOTOPLAY.

Government Activities

PHOTOPLAY for October will give a most remarkable showing, on many pages, of our government activities in the war. It is impossible, owing to changing conditions and the momentary demands of censorship, to completely catalogue these in advance.

The Shadow Stage

Julian Johnson, who this month returns to PHOTOPLAY'S editorial offices, will next month resume his personal conduct of the Shadow Stage, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S department of review.

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Women of America

You, too, are called to the Colors

The Government calls upon you to prepare for War Service, offers you the opportunity to fight for liberty and freedom side by side with the men of the nation.

The Service to which you are summoned is not easy in any way—it requires endurance, singleness of purpose, devotion and utter disregard of personal desires and pursuits.

The Government places in your hands a great responsibility in the full expectation and belief that you will let nothing weigh in the balance against the fact that

Your Country Needs You

Many thousands of graduate nurses have been withdrawn from civilian practice for military duty. There is urgent need for many more with our fighting forces over seas. Unless more nurses are released from duty here our wounded men over there will suffer for want of nursing care. And they *cannot* be released without your help.

The nation *must* have 25,000 student nurses *now* if we are to fulfill our duty to our sons who offer their bodies as a bulwark between us and our enemies. Every young woman who enrolls in the United States Student Nurse Reserve will relieve a graduate nurse, and at the same time will swell the home army upon which we must rely to act as our second line of hospital defense.

Will You Accept the Opportunity and Responsibility? The call is for women between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five. Intelligent, responsible women of good education and sound health are wanted to enroll as candidates for the Army School of Nursing, established under the authority of the Surgeon-General, with branch schools in the Military Hospitals, or to enroll as engaging to hold themselves in readiness until April 1st, 1919, to accept assignments to civilian nurses' training schools. Those who enroll will be sent at the beginning of the autumn and spring terms. Not every one who enrolls may be accepted; those of superior qualifications will have the preference.

There are 1579 nurses' training schools in the country. Some of these schools do not require even a full high-school education. On the other hand, a college education is a valuable asset, and many hospitals will give credit for it. Credit will also be given for special scientific training, or for preliminary training in nursing, such as that given in special courses now being conducted by various colleges and schools.

Enroll in the Student Nurse Reserve

Women who enroll in the United States Student Nurse Reserve will be assigned to these schools as vacancies occur. The term of training varies from two to three years. No course takes less than two years nor more than three.

Every women who completes the training course satisfactorily may be eligible for enrollment as a Red Cross Nurse and for Service with the Army or Navy Nurse Corps and stands a chance of being assigned to duty abroad. At the same time she will be qualified to earn her living in one of the noblest professions open to women. And it should be remembered that practical nursing is part of the work of every training school and the student is not only learning but serving her country from the outset.

Board, lodging and tuition are free at most training schools, and in many cases a small renumeration is paid to cover the cost of books and uniforms.

The nation needs every nurse it can get to "keep up with the draft." The United States Student Nurse Reserve is the equivalent for women of the great national army training camps for soldiers. The nation will rely upon the student nurses to fight disease at home, to care for those injured and disabled in our hazardous war industries, and to make themselves ready to serve when the time comes as fully trained nurses, either abroad or at home.

For further information or for enrollment apply at the nearest Recruiting Station established by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. If you do not know address of your local Recruiting Station, write for information to Council of National Defense, Woman's Committee, Washington, D. C.

Anna Howard Shaw, Chairman
Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense

H. P. Davison, Chairman
War Council, American Red Cross

W. C. Gorgas
Surgeon General United States Army

Dr. Franklin Martin, Chairman
General Medical Board, Council of National Defense

UNITED STATES STUDENT NURSE RESERVE

Contributed through Division of Advertising

U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

The Secrets of Distinctive Dress



Madame Olga Petrova

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in *beauty* over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to *you* to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for the readers of Photoplay:

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, *any* woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want *every* woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to say to readers of Photoplay that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only $2 and the book is yours.

Would *You* Like to Know—

How to acquire a winning personality?
How to express your individuality in dress?
How to always appear at your best?
How to win admiration?
What colors bring out your best features?
Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
How to attract friends?
How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
How to make yourself appear more slender?
How to acquire a graceful carriage?
What is the first essential of faultless dress?
What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
How to become graceful and always at ease?
How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
How the most refined women use perfume?
How to develop poise?
What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
How you may have a beautiful complexion?
How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
How to know your own good and bad features?
How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
How to select the models best suited to your personality?
How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

You do not even need to write a letter. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below and this handsomely bound, beautifully illustrated, wonderfully instructive and helpful book will come to you, postpaid, by return mail.

When the secrets of attractive distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, why go another day without them? Write your name and address on the coupon *now*.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 217-J, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." I promise to send you two dollars ($2.00) or return the book within three days.

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IF you like to draw, you have it in you to become a great cartoonist. There are opportunities every day in newspaper illustrating. Your salary will depend entirely upon how hard you work and how completely you have learned from the experience of others. Several of the Advisers on the Staff of the Federal School of Applied Cartooning make more than $100 a day. In this field there are just as many opportunities for women as for men.

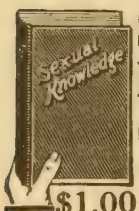
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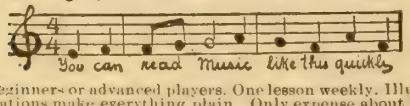
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Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a **Free Copy** of our new booklet entitled **"SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE."** We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale.

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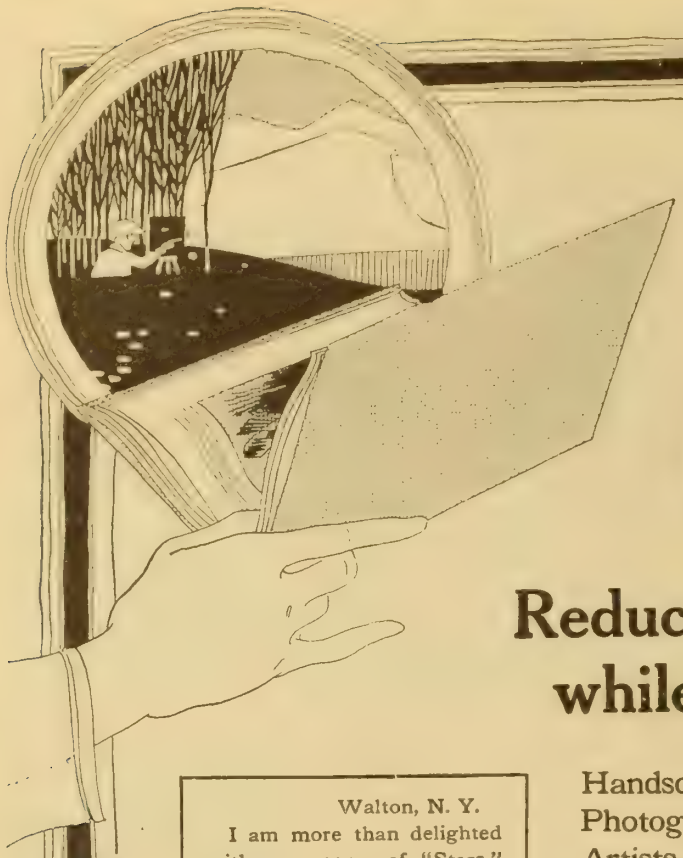
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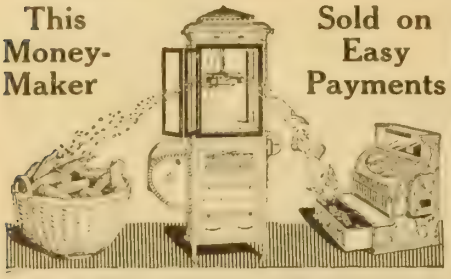
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California	80,840	New Jersey	63,560
Colorado	35,060	New Mexico	6,760
Connecticut	34,140	New York	217,040
Delaware	4,600	North Carolina	134,700
Dist. of Columbia	9,280	North Dakota	6,600
Florida	9,780	Ohio	116,200
Georgia	9,480	Oklahoma	8,320
Idaho	10,720	Oregon	15,600
Illinois	296,840	Pennsylvania	170,720
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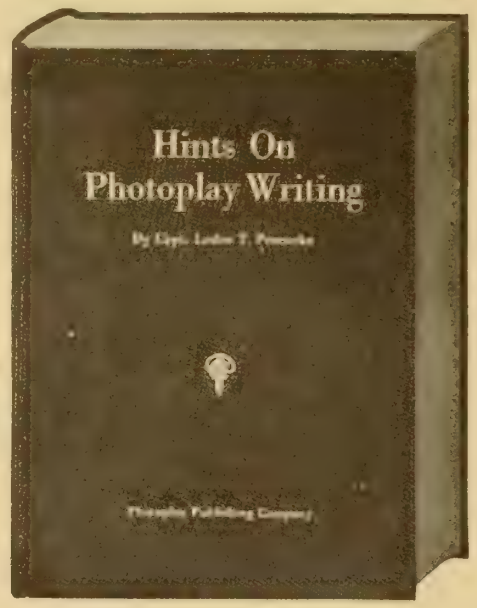
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PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO

War *and* the Fifth Estate

A BUGLE shrilled in the darkness of the big theatre. The pictured actors ran to the window of the Paris hotel. Far down the street came a flutter of flags. The bugle call sounded again and then on the screen were flashed the words, "The Americans have come!"

It was the climax of a picture that had stirred every emotion. Men and women had wept and laughed and shuddered as war's comedy and tragedy sprang into being before them. They had seen the German horde sweep down into France, they had seen the poilus standing up under the withering fire of the boche artillery, they had gone into the trenches and fought alongside these brave sons of a brave nation, and now came the thrilling sight of men of their own flesh and blood marching to join in the struggle for democracy.

Do you wonder that they cheered and cheered and cheered again, standing in their seats with tears running down their cheeks, cheering until far up the hanging globes of the highest lights shook at the storm of it?

To every man and woman in that great theatre the war became from that time forth a living, breathing thing. No longer a remote passage at arms in distant lands, it was brought before their very eyes in all its grimness and glory.

And here was but one of countless such experiences that have their counterparts in moving-picture houses the country over.

The Greeks believed that drama had a cleansing effect upon all those who watched it. They believed that it purged a man's soul of the baser things, lifting it up to the heights of the emotions rising out of the acted scenes.

If this world-old theory is indeed true, what a mighty cleansing the soul of this nation has experienced in watching the drama of war as portrayed by the moving picture!

It was not the fault of the American people that they did not realize the full meaning of the war from the outset. There was little reason why they should have. All too many of those who were shouting, "Wake Up, America" were men (and women, too) who heretofore had held themselves coldly aloof from America's democratic aspirations and dreams. They were not the sort the people trusted, they did not speak the people's language and some parts of the nation waited to be shown.

They were shown. They are being shown today. With their own eyes they saw America arming. They saw their boys change from slouching, callow youths into upstanding, responsible men in the magic crucibles of cantonment and training camp. They saw the vast trains of supplies being moved to feed these men better than any army is being fed. They saw the workers in the munitions plants forging weapons for America's fighters and they saw the finished products, those splendidly trained soldiers of ours, marching aboard the transports.

As they gained a first-hand knowledge of events from the physical pictures on the screens, their mental pictures of the war broadened into a true perspective of its overwhelming importance.

Today as they see our khaki in Paris, on Flanders fields, in the American-held trenches, they grasp the meaning of it all with a human understanding that never could be cajoled by orations or essays.

All the Allied governments have been quick to realize the outstanding importance of the Motion Picture as a moulder of public sentiment, a stabilizer of civilian morale.

They have called up the best brains of the business and put them to work devising the most efficient methods of screen propaganda. In Washington whole offices are devoted to this vital work. Pictures of America's preparation and landing in France are shipped regularly to Spain, South America and other neutrals. What they have done in offsetting the thoroughly organized German propaganda in these countries may never be known but we can be sure their influence is felt.

Nor is it alone for propaganda purposes that the governments so universally look to the Motion Picture. They have not neglected the recreational value of the screen. At one time in the first black days of the war the authorities decided to close the Motion Picture houses of Paris. They soon saw their mistake. There were very definite evidences of the dangerous effects of depression caused by lack of the accustomed diversion. Like individuals, nations cannot afford to dwell too persistently upon the one thought of war. Man must have his lighter moments if he would face the sterner ones.

The splendid service rendered by the Motion Picture in the sale of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, in the promotion of the work of the Food Administration and the numerous other war activities need not be emphasized here. It is familiar to anyone who has been in a motion-picture house since April, 1916.

In a time of world agony there comes the Moving Picture to lure the tortured mind into pleasant places, to hearten the desolate, refresh the weary.

Well may we call the Motion Picture the Fifth Estate. It has worthily proved its right to stand beside the Press as the new expression of our new Democracy. On the screen, Man sees his brother Man and his heart goes out to him in the true spirit of fraternity.

Now this Fifth Estate has its interpreter and the name of that interpreter is PHOTOPLAY. Where the Motion Picture goes, PHOTOPLAY goes. Whom the Motion Picture interests, PHOTOPLAY interests. In picture and in type it is the magazine of the Motion-Picture world that reflects most accurately the most important developments in that world. Like the Motion Picture, its appeal is human and universal.

(Copyright, 1918, Photoplay Magazine)



What causes skin blemishes

The way to remove blemishes and to remove their cause

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a *clear* skin—soft, free from blemishes and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that mar it. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their *cause*.

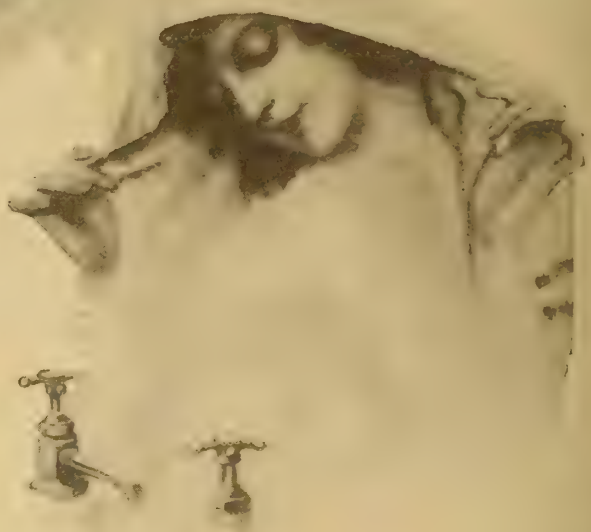
Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood—and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and *prevent* the appearance of fresh ones.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use this treatment *regularly* until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes.

The 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.



If your skin is pale and sallow, try the new steam treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

FEW young women have given as many delightful characterizations as Jane Grey. Remember her in the old Triangle pictures? Recently, on the stage, she took Marjorie Rambeau's place in "Eyes of Youth," and played "De Luxe Annie."



Charlotte Fairchild

IT'S so seldom that one discovers the vivid Norma Talmadge in anything even remotely suggesting repose that this is a most unusual picture. Whoever called Norma "the miniature dynamo" had never seen this pose.



ONLY Kate Bruce—"Aunty Bruce"—as he called her—could make little Ben Alexander cry at the proper times in "Hearts of the World." Here are Ben and his REAL mother, in a very unteary moment.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

PERHAPS you had your first view of Martha Mansfield in an Essanay-Max Linder production. She was with Harold Lockwood in "Broadway Bill," and "the spoiled girl" in James Montgomery Flagg's series. Now she's in the "Follies."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

IN getting Fred Stone, the Photoplay crossed its Rhine. The most popular American comedian—with the possible exception of Al Jolson—is a man of wealth and world-wide theatrical influence. He is completing his first Zukor-Lasky picture.



Stagg

FLOWERS and birds and sunsets and girls haven't needed any added charms for quite a good many centuries. For instance, here is Marie Prevost, whose dressmaker hasn't contrived much of anything, and yet—Marie is still in Sennett's pictures.



Underwood & Underwood

THIS year the continent did not threaten to divide that redoubtable stage-screen pair, Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou Tellegen, for Farrar is making pictures in the East. A dual film venture for Farrar and Tellegen has been predicted.



Luniere

WALLACE McDONALD, not long ago with Vitagraph, and recently with Triangle, has a splendid baritone voice—and is going to war!



IRVING CUMMINGS, now leading man with Kitty Gordon, was a favorite in those "early days" of four years ago and a greater one now.



JOHN BOWERS has signed a contract to appear as a leading man in World films. Several years ago he played opposite Mary Pickford. Married.



Hartsook

EUGENE O'BRIEN has risen to stellar dimensions, as a leading man, without being starred. It is reported that he is to have his own company.



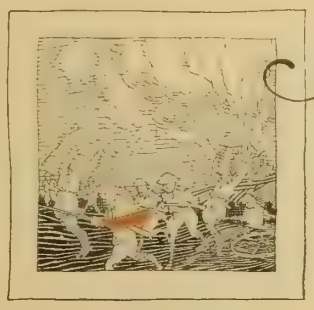
Alfred Cheney Johnston

LOIS MEREDITH'S most recent screen appearance was with Sergeant Empey in "Over the Top." She is equally well known on stage and screen. She starred in "Help Wanted," and has been featured by Vitagraph, Pathe, and Lasky.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIV SEPTEMBER, 1918 NO. 4



After the Deluge



THE world is at the end of an epoch. The Great War is as much of a milestone as the Great Deluge.

And after the deluge, what?

We believe that this is the finale, for the present generation at least, of mere material invention and mere commercial expansion for gain. Commerce and invention have been rising like a vast utilitarian flame for a half century.

It is altogether probable that the war will be followed by an age of stupendous spiritual discovery, and related to this of course, a revival of art such as the world has not seen since the Italian Renaissance.

The greatest things in the world remain to be discovered, and none of them are merely material. They are awesome things, things which we speak of in whispers . . . . the relation of the human brain and that mystic impelling force which for want of a better name we call the soul . . . . the problems of life and death . . . . the riddles of the cosmic universe.

These vast things must, in their very nature, have the most stupendous reflexes in imagination. Imagination's one expression is art, in some form or other. And the art of the twentieth century—the pre-eminently faithful, graphic, living art of today—is the Moving Picture.

What Music has meant to Italy, Painting to France, the Novel to Russia and Dramatic Literature to England, the Moving Picture will mean to America. Yesterday America was the only believer in the Moving Picture; today it is the only developer; tomorrow it will be the only master of the craft. It is destiny that this craft shall be the arm of our ingenuity and the vehicle of our imaginations.

Veritably, as The Day of Materialism and Imperialism is waning, The Day of the Literature of Light is dawning.



The peculiar necessities of their Alpine warfare has lead the sturdy Italians into a conflict almost as upside down as that waged by the airmen. Here is a "trench" not in the Alps, but on the Tagliamento river. One would believe that whoever constructed such a trench, could, if occasion arose, do the most beautiful fancy work — provided all their time were not taken up decimating the Austrian Empire.



The danger of a surprise attack, or an air-bomb, or a filtration of deadly gas, isn't much of a worry to these United States troops, asleep in a dugout right where the fight is at its hottest. They have warmth, which is a manifest necessity in the cool nights of Northern France, and they have just had something to eat, which is a happy thought anywhere, and they are ready for anything that comes.



Here are two Sammies posted in an advanced shell-hole, not, however in "No-Man's Land." This particular bit of gnashed ground is just behind the front line diggings, and serves to give the Americans their final training. At this moment they are observing Hun airships criss-crossing the air above their heads, and—you will note by the tensely-grasped rifles—they are not at all unwilling to have these buzzards of the sky come within sniping range. This is one of the first pictures to arrive in this country showing Americans actually bearing the burden of the world-war at the front.

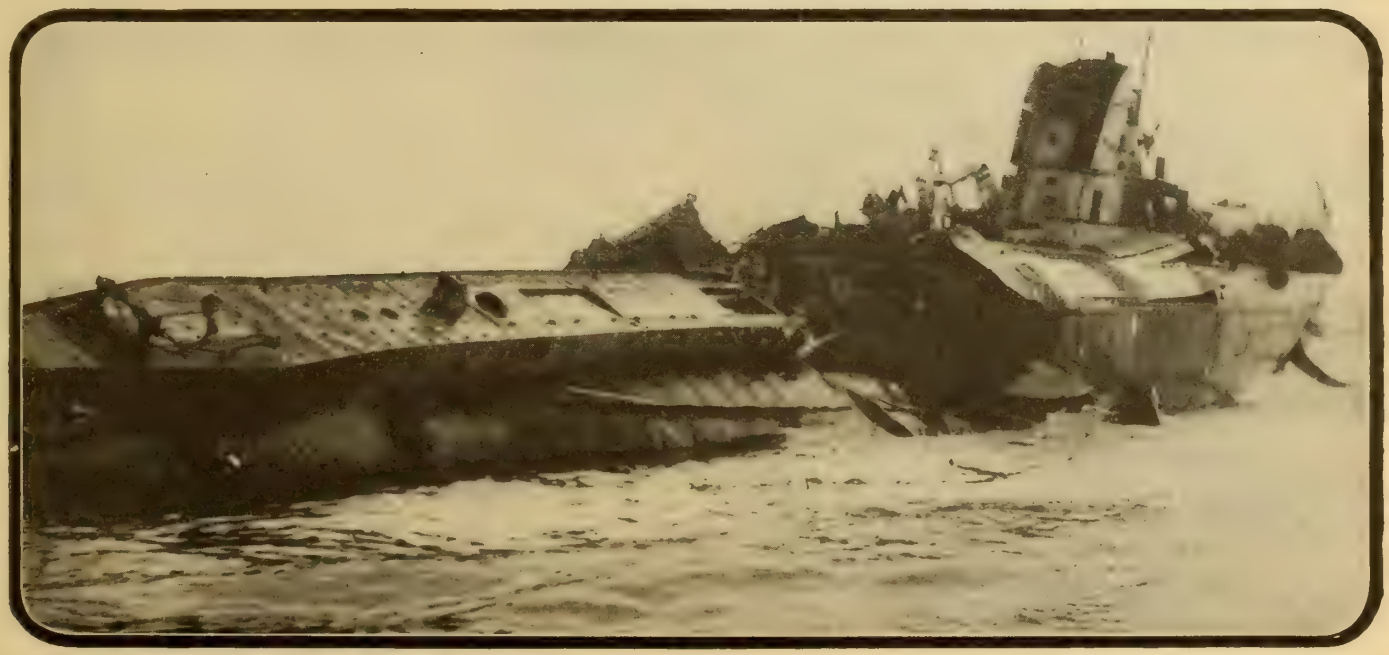
The Myriad Moods of War

Photos copyright by
Underwood & Underwood

Will another Meissonier arise to paint the grim yet occasionally beautiful drama of this war? Let us hope so, for with a world embattled there is warlike splendor of a sort that — let us hope — we shall never see again. Occasionally there is a gentler touch which might have done honor to the soft tints of Corot. This French sentry, for instance, perched on the wall of a ruined chateau, could be the centerpiece of an exhibit in any Salon.



Here lies indisputable photographic evidence of the end of at least one of the great new German U-boats. It lies, a total wreck, on the coast of Wissant, near Calais. The boat was captured by the French, and the crew were taken prisoners by Belgian cavalry. This picture gives a remarkable view of the general lines of the Kaiser's new weapon of the seas, and — sinister thought! — it is a pity that it and some more like it cannot be shown through the German Empire.



MR. JOHNSON has long been recognized as the leading commentator that the new art of the Photoplay has yet developed in its twin brother in art, literature. At the conclusion of a year's leave of absence from his editorial desk, spent in the studios of the East and West, he has returned, bringing with him a deeper appreciation of and faith in the great mission of the motion picture, a greater Tolerance (if possible), and a vast storehouse of information. Like a surgeon seeking more light, in diagnostic study he has attended clinics, and done research work. His remarkable literary ability, with which the readers of PHOTOPLAY are familiar, gives him the facility to pass his information on and to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the greatest Art which America has given to the world — the Photoplay. We are glad to welcome him back. We know our readers will be gratified by his return. —THE PUBLISHERS.

Have a

You have got to put your whole make it achieve its manifest Destiny. a new understanding, pleads for

By Julian

OUR government has wisely determined that traitors are of two classes: those who actually give aid and comfort to the enemy, and those who do nothing except deride the efforts of others, while offering no help, making no sacrifice, proffering no service, themselves. Those classifications have a place in the arts as well as in war.



The photoplay has annexed beauty, long since — but now it needs decorators and designers and scene-builders, and modistes and fashion-designers who know the photographic values of color.

A year ago I left the secure trench of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to advance into the no-man's land of actual picture-making. I wanted experience. I got it. I made experiments. A few of them were successes. I wished to find out what sort of fellows the men behind the pictures really are. I found out. I wished to know why we don't get better pictures, and a larger percentage of good pictures. I discovered some of the reasons—not all of them, or even half of them, for here's where one has to back up experience with theory.

My first impulse, upon once more tumbling over the sandbags, and finding my feet on the fire-step, is to cry "Have a Heart!"

I am going to say this: the chief thing wrong with motion pictures today is the class of intelligent people who continually find fault with them.

I mean authors of repute and power; the progressives among actors and actresses; established theatrical managers; professional critics and commentators; leaders of society and civic bodies whose function it is to turn their following toward some form of art or other.

Let me explain still further:

We have come to the end of the Motion Picture's kindergarten years. The mechanical epoch, the toy era, is quite over. The Motion Picture is today in a death grapple with an invisible Prussian—a spirit of skepticism which would condemn it to an eternal triviality, making the screen a languid diversion for children, cooks on a holiday, ingenues, and business men in the siesta hour.

The Motion Picture has gone as far as it can in the paths which it has always followed. By every justice that art and culture possess, it is due, from now on, to be a genuine artistic force, a cultural, permanent force, and that it cannot be unless intelligent men and women will lend it not only their fullest support but their uttermost faith. That they have never done, but if they do not do it, now, they are committing treason against the artistic liberties of the world. They will be guilty of crushing the one art contribution of the twentieth century beneath a bigotry which would have done credit to the fourteenth.

The director and the star dominate the production side of the picture business today. You hear a good deal about stellar tyranny, and almost nothing about the Commune of the director. Yet there he stands—obscure, but an oft-multiplied little Czar.

Of course the directoral problem is a real one. The directors grew to be bosses because they had to be—they had to write their own stories as well as choose them, and after that, adapt them to their people and their conditions. That wasn't any desire to wear shoulder-straps; it was the first

Heart

faith behind the Motion Picture, to A familiar Voice, aroused by tolerance, and tells you why.

Johnson

THERE are robbers in National Banks, sensualists in the Church and Heaven knows how many half-wits in the colleges. Must the Photoplay be condemned because of the pickpockets among its camp-following?

We want from the intelligent men and women of the United States unquestioning, enthusiastic belief in the motion picture as an instrument of destiny in bringing men and their motives together throughout the world, as a disseminator of knowledge, and a purveyor of beauty and emotion.

The chief thing wrong with motion pictures today is the class of intelligent people who continually find fault with them.

law of survival. However, like the descendants of the first feudal strong men, many of the directors have grown to be robber-barons, and inflict on their proprietors and their public the brassy sheen of small-time taste, feeble education and colossal egotism.

Now then, what do we want from the intelligent men and women who are the progressive and creative forces of the U. S.?

Like America's militant allies, we want and must have pretty nearly everything.

In the first place we want unquestioning, enthusiastic belief in *this truth:* the Motion Picture, the greatest discovery of the arts, is the instrument of destiny in bringing men and their motives together throughout the world, and is as well a disseminator of knowledge and a purveyor of beauty and emotion.

When all those who count themselves leaders of thought believe in the Motion Picture as they believe in the Novel, the Play, Music and Painting, we shall receive the full and heartfelt co-operation of every man and woman who can write or make or procure an artistic thing.

First of all, we need the sincere co-operation of the author himself—not the author's by-products.

We need painters. We need designers. We need the fashioners of style. We need poets. We need wits and epigrammatists and all the rapiers of letters—for the Motion Picture's mightiest corps and chief reliance, the Photoplay, depends much upon the written word. We need mechanical inventors and chemical experimenters. We need opticians with imagination and modistes who know the value of color in photography.

Lest some member of the Author's Union assassinate me for inferring that the author, not the illiterate picture-manager, is to blame for a lack of literary sincerity among the cameras, let me explain: this is a two-sided quarrel. For one author who has been done brown, insulted, and thrown out over the back fence, there are twenty who do nothing but snort and sneer, extending a cordial raspberry to all things picturistic—and perfectly willing, too, to pick up some loose change by dashing off an idle scenario now and then. And for as much as possible, for it is no sin for anyone to charge double price to the government and the movies.

There you have some of the external facts in the case. Have a heart!

Have a heart and help. If you don't, I tell you that as sure as we're both here, the Motion Picture—and the Photoplay, which is the Motion Picture's biggest and finest expression—will come to a full stop.

Let me come back to the war for one more illustration: one day's battle now uses up more ammunition than Napoleon required to carve an empire. The demands of the Photoplay, in particu-



The Director and the Star dominate the production side of the picture business today. You have heard a lot about the tyranny of the star, but not much about the tyranny of the director.

lar, are correspondingly just as overwhelming. To progress it must have not a novelty here and there, but a stupendous torrent of spiritual emotions, mental ideas and physical material.

The Whole People have got to put their whole faith back of the War to bring it to an end, and behind the Photoplay to make it continue.

Before I sat down to write these paragraphs it seemed to me that the mechanical difficulties—the internal problems—were the paramount issue. You see, we have made them secondary, but they are very real, too, and I want to show some of them to you.

THE demands of the Photoplay are as overwhelming as the demands of War. To progress it must have not a novelty here and there but a stupendous torrent of spiritual emotions, mental ideas and physical material.

You are responsible for the first and biggest one: the vast number of photoplays necessary. In your down-town theatres you kick if you don't have a daily change of bill; in your resident districts you must have a new one every other day. No publication—not even Montgomery Ward's catalogue—could hold up to that demand. The theatres wouldn't attempt it. Yet, cultivating this optic intemperance deliberately, you spread your groans all over the highway because you don't find invariable masterpieces.

Have a heart!

For the illiterate captioneer, the careless director, the time-clock scenarioist, the perfunctory scene-builder, the prima-donna actor, the male or female vampire and the managerial panderer I offer no excuses under any circumstances.

Not to continue a weary cataloguing, let's take two or three specific instances of great obstacles never even thought of by the casual observer.

California is considered a paradise of light. And so it is—when its sunshine falls from a perfectly clear sky. But many of the spring and summer months are marked by a variable haze: light which is of one degree to the eye, and of many degrees to the camera. Now, lights in a picture must "match up." So, sometimes, day after day, a company will set out to continue or complete one or more exterior sequences and find it impossible to do so because "the light doesn't match." Meanwhile, stellar salaries go on, overhead expense piles up—and the program is waiting. Eventually the picture must be completed regardless.

The war is increasing the laboratory chief's problems day by day. Perfect moonlight effects were gotten in the aniline dyes imported from Germany before the war. That dye is gone. Eventually, we shall have as good or better, made domestically—but we haven't it yet. Developing and printing materials have not only increased nearly 2000 per cent in price, but are almost impossible to get. No firm is able, today, to get anywhere near the quota of new cameras it is willing to pay for. Each one that it does get costs as much as a high-class automobile!

Most of the production departments are located, per artistic necessity, in California, while their executive offices exist, per business necessity, in New York. Three thousand miles apart, and ofttimes not even the whole labor of the Western Union is able to make them understand each other.

The problem whose rack and anguish never relents, the nightmare that shares your plate at the table and roosts on your bedposts at night, is *Time*. The awful urge of speed saturates and tinges every department of Photoplay endeavor. Time! a galley-boss born of feverish competition and public fastidiousness that forces producers to produce on an inviolable scale whether art be fleeting, or lethargic for any one of a number of unavoidable causes. The fact that it may require time for the mountains to go to Mohamet finds no recognition in the film booking agencies, pushed by the exhibitors who are pushed by the exhibitor's patrons. Time balls up the leading woman's costumes, makes a machine out of the most enthusiastic scenario-writer, makes a sawmill of the cutting-room, interferes, even, with proper locations.

In the Restaurant Royale, in Chicago, I heard a swarthy-faced engineer, at an adjoining table, sharply criticize Triangle's "Hard-Rock Breed" because the rock location wasn't "hard rock," after all.

I was intimately concerned with the finding of locations for that particular picture. We went *seventy miles* every day, by motor, to get to the rock-drillings that *were* shown —seventy miles, from the coast to the interior of San Bernardino county, and there wasn't what the engineering profession knows as hard rock work within two hundred miles of Los Angeles at that particular time. If there had been hard rock within one hundred miles we would have reached it. For picture purposes all real rock excavation, on a large scale, is practically the same. We ought to have had it, perhaps, to satisfy the two-score men in the United States who in a few scenes could detect the difference. But just then we couldn't get it, and we did the best we could.

Have a heart, Mr. Engineer!

The theatre men, because of a bit of jealousy; the literary men, because of class pride and a lot of real wrongs at the hands of the pirates and ignorant elbowers who have infested this business; the professionally cultured, by reason of their habits of thought —these, and others, have a motto upon their walls which says: "The Movies are Anathema, and They who traffic therein are Sluggards, or Thieves, or both."

Let us destroy that sentiment wherever we find it, for it is the delusion of Pharisees who close their eyes and stop their ears against the truth.

There are robbers in National Banks, and sensualists in the Church and Heaven knows how many half-wits in the colleges. Must the Motion Picture and the Photoplay be condemned because of the scars of speed and the pickpockets among its camp-following?

Have a heart!



While the photographer waits, perhaps day after day, for the "light to match," stellar salaries go on, overhead expense piles up and the programme waits.

The Service Star

In which it is proven that the only person prouder than a bride is a war-bride.

By Dorothy Scott



"For all my fears," said Marilyn whimsically, "my dream came true. I'll be a real war bride this time, with no pretending."

MARILYN kept right on with her knitting although her eyes were so brimmed with tears that the stitches seemed blurred and distorted. She was doing her best to hide in a corner of the spacious, bright hall which was used as a work-room by the Ladies' Loyalty League and which was at this moment filled with chattering femininity. Most of these "volunteer workers" were of high school age and, in the midst of this gay, fashionably dressed crowd, Marilyn looked like a little grey moth that had somehow strayed into a bevy of butterflies.

She was waiting, nerves on edge, for the taunts which had become a familiar part of the afternoon's conversation. Whenever there was a lull in the chatter, it was customary to "get a rise out of Marilyn" and, with the unconscious cruelty of youth which has never known suffering, the girls had seized upon her one sensitive subject. She was used to being twitted about not having a beau—as long as she could remember she had been called an old maid and she had learned not to mind. But, since the war had broken out and she had watched the long lines of gallant fellows on their way to the front, the thought that there was not one of them to whom she could send candy and cigarettes and good cheer, had become almost more than she could bear. The girls' chatter about their soldier sweethearts, left her sick with loneliness and this they knew and found exceedingly funny.

In spite of her struggle for self-control, one huge tear rolled down her cheek and splashed on the khaki-colored sock she was knitting. Gwendolyn's quick eyes saw it and sparkled maliciously.

"Feeling blue, Marilyn?" she cooed in honeyed tones. "Are you crying over your lover at the front? Don't be bashful—show us his picture."

Twenty pairs of bright eyes were raised from their work to watch the fun. Marilyn winced like a little hunted animal, then gulped twice and suddenly became calm. A wild idea had entered her head and out of her desperation, she acted on it almost involuntarily.

"I haven't his picture with me," she said, steadily. "But I can tell you his name. It is—" she hesitated for a fraction of a second and then added in a rush, "It is Captain John Whitney Marshall. Perhaps you have heard of him."

Heard of him! The name of General Pershing himself could hardly have caused more excitement. For weeks, Captain Marshall had been heralded in the papers as the latest "American Ace," the valiant young aviator who had become the terror of the German aerial fleet. Marilyn caught eagerly at the first murmur of surprise and ad-

miration and then to her terror heard it change to incredulity. To keep her courage from failing utterly she plunged forward still deeper.

"He isn't my sweetheart though," she gasped hurriedly. "He's my husband. We were married secretly before he left for the front." And then, unable longer to keep back the burst of tears, she escaped in the buzz that followed her announcement.

Once out in the street, the realization of what she had done, descended in full force upon her. To her as to the other girls, Captain John Whitney Marshall was only a name to be honored. She had never even seen him although his picture in aviator's uniform, cut from a Sunday paper, had hung above her dresser for weeks. She was in for it now, however, there was nothing left but to see her story through and to find evidence that would support it.

In her bewilderment, she stopped for one dazed moment before a dingy little curio shop on the corner. Its window was filled with the usual motley collection of old jewelry, worn tapestries and dirty prints. In the foreground was a battered German helmet and an officer's leather belt, obviously placed there because of their timeliness. They gave Marilyn her second inspiration. She would buy them as relics of her mythical husband.

The proprietor who bargained with her was an unsavory looking creature with shifting eyes and cruel hands like claws. Once a voice from the back of the shop addressed him as "Blinky" and he answered with a volley of curses. Before she left, he had forced upon her the purchases for twice their value and with uncanny knowledge of her purpose, had sold her an old-fashioned wedding ring.

Meanwhile, the girls of the Ladies' Loyalty League were holding an indignation meeting in the deserted hall. The first impression made by Marilyn's earnestness had worn off and they all agreed that she was a horrid little story-teller who was trying to impose on their good-nature. She must be exposed at once and publicly, to teach her a lesson but they could not agree on the best method of making an example of her. Suddenly Gwendolyn had a bright thought.

"Captain Marshall's mother lives here," she announced. "You know their beautiful place they call 'Hillcrest.' Let's write to her and tell her everything and invite her to our next meeting when Marilyn tells her story. She can show her up better than anyone." And, with the shout of joy which greeted this suggestion, the Loyal Leaguers gathered about the table to compose a letter to Mrs. Marshall which would be tactful and at the same time justly indignant.

At the next meeting of the League, the twenty young patriots sat clustered about their guest who had just arrived in the Marshall limousine. They had all agreed secretly that she looked exactly as the mother of a hero should look—a gentle, distinguished woman with the unconsciously gracious manners of the true aristocrat. She had indicated from the first that she did not care to discuss the object of her visit and the girls were waiting, with varying degrees of impatience; for Marilyn's arrival.

When the door finally opened and Marilyn stood on the threshold, all the Leaguers turned as one to face her. She made a pathetic, frightened little figure with her huge eyes staring through their shell-rimmed glasses and the German helmet and belt clasped tightly to her shabby blouse. She tried to slip into a seat but Gwendolyn, still with her honeyed smile, pressed forward, took her hand and led her forward to the guest.

"Let me present Mrs. John Whitney Marshall, wife of the famous aviator," she said sweetly. "We invited this lady here especially to meet you, Marilyn. Do tell her how it happened, my dear. It's all so thrilling."

Marilyn looked up into the kind brown eyes of their guest and had a wild impulse to throw her arms about the older woman's neck and confess everything. A suppressed chuckle from one of the girls brought her back to her original intention and she began the story which she had prepared carefully at home. It was a remarkable mixture of love and adventure which did credit to Marilyn's powers as a weaver of fiction, but to-day—with those kind eyes upon her—the girl could not do it justice. As she faltered over the most salient facts, she turned to her trophies for support and held out



John's face was distorted at first sight of the weapon. . . . . Suddenly, all trace of fear changed to blind anger. He sprang at the crook just as he fired.

the helmet and the belt as dumb witnesses to her statements.

In the pause that followed, Mrs. Marshall spoke.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to meet you, my dear," she said gently. "You see, I'm John's mother."

The helmet fell crashing to the floor as Marilyn staggered back struck by the realization that she had been trapped. A burst of laughter from the girls who no longer tried to restrain their mirth, confirmed her assurance.

But Mrs. Marshall went on speaking. "My son wrote me all about it," she said to the dazed Marilyn. "I've been looking for you everywhere. Come here, dear child. I'm so glad I've found you."

Marilyn could only stare for a moment at the arms outstretched for her. Then the strain of the last hour broke and she fell sobbing into the embrace of the dear woman who, deceived or not, was at least for the moment, her friend.

* * * * * *

Life at Hillcrest, where Marilyn was now established, would have been one untroubled round of luxury and comfort and sweet companionship if it had not been for the secret which was gnawing at her conscience. Every affectionate act on the part of Mrs. Marshall burned like a coal of fire until finally the girl could bear it no longer. One night, when her foster-mother left her with a goodnight kiss, she called her back and told her everything. Mrs. Marshall seemed, oddly enough, more bewildered than surprised and sat for some moments in silence as if seeking guidance for her next move. At last, she spoke.



"You must stay here, at least for the present," she said. "Later we will decide what to do but until then never let anyone but ourselves suspect that you are not my son's wife." Marilyn promised with a deep sense of relief in her heart.

That night, Marilyn awoke suddenly from the most horrible of nightmares. With the terror of her imagined dangers still upon her, she jumped from her bed, ran out in the hall and fell almost into the arms of a young man, an utter stranger, who had come out of an adjacent room with an air of belonging there. At her shriek of surprise, Mrs. Marshall came out of her bedroom, cast a significant glance at the stranger and led Marilyn away to her own room. In the midst of her soothing words of endearment, she explained that the stranger was a young chemist for whom she had fitted up a laboratory. "Mr. Hardwick is doing very important work for the Government," she told the girl. "Of course you must say nothing about his being here, for spies are constantly about." Marilyn promised again and went to sleep with the vivid memory of a pair of keen lovable blue eyes which her momentary glimpse of the stranger had impressed upon her.

As the days went by, Marilyn's visits to the laboratory became a regular part of the pleasant routine at Hillcrest. It was obvious that the chemist looked forward to them. At Mrs. Marshall's suggestion, she had discarded the black-rimmed glasses, loosened her primly knotted hair and turned from a meek little grub to a very fascinating butterfly. Without the slightest conceit, she realized that she was now a very pretty girl and the chemist's evident admiration did not seem incredible to her. Nevertheless, she was deeply disturbed at the situation which was developing.

Once he had raised her hand to his lips and then catching sight of her wedding ring, had dropped it with a look of searching inquiry. The pang which this unspoken question had brought her, made her realize how close and important a factor he had become in her life. She had left the laboratory hurriedly with some laughing excuse but the thought of that look still stabbed her and she felt that she was beginning to hate the soldier "husband" who was the unconscious cause of her suffering.

One evening, as she was dressing for dinner, her maid announced that "a person" downstairs insisted on seeing her. From the up-turned nose and general disgust of Celeste, Marilyn gathered that the "person" was more or less objectionable and not to be encouraged. When she entered the reception, an evil-looking figure rose and came forward, fixing her with a steady menacing gaze. For a moment she had only a vague sense that she had seen this man before and then with a rush came back the memory of the dark, dingy curio shop and this face leering at her from behind the counter. It was Blinky. As the conviction flashed upon her she started back with a little cry.

Blinky grinned, insolently.

"Remember me now, don't you," he sneered. "I'm wise to your little game kiddo but there won't be any trouble if—" He crossed his palm with a significant gesture.

Marilyn felt the old terror sweeping over her. This crook had it in his power to spread broadcast the secret which she and Mrs. Marshall had so carefully guarded.

With a panic-stricken movement she tore from her neck the string of pearls which had been her birthday gift and held them out to him. Blinky clutched them in his claw-like hands, grinned his approval of her move and vanished without a word.

This incident served to strengthen her resolution to leave Hillcrest—a resolution which had already sprung from her growing love for the chemist. There had been no word or act that would serve as admission of the attraction they both felt but they were both unhappy and ill at ease in each other's presence. Drawn together by an almost irresistible force, they were still separated by the spectre of a wholly mythical husband. Marilyn lived in hourly fear of the consequences of revelation and finally decided to seek safety in flight.

When she announced her purpose to Mrs. Marshall, that lady met her resolve with frenzied entreaties to stay at all cost. The fervor of her pleadings surprised and puzzled Marilyn. She knew that Mrs. Marshall loved her and had expected some affectionate efforts to keep her in the house but there was something hysterical, almost terrified in the woman's determination to keep her there. She broke away after a painful scene and started back to her room, more than ever resolved to get herself and her few belongings out of the house which had held such joy and suffering for her.

As she passed the laboratory door, she became conscious of the penetrating and sinister odor of some gas, far more deadly than any that had before emanated from that hall of evil smells. She rushed to the door and threw it open. As she did so, a dark figure swayed past her and fell heavily to the floor. It was the chemist who had evidently just entered to investigate the accident and had been instantly overpowered by the fumes. A glance at the laboratory told the story—the jar which had contained the deadly gas lay smashed on the floor with a large rat which had knocked it over lying dead beside it.

Marilyn's shriek brought the butler to the scene and between them they managed to drag the unconscious man to a couch in the library. As Marilyn bent over the death-like figure, she looked up suddenly to see Mrs. Marshall standing in the hall. She seemed immovable for one moment and then rushed forward, brushing the butler and Marilyn aside.

"John," she cried, as she threw herself on her knees before the divan. "John—My son—Come back to me—"

The chemist's eyes slowly opened and he staggered uncertainly to his feet. "I'll be all right, in a moment, mother," he soothed her. "Didn't get enough of the stuff to do much harm, but another breath would have finished me."

As the servants helped him up to his room, Marilyn turned to the mother with flashing eyes.

"Then he," she said slowly, "is John Whitney Marshall."

The mother could only nod, pitifully.

"So that's why you let me come here," Marilyn stormed at her. "To make me a tool to help me trick my country! Oh, the coward, —the slacker—slacker—slacker!"

She whirled toward the door and would have flung herself out of the room but the mother called to her in a tone so full of anguish that there was no ignoring it. She came back slowly and stood before her, still trembling with fury.

(Continued on page 112)

The Service Star

NARRATED by permission from the scenario by Charles A. Logue, directed by Charles Miller, and produced by Goldwyn, with the following cast:

Marilyn March.....Madge Kennedy
John Whitney Marshall.Clarence Oliver
"Blinky" .....Tammany Young
Jefferson .....Jules Cowles
Finkelstein ..... William Bechtel
Mrs. Marshall...Maude Turner Gordon
Gwendolyn Plummer.....Mabel Ballin
Aunt Judith.....Victory Bateman
Martha .....Zula Ellsworth



In her mind's eye, Marilyn could see him standing before the army men — staunch and proud—reporting for service.

A Merry Hamlet

Conway Tearle is really cheerful—even before breakfast.

By Alison Smith

THERE is something about the name of Conway Tearle that suggests partings at twilight and the shadow of cypresses and other old, unhappy, far-off things, that are subtly tinged with melancholy. That is why, when I first met him in the prosaic light of an editorial office, I was so surprised that I forgot about being an interviewer. Instead of asking him about his favorite breakfast food, I blurted out, "You don't look a bit sad."



"I'm not sad," he answered, calmly, quite as if that were the right way to begin. "I am hopelessly, unromantically cheerful. I'm even one of those unpopular persons who are cheerful before breakfast. Yet, because I have played every variety of blighted being including Armand Duval, people think that I am like that all the time. They expect me to behave like Hamlet or the grave-digger."

You couldn't imagine anyone who looked less like a grave-digger. He had evidently just motored in from the country and he was as jaunty as sun-burn and an auto-cap could make him. He suggests outdoor sports in every move, without the slightest hint of the tragic situations which are his usual in-door sport behind the footlights. His buoyancy is different from the Douglas Fairbanks variety, however, and his grin is slightly quizzical, as though he were amused at himself for finding life so agreeable. His philosophy, I learned, has been gathered from all sorts and conditions of men whom he has met through his insatiable curiosity to see how "the other half" lives.



Mr. Tearle—twice. His accompanist in the small picture is Mary Pickford's remarkable characterization, Unity, in "Stella Maris."

"I chummed about with some queer lots in London," he told me. "They gave me invaluable material for character work, which I never could have gathered second hand. For instance, I never could have played the bruiser in 'Major Barbara' if I hadn't known a chap

just like that down in Whitechapel. I met him while I was a pugilist."

"In a play, you mean," I gasped. "Not a real one."

"A real one," he insisted proudly. "All my family had been actors for generations and I decided that it was time to break away from the traditions. While I was trying to decide between the law and intensive farming, the opportunity to enter the ring came along and I jumped at it. It's a real science in itself and one that is much abused by outsiders. You can't stay in it if you are vicious. A clergyman even, can tread the primrose path on the quiet if he is so inclined, but a pugilist has to keep fit, physically and mentally, or he is knocked out."

"You've been reading 'Cashel Byron's Profession,'" I accused him."

"I know that pugilists were a decent lot before Shaw wrote that book," he answered calmly. "But then Shaw thinks he discovered the ten commandments. I don't like that school of dramatists although I did enjoy the character work in 'Major Barbara.' I like authors who write plays and books about what people do instead of what they feel and think. I don't like any kind of subjective writing. You can get the characters' mental state through their actions better than through what they say about themselves. I'd rather have people talk about their pet operation than about their emotions. And I don't like Ibsen."

This last was delivered as a simple positive statement and not with the "please-don't-publish-this" manner which usually accompanies such heresies. He doesn't like Ibsen and he doesn't care who knows it. And yet his art has been devoted to getting the more subtle nuances of emotion over across the footlights. Was this a mood, I wondered, or the same perverse desire that made the tragedian of the old legend long to be a clown?

The fact that Mr. Tearle was born in Brooklyn could not prevent him from having romantic antecedents. His family has been known for generations in Wales and Ireland and both the Conways and the Tearles are familiar and respected names in English theatrical history. His own work has been associated with a number of famous names including Sir Charles Wyndham and Ellen Terry. On the screen, one thinks of him as the restless artist in "The Common Law," the melancholy prince in "The Fall of the Romanoffs" and the mysterious South African miner in "The Judgment House." However cheerful his philosophy may be, there is undoubtedly some quality in his personality that fits him for the more somber roles of life and he is usually identified with the hero who is a victim of fate's revenges and whose head is "bloody but unbowed."

And yet I know that when I see him again as a promising young barrister whose career has been ruined by a reckless woman whom he has just sent back to her husband, and when he stands before the fire-place, defying fate with that ironic twist to his mouth—

I just know that I will forget that he is cheerful before breakfast and that he doesn't like Ibsen.



Corner of Property Room of Triangle Studios, Culver City, Calif.

The Property Room

By Charles McMurdy

Here's the crowded storage-room of Filmland's raw material—
Curious accessories to deck the mimic scene;
Trappings and accoutrements for single reel or serial—
Stuff that dreams are made of—in the stockroom of the screen.

Here's a towering headdress worn by Dervish monks fanatical;
There's an ancient coat of mail—with many a dark red stain;
This old chest of ebony once bulged with gold piratical,
Loot of swarthy buccaneers along the Spanish Main.

Bearskin rugs from Labrador and fishing nets from Brittany;
Rusty spurs from Gettysburg; a miner's pick from Nome;
Idols from Cambodia, besought in heathen litany;
A spinning wheel and stately clock from some Colonial home.

Daggers that could tell a tale of murder and of mystery;
Swords that flashed in midnight brawls in moonlit Paris streets—
Never a scenario could screen a hotter history,
Filled with wild adventuring, with gay and gallant feats.

Commonplace modernities and obsolete antiquities
Gathered from the ends of earth, in every crowded nook;
Anything required for heroics or iniquities—
Comedies or tragedies or quaint and curious histories—
You'll find it in the prop room—if you just know where to look.



Stifling the Tears

Mary Warren bit her upper lip instead of the lower—and that's the sort of actress she is.

MARY WARREN is another example of these bright and willing young women who hang around the gate waiting for opportunity to knock. This gate happened to be at the Triangle Studios at Culver City and Mary wanted a job. So she waited and waited; and, as is the way in the movies, opportunity happened along and Mary opened the door and reached out and dragged it in. She'd always wanted to be a movie actress, you see, ever since she was little Mary Weirman, back in Philadelphia. But the folks didn't approve, of course—folks never do, in interviews with movie stars from Philadelphia—and so Mary went anyway. It chanced that a family friend, Barry O'Neill, was a moving picture director; and he urged Miss Warren to come on in. She liked the idea, but she wanted her parents' consent first. Did she coax them into it? Suffice it to say that Mary went in and now Mary's folks never miss a movie on any program—just because Mary's in 'em.

Mary began work in an Eastern studio—just bits, you know. But then a leading woman became ill and the director was in a quandary. (This also always happens, in the movies.) Mary Warren stepped in and saved the day. She made a hit and she started West to add fortune to her fame. At Triangle she played minor roles for a while; and then luck came her way again, when "The Sea Panther" was filmed. They needed a girl of her type to play opposite William Desmond in this story of adventure; Mary passed the test, and—made good!

She continued bright and willing, and never disputed the director when he told her to clasp her hands and gaze at the leading man as though she meant it, and bite her lip to keep back the tears, and all those things that are part of a movie actress' gay life. Mary had ideas of her own, however, about looking up at the hero, and biting her lip—she would bite her upper lip instead of her lower lip, which made it much more unusual—and she emoted in her own little way when the director glanced away. And when "they" saw unreeled the first picture Mary made, they said, "She's there!" and led her to a desk where she took her pen in hand to write "Mary Warren" on a nice contract.

Later on came another opportunity, and as usual Mary grasped it with both little hands. She was featured in a comedy-drama, "The Vortex," and—made good again. Then she played opposite Desmond in "An Honest Man," and perhaps in this scored her greatest artistic success.

And those who know her best, say she's still little Mary Warren. Oh, but listen—Mary answers all proposals from film fans with a gentle but firm, "I am already married." Friend-Husband is Lee Phelps, also of Triangle. But she sends them all autographed pictures.

But there's something more about Mary. When you ask her how she spends her spare time she doesn't wrinkle her brows at you and murmur "Sir!" She'll just smile and say, "Oh, nothing ever happens to Mary."

But we know that Mary has a cunning little bungalow in Hollywood, with chickens and dogs and cats and rabbits; and a little garage which occasionally houses Mary's little speedster, and a diminutive orange-grove in the back-yard.

By the way, the day we interviewed Mary she said she'd almost had sunstroke that very morning while out picking oranges. And once in a while Mary goes to the theatre and very often she spends the evening in a picture theatre—Mary always was a movie fan. And every one who knows her wishes her lots of success and ends up by saying that nothing is too good to happen to Mary.



The fact that dogs aren't responsive to flowers has nothing to do with the case. Mary Warren requested an inhalation and the little dog is feebly responding.

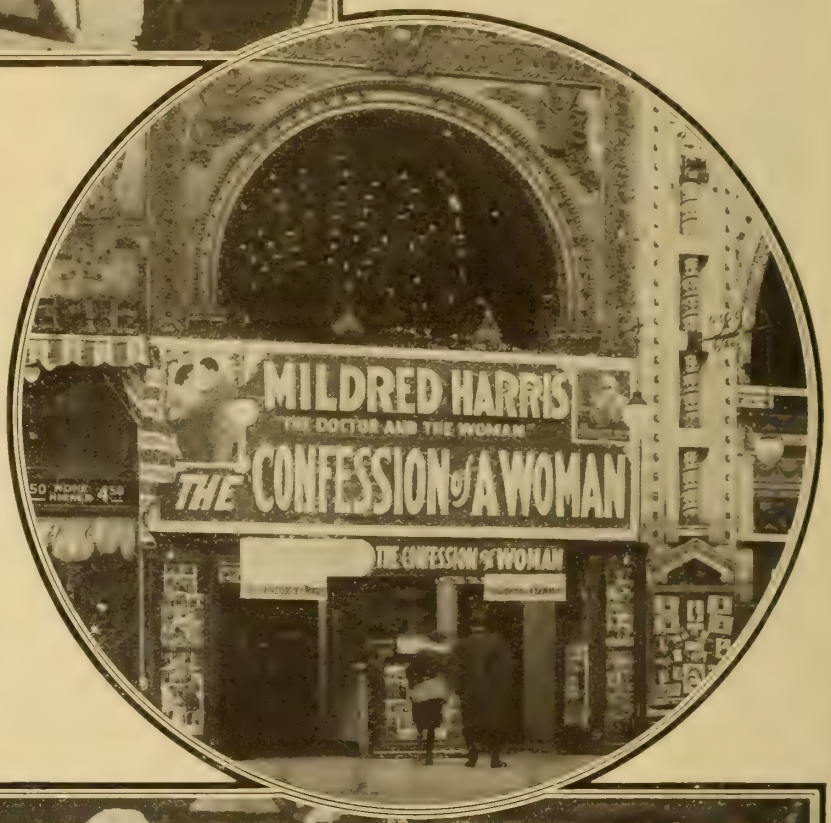


Putting the Punch in "K"

The producers who made over Mary Roberts Rinehart's popular novel, "K," were congratulating themselves that they had quite some punchy little title in "The Doctor and the Woman." But a Chicago loop theatre went 'em one better. They booked "The Doctor and the Woman," but they weren't satisfied with the title. So they got out the red tickets and hung up a classy sign to this effect: "The Confession of a Woman." And the lurid lights on the posters wink maliciously at the passer-by: "You don't know the half of it, dearie; you don't know the half of it."

Improving the Sunlight

"Southern California," says an authority, "is the ideal place for picture-making. Here one works in the sunshine; in the open air. Here artificial lighting is a farce—Old Sol provides all the Cooper-Hewitts necessary. Here—" and so on. Well, he's all wrong, this prospectus guy. Here you see these lonely lovers shivering in midstream while the director and his assistants are doping out the lighting system of sunny California. The why of the white screen is this: the faces of the actors are in shadow, and the screen catches the sunlight and reflects it back on the faces, making possible outdoor photography in Cal. The picture was snapped when Reginald Barker was directing for Ince, and Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton were only mentioned in the cast.



"Why, I Remember When—"

There isn't a single strand of crepe alfalfa in this collection of belshazzars. The gentlemen regaling Edith Storey with reminiscences are real Forty-niners, inveigled into doing bits for the Storey-Metro feature, "As the Sun Went Down." The daddy of them all is "Pop" Taylor, third from the left, who at ninety has a standing challenge in riding and shooting against any man not more than twenty years his junior. Boys of sixty-five are beneath his dignity.

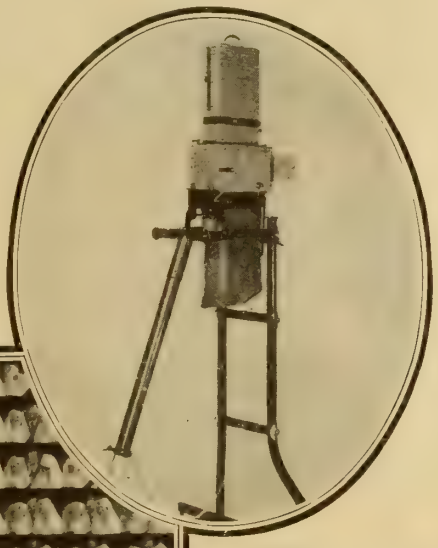


The Passing of Ethel the Great



Ethel, the greatest lioness in the world, is dead; and Universal City mourns. For Ethel was born at the Universal City arena, trained there, learning almost human tricks, appeared in every Universal production requiring jungle scenes, and at the age of four years, died at the U City arena in giving life to young. Ethel's burial cavalcade was the strangest ever seen. An elephant swung the casket in his trunk; camels with their ship-like motion and nodding heads seemed to be chanting a requiem, and an orang-outang caught the sincerity of sorrow and buried his face in hairy hands. All the players who appeared with Ethel in the "Lion's Claws" serial formed the funeral procession. Ethel fortunately completed her part in the film before her death. The gifted animal used to like nothing better than to ride with her human co-star, Marie Walcamp; to have the chauffeur "step on it," and to see the telephone poles flash by like the teeth of a baby's comb.

A variation of the camera below is used to get natural poses for portraits, as hundreds of "shots" can be taken at one sitting.

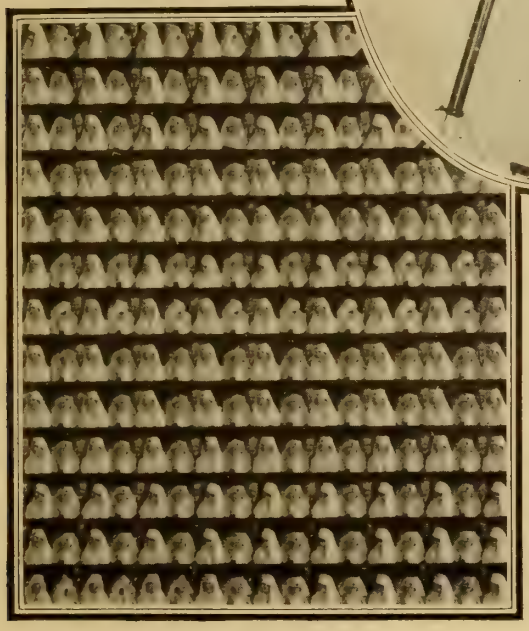


A Vest Pocket Movie Camera

It was, of course, only a question of time until some ingenious person would make a moving picture camera that would bear the same relation to the big machines they use in picture studios, as the pocket kodak does to the portrait camera.

An Italian inventor seems to have done it. His camera is a compact affair which uses an ordinary photographer's glass plate, five by eight and one-half inches. As the crank turns, this plate moves back and forth and up and down, until the equivalent of seventy-two feet of film has been photographed. If the operator wants a longer picture, he simply puts in another plate. This plate is developed as those of your own camera.

The projection machine, naturally, simply reverses the method used in making the photograph. But as it uses glass plates there is no fire risk, and the ordinary electric current which supplies light to the home, is sufficient.



Whose Hands?

Both belong to actors famous as screen "westerners." One's forte is the western "bad man," the other, sweet-rough cow-punchers. Left, Dustin Farnum's; right, Bill Hart's.



The Lady? No, the Car!

Hugh Thompson would rather talk autos than pictures

By Alison Smith



Mr. Thompson and Virginia Pearson in one of the strong moments of "A Daughter of France."

AS a rule there is nothing more simple than inducing people to talk about themselves. There are, however, three types that are consistent exceptions—a mother with her first baby, a young girl with her engagement ring and a man who has just bought a car. I was already familiar with the first two and I discovered the third when I met Hugh Thompson. As soon as he invited me out to the garage to "look her over," I knew that the evening would be one long struggle to learn more about him and less about his machine. I was right.



Apeda

It really was a ducky, infant prodigy of a car, painted a gorgeous rich-but-not-gaudy blue.

"What do you think of her?" its owner asked, fondly.

I told him truthfully that I thought she was a pretty color.

Mr. Thompson concealed his disgust politely and patiently began to explain the mechanical fine points of the motor. When I finally looked as if I had absorbed these details intelligently, I was invited to hop in.

To obtain my interview, I saw that it would be necessary to be firm with him. "Mr. Thompson," I said, "I came here to hear about your career, not the car's. I write for PHOTOPLAY, you know, not Motor Life."

And between skids and dashes and honks from the prodigy, I managed to gather the following:

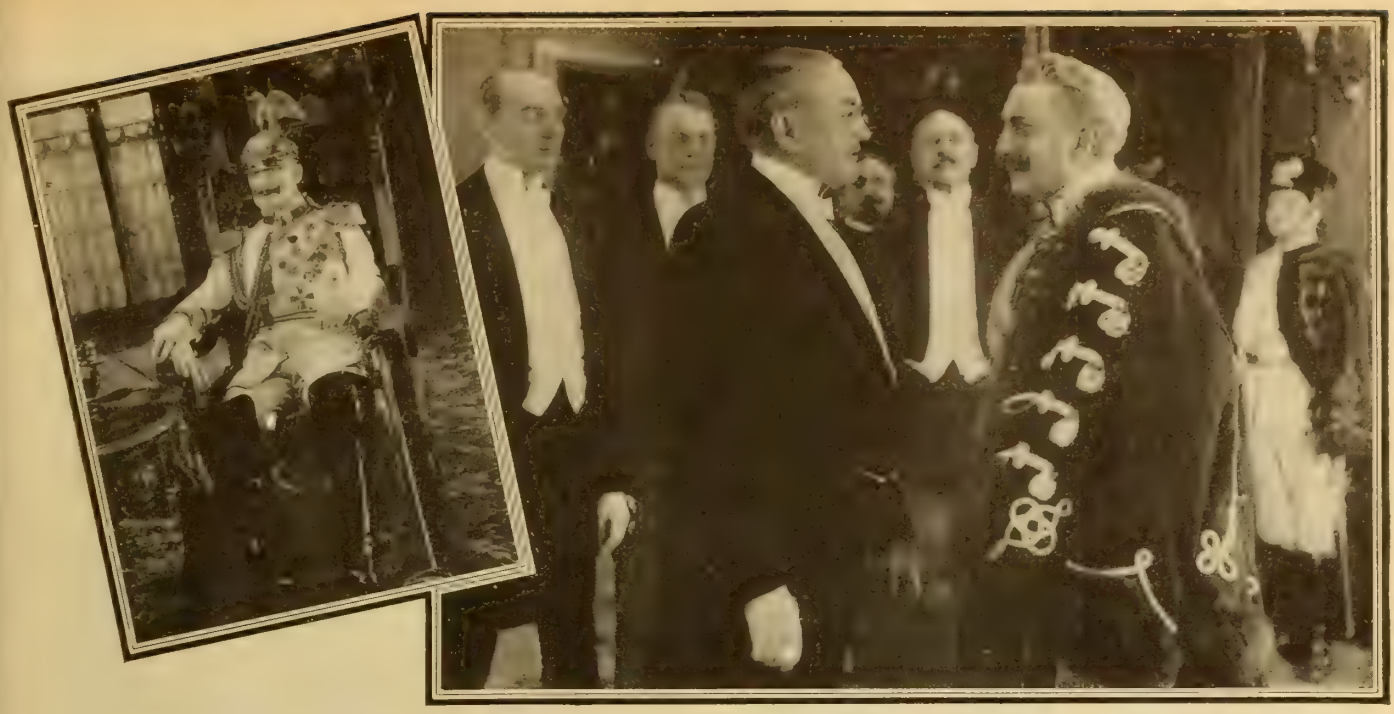
He was born in St. Louis, Missouri. (I found that much in the studio directory for when I asked him, he murmured something about f. o. b. Detroit.) He began his professional career in a church choir where he sang for the excellent reason that he was in love with the organist. He left the choir-loft for the vaudeville stage singing illustrated songs until, after some stock experience, he drifted naturally into the moving pictures. In his first film, he played the blackest of villains.

We came to grief when we started a discussion of leading women stars. I was in the midst of a rather neat epigram of my own about a well-known vampire, when he suddenly announced, "Her clutch never loosens!"

"*Are* you speaking of the lady?" I gasped.

"No, the car," he answered. "Oh, you were talking about the disappearance of the vapid ingenue type, weren't you? Yes, I think she is becoming less popular. Was that her hood that rattled?"

From that moment, our conversation was one huge chaos of crossed wires.



James Gerard's adventures in Germany visualize some of the Kaiser's pleasant little pastimes. "The Kaiser" (at left) tells a story of the man's weaknesses.

Propaganda!

An earnest consideration of the inestimable part being played by the Motion Picture in the Great War.

By Louella O. Parsons

IF German vandalism could reach overseas, the kaiser would order every moving picture studio crushed to dust, and every theatre blown to atoms.

There has been no more effective ammunition aimed at the Prussian empire than these picture stories of Germany's atrocities.

First because the moving picture reaches such an enormous audience. Where the novel eight times out of ten presents a more logical discussion of the cause, and the stirring patriotic play has more claim to our attention, it only reaches the thousands, where the film is seen and absorbed by millions. Moving pictures encircle the globe in every inhabited city, and are shown at a price which makes it possible for everyone to see them.

These followers of the cinema have seen with their own eyes how German militarism is waged against civilization. They have seen the rape of Belgium, the devastation of France and the evil designs against America, Italy and France. They have lived over with these unfortunates this tragedy against helpless women and children, and with tears in their eyes and horror in their hearts have cried aloud for vengeance against this soulless nation.

And while these film plays have been raising the temperature of the Allies' patriotism to blood heat, Germany has been gnashing its teeth. The natural question, Why doesn't Germany meet these attacks with similar moving pictures? brings back an answer attacking one place where Germany's widely touted efficiency is at fault. We do not doubt for the minute that Germany is making a strong attempt to come back at us with its own moving picture propaganda, but we who have studied the film situation since long before the war know that the kaiser's domain is not equipped to circulate any such productions as we have been viewing the last twelve months.

And if it were it would not have an American audience to reach. We with our cosmopolitan population of mixed races are able to reach the very people Germany is struggling to get into its clutches. And again, if it had studio facilities, there is no story it could tell to gain sympathy. The allies have never invaded a Belgium, nor destroyed a France, nor waged any unholy war against defenseless women and children.

The powers at Washington realized what a factor the screen would be in the war against William Hohenzollern. The declaration of war was not a week old when President Wilson sent for W. A. Brady to co-operate with him in getting the moving picture industry in line. What the fifth estate did in the way of starting the ball rolling with its four-minute men, its patriotic strips of film and with the active assistance of the three Liberty Loan Campaigns is too well known to need further comment. But the big thing the film producer has done was to create within the year over sixty pictorial propagandas, or more than one a week.

Not all of these moving pictures have been intelligently constructed. Some of them have been absurd and impossible; others have been written too obviously for financial gain, but the strong argument is, that they have all sent people home thinking and planning of some way to be of service to the government.

The government too, has been able to use the screen as a school of instruction, a sort of military text book. By following the weekly films, the mothers at home, the fathers and the younger children have been able to get a very fair idea of what the sailors and soldiers are doing in the military training camps. Every open phase of military life has been narrated in a most entertaining fashion on the screen.



Madame Sarah Bernhardt's "Mothers of France" has probably called forth the most tears of any war film.



England and France have not been slow to realize the value of following America by presenting their righteous cause in a pictured story. Social England devoted itself to film propaganda, under the direction of David W. Griffith—such women as Lady Diana Manners, Mrs. Buller, Elizabeth Asquith and the Duchess of Beaufort. At extreme left is Mr. Griffith.

England and France have not been slow to realize the value of following America by presenting their righteous cause in a pictured story. An invitation was sent to David Wark Griffith to come to the fighting fronts and make a moving picture of the conflict for the English government. Mr. Griffith was asked to give a cinematic argument of why German militarism, like a cancerous growth, should be cut away before it further menaces civilization by its malignant presence.

The adventures of David Griffith on those foreign shores are like a wonder tale of Aladdin and his magic lamp. If I had not heard the story from Mr. Griffith's own lips I might have accused someone of flirting with the truth. Conservative England received him as they might have received a visiting potentate. Lloyd George personally appeared before the camera with him; Queen Alexandria expressed a desire to meet the American whose magic would bring the war home to so many indifferent hearts, and social England, devoted to the war stricken country, helped by facing the camera. Such women as Lady Diana Manners, Mrs. Buller, Elizabeth Asquith, and the Duchess of Beaufort turned moving picture actress to have a part in the British war film.

Government aid and official escort did not make the filming of this picture as simple as it sounds. To get the great panorama of battle in action, the moving picture camera had to be carried into the front line trenches. Shot and shell and gas explosions became a part of the daily Griffith menu. After the camera was blown to bits on one occasion, care was taken to make a facsimile of every battle scene filmed, so a retake could be made in the California studios if it should be necessary.

The last time I talked with Mr. Griffith, he was greatly upset at the reports that the Germans were planning to invade Ham, Amiens, Ypres and Chalnes.

"Some of those villages," he said, "are the very spots in which I established my temporary studios. The villagers were deeply interested in the moving picture which was to carry a message to the outside world. Old men, women and children left at home gave freely of their hospitality."

This eighteen months' work in France and England resulted in a combination romance and history. The bleak desolation of "No Man's Land" with the grim, smoke-stained soldiers are the "supers," who played in this picture as earnestly as they "play" "over there" in the big war drama for your freedom and for mine.

The great stretch of devastated territory, with its accoutrements of war, its trenches and barbed wire fences, are all pictured as accurately as though we were standing there, gazing at the tangible result of German kultur.

James Gerard's adventures in Germany have also been screened to visualize for us, some of the kaiser's pleasant little pastimes. It was thought this would show those of German birth why we are fighting their fatherland. I heard one woman say after she had been taken on this screen trip to German prison camps, and to the German court:

"I shall never rest now until I have joined the Red Cross or done something to stop those despicable Germans. Now I believe everything I have ever heard of Hun cruelty!"

Mr. Gerard's decision to put his book into pictures was less than a week old when I talked with him at the Ritz-Carleton in New York.

"I am permitting my book to be made into pictures," he said, "because it is an historical document revealing the true conditions in Germany. I believe many people are ignorant of the extent of German autocracy and the dastardly intrigue that led Mr. Wilson to recall me. I am interested in having my experiences filmed because I know they will reach a large number of people who have not yet been brought to an understanding of the big principle involved in our war."

Mr. Gerard cited as an example of German cruelty, a Serbian boy who was made to bleed at the ears, nose and mouth as sport for some German officers. The lad is now safely at work in this country trying to recuperate.

"The Kaiser" is an intimate character study of Wilhelm and tells a story of the man's foibles and weaknesses. It is said to be founded on fact. His insanity, arrogance, and colossal conceit are emphasized to give people an insight into the character of the man, who is the guiding hand in all the most horrible outrages committed in the name of war.

J. Stuart Blackton probably made the first patriotic picture drama. Three or four years before America had any idea of throwing her hat in the ring Commodore Blackton had an inspiration to make a picture calling for preparedness. This was accomplished with the friendly co-operation of Theodore Roosevelt, another advocate of the "Awake America" slogan, and Hudson Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer.

The first war film child was christened "The Battle Cry of Peace," and as we look back over the years it seems very crude and amateurish. There were no real troops present, nor any government officializing the picture, to make it a bona fide war drama. But it served its purpose in keying people up to the declaration of war.



A scene from Griffith's "Hearts of the World," showing Lillian Gish demonstrating the cruelties perpetrated by the Hun invaders in France.

A companion piece to this was issued last year, an appeal to American manhood to fight to protect the purity of its womanhood. It has faded out of the memory of the public, and had despite its splendid theme, very little to mark it as a permanent play.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo reckoned on the affections of the American public for the most prominent moving picture stars when he sent them out to assist in the Third Liberty Loan Campaign. Mary Pickford's popularity succeeded in extracting millions from almost that many pocketbooks. Before little Pickford gave her time, her beauty and her personality to the cause, she made a picture founded on the sinking of the Lusitania. It was about the second patriotic effort attempted and was exceptionally successful for such a small feature.

"I determined," Little Mary told me, "to use my influence on the screen in getting recruits before conscription became a law."

But Miss Pickford had no idea she was starting a tempest in a teapot with her anti-German propa-

(Continued on page 110)



It is the wish of Rita Jolivet to show her Lusitania memorium, "Lest We Forget" in France, England and Italy after America has digested its message.



The Little Angel in the Home

WE can't Forget
The Little Angel-in-the-Home.

We have One
In every good Sob-Fillum.
Always
It has Parents
Whose Psychic Numbers
Just Can't Agree.
But Never Mind—
One needn't Worry
About one's Private Affairs:—
The Little Angel-in-the-Home
Will Attend to It.
Usually
It is Sugared in Luxury;
But Sometimes
The scenario-writer
Forgets himself,
And Makes It
A Poor-Child:—
An Orphan, or Something.
But then,
It Always
Gets Itself Adopted;
So Everything
Is Quite All Right
In the Same Old Way.
Its Intelligence
Is wonderful—
It Plays,
And Everything.
It is
Twelve years' Growth
Crowded Into
A Mis-Calculated Frock
And Six Years' Understanding.
It is Always Dressed
As if for A Party.
It Stages more Romances
Than Old Dumas ever Dreamed of—
After Fixing
Dadandmother, It
Goes After
Sister, or
Auntie, or
Anybody.
It is Always
Toddling-In,
In Its Little Night-Things.
No Fire-side Reverie
Is Complete without It.
It Climbs
Everyplace.
One never Knows
If one will Find It
In One's Pocket, or
In the Sugar-Bowl.
It Jumps Up and Down,
And Claps Its Hands.
(I Asked
The Answer-Man about It,
And he Said
That Meant
It was Registering
Joy.)
Where oh Where
Is that Estimable Man
Who Went-Around
Sticking Pins
Into Children?
I would Like
To Shake Hands
With him.
Your Last Glimpse of It
Is in the Great Reconciliation,
Where it Climbs Blithely
On the Mantel-piece,
And Pushes Mother
Into Daddy's Arms,
And Imprints Its Sticky Kiss
On each Sufferer.
We Can't Forget
The Little Angel-in-the-Home.
(Honestly, Now, — — .
Isn't Nature
Wonderful?)

Do You Believe in Fairies?

The happy romance of Lila Lee indicates their presence around us



They called her "Cuddles" back in the gingham frock days and the name ought to live on.

© Underwood & Underwood

By
Jerome
Shorey

IF you were a little girl of five, or maybe half-past, and a man came along in an automobile and whisked you off the curbstone where you were sitting and singing "Ring Around a-Rosy," and dressed you up like a great big doll in a Christmas window, and took you to a theatre and put you right out on the stage where all the lights were shining ever so blinkety, would you believe your good fairy had something to do with it, or wouldn't you?

And if, when you had grown up to be a great big girl of fifteen or sixteen, and had seen a lot of moving pictures, and thought they were wonderful, and wished you could do it too,—if another man came along then and said, "I want to make you a star"—just like that—would you believe your good fairy was on the job again, or wouldn't you?

That is the history of Lila Lee, the romance of "Cuddles." It is such a romance as occurs hardly anywhere but in that world of romance, the realm of the theatre and the movies. Many a Cinderella has found her way to fame and fortune thus unexpectedly in the world of make-believe. Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford—girls who were never, or hardly ever, heard of became famous overnight when their good fairies led them into the magic light of the Kliegs.

So Lila Lee, whose little feet are hesitating on the brink of sixteen, is the latest wonder child to receive this fairy gift. Her story is the greatest romance in the world for it is the romance of success. Success is a curious thing. To some it comes only after long study and effort aimed constantly in a single direction. To others who study just as hard and are

just as persistent in their aim, it never comes at all. But to the favored ones, it comes no matter what they may be doing, no matter what they may be planning, no matter if they are not doing or planning anything at all.

So it was with Lila Lee. She was sitting on the curbstone, one day eight or nine years ago, when Gus Edwards happened to drive along on his way to the theatre where one of his revues was having a tryout. He had a song in the revue, "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine," and wanted a little girl to appear with the singer.

"There's the sort of girl I want," he said to a man with him in the car, pointing to Lila, humming away on the curbstone. He went to her and asked her if she would like to go on the stage. She didn't know what a stage was, but s'posed it would be all right if she asked mamma. And Mamma said Lila would be better off on the stage than in the street, for Lila's mother was not very well off, and hadn't time to watch the baby every minute.

So Lila went to the theatre, and took to it as naturally as if it had been the street out in front of her own home, and she was merely playing with the other children of the neighborhood. She never knew stage fright, she was a natural mimic, and in her face, even in those baby days, there was a haunting wistfulness, a suggestion of tragedy even in her happiest moods, almost the expression of a Madonna. Her dark hair and eyes emphasized this depth of mysticism. She was a find. Within a few weeks instead of being merely the girl that somebody had along with her when the song was sung, Lila—they called her Cuddles in those days—sang the song herself, and she has been the star of Gus Edwards' revues ever since, until last spring.

Then came another unexpected opportunity. Jesse Lasky used to be a vaudeville producer himself. Naturally he frequently saw the Edwards revues, and so he saw and noticed Cuddles. To see her was to remember her. Such a face as hers is not easily forgotten, and Mr. Lasky is a connoisseur in faces. He has made many quite well known to the great American public. Cuddles began growing up into exquisite young womanhood, and Mr. Lasky laid opportunity No. 2 at her feet. He wanted to star her in moving pictures.



"A raven, poised, shimmering, on the prow of a cloud-tinged sunbeam" is an impression evoked when gazing at the above study of Lila Lee.

© Underwood & Underwood



Lila Lee as she used to be—and it wasn't so very long ago, either.

Lila Lee had thought of pictures, of course. What young woman on the stage has not?. But she never thought of them seriously as a career for herself. She was too busy being the biggest little girl in vaudeville. Her natural precocity had developed into an intelligent sureness of touch that made her a mature woman in art, while only a child in years and appeal. This was not accomplished without work. Mrs. Edwards herself adopted Cuddles, professionally speaking, and traveled with her, season after season. The little star's own mother was not attracted by the footlights, and made her home with relatives in Chicago when her daughter became a personage. The careful tutelage of Mrs. Edwards and the advantages of constant travel, formed the major part of Lila Lee's education. Not that the other branches were

(Continued on page 113)

The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service

Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

CHAPTER XVII

Germany's U-Base in America

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, the Imperial German Ambassador, had turned the raid conducted by the U-53 to his own financial advantage. As the last torpedo sped on its way of destruction of shipping just outside the three-mile limit on the sea coast of America, he was seated in the New York offices of Broker Blank.

"The market's falling steadily," chortled the broker. "Our winnings are already one hundred thousand."

"Our opportunity will be greater to-morrow," Bernstorff said. "It is generally known that the great work to-day exhausted the supplies of the submarine, and when it begins over to-morrow the falling off in stocks will be enormous at the realization that Imperial Germany is able to supply her boats here."

The men stepped out of the office and onto the balcony of the stock exchange. After watching the screeching mob on the floor, Bernstorff suddenly looked at his watch and then hurried away, leaving the exultant broker admiring the breaking down of the prices of American industries.

He was still gloating over the scene when his wife found him. She could not hide the look of disgust on her face as he turned toward her. Oblivious of this, he grasped her hand and was suddenly brought to himself when she jerked it away. He looked at her surprised and then, appreciating the reason for her intolerance, he spoke pleadingly:

"I didn't force you on Bernstorff. I thought you cared for him."

He failed to notice the look which swept over her face, a look caused by an inspiration as a means of revenge on him.

"The information you've gotten from him has made me rich," he continued, firm in the belief that money could compensate her for her outraged womanhood. "Richer than I ever dreamed." He dropped into silent, contented musings, but his wife turned on him suddenly, her eyes flashing.



"There's a great deal wrong," whispered Dixie. "There's a plot on. Gather up your men. We haven't any time to lose!"

"Yes, on money stolen from America. You traitor."

The disgust in her voice aroused an intense anger in him. He made a sudden lunge at her, but drew himself up short as the door opened to permit the entrance of von Bernstorff. The Imperial German Ambassador did not even greet the broker and hurried to the side of Mrs. Blank. In keeping with the method of revenge which had occurred to her, she greeted him effusively. The pleasure she showed at seeing von Bernstorff aroused new passions in both the men. The Ambassador felt that perhaps his plans in regard to her were possible of fulfillment, and to the husband came the dawning of a gnawing jealousy.

Neither man would have given a second thought to the woman could they have known of what was happening in another part of the city. Dixie Mason had stopped just long enough for a change of clothing after she had been landed by the destroyer which had picked her out of the ocean after her reckless dive from the submarine, before hurrying to the Criminology Club. She told Grant she intended to accompany the raiding force to the location of the submarine base which she

had brought to him. With all the men available in the club the start was made.

Their goal was a little shack on the sea coast, which on this October afternoon presented a scene of unceasing activity. Under the directions of Captain Franz von Papen, Heinric von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht a score of men were ripping open packing cases and unloading torpedoes, ammunitions, oils and other supplies which the U-53 would need to continue the campaign against shipping.

"This is bad business," remarked von Papen, "putting all our eggs into one basket. While the chance of discovery is small, it is best to be prepared. We will place sufficient supplies in the launch and let that put to sea against the arrival of our glorious submarine."

Scarcely had the launch been loaded before the periscope of the Hun raider could be seen by von Lertz, who had been scouring the ocean with a telescope. In a time so short that it attested to the speed of the craft it was at the improvised dock fully above the surface and von Papen was on board greeting Boy-Ed and Captain Rose. Von Lertz remained at the hut, still using the telescope nervously sweeping the surrounding country. Suddenly he started.

"Quick," he screamed. "To the submarine. Tell them that the devil Grant has found us."

As a man bounded away, von Lertz turned to those who remained:

"Everything into the shack. They must find no evidence. Baroness Verbecht! Take the small launch and let von Bernstorff know what has happened. Tell him the launch will supply the U-53 at Berwin lighthouse."

Already the U-53 had disappeared beneath the waves, carrying von Papen with it. The launch swung swiftly out into the stream, and Baroness Verbecht was on her way. At the shack the packing cases, torpedoes, ammunition and other excess supplies had been heaped into a great pile. Heinric von Lertz ordered the men to flee for their lives, and then touched a match to excelsior near the door and fled.

Harrison Grant had seen Heinric von Lertz at the same moment the Hun spy had discovered his presence. The president of the Criminology Club ordered his men to circle through the woods and soon all the Germans fleeing from the hut were in custody, all of them except von Lertz. The spy had fallen a victim to his own violence. The explosion of the hut had come sooner than he expected and the concussion threw him to the ground stunned.

He was prone on the ground when Dixie Mason came upon him. He raised his head and at the sight of her he staggered to his feet and toward her with a glad cry.

"Hands up," she ordered sternly, bringing into his sight a small automatic revolver.

Suddenly von Lertz leaped, struck the gun from her hand and aimed a terrific blow at her. Though his aim was bad, she was knocked over and into the underbrush, just as Harrison Grant, who had heard the shot, broke through the trees. Grant's blow was aimed truly and a few seconds later von Lertz was nursing a bruise under his eye with handcuffed hands. But he smiled at the thought that Grant could never suspect that the U-53 would receive supplies, despite the destruction of the base.

Von Lertz, however, did not know of the progress of his chief's courtship of Mrs. Blank. When the Baroness Verbecht arrived at the office of the Imperial German Ambassador she found Mrs. Blank there, and von Bernstorff elated over the supposition that she had left her husband. But the news which the Baroness carried could not wait and Mrs. Blank was in an adjoining room when the message was given Bernstorff of the arrangements which had been made for supplying the U-53 when the destruction of the base was necessary.

Risking everything, Mrs. Blank grasped the telephone in the room and called hurriedly for the office of the president of the Criminology Club.

"Launch will meet U-53 at Berwin lighthouse with sup-



"We'll attend the Hindu party," smiled Grant. "We you and I — seldom find time for social gadding."

plies," Mrs. Blank whispered hoarsely into the telephone.

Grant summoned the same men who had been with him to the supply base, and notified the harbor police. By the time the operatives had arrived at the dock a speedy police launch was waiting.

The launch lying off the lighthouse was easily picked up, but by the time the Criminology Club members were on the boat the boat was in flames. The Germans still pursued their policy of leaving no evidence. Those on board were made captive.

The flames, lighting up the darkening sky, made a spectacular but disheartening picture on the reflector of the periscope of the U-53. Captain Rose suddenly spoke.

"That means, gentlemen, that no time must be lost in starting for Zeebrugge," he said. "We have barely oil enough to reach there."

Boy-Ed nodded, but von Papen, shaking his fist toward the American shore, muttered:

"Luck has been with you, but Imperial Germany will triumph over you and all others opposed to the Kaiser. The power is great and is now working within your boundaries in a direction you will never suspect until you are smitten."

CHAPTER XVIII

"The Great Hindu Conspiracy"

"If you ladies are ready?" Count von Bernstorff smiled. "Dr. Albert will be waiting, and we may be late for the ceremony."

Baroness Verbecht and Mrs. Blank rose from the luncheon table at the Ritz-Carlton and were soon speeding across New York to the Hohenzollern Club where Dr. Albert joined them. Then the machine carried them far into the country to turn into the yard of a large rambling farm house.

"We are just in time," remarked Dr. Albert.

From inside came the droning of a deep-toned gong striking slowly. Guided by Dr. Albert the party went through a heavily tapestried hall into an incense laden room hung on all sides with heavy velvet curtains. The room was thronged with well dressed persons of both sexes.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished and then a glow on a raised platform at one end of the room revealed three figures garbed in the conventional turban and robes of the devout Hindu.

"That is Dr. C. Chakraberty in the center," whispered the Baroness to Mrs. Blank. "On the right is Dr. E. Sekunna and at his left is H. L. Gupta."

Then followed a long ceremony of worship and a lecture by Dr. Chakraberty, all the time with the room in darkness except for the glow at the platform. Throughout it Mrs. Blank could not shake off a feeling that the affair was merely a subterfuge to cover something else in which von Bernstorff and Albert were interested. The ceremony seemed to be too futile a thing to arouse the interest of the German arch conspirators.

When the lights were again turned on, the trio which had occupied the stage had come down into the audience. Mrs. Blank found that von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert had left her and the Baroness Verbecht. This but increased her suspicions and when the Baroness Verbecht left her and disappeared behind one of the curtains her suspicions became a conviction.

A few days later when a package was delivered for the Baroness at the hotel, which contained a number of invitations to an affair at the farm-house, Mrs. Blank decided that perhaps Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason could solve the puzzle. The package contained a large number of invitations and was accompanied by a note which the Baroness carelessly left on the table.

"Am enclosing sufficient invitations to cover anyone you may deem necessary. C. Chakraberty."

Noting that the statement contained no mention of the number of invitations which the package contained, Mrs. Blank took two of them and a few moments later they were being carried by messenger to the Criminology Club.

There they caused some wonderment. Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason, with other members of the Club, were puzzling over messages which had been received from the wireless station at Sayville. Each one was the same. A word, then a meaningless jumble of letters, another legible word and then some more letters without rhyme or reason, and so on through to the end. The legible words made a coherent message, of an innocent nature, which did not fit any Imperial German code of which the experts of the club were cognizant.

Harrison Grant stated his conclusions in regard to the invitations aloud:

"If it is a decoy we may learn something by letting them spring it. It may be, however, a tip from some one interested who had no chance to enclose an explanatory note." He added, now smiling, "however, we'll attend this Hindu party. I think we—you and I—seldom find the time for social gadding."

Accordingly, Dixie Mason and Harrison Grant were among the throng who attended the next affair given by the Hindus. Grant had scarcely entered the doorway when he recognized Mrs. Blank, who was again in company of von Bernstorff, and at once the sender of the invitations was known to him.

He left the soiree hurriedly, and made but one stop on the way to the Criminology Club. This was to pick up a



William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. Summarized below are the revelations of German intrigue as exposed in previous installments. This installment, carrying the reader to America's entry into the war, ends "The Eagle's Eye."

SYNOPSIS

HARRISON GRANT, president of the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the United States Secret Service track spies of Imperial Germany who are waging secret warfare on America, has succeeded in preventing the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship, a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe, and a strike that would stagnate all eastern America.

Dixie Mason, a beautiful Southern girl, also working secretly for Flynn, aids Grant, and together they save from destruction a guncotton works and the Welland Canal.

Von-Papen and Boy-Ed, German agents, are informed by Ambassador Bernstorff that America will deport them; and they decide on a reign of terror in America upon their departure.

Fires in New York harbors, an infantile paralysis epidemic, cotton-crop ruinations—these holocausts are all traced to German spies. Grant is aided immeasurably in his work by the patriotic wife of a Bernstorff tool, Mr. Blank.

The German U-boat 53 touches at Newport for Boy-Ed, and Dixie boards it. Despite Dixie's intervention, ships are torpedoed and the U. S. S. West Point shelled. Grant learns of Germany's intention to assume the first offensive on this side of the Atlantic by torpedoing every ship from New York before it is ten miles beyond the three-mile limit. He also learns of the submarine base in Maine. Dixie obtains important papers and escapes from the U-boat. A United States destroyer picks her up.

Hindu college student. At the club the wireless messages which had so long puzzled Grant were turned over to the Hindu. With barely a glance he pronounced the jumble of letters, which had appeared so queer, to be Hindu words, and began immediately deciphering the messages. He worked rapidly and made copious notes while Grant, Dixie and the rest waited. As he laid down the last message which had been intercepted, he gathered up his notes, and with a grave face, spoke slowly:

"Gentlemen, these messages are all concerning one thing—a plot to cause a rebellion among the savage tribes of India. Propaganda which has a cunning appeal to men of influence there has evidently been scattered. There are shipping orders in regard to vast quantities of arms which have been assembled at a place designated as the Temple of the Oracles. Another orders a delivery of hand grenades to a training school for recruits near Paterson, N. J. There are a great many other things here which are not clear to me. God grant that it may be stopped."

Grant had understood a great deal better than the Hindu, and already his plan of action was mapped out in his mind. Hasty raids might be harmful through warning the leaders. Before disclosing his hand he wanted to be certain that he knew all the ramifications of the conspiracy.

One thing, however, could be done. The German element would have to be removed from the Sayville wireless station before matters had progressed farther.

The following day Dixie and he were again at the farmhouse, or in the Temple of Oracles. Mrs. Blank was again present but left shortly after the arrival of Grant. In leaving she had time to press into the hand of the leader of the Criminology Club a clip of cartridges. Feeling that Mrs. Blank knew more than she had been able to tell him. Grant whispered hurriedly to Dixie:

"Wait until after the



The I. W. W. members, not knowing their leader was gone, could see only Grant and rushed toward him. Grant was ready.

ceremony for the raid. The men can get in position in the darkness. Arrest everyone who cannot show A No. 1 credentials."

Then he hurried out after Mrs. Blank. The trail led directly to the Ritz. Here the party was joined by Baroness Verbecht and hurried immediately to the apartment of the women. Grant fumed in vain for an excuse to follow. Finally he made himself known to the chief of the bellboys.

"Certainly, sir," said that individual. "You will be permitted to answer any call that comes from Mrs. Blank's room."

The call was a strange one. It was for a bottle of acetic acid. Grant hastily procured it and his ring on the door of the apartment was answered by Mrs. Blank herself. Her look of surprise changed to one of glad welcome.

"I don't know what I would have done alone," she whispered. "Those cartridges I gave you were thrown away carelessly by von Lertz this afternoon. When we got back to the hotel to-day, I was left alone while Dr. Albert, von Bernstorff and the Baroness talked in low whispers in the other room. I heard enough to know that they think a messenger to San Francisco must go at once because of the arrest of some Germans at Sayville. Dr. Albert wrote the message in some invisible fluid on the bare shoulders of the baroness, and she is packing now to start on the trip."

"She is now alone?" questioned Grant.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Get her into this room by any pretense."

Knocking on the door to the adjoining room Mrs. Blank half dragged the reluctant Baroness into Grant's presence.

"My dear baroness," she said, "I want you to meet Mr. Grant, the president of the Criminology Club. It would be such a shame if you should start on your journey with such an important message without meeting him."



Fear in her eyes, the baroness tried to appear puzzled. She broke into angry denials in the midst of which at a glance from Grant, Mrs. Blank tore her waist from her shoulders. Grant hastily grasped the German spy by the wrists and held her firmly while Mrs. Blank poured the acid upon her shoulders. Slowly in letters of angry red the following message became visible:

"Ram Chandra: Communications via Sayville have been stopped. Start mutiny at once. Delay is dangerous. Albert."

Grant placed Baroness Verbecht under arrest.

She was but one of many prisoners taken that day. Dixie Mason and her party had cleaned the Temple of Oracles of spies. Another raiding party had attended to the school for recruits near Paterson which was found to be under the tutorship of Dhiranda Kumar Sarkar. The American police attended to the nests of conspirators in California and Washington State, while the Northwest Mounted Police made a good bag in Vancouver.

Thus ended the dream of Germany for an uprising in India, and when the news reached Kaiser Wilhelm he was engaged in personally revising the answer to the United States on the U-boat question. Still raging at America he turned his attention to the note and dictated the part which made American blood boil when it was made public.

"Your highness!" his minister ejaculated. "Is not that a trifle abrupt? It may bring about war with America."

But the head of the Hohenzollerns was insane with rage at the frustration of his plan.

"War? From that idiotic nation—and its contemptible little army?"

CHAPTER XIX

"The Menace of the I. W. W."

It was two days later that Mrs. Blank sought Harrison Grant in his offices at the Criminology Club. She smiled as she told of the anger of Bernstorff at her denunciation of Baroness Verbecht. Then she bent forward with a sudden seriousness.

"Do you know anything of any trouble at Old Forge, Pennsylvania?" she asked. Grant looked up.

"The coal mining town?" he asked. "Yes. But so far there has been nothing for the Secret Service. It seems that the I. W. W. is trying to force legitimate members of Union Labor to join their organization and are trying to intimidate them by blowing up houses and committing other depredations. What information have you?"

"A great deal. When Bernstorff was quarreling with me over the arrest of Baroness Verbecht, he became very angry and drew forth a wallet, saying that perhaps money would keep me from telling secrets. Then he slammed the wallet on a table and some papers flew out. One of them was a telegram from Heinric von Lertz saying that everything was going nicely at Old Forge and that he was hurrying there to personally supervise matters."

"And that means," said Harrison Grant, "that Imperial Germany is behind the I. W. W.! I will leave for Old Forge at once!"

Three days later, Dixie Mason, of the Secret Service, received a very dirty letter, written on the poorest of stationery. It read:

"Dearest Dixie:

"Am writing this in the back room of a saloon. I am here under the name of Guiseppe Fantona. Will be able to handle everything that goes on in the men's side of the I. W. W., where Angelo Faggi, a refugee from French and Italian justice, Joseph Graber, a German, Stanley Dembriki and Frank Little are acting as the go-betweens for Imperial Germany, but need your assistance with the women, as they have a sort of auxiliary here, composed of women, whose duty is to go from door to door, trying to stir up trouble with

miners' wives while their husbands are at work in the mines. I would suggest that you get hold of all the I. W. W. literature possible and come here as an I. W. W. agitator. Be careful, however, as Heinric von Lertz is in town—and may recognize you.

"HARRISON GRANT."

Dixie obeyed the summons. Soon she had taken her place among the women agitators of the I. W. W. in Old Forge, ready to undertake any work that the leaders of the I. W. W. might set for her, that she might the better learn their plans.

One day, Dixie Mason sped forward to catch Harrison Grant, as he was leaving the I. W. W. headquarters.

"There's some trouble going on at the mines," she announced: "we've just gotten orders to hurry there and cause a demonstration."

Grant nodded.

"I just got the same sort of a tip. I think it's a blind. I heard orders given to that man just going up the street to report back as soon as the state constabulary had its hands full keeping order at the coal mines. Come on, we must shadow him."

They started forward. A moment later, from the direction of the mines, came a great sound of crashing timbers, of screams and the sight of a rising swirl of coal dust. Men and women appeared running from every direction. The clattering of hoofs and the constabulary thundered past. Grant leaped to the center of the street.

"Someone has released the brakes of a dump train," he called. "It has crashed back into the shaft of the mine. Miners have been injured. The trouble's on. Keep that man in front in view—don't lose him!"

They hurried on, still watching the form of the hurrying spy before them. They saw him rush to a corner where he might watch the milling figures at the mine dump, then stand there, his eyes roving in every direction. A fight had started at the dump between legitimate laborers and the I. W. W. agitators, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere. Then, finally, Dixie and Grant saw the spy on the corner suddenly turn and run.

"After him—quick!" ordered Grant. "He's the one who will point out the real danger!"

Down the street the spy ran, Dixie and Grant following him closely to a great warehouse-like building, where one or two other men could be seen entering. The two detectives skirted the building, approached it cautiously. Here and there were great doors from which shipping had eminated in other days—but each was carefully locked and bolted now. Grant pressed his ear against one of these—to hear the jabbering and shouting of great numbers of men. He turned and, seeking a foothold, raised himself that he might peer through a corner of a window imperfectly covered from within.

"Dixie," he whispered.

"Yes." The girl was close beside him. "Do you see anything in there?"

"Yes. A whole mob of I. W. W.'s. Heinric von Lertz is on the platform, talking to them. They're bringing out parcels of something. Laying them on the platform so that they can be reached easily. Hurry—" Grant turned, his face ashen. "Get the constabulary, quick! It's dynamite!"

Dixie Mason was pressing every muscle to the utmost as she ran through the vacant lots and back to the mines that she might summon the members of the mounted police. Grant remained a minute longer at the window, then suddenly dropped to the ground and again began to skirt the building.

Here, there, everywhere he searched, at last to come upon a back room to the building, separated from the main room. He pressed against the door. There was a rusty creaking of the lock, a slight snap, and the door groaned open. Grant entered and tiptoed down the hall.

Within the back room, he again stopped to listen. From the other side of the door that separated him from the main meeting room of the hall, he could hear the thick, heavy voice of Heinric von Lertz, apparently giving the last of a long series of orders:

"Imperial Germany expects every man of you to do his duty and to see Union Labor



Grant grasped the German spy by the wrists and held her firmly while Mrs. Blank poured the acid on her shoulders. Slowly the message became visible.

driven from Old Forge," he was saying. "By doing that, the supply of coal will be hampered, thereby depriving the Allies of necessary ships and America of the fuel necessary to run its factories, many of which are supplying goods to be shipped to the Allies. We have here enough dynamite to blow up every miner's house and every colliery in the district—and I want to see every bit of it used. As soon as we receive word that everything is all right, we will proceed—"

"Here I am, sir!" Grant opened the door ever so slightly to see the form of the spy he had trailed hurrying up the aisle. "The constabulary is at the coal dumps, and they have their hands full. If we work quickly—"

"All right. Line up, everybody. You will pass the platform, one at a time, and receive your dynamite. Then each man will cause one explosion—and the result will be that the whole city will be wrecked. Hurry, there, line up, line up!"

Grant hesitated only a second. Then as the line of destroyers formed and started forward—



"I received this morning my commission as a captain in the Army intelligence," said Grant. "My work will be abroad." "Mine will be abroad also," answered Dixie, "In the Red Cross."

A hurtling form crashed through the door from the back room. Leaping toward Stanley Dembriki, in charge of the dynamite, he felled him with one crashing blow from his fist. Heinric von Lertz took one look, and ran through the door that had been left open by the entrance of Harrison Grant! But the I. W. W. members did not know their leader was gone. They could only see Grant and rush toward him.

But he was ready for them. A heavy chair stood nearby. He seized it, and taking his place near the dynamite, felled the first man who approached. Then, a sudden rush of men.

High in the air went the chair, to descend again and to carry with it the form of a plotter. Again—and again—and again! Then Harrison Grant felt the chair wrested from his grasp and thrown far to one side. The sheer weight of men bore him down, pinioning his wrists, while fists beat upon his face and while—

The sudden clattering of hoofs! Sudden eerie shouts from the crowd that surged on the platform. Grant saw the doors surge and splinter as the trained horses of the constabulary sent kick after kick against them. Panic stricken now, the members of the I. W. W. sought escape through the windows of the great room. But that was impossible also. Beneath every window waited a member of the constabulary. And at the doors—

One after another they yielded to allow the entrance of the mounted men, who rode straight into the meeting hall that they might arrest the men who were to stand trial later in the Federal Court at Chicago. A smile came to Grant's lips as he watched it all. Then the whole hall suddenly became blank—and he sank to the platform unconscious.

When he became aware of the world again it was to feel the soft touch of a woman's hand and to hear the soft voice of sympathy. Dixie was bending over him, assuaging his wounds and bruises. Harrison Grant looked up at her happily.

"It's worth being hurt—just to have you nurse me," he said. And what could Dixie do but lean forward and kiss him?

And so was broken up the first of the great I. W. W. plots in the United States. There were more to follow—and still more to come after that, for America is far from free, even now, of this ally of Imperial Germany. And it was while the I. W. W. was doing its best to harass the United States that Kaiser Wilhelm sat in his palace dictating the note to America that formed the beginning of war. And as he dictated, he turned to one of his ministers.

"America will not even object to this," he said sarcastically, as he added another offensive sentence. "It is a thoroughly idiotic country—with an army of tin soldiers."

And one cannot help wondering how many times since then the self-appointed vice-regent of God has wished he hadn't made that remark—or sent that note!

CHAPTER XX

"The Great Decision"

But the note was sent. And while America debated upon the advisability of handing Bernstorff his passports, that personage of espionage still continued to keep on his mask of righteous indignation that America should be offended with Germany and to predict that neutrality would exist as it always had existed.

"These differences must and will be settled," he told the reporters who had gathered in the embassy to interview Albert and himself. "America is wrong in her contentions. Imperial Germany is the soul of honor!"

In answer to which the reporters whispered: "Bull!"

And while Ambassador Bernstorff engaged in his persiflage to the newspapers, Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason were busily on the trail of Heinric von Lertz. They had trailed him to Leesville, there to see him give some instructions to a German station agent, then to board a train. Following which they hurried to the arrest of the station agent where he had finally yielded:

"We were to attempt to wreck the whole Pennsylvania railroad system by tapping wires," he said. "In that way, we could mix up the signals in such a way that the whole system would be demoralized and one wreck happen di-

rectly after another."

"Get to the wire and telegraph the Criminology Club to cause arrests at once," Harrison Grant ordered of his assistants who had joined him and Dixie. "Now," and he turned again to the station agent, "where did von Lertz go from here?"

"To Charleston, South Carolina."

"What for?"

"I don't know—but I think it was something about the steamer Liebenfels."

While they pursued the Imperial German spy, the agents of Germany were making their preparations for the wreckage to follow a previously agreed upon signal that the diplomatic relations between the United States and Imperial Germany had ceased. For Imperial Germany knew well that the American Secret Service could not go beneath the decks of interned liners, and with this information, they were preparing for a scale of wreckage that would surpass anything yet accomplished. As for Bernstorff:

"Remember the signal," the Ambassador said as a servant entered to say that a representative had come from the department of state to hand him his passports. The servant bowed. Ten minutes later, when Bernstorff received his passports and the notification that relations between America and Germany were at an end, he "accidentally" dropped a handkerchief. The servant hurried away. And for eight hours the airlanes were filled with a wireless message which consisted of dots, dots, nothing but dots—the signal of destruction.

In New York. In San Francisco. In Galveston. In Boston. Everywhere throughout the ports of the United States was that wireless message of dots received on board interned German liners. And everywhere it had its effect. With sledges, with explosives, with compressed air and steam were the great engines of the interned vessels wrecked, so that America would be forced to spend months repairing them after their seizure. And on board the Liebenfels in Charleston harbor—

"Quick! The Secret Service is on deck of the vessel demanding that everyone appear at once!" The messenger shouted the warning into the engine room, where Heinric von Lertz and the Captain were opening the seacocks. The captain ran, slamming the door behind him. Von Lertz swung open the cocks, and, as the water rushed in from without, ran toward the door. But it had stuck fast, the battens having fallen into place from without. He was trapped!

Hurriedly he tried to force his way through the rapidly rising water back to the sea-cocks, that he might close them again. But impossible. The rush of water had become so great that there was no stemming it now.

Higher and higher—while the arch spy of Imperial Germany fought against his fate. Then, at last, a final, spasmodic struggle. The arch spy had paid his penalty. Heinric von Lertz was dead.

Dead, while America thrilled with the thought of war. Dead, while Ambassador Bernstorff, making ready for his departure from America, searched for him in vain. Dead, while Heinric Albert, privy counselor and financial agent of Imperial Germany's spydom in America, made his last plans for destruction in America in a ram-shackle building, giving instructions to a score of bomb throwers.

"Remember, that as soon as Ambassador Bernstorff and myself are safe on board the Frederick VIII, you are to start a bomb campaign in the harbor of New York that will eclipse anything ever attempted before," he said, and departed, smiling,—not knowing that from the shelter of a doorway Dixie Mason had watched his every movement. An hour later, in the cabin of the Frederick VIII, Bernstorff turned to smile upon his compatriot as he bowed to the shower of flowers that were being thrown from every direction by admiring pro-Germans. Just then Harrison Grant approached.

"Since everyone is giving presents, Your Excellency, I thought I'd make one myself." He handed a small package to Bernstorff. The Ambassador opened it.

"Checkers," he said wryly.

"Yes," answered the presiden of the Criminology Club, with a laugh, "it's your move, you know."

And before the Ambassador could reply, Harrison Grant had gone on, to reach the deck of the ship and to make his way to the dock. There he saw the hurrying form of Dixie Mason—and rushed to her.

"What's wrong?"

"A great deal! There's a plot on! Where are your men?"

"Scattered about the dock. I can gather them all up in five minutes."

"Hurry! We haven't any time to lose!"

A rush by Harrison Grant. A hasty summoning of the members of the Criminology Club. Then, as the Frederick VIII moved down the harbor of New York, Harrison Grant, Sisson, Stewart, Cavanaugh, Dixie Mason and other members of the Secret Service leaped into automobiles, to be rushed far into the outskirts of town and there to—

In the mangy room of the bomb maker, the captain was giving his final instructions.

"Has everyone his bombs?"

"Yes."

"Remember what Dr. Albert told you. This campaign must produce greater results even than the Black Tom explosion. There are munitions ships on the Jersey side. See that they are destroyed. See that every munitions factory receives a bomb. Remember that America soon is to be at war with Imperial Germany—and America must be crippled. Now, go!"

The men crowded forth. They hurried down the stairway—into the apparently empty hall beneath. And then—

From doorways. From beneath the stairs. From outside. From everywhere leaped members of the Secret Service, to pounce upon the bomb carriers, to take them by surprise, to carry them off their feet by the suddenness and severity of their attack. One by one they were downed. Then three men were shot up the stairs by Harrison Grant to capture the old bomb maker himself and the remainder of his supplies. Here and there about the hall the fight surged. Harrison Grant suddenly swerved from his attack upon the bomb planter as another

(Continued on page 114)

Save Coal!

AN appeal to save coal has been made by Fuel Administrator Garfield. The fuel administration says that it is absolutely necessary in order to save the country from disaster that 60,000,000 tons of coal be saved during the year. Unless such a saving is effected the fuel administration says that many plants will be closed down, many people thrown out of work, and a great reduction in industry will follow which will cause hardship and suffering and tend to restrain active war work.

The government is asking every individual householder to save coal and advises a clean furnace and careful using of coal in the furnaces, in the ranges and cooking stoves, and wherever else it is used for any purpose whatever, in order that the greatest saving possible can be accomplished. The fuel administration also asks every household to economize in the use of light, which will result in saving fuel in the manufacture of electricity and gas and in the saving of oil where oil is used for lighting purposes.

As An Engineer He Was a Darned Good Actor

Robert Gordon chose to stand in front of the electric lamps instead of behind them.



Haussler

JUST when you begin to feel that the current style in leading men needs a change, and you wonder whether the cruel war will ever let us have any more leading men, and you believe that it won't, and resign yourself to memories and present incumbents—why, right then a brand new leading man is apt to appear!

Such is Robert Gordon, whose magnificent performance in "Missing" immediately ranked him with any youngster in the profession. Mr. Gordon is—as this is written—supporting Mary Pickford in her Hollywood filming of "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and it was in a Lasky dressing room that a PHOTOPLAY reporter found him.

"I got the dramatic bee in my bonnet," averred Mr. Gordon, "while I was a student at the Polytechnic high school in Los Angeles. I was studying electrical engineering and during my last year at school I became so interested in dramatic work that I produced nine one-act plays and acted in some of them myself. In my spare time I tried to keep up on my subjects in electrical engineering, but I wasn't successful and I flunked in several of them.

"One day the principal called me into his office. 'Robert, my boy,' he began, and then followed a long talk well sprinkled with advice. And the burden of his talk was that as an electrical engineer I was a fairly good actor.

To the Northeast: Robert Gordon; to the Southwest: Robert Gordon and Sylvia Breamer in "Missing."



"Finally I found a director, J. Farrell MacDonald, who gave me a chance. I played small parts with the old Biograph company, and finally I went to New York with that organization.

"Then things went wrong again, and once more I was out of a job. I came back to California. I dropped in to see Louis Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky Studio. He stared at me and finally said, 'Yes, I think you're just the one.' He then gave me the part of the Tennessee Shad in Owen Johnson's story, 'The Varmint.' So I went over to the Morosco Studio and supported Jack Pickford in that picture. It was my first good part. After that came 'Tom Sawyer.' I played Huckleberry Finn in that. And in 'Huck and Tom,' I also played Huck. Then I went with William H. Hart's company, and supported him in 'Blue Blazes Rawden.'"



The Four Doors

By Susie Sexton

THERE is an old Egyptian legend of a musician who could transport his audience from joy to sadness, from love to hate, by the simple device of blowing on different reeds of his pipe.

One reed was supposed to hold all the pent-up sobs and tears of the world. Another was fairly bursting with joy which could be released only by the breath of the player. Each of the others held a particular virtue, making it possible for the musician to run the entire scale of human emotions according to his own whim.

And, since man has loved to sob, laugh, fear and hate since the days when the world was in its swaddling clothes, he always has been free to reward those who could play upon his emotions. In this particular case the pipe-blower was given a wealth of honey, oxen and wives, to say nothing of a seat close to that of the king.

* * * * * *

In a certain studio on the palisades that skirt the other side of the Hudson a motion picture director studied a scenario in which was related the tale of a girl who attempted to live according to the rules of her mother. The adventures of the heroine were black indeed. Obviously the story was true to life in every detail. But that intangible something that an audience seeks in every great story was lacking.

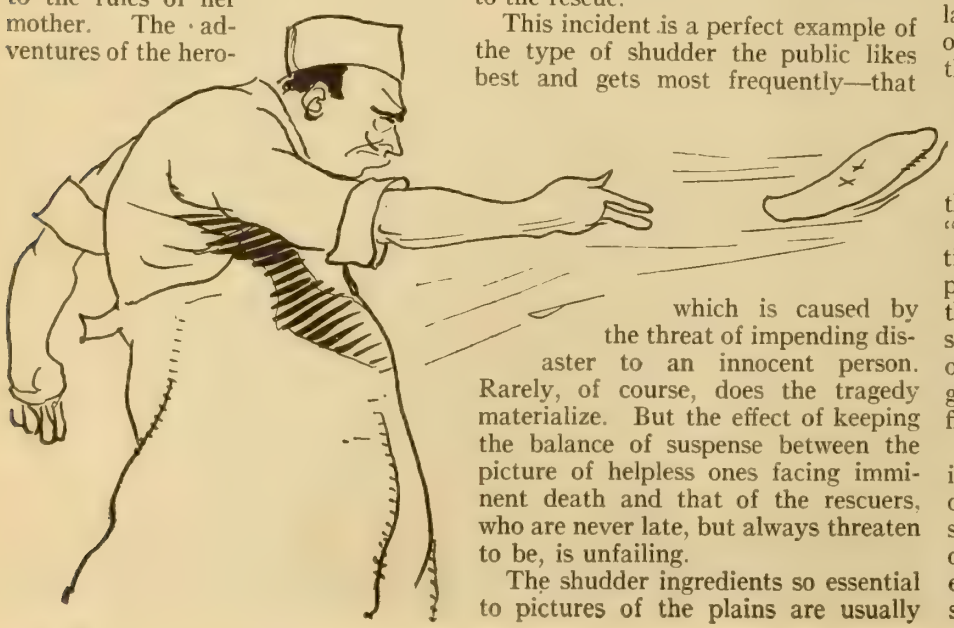
"A story without the joy of living in it—but still a true one," was the diagnosis of the director.

Whereupon he drew upon that mystery box of filmland, the property room, and injected a laugh here, a homely touch of childhood there, a thrill of menacing disaster, and the marvel of a finished picture had been produced.

For the Griffiths, Brenons, Inces and Sennetts of today have discovered the secret of that magic instrument of prehistoric times. With unerring touch they draw repeatedly upon the same formulas for tears, laughter, thought or fear. When a picture calls for meditation on the part of their audiences they play upon the reed that stirs even the most sluggish brain to action. If a thrill is required, they know just what is needed to send a shiver coursing up and down the most blase spine.

When D. W. Griffith filmed "The Birth of a Nation" he made one scene in which a helpless little family in an isolated cabin was pictured at the mercy of a lawless mob. No imaginative film fan has ever forgotten how the audience shuddered at the sight, then instinctively drew its breath at the sound of the bugle call, clear as a bell, which accompanied frequent cut-backs revealing white-clad clansmen rushing to the rescue.

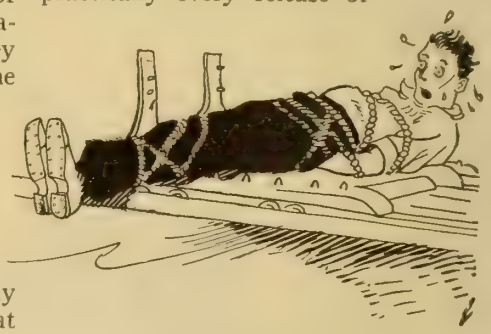
This incident is a perfect example of the type of shudder the public likes best and gets most frequently—that



which is caused by the threat of impending disaster to an innocent person. Rarely, of course, does the tragedy materialize. But the effect of keeping the balance of suspense between the picture of helpless ones facing imminent death and that of the rescuers, who are never late, but always threaten to be, is unfailing.

The shudder ingredients so essential to pictures of the plains are usually centered in several hundred feet of celluloid showing the hero or heroine at the villain's mercy, with cut-backs of the sheriff and his posse or soldiers from the fort riding wildly to their assistance through clouds of dust.

Roy Stewart had a typical scene of this character in his "Wolves of the Border" when he brought armed cowboys to the aid of an enemy rancher and his daughter who had been betrayed into the hands of bandits by a tricky foreman. To get the last ounce of thrill out of the situation, the arrival of the rescuers was timed, as usual, to precede by half a second the firing of the victims' last round of ammunition. This is the brand of shudder which the admirers of Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart demand and get in practically every release of



those stars.

The saw-mill episode in Viola Dana's "Blue Jeans" is another sure-fire shudder-getter. One of the most sacred traditions of the ancient barnstorming days was that every self-respecting melodrama should have its final scene laid in the old saw-mill. No less than one hundred of these productions had the hero tied hand and foot before the approaching buzz-saw, then rescued at the fifty-ninth second. The situation lost none of its blood-curdling attributes when it was transferred to the shadow stage. The director of "Blue Jeans," intent upon high emotional lights, lengthened to the last pitch of grewsomeness that portion of the film showing the helpless hero slowly approaching the saw. In numerous cut-backs the little heroine struggled to free herself from prison before finally dragging her husband to safety.

When the old Biograph was prospering, directors, who were also students of psychology, were very fond of one scene which they could always depend on to give the box-office patrons a generous nickel's worth of thrills. It had something to do with a burglar who

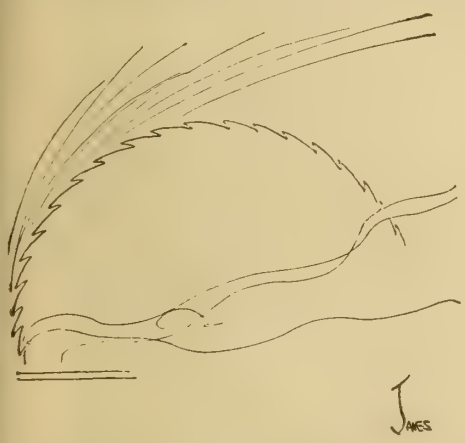
Certain keys that never fail to open the way to the spectators' emotions, as all good directors know—and as you'll doubtless admit, insofar as your own responsiveness is concerned

Decorations by R. F. James



forced his entrance through the conventional second story window and took the young wife by surprise. When the husband was heard approaching the hold-up man kept the wife covered with a revolver concealed in his right hand pocket and forced her to tell the husband the intruder was a cousin—or some other white lie. The audience knew that the gun was there, but the husband didn't, hence an added thrill.

Misleading evidence of guilt, reproduced effectively on the screen, will make any film enthusiast's teeth chatter, appreciatively, of course. A close-up of the dainty fan of the Marquise in Pauline Frederick's "Tosca" opened



the way to the blackest portion of the plot. The audience knew the Marquise had never been near the church, but it took a lot of pleasure trembling in uncanny anticipation of the deadly emotions the fan would unleash in Tosca when Scarpio brought it to her. The deadly dagger climax in "Tosca" has had its prototype in many a photoplay starring Theda Bara, Louise Glaum, and kindred stars who specialize in shudder-photodrama and always carry concealed weapons when appearing before the camera. Almost as popular with the discerning director who must produce a shiver is the revolver which so many screen families keep in the left hand drawer of the library table ready for use when any of the characters decide to "end it all."

Another emotional tune which strikes the shudder chords is that delightfully creepy sensation which formed the screen fabric of John Barrymore's "Raffles." When the thief has the irresistible personality of "Raffles" the audience enjoys sharing his hair-breadth escapes.

Bringing a lighted match into contact with "TNT" is no more certain in effect than some of the time-honored aids used to tickle the public's funny bone. Custard pie is foremost among these, of course. No psychologist has ever disclosed just why custard pie is funny. There are many besides Mr. Hoover, in fact, who would like to see it banished from the screen permanently.

But like various misfortunes to others, which are the most potent of laugh-makers, it retains its perennial popularity.

Any tired business man will chuckle himself into a state bordering on hysteria at the sight of a plate of hot soup overturned on an unsuspecting victim's head or a close-up of somebody else's silk hat overflowing with water or broken eggs. "Fatty" Arbuckle used both of these in "The Bell-Boy" as he has in many of his other two-reelers. They have been favorites with Chaplin and in the Sennett comedies.

Sliding or falling unexpectedly on a slippery floor or pavement is another accident which audiences like to see. Chaplin made his tobogganing on a hardwood floor a large percentage of the action in "One A. M." He did it, too, in "Shanghaied" and "The Immigrant." "Fatty" Arbuckle knows how funny he looks when he slides and had the floors well covered with soapy water when he made portions of "The Rough House" and "The Bell-Boy."

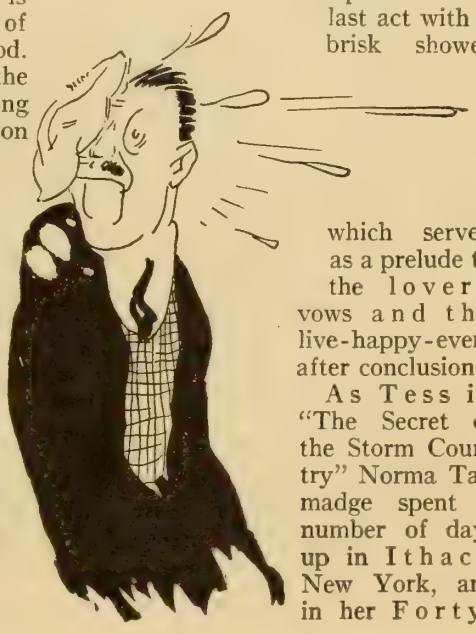
The overflowing bath-tub scene is done every so often by directors of comedy from Fort Lee to Hollywood. In the laugh index it ranks with the spectacle of helpless victims being knocked into insensibility by a blow on the head and that of the waiter who is tripped up as he carries in a tray of dishes. Some studios have their china closet replenished twice a week, because the folks who keep motion picture theatres darkened are so fond of seeing dishes smashed.

When the Keystone "cop" made his camera debut he became the founder of a screen family which can always be relied on for comedy. It is always entertaining to see enforcers of the law made ridiculous. No inveterate fans need reminders of how often they have seen the comedy police force plunge over an open bridge or drive a Ford car through a three-story brick building.

A recent Sunshine comedy related the adventures of Helen Holliday, who sought the straight and narrow trail after having done time for seven years. Not the least of Helen's grotesque experiences occurred when she was caught in a driving rain which turned her umbrella inside out, ruined her costume, and made it generally difficult for her to retain her equilibrium. You recognize this scene, of course. You have seen it done since the nickelodeon days.

And right here let us mention that a far-sighted director always keeps a rousing rainstorm or two in reserve. A storm, whether it be a gentle Spring shower or a raging downpour, inspires many different kinds of emotion other than laughter. Psychologically a rainstorm clears the emotional atmosphere. It is used in cameraland as it is employed on the speaking stage—to freshen an audience's point of view so that the happy climax may be contemplated with keener enjoyment.

If you saw "The Fortune Hunter" during its long run on the legitimate stage, you recall that the stage director opened the last act with a brisk shower



which served as a prelude to the lovers' vows and the live-happy-ever-after conclusion.

As Tess in "The Secret of the Storm Country" Norma Talmadge spent a number of days up in Ithaca, New York, and in her Forty-



eighth street studio. She rescued her enemy's child from the burning witch's hut, then battled heroically with a thunder storm to restore the little girl to her parents. With that thunder storm Miss Talmadge's director marked the turning point in the trials of Tess. She had reached the limit of suffering and the storm prepared the way in the spectator's mind for less violent emotions and the more peaceful later life of Tess.

In this connection it may be mentioned that many a property man has earned a couple of days' salary standing on top of a step-ladder, just off the set, holding the common garden variety of watering can with a rubber hose attached while faking a gentle shower to the director's entire satisfaction. This type of rainstorm is useful in light comedies. Such a one overtook Constance Talmadge in "The Studio Girl" when she ruined her wedding gown in her stolen ride to the railway station with Earle Fox. The raindrops made her look so forlorn that they heightened the audience's sympathy with her revolt at the maiden aunts' restrictions and made them condone rather than condemn her flight from the waiting bridegroom.

Sob-stuff, too, has been thoroughly pigeon-holed and card-indexed in every director's well-ordered brain. No audience weeps as naturally and unaffectedly as a motion picture crowd, because it can cry without fear of detection. Consequently a director need use only the simplest of methods to open the sympathetic tear ducts.

A good close-up of a little child registering hunger or sorrow is one of the trustiest sob-inducers. Any pictured sorrow of childhood brings a ready tear. Witness Marie Doro, who caused much quiet, if amused, sadness offering her plate for more in "Oliver Twist." Additional evidence was the sight of the little sick children in Mae Murray's "The Primrose Ring" and the plight of those delightful youngsters who could not find their father in Mary Pickford's "Hulda from Holland," also the death of Olga Petrova's little son in "The Light Within."

Another sad, sad scene which the director uses frequently to make his audience cry is that of the poor girl



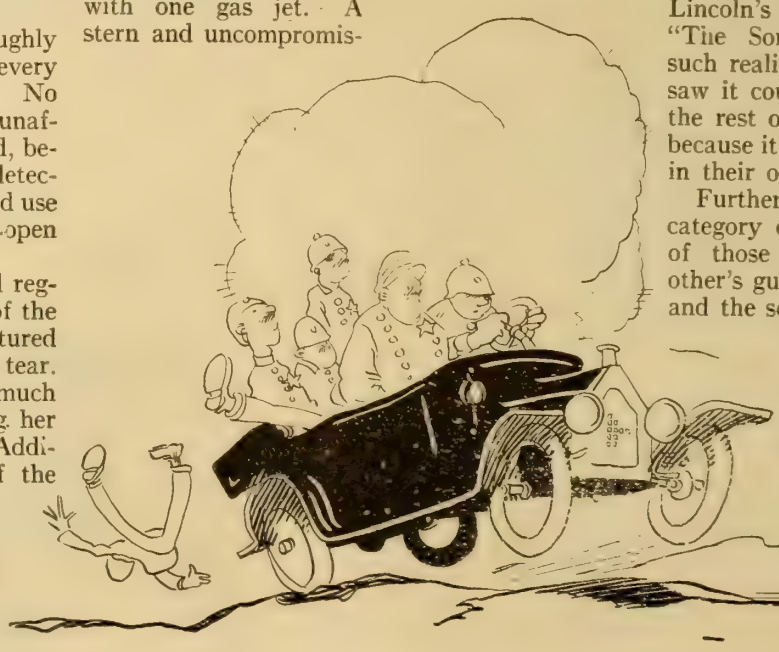
alone in a big city and unable to find work. Usually her background is a shabby furnished room with one gas jet. A stern and uncompromising landlady necessarily hovers in the distance.

And now we arrive at another psychological puzzle of the screen. In the darkest moment of her life every heroine of this type makes a beef stew over her solitary gas jet thus wilfully adding to her own sorrows—and those of the occupants of orchestra seats—by enraging the landlady. It is customary for her to empty a threadbare purse to buy the ingredients. Then in her distracted state as if to heighten the effect of a generally thin time she permits the stew to burn so that the landlady has no alternative but to turn her out on the street.

Personally it takes the edge off our sorrow somewhat to find that the lovely girl adds onions to her stew, but she nearly always does. Most directors seem to think the landlady would not find her out if she did not. You remember with what keen relish Madge Kennedy sniffed at the fragrant white vegetable in "The Fair Pretender," and how Mildred Manning in O. Henry's "The Third Ingredient" encountered all sorts of adventures because she simply insisted upon having that one onion for her evening meal. Clara Kimball Young did most of her suffering in "The Easiest Way" in a hall-bedroom.

In cold reality there are, of course, few things sadder than a hall-bedroom. But when the lights are out, the heroine is beautiful and the orchestra plays "Annie Laurie"—well, there simply is none sadder, that's all.

Death-bed scenes are always pathetic, if it is the good who die young. Norma Talmadge had a tragic death as the little seamstress in "The Ghost of Yesterday," the picturization of Rupert Hughes' "Two Women." Benjamin Chapin gave the death of Lincoln's young mother in "The Son of Democracy" such reality that many who saw it could not remain for the rest of the performance, because it wakened memories in their own lives.



Further along in the sob category come the sacrifices of those who assume another's guilt to save a friend and the separation of sweethearts. In "Tess of the Storm Country" Mary Pickford assumed a lot of blame

(Continued on page 116)

Scare 'em or Make 'em Laugh!

or, from Undertaker's Advance Agent to Comedian



"Laughter Hall," Undertaker Parsons' Hollywood home.



By
"Smiling Bill" Parsons

FOR ten years, my daily conversations consisted of telling men they should prepare against the day the grim reaper tolled off their names, or advising wives and mothers to see to it they were taken care of when their loved ones passed away.

No day in my existence but what I was warning men against death by accident, or heart failure.

I was an insurance agent.

It was my business to scare people almost to death in order to get them to fortify their families against the day when they would be left alone in the world.

The greater my ability to scare my prospectives, the better my annual showing, the better my annual income.

I was a wholesale dealer in frights, chills, scares and shocks.

That I was good at scaring is attested by the fact that the Missouri insurance records show that I secured over one million dollars worth of new clients each year, for ten years.

Thus I began figuring how much greater a man Charlie Chaplin was than I.

Chaplin made them laugh and forget their cares while I was busy on quite the reverse.

For each laugh Chaplin caused, I caused a fear.

Then I read a novel. It was "Tarzan of the Apes" and I decided right there that I was going into the motion picture business.



A few slender half-tones, suggesting "Smiling Bill's" slimness.

The story appealed to me. That it was a success, was more the fault of the di-



rector and the able artists who portrayed the difficult parts.

But while I was at the studio one day, our director suggested that I would make a good comedian.

"Come on Bill" he teased, "let's make a comedy between scenes."

And I consented.

I do not want to appear egotistical, but that comedy when it was finished, made me laugh—and then and there Smiling Bill Parsons was born to immortality.

Right there I decided that being a screen comedian had its advantages over telling people about train wrecks, skidding autos, ptomaine poisoning and other forms of shuffling off—and then the Goldwyn people insisted that I make one every two weeks.

I guess I am doing all right for I have gotten letters from some of the people I talked into an insurance policy telling me that I helped them prolong their lives by making them happier—so I am performing some good function to offset my years of morbidity.

And strange to say, I'm not so crazy about myself as a comedian but I have a wonderful time, meet lots of wonderful people and now once in a while someone points at me and smiles—and that's worth all the effort of putting on grease paint and working under a bunch of hot electric lights.

AND I AM GOING TO HAVE A NEW LEADING WOMAN IN EVERY PICTURE SO THEY CAN'T SAY I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CO-STAR.

A Dog That Pays an Income Tax

By Grace Kingsley

HE earns $50 a week and he pays $25 a year income tax.

That sounds like a regular actor, doesn't it?

Reams and reams are written about him every week, and he never reads the stuff. That doesn't sound like a regular actor at all, does it?

In fact he's a regular actor—and he isn't. He's Teddy, the Great Dane, Mack Sennett's dog actor. And besides the fifty financial bones a week, he gets six soup bones.

So whoever talked about leading a dog's life didn't mean Teddy's life a-tall.

Teddy is the only dog in the world that pays an income tax.

Of course nobody pretends, smart as Teddy is, that he went up to the Federal Building and swore to a statement about his income,—as to whether he owned income property or had a wife and children dependent on him. In fact he has no curiosity at all about his children. He did follow his master, Joe Simpkins, up to the income tax office—as a sort of "Exhibit A,"—and he did emit a loud confirmatory bark when Joe declared Teddy was an actor. Which again makes him a regular actor.

As a matter of fact, Teddy doesn't care a whoop in Jerusalem about his income,—except the bones.

Anyhow, he says, what could a dog do with fifty dollars a week?

Of course there's the beauty chase. Even a dog has to be all dolled up like a society woman at least once a week. He must be carefully examined for signs of mange, and he has to have applied to him the most expensive (and smelly) flea eradicator ever put on the market.

And on his day off, does Teddy spend money on prize fights or the opera or chickens? Of course not. If he has time and opportunity he sometimes stages a dog fight with some other studio canine, but there's no purse, for Teddy is a real sport and disdains the professional stuff. He has no taste for music,—except when his master Joe Simpkins plays the accordeon, when he loves to accompany him in an amateurish way. Simpkins has a nice little pension fixed for Teddy in case anything happens to him, Joe, or to Teddy himself. You see Teddy does stunts some times.



All Gloria Swanson's pleading, and the widest grin Teddy could achieve could not induce the baby, a studio visitor, to leave off crying.

Old Hartwell's Cub

The old man was the town drunkard, but the son lived it down

By Frances Denton



The proprietor hesitated at the threshold and his gloating face revealed all too plainly how he relished this choice bit of scandal.

(Editor's Note:—This story won third prize in the scenario contest conducted jointly by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the Triangle Film Corporation a number of months ago. It was entered and judged under its original title, "The Tree of Life." It was renamed by the producers.)

BILL HARTWELL stood in the door of his smithy, a scowl in his face, black hate in his heart. They were coming; far down the road he could see a crowd of men and boys led by lantern-jawed, self-righteous Deacon Grimes, the one most persistent in his persecution of Bill's old drunken father.

They had reached the line of poplars at the turn now, and Bill could see that they carried a motley assortment of the implements of vengeance—whips, clubs, shovels, anything that would serve to overpower his mighty strength. In the rear two men bore a bucket of smoking tar swinging from a pole. Another rail was carried on high; and several small boys clutched leaking feather pillows, as they hurried excitedly along.

So they had made up their minds to rid the town of him and his father, had they? He hadn't given 'em enough last night when he smashed in the jail door with an ax, put maudlin old Tom over his shoulder and carried him home. . . . Deacon Grimes had had the old man arrested when he was sleeping off his liquor in the sun.

Bill's father was the town drunkard, as his father had been before him. Thus the taint seemed hereditary, though Bill, himself, hated liquor with all the strength of his soul. It had made him an outcast, an embittered Ishmaelite with every man's hand against him—except, of course, as they came to have their horses shod through his skill. But from the time Bill could remember every other avenue of recognition had been closed to him because he was old Tom Hartwell's son.

But in spite of this, he loved his father. The gentle, sunny-tempered old man harmed no one but himself—Bill saw to that. How could they hound him as they did?

Bill flexed the muscles of his arms and waited grimly. Let them come; he'd show them.

The crowd halted some distance from the blacksmith shop, and engaged in consultation. It would be best to persuade Bill to go peacefully, if they could. They could eventually overpower him, of course; but it was certain that somebody would get badly mussed up in the assault. The deacon stepped forward as spokesman.

"We've made up our minds that this town ain't big enough to hold you and your father any longer. The rest of us are decent, law-abidin' people, and we don't want ye. If ye give us your word to go peaceable, well and good. If ye don't—" He made a threatening gesture toward the bucket of tar.

Bill picked up a sledge and advanced a step or two. "You get out of here and mind your own business, you old hypocrite, or I'll give you something worse than tar and feathers."

The deacon danced with rage. "Ye ungodly son of

perdition! I'll teach ye to misname your betters!" he yelled.

Bill started forward, and the deacon as suddenly retreated. Bill laughed contemptuously and stepped back. Then he saw that the mob was advancing with concerted action. They evidently meant business.

Bill considered. Single-handed he was no match for them; and he thought of his father lying helpless and asleep upstairs. He stepped quickly inside the shop.

A shower of sticks and stones came through the doorway. The space was narrow, not admitting more than two men at a time. Bill, with uplifted sledge, took his stand beside it.

There was an interruption as a tall, scholarly-looking, shabbily-dressed man made his way toward the crowd. "Hi, here comes the minister!" sounded the cry of several small boys, from their vantage points of observation.

"Stop!" cried the Reverend Lane, indignantly. "What does this mean? Have we gone back to the age of witchcraft and the stake, that you stone a fellow being?"

There was an interlude, while the deacon and his cohorts attempted to explain. The minister shook his head. "And is this your Christianity?" he cried. "Let the man alone; I will talk to him."

"He'll brain you with his sledge," cried the deacon as the minister started for the shop.

Bill stepped forward and met the newcomer half way. Then the mob circled around and almost gained the door behind him. Bill jumped back. The minister, seeing the mob's treachery, spoke bitter, scathing words. "Go home; go home, and hang your heads in shame! Have you forgotten the words of the blessed Christ?—'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.'"

Some of the men looked sheepish and dropped their clubs. Others whispered together, and presently only Deacon Grimes remained to consider the bucket of tar smoking, neglected, in the street. Bill was angrily explaining to the minister why he had broken in the door of the jail. "My father is harmless; they'll let him alone or I'll know the reason why."

With a kind'y hand on Bill's shoulder Lane quieted him. "It is mostly their fault," he admitted, "but something must be done. Suppose you come over to the parsonage for supper tonight, and we'll talk things over."

Bill muttered a dazed acceptance of the invitation. Eat at the minister's house? It was unbelievable! And after the minister was gone, soundly berating the still irate deacon for his lack of Christian charity, Bill's manner still indicated mystification. "*Me,* invited to eat with the preacher. Well, I'll be damned!"

That night marked the beginning of a new life for Bill Hartwell. For the first time in his history he was received as an equal in a refined, though humble, home. He sat at a decent, well-ordered table, a man with other men. Afterward the events of that evening merged into a pleasant haze in his memory, all but one: The picture of Mary Lane as she stood in the kitchen doorway, a smile of welcome on her lips, her face, above her green-checked apron, rosy with the exertion of preparing the meal, remained etched forever on his heart, as a diamond cuts a pane.

The minister and his daughter tactfully ignored Bill's natural embarrassment, and little by little self-consciousness left him and a new dignity came into his bearing. Minister Lane spoke of Bill's father, whom he advised Bill to treat exactly as if he were ill, for the craving for liquor was a disease, and sometimes curable. Bill went home with a new hope in his heart.

As he left the house he passed a dapper young man who stopped and stared at him. This was Ed Jones, who had been making his headquarters at Matherville for some time, and who had set all the girls in the place a-flutter with his sophisticated dress and manner. Ed hailed from the city, that place of enchantment to bucolic minds. Reputing to be a salesman for a religious publishing house, Ed had made a good impression upon unworldly and simple-hearted Reverend Lane; and was received in his home without question. Mary Lane was the most attractive girl in town, therefore Ed was glad to avail himself of the hospitality. He wondered now what this uncouth blacksmith had been doing there.

The next afternoon, as Ed and Mary sauntered down the shady path from the cemetery, Mary told him exultantly that the Ladies' Aid Society had at last succeeded in raising money enough to pay for painting the church. The hundred dollars was safe in her keeping as treasurer. With apparent



Mag was the business partner of the sketch. The indomitable proprietress of the Delmonico saloon was all that such an executive should be, as the saloon loungers were well aware of.



Mag, holding Ed's head in her arms, looked up as they were leading Bill away. "Stop them," she cried to the trembling girl at her side. "He ain't no thief!"

indifference Ed congratulated her, but his sharp wits were busy. Mary was desirable in herself; plus a hundred dollars she was a windfall.

They gave scant attention to the Smith girls, two village belles passing; nor did they notice the girls' jealous-eyed chagrin at Ed's evident desire to get rid of them. Jealousy is a seed of suspicion. Said one injured Smith maiden to the other: "I don't think much of Mary Lane since she's been chasing around with that city fellow. I think we'd better be careful. Maybe we—"

Their two heads went together. Presently other girls joined them and gossip fairly buzzed.

Minister Lane came down the steps as Mary and Ed entered the parsonage gate. In the strong sunlight, the shabbiness of his worn clothes was glaringly apparent. Involuntarily Mary glanced at his feet and Ed's glance followed. The minister's shoes had been patched until there was no longer room for a patch to hold. A resentful look chased the sunshine from Mary's face, and Ed was quick to interpret it. "I don't suppose your father receives a very generous salary here," he murmured sympathetically.

"It isn't enough to call a salary," flashed Mary. "And not only that, but they're behind in their payments. I wish we could go somewhere else—I hate this place. But father—" She hesitated. "Father says his clothes are too shabby—"

"By George! Why didn't I think of it before?" Apparently Ed had had an inspiration. "I can invest that hundred dollars for you, Mary; and double the money in a week. Can't you borrow it?"

Mary shrank from him in alarm. "Oh, no! It isn't mine."

"But you won't need to use it on the church for a week or so. Nobody will be the wiser. It's a dead sure thing or I wouldn't mention it. You'll have the Ladies' Aid money back and enough extra to buy your father some good clothes. Then you could get away from Matherville."

Mary thought of the unwearying patience and faith of her father, of his many acts of unselfishness, of the ingratitude and narrowness of those who profited. And they wouldn't even see that he had whole and decent shoes!

"Do you think it would be right?" she wavered.

"Why not?" he retorted. "You're only borrowing it, and you can't lose. Think what it will mean to you."

She took a vase from the top of the parlor organ, and upturning it, poured out a roll of bills and silver, which she counted and handed over to Ed.

"I don't know," she faltered. "If anything should happen—"

"Nothing's going to happen," Ed assured her, putting the money carefully where it would be safe—to him.

A little later, as she stood on the porch bidding him good-bye, the Smith girls and their cronies passed. Wholeheartedly, Mary waved her hand at them. But with elevated noses, they ignored her greeting. Mary recognized the "cut direct." Surprised at the rebuff, Mary slowly entered the house. What had she done?

In the meantime Bill Hartwell had taken Minister Lane's advice and was making a desperate attempt to cure his father of the habit that was ruining him. He had taken away all of old Tom's pocket money and confiscated his whiskey. "I'm going to keep you in bed a while and give you just enough of this at a time to taper you off gradually, Dad," he said, measuring out a drink. "You're killin' yourself and you've got to quit."

Old Hartwell's Cub

NARRATED by permission from the photoplay of the same name, based on the story by Mabel Richards, and produced by Triangle with the following cast:

Bill Hartwell .....William Desmond
Mary Lane.....Mary Warren
Edward Jones.....Eugene Burr
Rev. David Lane.....Walt Whitman
Tom Hartwell.....Percy Challenger
Mag Jones.....Dorothy Hagar
Deacon Grimes.....Graham Pette
Steven Marvin.....Edwin J. Brady
Benton .....William J. Ellingford

In vain the old man, writing in the appetite of the confirmed alcoholic, begged and pleaded. Bill was firm.

Mary was not long kept in ignorance of what the girls' attitude indicated. In the morning's mail she received a note: a curt statement to the effect that because of her "scandalous behavior" the Ladies' Aid had decided to elect Jennie Baxter treasurer. And would Mary hand over immediately the funds she had in her charge?

Poor Mary! When she was able to think coherently, she started on a run for the hotel. Unless she could get the money back from Ed she would be accused of embezzling the church's funds!

In front of the hotel sat the usual aggregation of small-town loafers. To Mary, in her agitation, the thought of attracting attention was unbearable; it seemed as if everyone must know what she had done.

So she hurried to the rear of the hotel and climbed the stairway to the second floor, too full of her trouble to realize the hazards her reputation faced in defying the village proprieties.

She knocked on the door of Ed's room, and to the summons, "Come in," turned the knob. Ed, who was dressed to go out, started in surprise, at the sight of her.

"Oh, Ed, I must have that money back!" cried Mary, thrusting forward the girls' letter, with a trembling hand.

Ed was calm. This was just what he had wished for, and Mary's coming alone to his hotel was another card in his hand.

"I'm sorry, dear; but I've already invested it," he said. "I can't get it back now."

It was true he had "invested" most of it—but in his hotel bar bill.

Mary collapsed. "What shall I do?" she moaned. "I'm ruined. I'll be punished as a common thief!"

Ed ruminated. He wanted this girl—but there was a good reason why he couldn't have her; he had left his wife, Mag Jones, back in Arizona. But Mag didn't know where he was, and if he could keep Mary in ignorance of her—

Suddenly he opened his arms. "I love you, Mary," he whispered. "Marry me and I'll get the money in the city, and pay it back to you."

Mary Lane was in desperate straits. It would kill her father to have her arrested as an embezzler. But she knew, suddenly, that she did not love Ed. As she hesitated, steps were heard advancing. Too late to close the door, Ed saw the proprietor hesitate at the threshold, staring at Mary, and his gloating face, as he hurried on, revealing too plainly how he relished this choice bit of scandal.

Wretched, Mary gave in to the unavoidable. "That settles it," she said hopelessly. I'll have to marry you.



In vain the old man, writing in the appetite of the confirmed alcoholic, begged and pleaded. Bill was firm. "You're killing yourself Dad," he said softly. "And you've got to quit!"

He'll tell every soul in town that he saw me here."

Ed passed his arm around her with a word of encouragement, and together they left the hotel.

Driven half mad by his craving for liquor, old Tom had searched for and finally found, his son Bill's money sack. Hastily untying it he grasped a handful of silver. Then he heard Bill coming. With fumbling fingers the old man was trying to replace the string at the mouth of the sack, when Bill entered the door.

Old Tom cringed like a child caught in theft, but with the utmost gentleness Bill took the sack from him. Thinking his father had not yet got it open, he replaced the string, and put the sack in his pocket. Then, giving the old man his drink, Bill sat down beside him until he thought him asleep, after which he changed his clothes and went out in search of Reverend Lane whom he wished to have come and see his father. The money he took with him.

Bill had barely turned the key in the door, when the old man was at the window of his bedroom, watching. Presently a village loafer sauntered by. Tom picked up a chair and smashed one of the window panes; gesticulating with his arm, he caught the attention of the passer-by. There was a brief conversation, and the clink of silver; old Tom lay back exhausted but happy. He would have his fill of the poison he craved, once more.

As Bill passed the hotel he noticed, on the porch, a little crowd of men. Bill caught a name and hurried forward. "Yessir," came the voice of the proprietor, "not two hours ago I saw Mary Lane in Ed's room, and then they went away together and he's come back alone. There's somepin'—"

The speaker was interrupted as the blacksmith's mighty fist shot through the air and collided with the speaker's head.

Ed Jones, hastily packing his suitcase, glanced out of the window to ascertain the cause of the disturbance below. Bill saw him, and took the front stairs at three jumps. But as quick as he was, Ed was quicker. He

(Continued on page 115)

CLOSE-UPS

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Men for France! Films for Russia! The hour has struck for the Motion Picture's greatest service to Liberty and Humanity. That service is the immediate supplying of American films to Russia, and those who know declare that film in Russia is equal to men in France—film stories, film comedies, educational film, propaganda film, film of agricultural instruction—these vital sheets of celluloid may alone possess the power to wake the vast shambling Bear of the North, to turn a demoralized people toward industry, and kindle the conscience of a recreant soldiery which Prussia has made shamefully subservient.

Madame Botchkarova, Commander of the celebrated "Battalion of Death," brings the resounding picture battle-cry. She told a representative of the *Dramatic Mirror*, in New York: "American films will do more to convince my people of your people's sincerity than any other instrument. The more pictures of troops and sailors that can be circulated in Russia, the less will people believe the industrious Germans' reports of 'American bluff.' Plenty of printed matter is going around, but the Russian people are skeptical of writings—pictures are visible evidence, and they do believe them.

"The Russian film manufacturers are attempting to effect a better circulation of film, and have organized a system whereby the reels are taken to the various places on the circuit by special messengers.

"When I left Russia we were getting some film productions from the Nordisk company in Copenhagen. These were generally liked, and their principal leading man, Harrison, has become immensely popular. One of their recent successful American films was the serial, 'The Black Box.' Each episode drew a crowded house everywhere in Russia. Chaplin is enormously successful, and Max Linder has a wide vogue.

"There are other fields in which America can help Russia onward and upward, such as educational films along agricultural lines, particularly those showing methods of intensive farming, of which the peasants know little or nothing."

Here is a delicate point in Mme. Botchkarova's message: "By no means send pictures which lay stress on the democracy under which you are governed. The Russian people resent anything that has the appearance of outside influence, and they will not accept advice as to government coming from a foreign country. The Russians want to work out their own salvation."

But German propaganda is doing just that thing—very subtly. The motion picture industry is being organized on a tremendous scale in Germany. Yet the United States leads the world in film productions, and, if we will act now, with the same speed we would manifest in meeting a little commercial demand from New Jersey or Alabama or Montana, we should have small difficulty in making their celluloid drive resemble a straggler's advance.

As little things decide a battle, so-called side issues have often decided a war. American films in Russia, now, will probably have a profound bearing on the destinies of centuries to come.

It is of immeasurable significance to us that in the single vocabulary of German commerce and imperialism there is no such word as "tomorrow."

❦

Twice in the Same Place. Not long ago the middle-aged, Hebraic head of a great film manufacturing concern came from New York to visit his Los Angeles plant. Among other things assuredly needing managerial attention was the quality of the firm's comedies, which had become more funereal than funny.

On an automobile trip with two of his executives the comedy subject came up, and the department heads were loud in their derision of the trash that passed as humor. The producer endured their guffaws for awhile, and then turned on them in sharp reproof:

"Boys, our comedies are no laughing matter!"

Still less did he comprehend their shouts at this sally, and when miles had been rolled in on the speedometer, and they were still chuckling, he exclaimed, with exasperated finality:

"Say—now quit it, will you! I tell you again, our comedies are not to be laughed at!"

❦

The Fading Fight. Our lively old friend, *the fight*, is in a bad way. For more than half a dozen years he has been the pep of weak plots, the hope of half-baked actors and the refuge of hard-pressed directors. People used to gasp at Bill Farnum's fights, or Fairbanks'. Thousands of audiences have patiently endured four reels and a half of maudlin picture for one fight at the finish. But have you noticed?—it takes more than a fight to hold them now. There are several ways of looking at this. Life today is just one jolt after another. One screen fight is pretty much like any other screen fight, after all. Audiences are really rising in artistic appreciation and are demanding something more of their producers than a handy set of knuckles at the finale.

Honor awaits the director who will invent a handy and unfailing kick to take the place of the fading fight. The honor is that he will be the most copied man in the universe.

The Costly Picture. In the early days of picture-making the stage producer's answer to effects of the screen set against effects on the stage was: "Well, *you* can get that sort of thing for nothing—just go out and photograph it. If we do it, on the stage, it's going to cost a lot of money." That argument was true then, but it's most untrue now. In 1912 few five-reelers cost half as much as a very ordinary theatrical mounting. In 1918 the average five-reel picture costs as much to put on as a New York production by Klaw & Erlanger. In these six years the picture producers have called upon the customer, the builder, the furnisher and the decorator for their finest, while performers' salaries and the expectations of the public have, hand in hand, gone out of sight.

This is a fact that should be realized, and most certainly is not, by good writers. The novelist and the dramatist who begin to write for the screen today write in anything—crowds, buildings, set after set—because they feel that these things come easily, by a sort of magic, perhaps, to the maker of motion pictures. As a matter of fact the time is not coming, but is at hand, when the photoplaywright should be as careful about changing scenes, as careful of crowds and as parsimonious of mere optic effects as his brother who writes for the limited stage. Thus only will the man who produces his play be enabled to produce what the author does specify and must have in a perfect, or nearly-perfect, manner. The movies are out of their days of quantity, and well into the day of quality.

❦

The Poison East. The compass points to North and South, and the West to Rejuvenation—on the screen. New York may be renowned as possessing a big town, Illinois is great for corn, Indiana for literature and Ohio for tires—but all of them are darned poor places for a man to come back in. Hero or villain, leading or misleading lady, if ways are to be mended, deeds atoned, or the soul's valves ground, it must be done west of the Mississippi. West of the Missouri will give even better results. While not deprecating the splendid calm of the Rockies, the imaginative repose of the great plains and the spiritual purge of the fiery desert, aren't we becoming a bit orthodox in making the American West the univeral panacea? Why, we all know that skunks grow on the range occasionally! So why can't we admit that the city has a wallop which may sometimes inspire—and acknowledge that to a lot of great folks the middle west has been a land of service or a valley of dreams? If the East is poison the scenarioist did the job.

❦

Mr. Griffith's Personal Critic. The sun-plays of David Wark have been eulogized, or dissected, by reviewers from the Avenue de l'Opera to the local weekly on Sunset Boulevard, the street where the mahster makes 'em—yet in all this brave phalanx of reportial talent Mr. Griffith's favorite critic—his personal critic—is not to be found.

Mr. Griffith's personal critic never criticises except on demand—by Mr. Griffith. He is the Griffith chauffeur, the same who drove the huge Fiat last year, and who is this year behind the wheel of the Packard limousine.

He was among the many who were completely muddled by the ancient intricacies of that crazy-quilt, "Intolerance."

"How do you like it?" asked the producer, as they surveyed the first run of "Hearts of the World."

The chauffeur turned with an expression akin to fervent gratitude. "Boss," he said, "thank God they ain't no Romans in this one!"

❦

Who Are Favorites In Your Town? A big group of motion picture exhibitors, representing all of the United States, convened in New York recently, and in the course of general convention business took a straw vote on stellar popularity in their respective territories. That vote found clay feet on some of the supposedly all-gold gods, and a few of those not in the alleged top-notch class showed surprising strength.

It might be presumed that the Chaplin enthusiasm would be unanimous, yet who would have predicted equal favor, in this convention, for William Farnum? Though a sterling and reliable actor, he has been cumbered with some pretty bad plays. Yet they were a unit for him.

W. S. Hart came in for a lot of harsh criticism from these men whose only reviews are the reports of their cashiers. Particularly were the Westerners against him.

While not unanimously acclaimed, Norma Talmadge and Mae Marsh were strong favorites in all sections.

The convention didn't care much about Petrova, Nazimova, Constance Talmadge or Mabel Normand.

And there were four votes against the supernal and infallible favorite, Mary Pickford!

❦

Income-Tax Revelations. The Famous Players-Lasky organization recently sent its check to the government for $600,000, in payment of Federal taxes on its combined manufacturing and distributing organizations.

Paramount-Artcraft is now doing a business of $400,000 a week, or thereabouts. And Paramount-Artcraft has a fifth of the gross business done by the entire industry in the United States. The gross box-office income of the country hovers around $4,000,000 a week.

While this is a healthy condition, and represents an unprecedented expenditure for amusement and diversion—which is in these times even more necessary than amusement—it may be well to call the careless enthusiast's attention to the fact that in these hours of colossal expenditure other manufacturing interests account for almost unbelievable sums of money every seven days, quite without any press-agentry whatever. The gross business of the General Electric Company during a single week in May, for instance, is declared to have been $23,000,000.



"The Million Dollar Mystery," most famous of all serials, had Marguerite Snow as its heroine.

She Never Worked for Griffith

Marguerite Snow never even entered the Biograph Studio

By Randolph Bartlett

IN the course of several years' experience in collecting data concerning the lives and works of more or less famous screen personalities, a certain formula has become extremely familiar. If the person whose questionnaire one is filling out has been in pictures since they were in their now familiar infancy, the fascinating information comes something like this:

"A friend of a friend of mine was working at the old Biograph"—it is always the "old" Biograph, though there never has been a new one—"and I went out to see how they made pictures. Well, I was sitting there watching them, and the last thought in my mind was ever trying to do it myself, when a man pointed at me and said, 'Who's that little girl over there?' Well, you can imagine how surprised I was. The man wanted me to go on right away and take a part in the picture. It was Mr. Griffith."



A recent photographic study of Miss Snow.

White

So when I discovered that Marguerite Snow was of the picture infantry and realized that she had not pulled this line, I prompted her.

"A friend of a friend of yours was working out at the old Biograph—"

"No," she interrupted. "It was Thanhouser."

"But Griffith never directed at Thanhouser."

"I never worked for Mr. Griffith."

Here was a startling story—a girl who had been in pictures all this time and never been inside the Biograph studio, and was not discovered by Griffith. And yet they say there's nothing new under the sun!

Nor did Marguerite have to run away from home to go on the stage. If she hadn't done it voluntarily her parents would, probably, have compelled her to do it. Her father was Billy Snow, a famous minstrel man in the days when it was open season for that form of entertainment. They lived in Savannah, Georgia, and little Marguerite passed her childhood checking off the number of years before she would be permitted to become an actress. And she didn't have any discouragements to encounter. Her debut was in James O'Neill's last revival of "The Count of Monte Cristo," after which she was engaged by

Henry W. Savage. She was one of the many "College Widows" and enjoyed a great deal of success before she ever heard of movies.

In those pioneer days, successful actresses who engaged in film adventure, were a little ashamed of it. They regarded it as slumming, and concealed their identity, so as not to lose caste. Marguerite Snow was no exception. When she went to work for Thanhouser she didn't want her friends to know about it so she changed her name. She called herself "Margaret" Snow.

"Funny, isn't it?" she said. "But it isn't half as funny as some of the things that actors and actresses have their press agents send out to increase their popularity. Every time I pick up a moving picture tradepaper, these days, I discover that a certain star has just recovered from another automobile accident. I wonder how she ever gets time to do a picture. There's another one that seems to have a penchant for buying clothes, and there's usually a story a week to this effect. It looks to me as if she must be the buyer for a wholesale clothing house on the side.

"It isn't always the fault of the stars, though. A press agent who was supposed to be keeping my name favorably before the public very proudly one day sent me a newspaper clipping, which began, 'Miss Marguerite Snow disagrees with Daniel Frohman.' I wired him asking why he didn't have me pick on some one my size, like the President or General Joffre."

"What are your own diversions?"

"Playing with the baby," she declared.

Another startling fact—a young actress who is a wife and mother, and isn't afraid that it will make the public hate her if it becomes known. Her husband is James Cruze, and a mighty fine actor too, separated at present from his fireside by the entire width of the American continent, for the Cruze-Snow home is in New York, and James is at Lasky's, in Hollywood.



This is Julie Cruze, Marguerite Snow's baby—and very patriotic, too, say we.

Miss Snow's latest screen activity is the Wharton serial, "The Eagle's Eye," made at Ithaca, with which patriotic creation readers of PHOTOPLAY are familiar. Before that she was with George M. Cohan in "Broadway Jones," and in various Thanhouser, Metro and other productions, and of course you remember the heroine of "The Million Dollar Mystery." She had just finished the Flynn picture when I met her.

(Continued on page 112)



White

Boy, Page Booth Tarkington!

MR. TARKINGTON, we have just seen your play, "Seventeen," and we believe that we present you, herewith, the sole and original model of your young man in the momentous dress-suit—that dress-suit which was expanded for father, cut down for the son, rented by the tailor and damned by the whole family.

The soulful lad with the bee-stung upper lip, languishing in the photographer's best prop chair, is Wallace Reid, and beside him stands his mother.

At this time Geraldine Farrar's future heavy lover was an inmate of Perkiomen Seminary. The year was 1909, and eighteen summers had been made more glorious for Wallie's presence on earth. With these known dates the class in high-angle mathematics may now begin to figure out Mr. Reid's real age.

He was then everything but an actor. He was a poet, an editor, a short story writer, a violinist, a bass-singer, a football player, a member of the track team, and a debater.

After leaving school, Wallace Reid went to Newark, New Jersey, and began workaday life as a reporter on The Star. Then he went on the stage, shifted suddenly to cow-punching, went back into the newspaper game, and finally got in front of the camera.



Colonel Mary

of the 143d Field Artillery, U. S. A.

HONORARY Colonels are not exactly novelties now. But here, fellow-patriots, is the first American Honorary Colonel in the present war: Colonel Mary Pickford, 143d Field Artillery.

Recently Colonel Pickford's regiment took a long hike from its encampment and training quarters, in San Diego County, to Los Angeles. It was three days enroute, and the ranchers' wives, along the dusty way, fed it and bedded it and coddled it to the point of almost making it a pageant instead of a march. At the edge of Los Angeles thousands of cheering people met the regiment, along with a score or so of newspaper men, Eastern correspondents, and camera men from the news weeklies. But Colonel Pickford was not one of these. She had gone far out into the ranch country, and did not meet her boys, but arrived with them. Previously she had paid them a visit or so at their official home, Camp Kearney.

Their deadly rivals, the Grizzlies, of the same camp, call them "Mary's Lambs."

A Vampire Tale

The Life Story of a Russian Vampire, Told by Herself, with all the Crude Force of a Russian Novel.

I AM Black, with little sin-shames in Me. No one knows to what Blacknesses I am driven—I do not know Myself.

My earliest recollection is of a bright cold morning in Siberia. I was watching the snow-and-ice. The sun shone. Two men came—one a tall-dark man, in a bear coat. The other, a small man, in a coat of musk-rat. The tall-dark man stabbed the small man in the back. The sun shone. There was an ever-widening pool of blood on the snow. I laughed.

In all my little-girlhood I never saw a Russian wolf-hound. But I longed to play Vampires. All women are Vampires. I longed to play all vampires but Cleopatra. Somehow I could not bring myself to want to play Cleopatra when I looked out upon the snow-and-ice.

And all the time—even now, in my Career—is the memory—the cold-hot memory, that hurts me even while it makes me laugh—of the ever-widening pool of blood on the snow, back in Siberia.

At the age of sixteen I became a member of the Russian Preparatory Art Ballet at Bakst Numph. This was necessary as preparation for the Russian Secondary School of Ballet at Splokvadst-Chille. After my graduation from the Preparatory and Secondary Schools of Ballet, I was pronounced ready for the Great Russian Imperial School of Ballet at Petrograd.

There it was that the Man came into my life. He was a shoe-clerk who admired my dancing from his seat in the gallery of the Great Russian Imperial Ballet Theatre at Petrograd. Through a friend of his, who knew an usher, he met Me. He asked Me to marry him. I laughed. Always the memory of the pool of blood, widening.

"Marry me, Sophie," he had said.

"No," I shuddered brutally.

A year later I read of his death. He had died. They came to me and said he had died in the Great Russian Imperial Hospital for the Mentally Incompetent. I know better. It was because of Me.

And there was the Blackness—always. Then came the War. And I had a cable from the Gump Company of America to come across—and be their little Russian Vamp. I came. My brothers were both in the War—with the New Government, the latest new one. And as for Myself, I felt that I could do more for Free Russia in America than I ever could at home.

And from the first, this America—so like a little laughing child—has captured Me. Since taking up my work as the Russian Vamp of the Gump Company, I have thought less and less of the ever-widening pool of blood on the ice-and-snow.

Grand Crossing Impressions



By Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

IT was Up to Dorothy.
She had to Do It
To Take the "sh!"
Out of Gish.
Gish Never
Stood for Pep—
You Know That.
Until Dorothy
Came Along,
As "The Little Disturber;"
Stuck Out her Tongue,
Wore a Saucy Tam
On Black Bobbed Hair,
And Did a Swing-walk
Across the Screen.
Dorothy Did It.
It was Up to her.
And she's Doing it Now.

When
I Went Up to See her, she
Was Having her Nails Done—short, so
She Couldn't Bite 'em; and
Everybody
Was Giving her Advice
About her Personal Appearance.
(She Had to Speak
At "Hearts of the World.")
"My teeth are Chattering,"
She Said Seriously:
"I Might take
My Knitting with Me;
But I'll be
So Nervous,
The Needles'll Click,
And Spoil Everything."
"Mary Pickford
Made a Grand Speech,"
Encouraged the Manicurist.
"Yes, I Know," said
Dorothy. "But
Mary's so Wonderful anyway; so
Witty, and
I'm not; I'm Sure
To Disappoint Them.
I Hate to Do It—"
"Marguerite Clark
Spoke Here; she
Made a Grand Speech."
"Yes," said Dorothy.
"I Admire Miss Clark
So Much."
"I Should Think,
Miss Gish," Said
The Manicurist, "that you
Would Have Brought
Your 'Little Disturber'
costume
With You."
"I Know," said Dorothy
sadly;
"I Know. I Should Have.
If
They'd Only Told Me.
I Know—"
She was Almost
In Tears,
And Biting her Nails.
But Just the Same,
At the Theatre,
When the Little Disturber
Bounced Out on the Stage,
And Told Them
How Scared she was, much
Preferring an Air Raid,
Or the Trenches
To a Personal Appearance—
Everybody Sympathized with her, so
She forgot all about it; and,
Exiting,
Did the "Little Disturber's"
Own Funny Swing-walk—
And Brought Down the House.

You can't Put
The Little Disturber
On Paper.

"I don't Ever
Want to Go
'Over There'
Again," she Says.
"I'm Glad
I'm an American.
Going Across,
General Pershing Said he
Wanted to Meet me; but I
Was So Scared, being Alone, and
Feeling Kind of Strange,
I Stuck in my State-room, until
Two Days before Landing.
When I finally Met him, he
Asked me where I'd Been; and said
He had Wanted to Meet me, ever since
Lillian and I
Had Entertained him and his Men
In Mexico,
On the Screen.
I Wish
I'd Thought
To Have my Picture Taken
With him," said Dorothy.

And there's
Mrs. Gish, mother of
The Gishes.
Her name is Mae, and
She's as young as that.
Both the Gishes
Are Unspoiled; and I Think
Mrs. Gish, mother of
The Gishes, has
A Whole Lot to Do with it.
There should be
An Interview with her.
I'd Like to Write it.

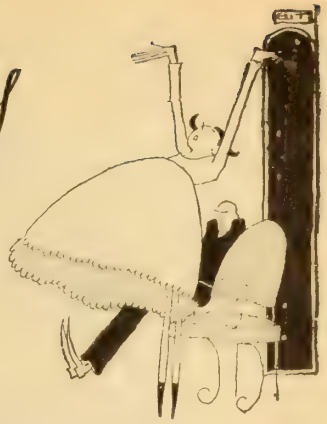


Stage

As "The Little Disturber" in "Hearts of the World."



Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Warm Words, Likely

IN "The Marriage Lie," I noticed that while Carmel Myers and the villain were having an earnest discussion, strong puffs of smoke floated across the room. Maybe "Pete Props" forgot the direction of the wind when he lit his pipe off the set.

FRED HUTCHINSON, Bridgeport, Conn.

Yes—Many Actresses Should Be Stenographers

I WOULD like to contribute my plea to the many complaints that come from all sides relative to the "efficient" stenographers who appear in office scenes in pictures. It is really pathetic to see some two-fingered typists in a big office where only experts would really fit in with the air of efficiency and luxury.

M. E. J., Camden, N. J.

Perhaps Burbank Produced the Picture

IN "Broadway Bill," featuring Harold Lockwood, I noticed that in the scene where the camp boss was instructing his men to tumble a tree on Lockwood that the tree they were cutting was a silver birch. Yet, when it landed, the tree was a pine.

FRANCIS J. BIBBY, Detroit, Mich.

We're Not a Pilot, but It Seems Wrong to Us

SESSUE HAYAKAWA and Jack Holt in "The White Man's Law" head an expedition into the Hinterland of Africa for "White Gold" or Ivory. Upon their return it is Falkland's (Jack Holt's) desire to explore a certain stream. Guingis (Sessue Hayakawa) agrees to go with him so the two start out in a boat with a negro rowing *up stream.* They are to meet Guingis' father and the expedition at the second night's camp. Guingis discovers the fact that Falkland is married and since Falkland has been trifling with Guingis' sweetheart there is naturally a struggle in which the occupants of the boat are thrown into the water. During the fight the boat floats *down stream* at a fairly good pace. Falkland reaches the boat, overcomes the African and we next see him pursuing his way *down* stream at a speed that would put a motor boat to shame. Then lo and behold! he reaches Guingis' father waiting at the second night's camp and all the time I thought that they had followed their course *up stream* just as they were doing when lost to our view.

MRS. A. K. J., Portland, Ore.

Did You See the Ark Around?

IN "Rich Man, Poor Man," Marguerite Clark returns through a terrific thunderstorm to find her mother dead. According to the insert, "They find her several hours afterward." The doctor is sent for, calls, and leaves, and all the time the storm rages without. Some thunderstorm.

W. H. PRICE, New York.

The Will to Live!

IN an episode of "The Fighting Trail," "Shoestring" is driving a wagon containing a load of nitro-glycerine, when along comes the villain and takes a shot at the wagon. Instead of "Shoestring" being blown to bits, he seems to be only mildly injured. In another episode a man is shot in a running duel, but each time he got up and kept right on running. How do they do it?

ELMER A. BIERSACH, Milwaukee, Wis.

Skinner's Dress Suit Again

IN "Twenty-One," a Bryant Washburn picture, the star leaves his residence to visit a dive in the slums apparently in the evening as we see his automobile lighted on the inside when he drives away—yet when he joins Dixie, the girl he instructed his servant to ask to wait for him as he would be detained, she tells him that it is very original for him to be wearing his evening clothes in the afternoon.

MRS. R. J. N., Venice, Calif.

SOME Moonlight!

WHEN the "Night Shift" of the munition workers were toiling in the Ninth Episode of the "Eagle's Eye," the sun was shining in through the windows in all its splendor and glory.

W. P. V., Fort Wayne, Ind.



Imagine Being a Barber There!

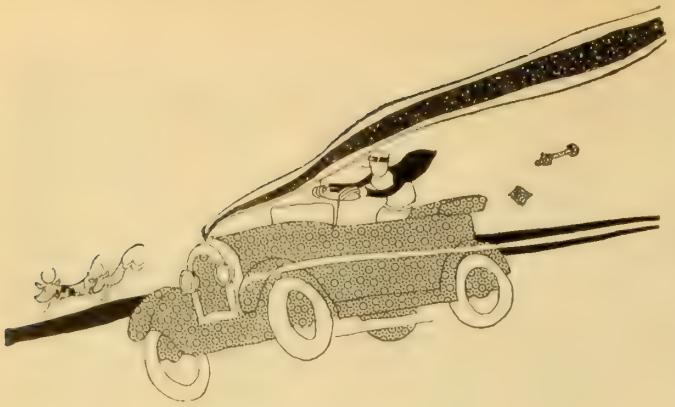
CAN you explain how Tarzan, in "Tarzan of the Apes," apparently a normal youth, could grow to maturity without any sign of a beard? Was he born with a safety razor or did he shave with that knife he found in the hut?

A. V. SEEDS, Philadelphia.

S'matter is Right

IN "Exile," featuring Mme. Petrova, the villain, Perez, was conversing with his wife. He extended his hand towards her. A "close-up" was shown of his wife and the villain's hand was also shown. It was his right hand. When the camera flashed back to the scene the villain was withdrawing his left hand. S'matter, Pop?

D. W. B., Bloomsburg, Pa.



For the Conservation of Water

IN Ann Pennington's "The Antics of Ann" I noticed one mistake.

After Ann ran away and married Tom Randall, her father starts out to find her (presumably). The car stops, he gets out and removes the radiator cap. It smokes; he has no water.

He goes to the nearest house for water which proves to be the place in which Tom and Ann are living. In his excitement he leaves the house, forgetting the water. In the next scene he is back at the hotel telling Ann's sister the news.

How did he get back to the hotel without water? Some automobile!!

FLORENCE SMITH, Dundee, Ill.

Have a Heart!

I REALIZE, of course, that France manufactures some of the finest silk stockings, and that possibly they are cheaper there than here (I paid two and a half for the last pair I bought) but still do you really think Marie (Lillian Gish) in "Hearts of the World" would be quite likely to insist on silk hosiery to wear while going through the perils of life in a town in the hands of the enemy? I wonder!

Moreover, picking potatoes and wandering in the fields is rather hard on hosiery, isn't it? She surely must have had a large supply.

B. M. L., New York.

Perhaps It Rained on Him

IN the ninth episode of "The Bull's Eye" I saw Ed Cody climb down a rope ladder and mount his horse and pursue the outlaws with his face all dirty. After riding some distance he comes to a halt and his face is clean. I didn't see him wash it nor was it likely that he would have put powder on.

C. W. YOUNGSTAFEL, Danville, Ill.

"Ain't It the Truth?"

WHY, Oh, why? Last night I sat through a Burton travelogue and a Shriner parade in Cheyenne to find that Chaplin will show tomorrow.

HILDEGARDE RUDIN.

We Wouldn't Say Bad

HERE I am again. I'm a sorta bad penny. In "The Legion of Death," the hero, Philo McCullough, appears with an army officer's overcoat, the three rows of braid on his sleeve denoting a major. Yet, when he takes off the coat, we see the captain's two silver bars on his blouse.

And neither captains, majors, nor anyone in the U. S. Army use the Boy Scout salute—the fourth and fifth fingers folded into the palm.

LAURENCE COHEN, Far Rockaway, L. I.

In Defense of the Clergy

TO me there is something disgusting in the way directors insult the ministry, making most ministers narrow-minded, hypocritical objects, always rolling their eyes heavenward and throwing up their hands in horror at the least thing. This was especially so in "Naughty, Naughty" with Enid Bennett. In all travels I have never met this type of man in any church, large or small, and it hurts me to see them portrayed in this manner. The most of them are loving, kind and though strict on certain things, do not deserve this burlesque.

MRS. L. JONES, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Flight De Luxe

DID you notice how very thoughtful "Jimmy" was in "De Luxe Annie" when he evidently packed enough shoes for Norma Talmadge so she could change from low-heeled ones, which she wore in the afternoon when she called on the "millionaire gin'ral store keeper" of Riverside Corners, to high-heeled ones in the evening? And how well she skated in high heeled shoes! I didn't see all "them" shoes going *into* that one small traveling bag when he was packing it so hurriedly. Did they sell them at the gin'ral store, I wonder?

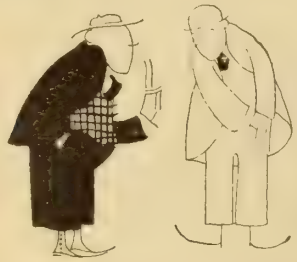


MARIE LONGEN, Milwaukee.

This Woman Dresses Quickly

IN the game of "hide and seek" in "The Business of Life," Jacqueline begs for twenty minutes in which to hide herself. She is found hidden in a suit of armor mounted on a horse. I can't see how she made this difficult change in the specified time. As I understand it, even in days of old the knights required aid to get into their armor.

G. C., New York City.



HAVE YOU A FRIEND ?

If you have any friends who are not acquainted with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, don't permit them to live in the darkness any longer. Throw a ray of sunshine into their lives. How? Easy! Just send their names and addresses to us, enclosing three cents in stamps, for each address, to cover postage, and we'll turn on the sunshine. How'll we do it? We'll just send them a sample copy. That's all.

The Photoplay League of America

Being a preliminary account, and a listing of the reasons which have brought about the first All-American movement for clean, intelligent, patriotic pictures.

By the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

ON numerous and sundry occasions commercial persons engaged in the manufacture of lurid, salacious, unwholesome or merely stupid and vulgar screen products have replied to interviews of protest: "We give 'em what they want!"

But do they?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has long had its doubts that anywhere in this country is there a real demand for any except clean, diverting, human, uplifting motion pictures. It has often expressed these doubts.

And coincident with this editorial force has been a great unorganized wave of feeling among intelligent people all over the United States—for as intelligent people from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California, have come to accept the photoplay and other motion pictures as a mighty new means of world expression—in just the degree that the potential power of the motion picture has been recognized, to that degree has there been a demand for better pictures.

That wave of feeling has taken shape. It has become a vital movement. It has crystallized into organization.

That organization is an actual fact today, and it is known as *The Photoplay League of America.*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the world's leading motion picture publication, takes pleasure in announcing that *The Photoplay League* has honored this periodical by making it its official organ.

In these pages will be found an account of the League, its organization, its officers, its world-famous patrons, executives, directors and aids, its plans, its methods of work. The League will have a regularly conducted department in this magazine—a department of service, if you please, for service, to the whole country, is just what The League has been organized for.

Now then, returning to the lingo of the cheap manufacturer, *do* they "give 'em what they want"?

In the first place, no; in the second place, if there be any who think they want that sort of stuff, convince them that they do not by showing them better things.



MYRA KINGMAN MILLER, President of the National Federation of College Women, who has been made executive secretary of The Photoplay League of America, in active charge of its organization work, and also chief of its editorial activitities. Mrs. Miller is one of the foremost feminists and public workers in the United States. She has established The League's organization offices at 185 Madison Avenue, New York City, and beginning next month will handle The League's regular department in these pages. Mrs. Miller has been requested to permit the publication of some very interesting data concerning her own work and career, in next month's issue.

The organization, the work and the men and women behind The Photoplay League of America make a narrative total so big, so impressive, that the editor finds it impossible to give it all to you in this September issue because of a sheer lack of time and space.

So, first of all, let us survey the field, the reasons for the necessity of such an organization, and what it can do and must do.

In the first place, understand that this is no movement of theorists, no self-advertisement of a lot of spiritual quack doctors, no "high brow" undertaking to "elevate" motion pictures as a lot of lofty foreheads have from time to time endeavored to elevate the stage.

The Photoplay League of America is, to speak figuratively, a big and permanent signboard on the road of motion picture progress. It will point in the right directions. It will be a constructive, helpful guide.

It will be the national clearing-house of clean pictures — good pictures. And by "good" we don't mean nasty-nice. We mean intelligent — artistic — inspiring, just as we use the word "clean" to define those healthy, optimistic, fresh-blooded emanations of imagination which are and must remain typically American.

Why—see here! America is today the roof over a sick earth, the big brother of a naughty little world. America *is* healthy. America *is* clean. America *is* cheerful—and therefore we resent with all the force that is in us pictures that are not clean, that are not healthy, that are not cheerful, because they lie about us and pervert our national sense as well as being immoral.

The Photoplay League of America is not engaging in the manufacture of motion pictures. It is not passing around a set of sophomoric rules to the existing manufacturers of motion pictures. It presumes to tell no man, in that spirit of insufferable interference common to all too many "movements," how to run his business. But by the Jehovah of lights and shadows, it will, day and night, in season and out of sea-

(Continued on page 117)



Feder-Shall ross Studios

Pauvre Enfant? Merci—Non!

Or, in plain, everyday U. S., Madge Evans is not a pallid chee-ild of the drama.

"LES pauvres petits enfants du theâtre!" a French writer exclaimed, going on to explain that "Those poor little children of the theatre are like pallid flowers, grown in hot-houses under artificial light, beautiful with the tragic loveliness of whatever is fragile and doomed to early death. For, while they may not die—these poor little ones—their exotic loveliness never bears fruit. For the sake of a tear or a smile they are condemned to sterility."

More or less true. Who, that knows the theatre, has not encountered the spindle-shanked youngster, wise with the uncanny sophistry of his trade, precocious to an unendurable degree, and making the fingers itch to deliver a good spanking, whether or not the "pauvre petit" happened at that particular moment to deserve castigation?

Enter Madge Evans—exit the picture of the pallid chee-ild.

Of course, Madge isn't exactly a stage "enfant." And the life of the movie youngster is much more varied and healthy than that of the child who lives in the more circumscribed surroundings of the parental footlights. And then too, Madge has traveled—traveled all the way across the Atlantic.

As already intimated, there is nothing pallid or exotic about this lively little youngster. She has a good, healthy flavoring of tomboy in her makeup.

Campbell

Little Madge Evans wants it particularly understood that she is all American, and was born in New York City.

Beginning at the very beginning, Madge was a favorite baby model at the Carlton Studios, London, before she knew or cared much about what was going on around her. Then, later on, in New York, Jack Pratt, then casting director for Augustus Thomas' picture company, realized Madge's charm and was instrumental in launching her screen career. As a result of his interest, Madge appeared in "Shore Acres," "The Garden of Lies," with Jane Cowl, then, with World and Captain Robert Warwick came "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Old Dutch," which starred Lew Fields. There followed then with Famous Players, "Za Za" with Pauline Frederick and "The Seven Sisters," with Marguerite Clark. Then William A. Brady saw the possibilities of the little lady and she became the star of her own plays, notably, "Gates of Gladness," "The Volunteer," "The Little Duchess," "Adventures of Carol," all directed by Harley Knoles. Too, she scored this winter in the stage version of "Peter Ibbetson."



The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Randolph Bartlett

It would be hard to imagine anything more popular than the combination of Mary Pickford and springtime in "How Could You, Jean?"

"I WISH I were criticizing pictures, I'd tell 'em a thing or two," a snappy young person said the other day, with a toss of the head which intimated that she did not approve the manner in which criticisms in general, and certain criticisms in particular, were allowing the guilty to go unpunished. Which reminded me of a letter received a few days before, in which the writer said she didn't believe I knew much about pictures because I didn't mention the fact that a certain handsome hero, in a picture I had reviewed, came out of a two-weeks' baggageless journey through the wilderness without a sign of a stubble on his cheeks. My review of the picture was four lines long.

Well, it all depends. Criticisms are written for various purposes, depending upon the attitude of the writer toward the reader. A great many are written to please the vanity of the writer, to display his facility of phrase. These are almost always adverse criticisms, for any fool can be funny when he is finding fault. It takes a good deal of ability to make favorable criticism interesting. But Elbert Hubbard, in one of his inspired moments, remarked, "He who habitually criticizes without giving reasons, descends to the level of a common scold." Moreover, it was to relieve criticism of the necessity of pointing out when the hero should have needed a shave, or changed his coat, that PHOTOPLAY established the "Why-Do-They-Do-It?" page.

Again, criticisms are often written for the naive purpose of telling the world at large whether the writer was or was not entertained by the picture. Of what possible interest or value can such criticism be? The person who is engaged in the task of constantly viewing pictures, professionally, reaches one of two extremes, so far as his own taste is concerned. His vision becomes so numbed that he neither likes nor dislikes anything, or he develops personal likes and dislikes so intense that they possess him completely. Now if he is in the latter mood, no person, who is not constituted exactly as he is, will agree with his criticism. It will be of no value, unless that particular critic is so great an individual that his opinions are read with avidity.



Pauline Frederick is the screen's greatest mistress of the art of suffering beautifully.

The only critic who is doing his readers a real service, then, is one who is able so to cast aside his prejudices that he can see the intrinsic value of a picture, aside from its effect upon his own emotions. Anyone can be clever at the expense of a producer or an actor, but it requires real ability to tell what a production is actually like, without bringing personal taste into the matter.

"I just had the most delicious dish I ever tasted," said one man to another.



German spies in Scotland furnish the punch in "Patriotism," with Bessie Barriscale.



Louise Glaum as a magdalen in "Shackled," is beautifully gowned. The story is a bit too hectic for the high school age.



George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday" is all that could be demanded of this human dynamo.

"What was it?" the other asked.

"Tripe and onions," said the first.

"Ugh!" and the second looked disgusted.

The aim of the Shadow Stage is not to tell you whether or not the writer of these observations did or did not like the fare provided, but to let you know something of what is on the bill of fare, and steer the man who is hungry for corned beef and cabbage away from the fried chicken Maryland. And so:

HIT-THE-TRAIL-HOLLIDAY—Artcraft

George M. Cohan is the Barney Oldfield of the stage. His first two attempts to transfer this spirit to the screen were not complete successes. His third, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," however, is all that could be demanded of this human dynamo. The fact that Marshall Neilan directed from an Emerson-Loos scenario had more than a little to do with the achievement. It is the story of a Billy Sunday type of bartender who preaches prohibition and in a small town overthrows the German brewer boss. It is the essence of Cohan throughout—Cohan of the naively questioning glance, the swift and decisive movements, the restless intelligence, the dominating personality. It leaves nothing to be said.

HER FINAL RECKONING—Paramount

Pauline Frederick is the screen's greatest mistress of the art of suffering beautifully. In "Her Final Reckoning," picturized from the novel, "Prince Zilah," she has one of her best, if not most original, roles. A woman with a past marries without telling her husband about the other man, and he leaves her on their wedding day, only to be reconciled after much unhappiness. Miss Frederick was never lovelier nor more intense. Is there no means of exploiting this talent except through the medium of messed-up women?

SOCIAL QUICKSANDS—Metro

At last a Bushman-Bayne picture in which Miss Bayne is first, instead of second violin. In "Social Quicksands" the lovely Beverly plays the part of a social butterfly who makes a wager that she will bring to her feet a bachelor who scorns the set in which she moves. It is done with charm, vivacity and humor, in beautiful scenes.

GOOD NIGHT, PAUL—Select

Not even the vivacious charm of Constance Talmadge could conceal the long, grey whiskers on the plot of "Good Night, Paul," in which a young man pretends his partner's wife is his own to get money from a name-worshiping uncle. This is the plot of about half the Keystone comedies, and the situations remain about the same, with a slight touch of the *risque*, carefully denatured. Nor could the threadbareness of the plot conceal the fact that this second of the Talmadges is one of the greatest comediennes now occupying space on the silversheet. She has won her spurs. Norman Kerry and Harrison Ford are of great assistance.

A DESERT WOOING—Paramount

A young woman marries a man for his money, with a half promise to a roué to be untrue to her husband. Not a very nice beginning, has "A Desert Wooing." The plot cleans up, later. The husband is something of a rough lover, and when the roué pursues the couple into the cactus west, there is a thrashing awaiting him. Follows then a shooting, and a final close-up for husband and wife. Enid Bennett plays the wife with much speed and prettiness, though her method of handling a gun would hardly do in France, I believe. Jack Holt is a handsome hero for a change, and takes kindly to the work. It is a lively production, slightly tinged with suggestiveness at the outset.

PATRIOTISM—Paralta

German spies in Scotland furnish the punch in "Patriotism," with Bessie Barriscale impersonating a lovely young nurse who prefers a stranded American to a hospital doctor. The jealous doctor mendaciously causes the American to be suspected of working for the Germans, but the lovely nurse discovers the secret of the plotters in a ruined abbey. There are many inconsistencies in the story, such as Germans signalling submarines from a spot in plain view from the windows of a military hospital. The fine acting of Miss Barriscale and Charles Gunn, together with the excellent Brunton production, save the situation.

SAY, YOUNG FELLOW—Artcraft

The well known Fairbanks smile and the equally well known Fairbanks athletic prowess are utilized for both comedy and thrills in his latest picture, "Say, Young Fellow." A reporter in a small town is sent to unearth a certain fraudulent factory scheme, and with the aid of a smile, acrobatics and girl he turns the trick. It is distinctly a Fairbanks story, and it was written for him by his director, Joseph Henaberry. Marjorie Daw is the love interest. Frank Campeau, Edythe Chapman and James Neill have important roles.

"HOW COULD YOU, JEAN"—Artcraft

"How Could You, Jean?" gives us Mary Pickford in an April setting. The rather slender plot winds its way cheerily through a background of babbling brooks, young lambs and apple blossoms. It tells the story of a society girl, posing as a farm cook, who falls in love with a millionaire, masquerading as a hired man. It would be hard to imagine anything more popular than this combination of Mary Pickford and springtime.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE—Paramount

"The Firefly of France" has caught all the romantic glamour that surrounds the American aviator in France. Our hero foils a horde of German spies, rescues a French officer and is rewarded by his pretty sister. Wallace Reid makes a dashing aviator, with Anne Little as his dauntless sweetheart.

THE SOAP GIRL—Vitagraph

A delightful comedy of the *nouveau riche* with Gladys Leslie in the title role. It is written around the blunder of a well-meaning old father who uses his daughter's pictures in his advertisements to advance her socially. The really original plot has been developed with unusual skill by Martin Justice. He brings out in Gladys Leslie, unsuspected talents for spontaneous comedy.

A WOMAN OF REDEMPTION—World

"A Woman of Redemption" is a refreshing story of love and outdoor life. The hero, who has been wasting his youth in city dissipation, is reformed in the wilds. A beautiful mountain girl, played by June Elvidge, assists nature in her work of redemption.

STATION CONTENT—Triangle

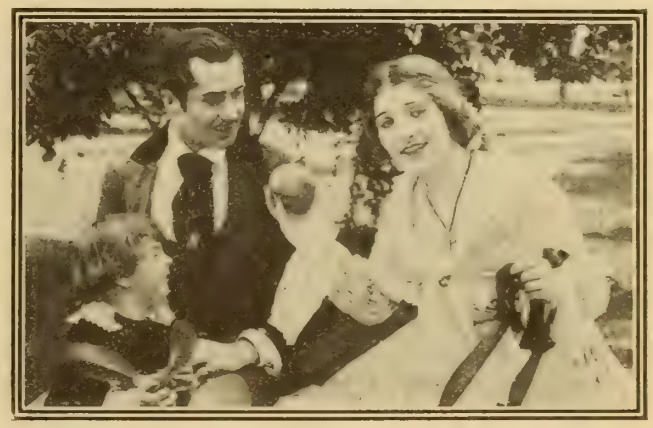
"Station Content" is a sincere and human story woven about a telegrapher's station. Gloria Swanson plays the wife who seeks happiness on the stage only to find it in the home she deserted. The direction makes the most of the thrills that always accompany a railroad drama.



"A Woman of Redemption," with June Elvidge, is a refreshing story of love and outdoor life.



In the role of a social butterfly Beverly Bayne plays first, instead of second violin, in "Social Quicksands."



"The Last Rebel" has a background abounding in Old Kentucky Homes and dialect subtitles.



In "The Firefly of France" Wallace Reid makes a dashing aviator, foiling a horde of German spies.



"The Venus Model" exploits Mabel Normand as an inventive and energetic factory girl.



"Madame Sphinx" presents the picturesque combination of Alma Rubens and an Apache romance.

MADAME SPHINX—Triangle

"Madame Sphinx" presents the picturesque combination of Alma Rubens and an Apache romance. The lady captures a handsome French outlaw in his native haunts, only to discover that he is of her own people and decidedly not a villain. The symbolism of the fantastic "Apache Dance" is woven through the action very effectively. It is a setting perfectly adapted to the star's glowing beauty.

THE LAST REBEL—Triangle

"The Last Rebel" is a romance of the old South and modern New York. The hero in a brisk business suit devotes himself to overcoming the prejudices of the heroine, whose mind is still in crinolines. The background abounds in Old Kentucky Homes, faithful darkies and dialect subtitles.

A MAN'S WORLD—Metro

Emily Stevens returns to the screen after her customary stage season, in an adaptation of the Rachel Crothers drama, "A Man's World." When this drama was written and first played by Mary Mannering (and that isn't so long ago) very few states had woman suffrage, and conductorettes were unknown to the western world. With the almost perfect emancipation of woman that now exists, the cries of Frankie Ware that this is a man's world sound a bit hollow. Yet 'tis a pleasing fable. Frankie adopts a child, is loved by the publisher of her books, and the jealous previous enamorata of the publisher causes him to believe that the child is Frankie's own. He accuses her, and she turns the tables by proving, to her own surprise, that he himself is the father. Miss Stevens is as of old. She is no sugar-plum ingenue, but a woman of intelligence, making vivid even this rather unconvincing role.

THE WHIRLPOOL—Select

Alice Brady, one is led to hope by her latest offering, has departed from the ranks of the vamps and vamped. In "The Whirlpool," for the first time in a long while, there is no sex aberration in her heroine's history. Employed by her stepfather as a decoy in his gambling house, a young woman falls in love with a judge who is worried to the verge of nervous prostration over a case concerning a young man whom he had paroled, and who was one of the unwilling girl's victims. She sets about to right matters, and though there is a near-tragic misunderstanding, she succeeds. Miss Brady had never been so beautiful, never so much the artist. And for the wonderful mountain scenes in which a great deal of the action is staged, a public, eyesore from sordid settings, will shout its thanks.

THE KAISER'S SHADOW—Paramount

If Wilhelm could get to it, he would be bringing suit for a share in the profits of the films named after him these days. "The Kaiser's Shadow" is another picture dealing with spy plots. Dorothy Dalton pretends to be a spy, and falls in love with a German, only to discover that he is a secret service man and loved her despite the fact that he thought she was a Gerwoman. Many thrills and narrow squeaks enliven the action of this melodrama, which leaves a much better taste in the mouth than most of Miss Dalton's recent efforts.

THE VENUS MODEL—Goldwyn

"The Venus Model" exploits Mabel Normand as an inventive and energetic factory girl. While designing a fetching bathing suit and making a fortune, she finds time

(Concluded on page 102)



Charles, Not Charlie

Concerning a serious-minded man whose screen personality is better known than any other being in the world.

By Julian Johnson

IN Los Angeles, I received a telegram from Chicago.

"Get a story about the *real* Charlie Chaplin."

This would not be impossible; only rather superfluous.

Charlie Chaplin is the best-known man in the world.

Charles Chaplin is perhaps the least-known man in the world.

Charlie is the quaint capering figure of the screen.

Charles is the serious, somewhat sad, somewhat shy and always pensive man who creates and controls the capering mute of the shadows.

While Charles is very little known, it's far from easy to say anything at all about him that doesn't buck against one or more of the Chaplin traditions. There are more Chaplin rumors, legends, accounts, reports and beliefs than cling to many a system of religion, even though their subject is still of draft age, and has been an international celebrity less than four years.

They cover all points of his public and private life. Groups of them are beautifully contradictory.

We learn from one school of the Chaplin reporters that he is a morose bird, venturing forth only to work, or for solitary prowls. From another, that he is a gay spark.

We are told that Chaplin is a horribly ignorant fellow. And that he is a man of profound cultivation.

That he is an ace of aces with the ladies. Also, that he hates all women.

That he is a coward subject to night sweats brought on

by fear of the draft. That he is a physically weak patriot who has hurled himself ineffectually, and again and again, upon the bayonets of the medical examiners.

That he is a low, mean little miser hoarding his hundreds of thousands like a celluloid Uriah Heep. That his unknown charities are prodigal and unbounded.

That all he knows is a set of capers which has tricked the fancy of the world. That he wants to play Hamlets, and such like.

Whether I succeed in bringing Charles Spencer Chaplin before your eyes or not, here are at least a few realities.

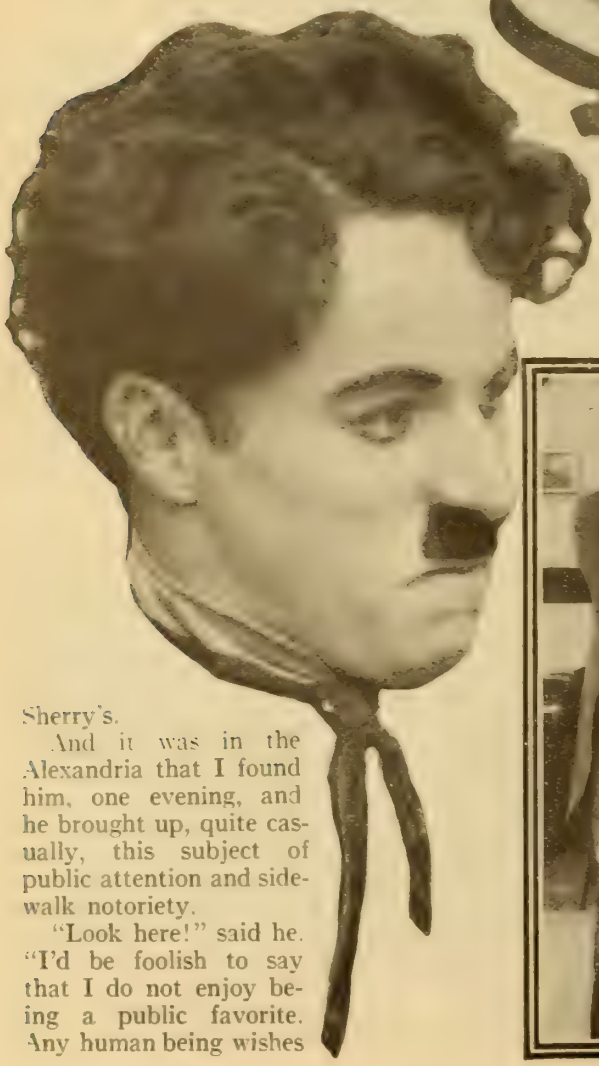
Charles' dislike of crowds has been the subject of more commentary nonsense since he went out on the Liberty Bond tour than any other phase of his character. The emetic drivel of amateur female reporters has really added to the ironic suggestions of case-hardened he-scribes that this is all a pose.

It is not.

Charles has only one refuge left, in the way of a city, where the curious do not molest him. That is that delightfully composite *pueblo* of Iowa, celluloid and globe-trotting millionaires known as Los Angeles. In Los Angeles screen stars of extraordinary calibre are as common soil as the Kaiser in Potsdam, and you scarcely turn to look at one even if you step on its foot. In New York, London and Paris Charles Chaplin would be mobbed. In Los Angeles he can go to the Alexandria's Indian Grill without drawing any more eyes, than—say—George Gould in Sherry's.







And it was in the Alexandria that I found him, one evening, and he brought up, quite casually, this subject of public attention and sidewalk notoriety.

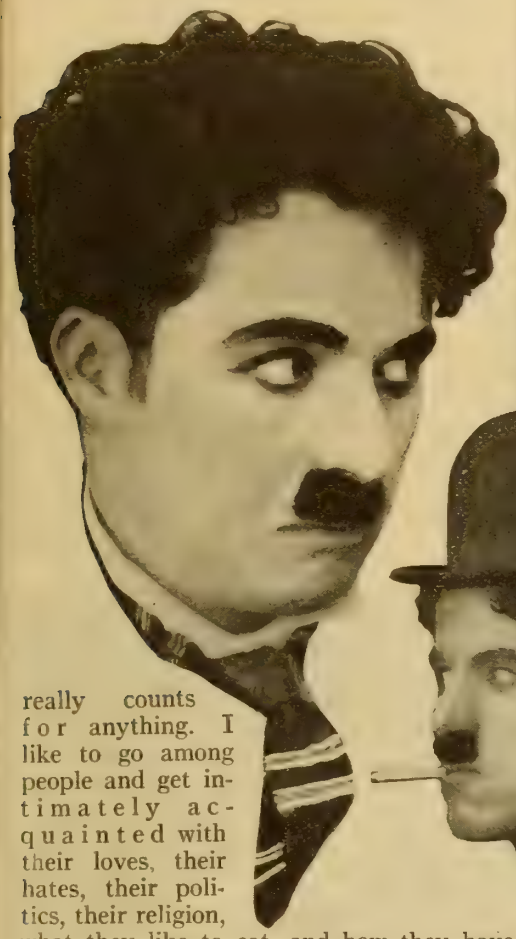
"Look here!" said he. "I'd be foolish to say that I do not enjoy being a public favorite. Any human being wishes people to like him. But the staring—the whispers—the pointing—the comments I'm not supposed to hear and can't help but hear—being followed—these things are another side of it all.

"I remember the trip I made to San Francisco after my early successes in Mack Sennett's comedies. My name wasn't on the screen, but I'll never forget the thrill I got when, on Market street, I heard one man say to another: 'There's the funny fellow that you see in pictures with Mabel Normand.' I had arrived! This was fame! I didn't get over it for a whole day, and I stood around waiting to have some one else pull a recognition. I didn't get it.

"I want to be myself, that's all. Why can't people dissociate an actor from his work, and take the work as it is, and the man for what he is, as they do a business man?



I like people. But I like them only when they're perfectly natural, and when they let me be perfectly natural. As I grow older, I try to keep closer and closer to the ground, for most endeavors are so futile; so little of what any of us do really counts for anything. I like to go among people and get intimately acquainted with their loves, their hates, their politics, their religion, what they like to eat, and how they have their good times. So, when in a great bunch of human beings I see on every face only one emotion, curiosity, I want to get away as fast as I can."







On another occasion we were speaking of his various roles, and I find that his favorite bit, in all his pictures, is that episode of the tawdry little bouquet of flowers, in "The Bank." Here Purviance, if you remember, plays a beauteous stenographer, while Charles enacts a janitor of the same front name as the cashier, of whom she is really enamored. Charles mistakes her sentiments entirely, and his joy is unrefined until he finds his nosegay angrily dumped in the wastebasket, while her sneer tells him a sadder truth than mere refusal: that he doesn't, and never will belong. In the ensuing bit of almost motionless pantomime, Chaplin struck a note of tragedy which in its depth and universality was really Shakespearean.



The serious bits in all of his plays are the episodes he likes most. He worked harder upon the restaurant scene in "The Immigrant"—with its elusive fifty-cent piece, its ferocious waiter and the cordial diner who finally out-fumbled him for the check—than upon anything he has ever put across.

Chaplin as a producer on his own puts himself straight into nervous debility at the end of each picture. Here is his account of it.

"I am almost at the end of all possible effects. Everything has been done, in almost every way that it can be done. For instance: I started a new piece with a scene coming through a door. What's funny about that? I've got to get on the set, and I must get a laugh as I come on. I can't wait until the middle of a reel for a laugh. It is absolutely necessary for me to start in high and keep going every moment. The people expect it. If I don't give it to them, my dearest friends are going to be first to say I'm slipping. All the old funny tricks of entrance are out, because they no longer contain any element of





(Continued on page 117)

Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

CLANG! Clang!

There goes an ambulance—sliding through the evening shadows along a tenement side-street. Children, playing before bedtime, fall back from



At Uncle Sam's suggestion, Essanay is producing a series of six short reels on domestic science. Eleanor Lee Wright, a food expert, appears (as shown at lower right) demonstrating "conservation without starvation."

the gutters to permit its passage—children who shout—

"Come on, fellers—free movies!"

The kids are right. Movies! Educational movies, projected from the roof of the ambulance, thrown fourteen feet onto an impromptu screen.

This is in Cleveland, where the health department has a more constructive way of administering to its citizens, other than by merely rushing them to the emergency wards when mangled or stricken. Cleveland is enlivening its local "Better Babies" campaign by motion pictures, reaching into the furthermost corners of poorer districts. At appointed evening hours, reels are shown, demonstrating the proper care of infants. Scores of mothers stand around these ambulances as the pictures flicker on the screen, reared up against tenement walls. Lectures are delivered in conjunction with the pictures, announcement of which is made sometime during the day when a place of showing has been decided upon.

Each of Cleveland's ambulances possesses full motion picture equipment. The unique plan is in charge of J. D. Halliday, of the Health Department.

Municipal cognizance of the educational power of the motion picture is not confined to Cleveland, however. Comes to mind a little midwestern city that has itself established a theatre; more than that, the theatre is in one of the best rooms in Wisconsin's state capitol building. The town is Madison, and the man who evolved the idea is M. F. Blumenfeld, superintendent of Public Properties.

"I designed the picture show idea originally," explains Mr. Blumenfeld, "as a place for furthering the patriotic spirit. We showed a number of patriotic reels, such as 'Paul Revere's Ride,' 'How England Prepared,' 'The Birth of the Flag,' and 'Civilian Preparedness.' Now we are adding comedies and other educational features."

And read of more Wisconsin bustle—

The University of Wisconsin has 600 reels of live educational films. They have helped the rural schools throughout the state get their projectors and now fully 50 per cent of the schools use the hundreds of college reels.

The Rev. Leonard E. Blackmer succeeded in increasing his attendance at the La Crosse, Wis., St. Paul's Universalist church, 500 per cent as a result of religious movies in conjunction with Bible class lessons.

Which brings to mind the fact that in Las Vegas, Tex., the Bible Film company is now working on Sunday school lessons and stories from the Bible. The desert lands





Photo by Committee on Public Information

American soldiers in the trenches in France, as shown in the Government patriotic film, "Pershing's Crusaders."

around Las Vegas and the interior of the old Montezuma hotel are largely used for settings. No commercial players are employed, only those who have theology primarily at heart.

The Iowa State college is working industriously to get projectors into the rural schools through the state, in order to give the state the benefit of the many reels on agricultural and general informative topics the college has on hand.

At present by far the greatest planet in the entire cycle of educational films is the United States government motion picture propaganda. In both size and significance this new-born body eclipses all other elements.

The government has chosen the screen as one of its main methods of accounting to the nation as to what it has been doing with its time and its money in a year and more of war.

To exterminate any spirits that do not contribute to the impetus for the winning of the war, Uncle Sam is putting out his pictures, the first of which is "Pershing's Crusaders." A special division of motion pictures was created in Washington, as part of the Division on Public Information. In each of the centers in which the pictures will be shown, local co-operation by city and state officials is used to derive the greatest effectiveness of the film's showing.

At the suggestion of the United States government as a means of teaching food conservation, the Essanay Film Company has begun the production of six short films on domestic science.

Eleanor Lee Wright, an expert in foodstuffs, will illustrate best ways to conserve. The subtitles will tell how to employ various cuts of meats to the best advantage and make palatable dishes. Also the combination of wheat with various other grains will be illustrated, showing the many kinds of attractive breadstuffs that can be made from the combinations and from cereals other than wheat.

The life and works of Thomas A. Edison—the boy and the man—is now being filmed for the General Electric Company. These reels are to be distributed through the schools.

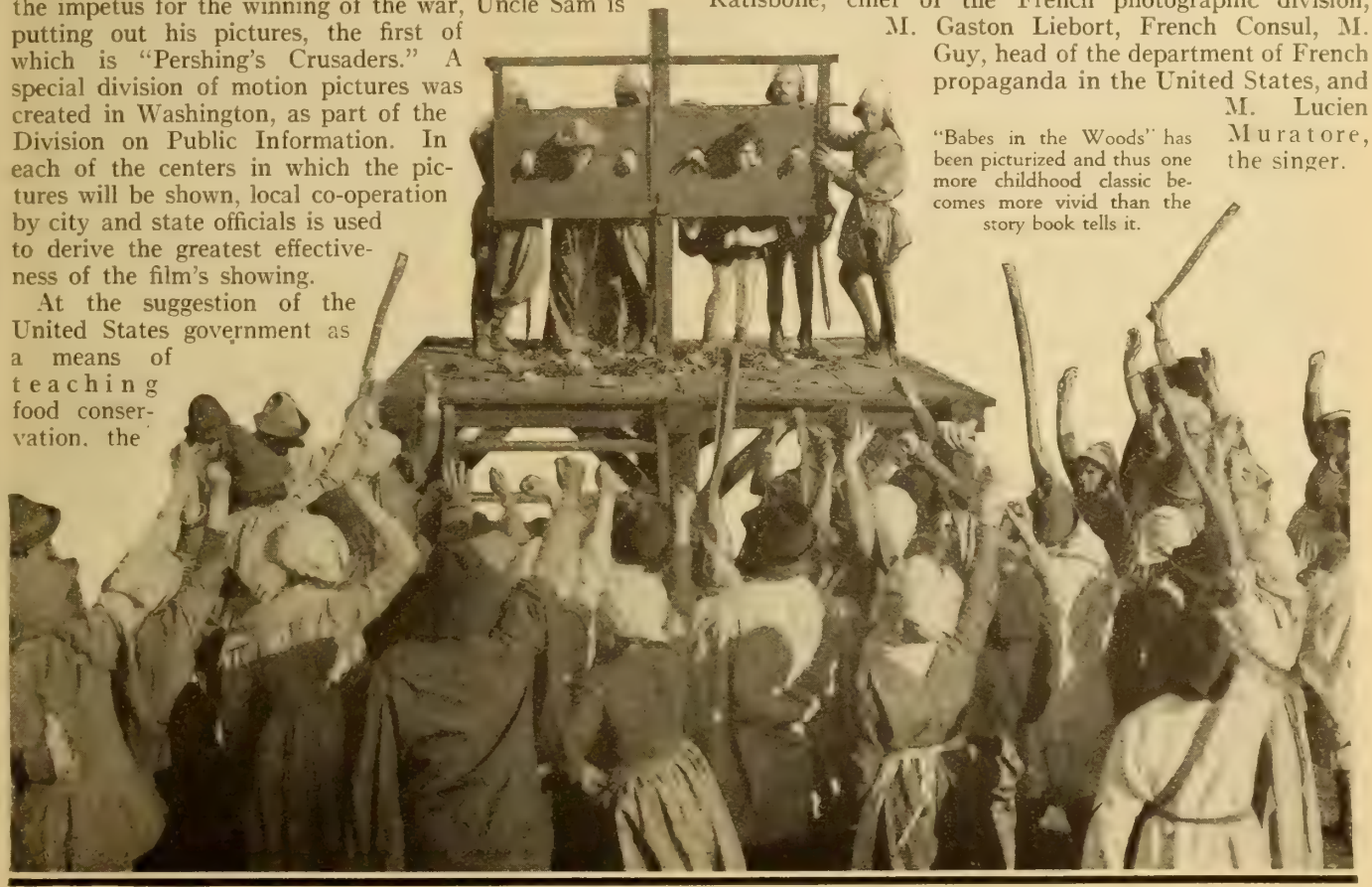
"Life Among the Lobsters" is one of the reels being produced by Walter Brind, of New York, formerly practical pisciculturist of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London. Mr. Brind is taking, in all, nine reels of aquatic life under water, showing the minor forms of sea life. These films are to be sold to schools.

The growing fraternity between France and America is pictured in a series of photoplays now being produced in France under the supervision of Leonce Perret, director of the Pathe studios in France. The picture is to be officialized by the French government. The officializing committee includes such eminent personages as M. E. Ratisbone, chief of the French photographic division, M. Gaston Liebort, French Consul, M. Guy, head of the department of French propaganda in the United States, and M. Lucien Muratore, the singer.

Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department Photoplay Magazine, Chicago



"Babes in the Woods" has been picturized and thus one more childhood classic becomes more vivid than the story book tells it.



Stagg Photo

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

DOROTHY DALTON is the godmother of Company D, 115th Engineers. She is shown above presenting one of "her boys" with a sample of the ten thousand cigarettes she gave to the Engineers. All bridges which these engineers will erect in France will be known as the Dorothy Dalton bridges.

DECLARING motion pictures are essential in the present crisis for the education and amusement of the people, several United States Government officials, including Secretary McAdoo, George Creel, H. A. Garfield, and Herbert Hoover, have written letters in which they discuss the situation in connection with war-time non-essentials. Creel says: "I believe in the motion picture just as I believe in the press; the motion picture industry as a whole has put itself squarely behind the Government and at the disposal of the Government, and I cannot speak too highly of the importance and effectiveness of its service." McAdoo writes: "I should look upon it as a misfortune if moving pictures or other clean forms of amusement in America should be abolished." Hoover and Garfield express practically the same opinions—that the photoplay plays too important a part in the education of the public ever to be regarded as a non-essential.

PAULINE CURLEY, Harold Lockwood's little blonde opposite in several pictures, has left Metro for Artcraft where she will appear as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks. Bessie Eyton, formerly of Selig, will take Miss Curley's place in the Lockwood company.

LUCIEN MURATORE, the great French tenor, appears with his wife, Lina Cavalieri, in her new Paramount picture, in which Cavalieri plays the role of a prima donna with tempestuous love-affairs. Several of the scenes introduce her singing "Carmen," and in this episode Muratore appears in the role of "Don Jose." The scenes of the opera are photographed at the Century Theatre, and the "extras" were all professional players.

FIVE other photoplays are to follow Marion Davies in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," in accordance with her contract with Select.

LOUISE HUFF received what was probably the first box of candy ever delivered by airplane mail service. It was sent from New York to Philadelphia by United States Air Mail Service, and from Philadelphia to Overbrook, Pa., by special delivery, reaching Miss Huff just a few hours after it had been packed in an uptown candy store.

CONRAD NAGLE, one of the best known young leading men on the legitimate stage, has fallen for pictures at last. He will do "Laurie" in the William A. Brady production of "Little Women." Nagle, at the age of twenty-one, scored a remarkable success as "The Man Who Came Back," and is engaged for an important role in a next-season stage play.

MAURICE FALLET, who upon an honorable discharge from the French army after being gassed at Verdun, came to this country and appeared in World Pictures, has felt the call of war again and enlisted with the Canadian army. Not only was Mr. Fallet gassed at Verdun, but he was wounded in other battles and received the Croix de Guerre for bravery under fire. He played with Kitty Gordon on the screen, and is but seventeen years old.

TAYLOR HOLMES has signed a three-years' contract with Triangle. Mr. Holmes was to begin work at the Culver City studios at the termination of his present vaudeville contract (which has likely occurred by now). Lawrence Windom, director of Holmes' Essanay productions, will go to Triangle also. This is the most interesting announcement to come from Triangle since the reorganization of this company. There are a number of other negotiations under way; H. E. Aitken, as president, has new plans of which the Taylor Holmes contract is the first to be carried out.



Mary Miles Minter is a real kid off the screen. She isn't really running away with this outfit, of course; she just coaxed the driver to let her have a ride. Yes — it's out on a farm — a farm, says Mary, devoted to war-time production.

RUMOR has it that Eugene O'Brien, upon the completion of two more pictures with Norma Talmadge, is to have his very own company.

POLLY MORAN claims Ben Turpin did such fast riding in his new picture that the wind straightened his eyes. Now they're wondering what can be the matter with Polly's eyes if she says Ben's are straight.



The unfortunate gentleman who has contracted this *visage d'ukulele* was known, in natural life, as Charles Ray. If he breaks a string or two on the darned thing he may come back and be Charles Ray again.

HERBERT BRENON has started work on the picture he is making for the British Government. Hall Caine wrote the story and the Ministry of Information is superintending the production.

J. SEARLE DAWLEY, director for Paramount, was married recently to Miss Grace Given. Dawley has handled the megaphone for many Marguerite Clark productions.

DORIS KENYON is now a business woman as well as an actress. She has been elected treasurer of the organization for which she makes pictures and hereafter all the checks signed by the president will be countersigned by her.

THE official announcement that the British Board of Trade had issued an order prohibiting the importation to the United Kingdom of American films excepting by special permission, has created no little excitement in the industry. As a result the government officials were visited by representatives of the large film concerns to see what could be done in the matter. George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, stated to the manufacturers that the administration was favorably disposed toward them and would take up the matter at once with the proper English authorities, in an endeavor to do everything possible to secure space on outgoing vessels for the shipment of films. Creel added that the necessity was realized of sending film to all the allied countries for the spreading broadcast of the United States' position in the war.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, erstwhile Bluebird star, has signed a contract with Goldwyn and will make his first appearance as Mabel Normand's leading man.

FRED NIBLO, husband of Enid Bennett, made his first appearance on the screen supporting his wife in her new picture. They said it was perfectly funny to watch them make the film—Miss Bennett insisted on Mr. Niblo sharing every close-up.

AL JENNINGS, ex-bandit and former evangelist, is making a picture written around his own life. His brother Frank is in it too. It will be a real western, with enough hold-ups, girl-snatchings and rescuings, and moralizings to please everybody. W. S. Van Dyke, formerly of Essanay, is directing the picture.

NEAL BURNS, Universal actor, is now at Camp Lewis in Washington, having enlisted two months prior to receiving his call for service.



Thomas H. Ince with Mrs. Ince and their oldest son, Bill, on the beach at Catalina Island, off the shore of Southern California, where the Inces recently enjoyed a few days' vacation.



Norman Kerry is up a tree. Is it concerning his reported engagement to Constance Talmadge? It must be; he is smiling! At this writing Mr. Kerry is in Hollywood. So is the palm-tree.

LIEUT. EARLE METCALFE, formerly of Lubin, who went abroad as a member of the 165th, was wounded in the right leg recently on his first trip over the top. The injury is not serious.

EDNA GOODRICH returns to the screen in "The Gadabout" (Mutual) after an absence spent in rest on her Long Island estate.

NIGEL BARRIE cheated the "Film Flying Corps" and joined the real one—he is an Air Pilot in the Royal Air Force at Camp Borden, Canada. Barrie was Marguerite Clark's leading man in the "Bab" series, the last of which was to have been "Bab's Aviation Corps," in which "Bab" marries "Carter Brooks" (Nigel Barrie), an aviator. But it was never produced, because Miss Clark had to complete the fairy-tale, "Seven Swans," before Christmas, and then Barrie left the company to go in for the big thing. Barrie tried to enlist in the United States air service, and when he was rejected he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and is soon to receive his full commission.

AT an important base hospital location in France is a theatre famous as being a replica on a small scale of the Paris opera house. It has been taken over by the American Red Cross, under a lease for the period of the war, to be used as a moving picture theatre for the entertainment of convalescents and the hospital personnel. The films are for the most part of French production and the captions are all in French. Even in American plays the subtitles have been translated. The Paris theatres charge about twenty-five to thirty-five cents for seats, generally two prices. And at that price it is said one hesitates to buy, as the show stops when the signal for an approaching air raid is given, and air raids are frequent in Paris.



Nigel Barrie cheated the film flying corps and joined the real one. Marguerite Clark's leading man in the "Bab" series, Barrie decided to be a real "Carter Brooks," so he enlisted. Now a pilot in the Royal Air Force, soon to receive his full commission.

"NAZIMOVA" is the name of a new color which an American maker of dyes has adopted as tribute to the Russian actress. The tint is of the deepest purple and gives the velvety appearance of a pansy to silk. And now girl admirers of Nazimova will insist upon wearing the new shade whether it becomes them or not.

TOM MOORE has only one idiosyncrasy, according to Goldwyn's versatile press department. He is unusually careful about his voice. Though he has not been on the stage for years, and one wouldn't suppose his voice mattered in the movies, he has lozenges specially prepared for it. He uses many of them during the course of the day, claiming he cannot act even silently unless his voice is in good condition. Well, Tom can just have his lozenges. Who could deny a popular star a mere cough-drop?

BOB WHITE, otherwise George Beban, Jr., has an expensive hobby—for the other fellow. He collects neckties; and it doesn't make any difference who's wearing it—a film star or an ice man—if Bob fancies a certain necktie he gets it.

WHEN a beautiful girl rushed up to Mary Miles Minter while she was doing Red Cross work in Los Angeles and told her how glad she was to meet her at last, Mary thanked her. There was a haunting familiarity about the stranger, however, and at the first opportunity Mary asked if they had not met before. The stranger smiled and said, "I think not, my dear; but perhaps you have seen me in pictures. I am Fannie Ward." And Mary registered consternation while Miss Ward laughed.

S. L. ROTHAPFEL, manager of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in New York, is going to France to take motion pictures of the marine fighting there. Mr. Rothapfel is now a captain in the Marine Corps and has been placed in charge of making films to be used for recruiting purposes.

SAN FRANCISCO has long been seeking a place in the motion picture producing field. Now Carl Anderson, formerly president of Paralta, has interested S. F. capital in a new company, his plan including a new releasing and distributing organization.

WARNER OLAND, the high-brow villain of Pathe serials, is now to be seen opposite Kitty Gordon for World.

CLEO MADISON, after a year of intermittent vaudeville, comes back to the shadow stage in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes."

IRENE CASTLE has volunteered to go to France to entertain our soldiers who are serving in the trenches. E. H. Sothern heads the list of theatrical leaders who have arranged for behind-the-lines theatres in France. When Mrs. Castle heard of the plan she eagerly offered her services and insisted upon paying the expenses of herself and assistants. There remain but a few Castle pictures to be released by Pathe.

WALKER WHITESIDE is going to try it again. He will make another screen appearance as a Japanese secret service agent in a coming seven-reel picture with the war for a background.

THE Motion Picture Women's Relief Society has been organized, to be affiliated with the Stage Women's Relief in carrying on work similar to that of the Red Cross.

BURTON HOLMES has left for France with a staff of photographers to visualize for American picture audiences the social, economic, and industrial conditions among the noncombatants of the Allied nations.

A SON was born this month to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell. Mrs. Russell was known on the screen as Vola Vale.

THE picture version of "Kismet," which Herbert Brenon was to have produced with Otis Skinner in his original role, has been called off. The supporting company engaged has been dissolved. Skinner is said to have received $5,000 in advance royalty. Brenon is now in England, directing a photoplay for the British government.

LEAH BAIRD is now a serial star—in sixteen episodes.

HELEN HOLMES and J. P. McGowan have separated and both acknowledge a divorce suit is pending. McGowan is now directing a serial for Universal while Miss Holmes is in Sacramento working on a feature picture. They will not give further particulars.



Frank Keenan made up as "Mathias" for "The Bells," from Henry Irving's famous stage play; and Ernest Warde, his director, watching the filming of scenes for the photoplay version.

HARRY HILLIARD is May Allison's new leading man. He was, you may or may not remember, Theda Bara's "Romeo" in "Romeo and Juliet."

HELEN JEROME EDDY, our "Helpful Helen," is now obliging at Universal City, as leading woman for Monroe Salisbury. Miss Eddy's last Lasky appearance was in Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives for New."

HARRY NORTHRUP, who has the heavy role in Blanche Sweet's first new film, "The Hushed Hour," blames D. W. Griffith for his motion picture crimes. "He gave me my first bad part, eight years ago," says Northrup; "and surprising as it seems, I had not seen Mr. Griffith since that time. Then I met him upon his return from Europe and reminded him of our first meeting. I've been playing villains ever since, and he's responsible. He certainly has a lot to answer for."

DORIS KENYON has been made honorary sergeant of 122nd Company, 70th Engineers, U. S. Coast Defenses, for actual work done for the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is now a star in her own right. Metro has decided that her work in support of Bert Lytell has merited such promotion. Franklyn Farnum, formerly of Bluebird, will be Miss Nilsson's leading man. Guy Coombs, Anna's husband, has also been signed by Metro, to play opposite Viola Dana.

WALLACE MacDONALD of Triangle has left for New York, en route to Halifax, N. S., where he will enlist as a private in the Tenth Siege Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery, Fort Cambridge, N. S. He expects to be Over There some time in October.

LOUIS BULL MONTANA, actor, boxer, wrestler, has left for Camp Lewis where he will become a member of the National Army. Douglas Fairbanks, with whom Bull has played, presented him with a wrist-watch prior to his departure.



Lewis-Smith

Taylor Holmes is another actor who refuses to be in the Agonized Archibald class, and who demonstrates the fact by being photographed with his family. Mrs. Holmes is well known on the stage and screen as Edna Phillips Holmes; Taylor's son and heir to cheerfulness at the right is Phillips. Then there's Madeline, at the left; and "the baby," whose name, we believe, is Bill. Mr. Holmes is soon to be seen in Triangle pictures.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, the artist, whose "Girls You Know" series was well received, will provide comedies for Famous Players-Lasky in the future. The theme of this series will be "Sweethearts and Wives," written by Mr. Flagg.

THE Children's Year Campaign Committee of the Council of National Defense invited Mabel Normand to appear in person at the Washington theatre where her picture, "Joan of Plattsburg," was shown in aid of the cause. Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President, requested that Miss Normand be brought to her box, where she told the actress how much she had always liked her work. "And now, since I have seen you," said the First Lady, "I love the real Mabel Normand even more."



It's a crool blow, but the Edwin Booth of the screen, when he's not working in California, is busy in his garden picking radishes. The Walthall family owns a ranch near Phoenix, at Scottsdale, Arizona, and here are shown Henry and his brother John gathering the fruits of the soil. But at that Henry doesn't look out of character.

AT a giant mass meeting at Clune's Auditorium in L. A. for the formation of the Motion Picture War Service Association, D. W. Griffith on one side of the stage and Wm. D. Taylor on the other loudly cheered Mary Pickford, when she purchased D. W. Griffith's membership card in the Association for $2,500. Mary looked at the directors and then said to the audience, "That's going some; my first and my last director both cheering me."

FREDDIE GOODWINS is now leading man for Mildred Harris. Goodwins, by the way, is not in the service as reported, although he tried three times to get in. He has his certificate of temporary rejection to prove it, and says that it is evidence of the sole reason why the statement of his enlistment was inaccurate at all. Goodwins played in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" and "Mr. Fix-It," and was formerly a member of the Charlie Chaplin company.

(Continued on page 104)

The Five Funniest Things

A director who can produce a laugh-getter need not think he will escape the income tax. And here is revealed the secret of successful screen comedy.



A cohesion of dignity and water never fails to arouse hilarity. Sometimes you see it in the form of a bath room so flooded that the occupant uses the tub as a row-boat.

UNKNOWN to the world at large and faithfully guarded by motion picture comedy directors, is a list of five things guaranteed to make people laugh. Comedy directors have built themselves conservatories and joined yacht clubs by reason of their knowledge of this list, for in motion pictures there is nothing so commercially profitable as laughter. A director who can manage a laugh, or an actor who can inspire cachinnatory approval, need not concern himself about the sugar situation. He can go ahead and make plans for his seashore drive.

Audiences are always amused by something that is anticipated. (Lower right). The audience always feels sure that in another moment the powder will blow the victim four ways from the post office.



The funniest thing in the world is for one person to hit another with a pie. Crude as this may sound it has made more people laugh than any other situation in motion pictures. It was first discovered twelve years ago and has been a constant expedient ever since without, so far as can be discovered, any diminution of appreciation. It has made millions laugh and tonight will make a hundred thousand more voice their appreciation in laryngeal outbursts. It is the one situation that can always be depended on. Other comic situations may fail, may lapse by the way, but the picture of a person placing a pie fairly and squarely on the unsuspecting face of another never fails to arouse an audience's risibilities. But the situation has to be led up to craftily. You can not open a scene with one person seizing a pie and hurling it into the face of an unsuspecting party and expect the audience to rise to the occasion; the scene has to be prepared for. There must be a plausible explanation of why one person should find it para-

in the World

By Homer Croy

mount to hurl a pie into another's face. He must have been set on by the other—preferably by somebody larger than himself—and then suddenly the worm turns and sends the pie with unerring accuracy into the face of the astonished aggressor. To this an audience never fails to respond.

The second funniest thing in the world is for a waiter to fall down stairs with a tray of dishes. Over and over the situation has been worked and yet it never grows old. Sometimes he is craning his neck to see a pretty girl and lands at the newel post; sometimes it is because he has been out the night before and is too sleepy



A scene that can always be counted on to make an audience laugh is for a man to assume woman's clothes.



Another of the five funniest things in the world is for a waiter to fall down with a tray of dishes.

to have the necessary care; sometimes he is being pursued by his wife and in his eagerness to get away makes a misstep that ends calamitously. The pretenses and improvisations for the contretemps are legion, but the scene never fails to get a response. Sometimes a reverse twist is given by having the waiter stumble and the diners scurry to escape the threatening crockery, but with the dishes never quite falling. The reverse of the situation is just as humorous as the scene's accepted version.

In experimenting with the sense of humor it was discovered that there was something irresistibly amusing in seeing some one fall into water. Particularly amusing it was found by comedy directors to see a dignified, silk-hatted individual going along and then to have him meet with an unfortuitous catastrophe such as stopping on a bridge to lean against the banister to admire the graceful swans and then to have the banister give quickly and unexpectedly



The funniest thing in the world is for one person to hit another with a pie. Crude as it may seem, it has made more people laugh than any other situation in pictures.

away. Knowing well that a fall of six or eight feet into water would not hurt him, audiences gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of the situation.

Every day of the year this scene in different guises is given to theatre audiences and it never fails to arouse a pleasant sense of anticipation. Sometimes it may be that a bathroom is so flooded that the comedy occupant finds it necessary to make of the tub a temporary rowboat with a long handled bath brush pressed into service as an oar. Sometimes Mary Pickford uses it in comedy more refined when she gathers up mud and hurls it at some person who has aroused her disapproval. Whether played as burlesque or as high comedy, a water scene rarely ever fails to arouse appreciation.

Audiences are always amused by two things: by something unexpected and by something anticipated. A waiter takes a piece of pie and, standing behind a swinging door, waits to reek revenge on a fellow waiter when the door opens and instead of the other waiter in comes the manager of the restaurant. The manager gets the pie. The scene never fails to arouse the desired laughter; it succeeds by reason of its element of surprise. On the other hand the element of anticipation is just as strong and is made use of almost wholly in situations employing explosives. A set is erected with a number of bottles labeled "nitro-glycerine" or "dynamite" and an actor comes in in comedy make-up and begins to smoke. Throwing his match aside it sets fire to a fuse. The fuse begins to splutter while he smokes on unmindful. On such an occasion an audience never fails to give vent to its sense of the incongruous. If it should stop to reason that real explosives were not being used and that in reality the labeled bottles were empty, it would see the evident pretenses of the scene; but it never does. It always feels sure that in another moment the powder will blow the innocent person four ways from the post office and as a result pounds its palms in approval.

The fifth scene that can always be counted on to make an audience laugh is for a man to assume a woman's clothes. If the man happens to be stout all the better and if he should happen to so manipulate his skirts as to show a flash of underwear still better. But strange as it may seem the placing of a woman in man's apparel is not funny. Many directors staked their pictures and their reputations on this reverse to find that an audience will not laugh at a woman in overalls. If she is the possessor of a pretty face they will think her cute, but never funny. Nor must she stay too long in overalls. If she does her appeal is gone and the scene is lost. Just a flash and then back to more conventional attire.

On these five, fortunes have been made and lost. Directors who are hired to produce laughs have tried to put out films in which none of the scenes appeared—and when their efforts were shown in the picture company's private projection room the directors have been handed their contracts and their hats with a prayer on part of the managers that the men would be employed by their competitors. The scenes have been blacklisted and yet when the directors have tried every other situation wherein a laugh might be aroused they have come thankfully back to the funny five.

Oh, Learned Judge!

SPEAKING of beauty and brains combined, have you heard of this beauteous young person, Frances Marion, who rattles the typewriter to the tune of $10,000 a year while still finding time to doll herself up in Paris plumage that stirs most of the femininity of picturedom to frenzies of envy? Earning $10,000 a year would make a frump of almost any woman. But not Frances Marion! Her clothes, as Mary Pickford, for whom Miss Marion writes scenarios, expressed it, "are simply, gorgeously—*speed!*"

Just the other day Miss Marion was summoned to appear before a stern court to explain the whys and wherefores incident to her bowling her big roadster along at a mere forty-seven miles an hour.

When she stepped up and faced him, the judge tried valiantly to mix sternness and reproof with a gaze that was inclined to be admiring.

"Young lady," he asked, "why was it necessary for you to go ripping through traffic on Hollywood Boulevard at this unholy rate?"

"Judge," answered Miss Marion with deep seriousness, "I was late for an appointment to try on a perfectly exquisite new evening gown, and—there were four flivvers and a truck and a Chinese peddler's wagon ahead of me. I just *simply had* to get around them, Your Honor."

The judge tried to hem and haw away a smile that began to flicker around his lips. The smile grew into a grin.

"You may go this time," he said. "Er—h'm—er-r—I drive a car myself, and I am afraid I understand."

A Blue-Ribbon Baby

Referring, of course, to the Roy Stewart of some years back.

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns





Roy Stewart is the first western star of moving pictures who is really of the West. He's been riding bronchoes and getting familiar with a six-shooter ever since he won the first western baby show down in San Diego some years ago

WHEN a man can look you calmly in the eye and tell you that the happiest moment of his life was when he saw the cactus looming up out of the desert on his return home after his first journey in far countries, you can make up your mind that man is a dyed-in-the-world Westerner. None but a Westerner loves cactus.

"I'd been taking my first look at the northern country," remarked Roy Stewart, the Triangle western star, dusting his high boots with the brim of the wide hat he had removed, "and I reckon I hadn't seen any cactus in quite a spell. When I looked out of that Pullman car window and saw a great, big, ugly old fellow reaching out his prickly arms to me, my heart swelled right up inside me, 'cause I knew I was *home*."

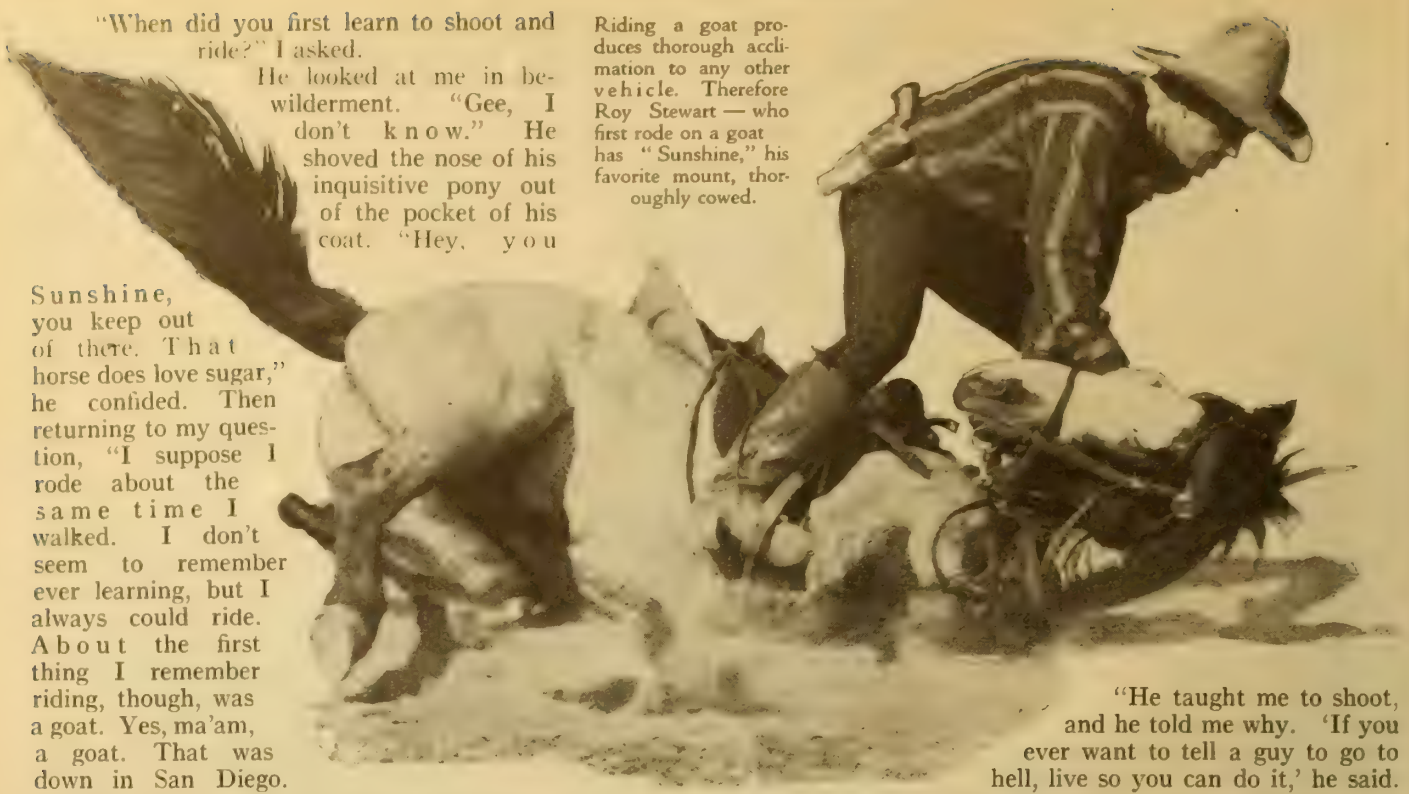
There is no camouflage about Roy Stewart's westernism. He doesn't don his character with his chaps and spurs. He doesn't have to fake atmosphere, manner, ability or knowledge.

Roy Stewart is the first western star of the moving pictures who is really of the West.

So when you see Stewart riding bronchoes, rounding up cattle, looking over five cards or getting familiar with a six-shooter, you may settle back in your seat with the comfortable assurance that he is on his native heath, doing the things he's been doing ever since he won the first western baby show down in San Diego a few—well, some—years ago, and that at last you're gazing at a real western hero.

"I've never been interviewed before," Stewart stated in that cool, impersonal way of his, "except once. That was when they had me in jail down in Mexico..

"Oh, it didn't just happen," he went on hurriedly. "They did it on purpose, all right. Just didn't know what else to do with me, I reckon. You see, ma'am" (a war correspondent who spent a week with the royal family at Windsor once told me that the Prince of Wales always addresses Her Majesty as "ma'am." After hearing Roy Stewart use the term I can imagine it very appropriate)—"I owned the El Tully ranch and a nice little bunch of cattle down in Mexico under Diaz. But when the show opened up down there and Madero came in, they did a lot of things to me. I got out with all members intact, but I didn't have even a Mexican dollar sticking to me. That's when I decided to go into moving pictures."



Riding a goat produces thorough acclimation to any other vehicle. Therefore Roy Stewart — who first rode on a goat has "Sunshine," his favorite mount, thoroughly cowed.

"When did you first learn to shoot and ride?" I asked.

He looked at me in bewilderment. "Gee, I don't know." He shoved the nose of his inquisitive pony out of the pocket of his coat. "Hey, you Sunshine, you keep out of there. That horse does love sugar," he confided. Then returning to my question, "I suppose I rode about the same time I walked. I don't seem to remember ever learning, but I always could ride. About the first thing I remember riding, though, was a goat. Yes, ma'am, a goat. That was down in San Diego. We kids used to have goat races round the little wooden court house and dad and the other men would come to the windows and bet on us.

"My father, you know, was the second white man in San Diego. He was the first sheriff of Hangtown, too. It took a pretty good man to be sheriff of that burg, in those days, because Hangtown sort of prided herself on making Bowdie look like a Sunday school picnic. It took a real, live, he-man to be sheriff, you know.

"Dad was a pioneer—the real thing. He came to California in '50, on shoe leather, with "Bonanza" Johnson, after fighting Indians all the way out from Kansas City. He helped to make California history. Father taught me to shoot. He could shoot some himself, father could. They tell me that he was about a sixteenth of a second faster with his gun than any other man in Hangtown. Reckon that's why they made him sheriff."

"He taught me to shoot, and he told me why. 'If you ever want to tell a guy to go to hell, live so you can do it,' he said. 'But he may not like it so you'd better learn to shoot a little, too.'"

I interrupted him to ask a question and he favored me with a cool stare. "Oh, I went to the University of California. An education's a good thing, no matter what a man means to do.

"Yes, I learned a lot on that ranch. For one thing I learned that I wasn't the best poker player in the world. That's a good thing to learn, right off. O'Neill took my clothes away from me one day—and that's no mere figure of speech, either. I had to earn 'em back hoeing corn. We're going up there to do my next picture, 'The Fighting Gringo,'—the one I wrote myself, you know.

"The pioneer blood is in me, too. I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for moving pictures. I love to be outdoors."

He's a very modest person, this Roy Stewart. Yet, somehow, I gathered the impression of a self-respecting appreciation of himself—a sort of "when you call me that, smile" expression that spoke hands off to many things.

I mentioned the Baby Show. (Some one had told on him.) The whole, supple, graceful six-feet-two of him drooped with embarrassment.

"Who told you about that?" he demanded wrathfully. "Oh, yes I won the gold cup, but I always figured it was because I had an Indian nurse maid and the contrast was so great it fooled the judges."

But then our talk was over.

From across the sunny hill of the beautiful Triangle ranch, Cliff Smith, his director, called to Roy.

And as he walked away, I noticed that the hand free of his bridle reins was busy rolling a pisano cigarette. Just as though I would have objected!

After all, east or west, a gentleman is always a man.



Roy Stewart, with Jack Gilbert in the Triangle picture, "The Devil Dodger."

May Allison Is Back!

She cherished primadonna aspirations but the war caused their postponement — and her return to the screen

By Marjorie Manners



Apeda

DRESSED in the garb of Vanity, a tall, slender girl of coltish age, with hair the color of molten gold, stood behind the scenes at the opening performance of Henry Savage's production of "Everywoman."

As the scene shifters scurried about and the other members of the cast nervously conned their lines, or listened assiduously to catch the verdict of the tense audience out in front as to whether "Everywoman" was to be a first night hit or failure, this girl stood merely at attention.

With a superb unconsciousness of the implication of egotism, she remarked calmly, but in the tone of one stating an incontestable fact—

"I shall be a star in five years or I shall leave the stage."

This was May Allison's statement of her aims. When reminded of the occurrence the other day, Miss Allison said:

"It never entered my head that I might be considered conceited. I didn't feel that way at all. I merely had a great ignorance of all the difficulties that beset the road to stardom —and a superb faith. I felt also that if I could not be a star in five years— an age to me then—I had better give up.

"Recently, I received the dearest note from a girl who stood in the wings with me that evening. She is married now, lives in Freeport, Long Island, and has a couple of babies.

"She asked me if I remembered that first evening, and said she couldn't resist writing to remind me of it and to congratulate me."

May Allison is now an individual picture star, in the Metro firmament, and I think that note pleased her more than anything she has received since the an-



May Allison holding the professional I-am-listening attitude while Director Harry Franklin describes some action for "The Winning of Beatrice." Standing, with left hand on his pocket book, is Hale Hamilton.

nouncement of her "come back" as a picture star.

Miss Allison has three sisters and two brothers who are all married and have kiddies, and none of them ever had the slightest wish for public life, but from the time she was "knee high to a duck," May, or "Sunny," was lured by the footlights—desired to be a great singer. The Allisons lived on a huge plantation in the Southern part of Georgia, miles away from the nearest house. May had never seen a show, didn't even know what a theatre was really like, but she used to skip away to the southern part of the plantation where there was a forest of age-old trees, and there she used to throw back her sunny-topped head, expand her little chest, and sing her heart out.

She grew tall so suddenly that she was what you might call skinny. At that time of her existence, May's legs were her special grievance. Her brother soon found out how he could tease her and used to delight in calling her "Spindles" and other equally appropriate names. Once May had the courage to retort. "I've got a nice ankle anyway, so there"—only to be stampeded by his reply, "Humph, yes—but who wants a leg that's *all* ankle?"

Somehow the family never realized what a strong will "Sunny" had until after the father's death and the sisters and brothers were all safely settled in homes of their own. Then she demanded that her mother cash in all their resources and take her to New York to seek an engagement on the stage. At that time, she still cherished visions of a primadonna future—a vision which has never left her lovely little head.

Nevertheless, after a few trips to the various theatrical agencies, she was perfectly willing to accept the part of Vanity in "Everywoman."

The following season, Miss Allison joined Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl" and became her understudy. Then she played the ingenue in "Miss Caprice," in which DeWolf Hopper was starred.

When there came a bad season for the stage after she had briefly starred in "Apartment 12-K" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, Miss Allison took a part in the screen production of "David Harum," made by Famous Players. Next she appeared with Edith Wynne Mathewson, in "The Governor's Lady" and became a full-fledged screen star with American-Mutual in "The House of a Thousand Candles." She then met Harold Lockwood and you all know about her co-starring with him for Metro.

But there was still that primadonna vision in the back of Miss Allison's head, and when she had amassed a pretty little fortune, she announced to her valiant little mother, who is her constant companion, "I am going to leave the screen and go back to New York and have my voice trained in earnest!"

And so for very nearly eight months, "Sunny" was away from the land of shadows. She and her mother took a cosy little apartment in New York and she studied vocal under Oscar Sanger at a mere detail of $25 per 30 minutes—and just about the time that her ambition was about to be realized in a London musical production, the war had to spoil everything.

But not for us—

For May Allison has come back to the silver sheet. And her return is but an instance of her character — a manner of ever aiming for the topmost rung and, if anything clogs her footsteps, of kicking it aside, or finding another path.



We've said that May Allison is from the South — therefore it ought to go without saying that she loves to cook, can cook and does cook.

Mrs. Mills' Many Husbands

Diversified as they are, they have one quality in common: they are all Frank

By Dorothy Scott



"HUSBAND" is a generic term which includes all sorts and conditions of men. There is the fireside husband, the wild and roving husband, the husband who is a "good provider," the husband temperamental, the husband phlegmatic, and assorted lots of just ordinary husbands who may be relied upon to remain true to type.

Frank Mills has played them all.

We were discussing his screen experiences over the teacups in his up-town apartment in New York. Mrs. Mills had stayed just long enough to say "Cream or lemon?" and then had departed, obviously amused at the turn the conversation had taken.

"It never occurred to me before that I had developed into a professional screen husband," said Mr. Mills. "But, now that I think of it, I can't remember playing anything else on the screen. Apparently the casting director places me in the domestic angle of the eternal triangle instinctively and as a matter of course."

"Do you like that sort of character?" I asked, with the certainty that he would not. That certainly comes from familiarity with ingenues who want to be sirens, juveniles who long to play heavy villains, and typical vampires who insist upon being cast as sweet young things.

To my surprise, he replied that he did. He has no yearning to play the dashing cavalier or the bachelor man-about-town. Perhaps it is because he plays his characters first as human beings without regard for any condition of servitude. He likes any role, he told me, that can be expressed with dignity and restraint. If a scene cannot be put over without exaggeration he believes that it is not worth working in at all.

"I have learned to face every variety of domestic catastrophe without wriggling my eyebrows," he assured me.

He has held to these theories ever since he was a stagestruck little boy in Kalamazoo, Michigan. From the very first, he wanted to go on the stage. His earliest recollections are of an elaborate "show" which he staged in a barn with bent pins for tickets. He was forced to close by a father with an unreasonable prejudice against the proximity of the candle foot-lights to the hay. From childhood's barnyard "stage" he soared to usherdom, and from usherdom to the "super" status. Thence, his flight up was rapid and in a surprisingly short time he found himself engaged for Belasco and Frohman productions in the old Lyceum Stock Company in New York. He married Miss Helen Macbeth, who was then in the romantic position of "the girl from home," and a non-professional who blossomed out into a talented actress.

After a season in London, Mr. Mills returned to New York and found a great change in the public's attitude toward moving pictures. They failed to interest him personally, however, until the enthusiasm of James Young persuaded him to have screen tests made.

"I have learned to face every variety of domestic catastrophe without wriggling my eyebrows," declares Mr. Mills, shown at left with Norma Talmadge in a scene from "De Luxe Annie." Below — Mrs. Mills.



Without Benefit of Custard

Juanita Hansen has proven that a beautiful face is not always to be thrown at.



Juanita has done her bit in comedy. She has done it gracefully and graciously. But she has graduated. She is now a star.

NEVER again will the Castillion-Norse features of Juanita Hansen, erstwhile baby doll and exhibit A of exotic screen atmosphere, stop a custard pie. It might—if she stumbles onto the comedy set by mistake; but not on the director's orders.

For Juanita is through with sandbag comedy. It might have been influenced by the elimination of pastry flour; we doubt it. The truth is more likely hovering around the theory that the Destiny supposed to jerk more or less of our fate-strings discovered one of them had become tangled—one belonging to Juanita. Not that she wasn't interesting in the pastric, but because she is more so in the more austere.

Juanita has done her bit in the gay comedy. She has done it graciously and gracefully. But she has graduated. The screen chorus is behind her. She is now a star.

It all came about in a rather odd way, too. One of the most serious minded men in the motion picture business who cannot be induced to laugh at Charlie Chaplin or thrill at a serial, saw Juanita on the screen in the projection room at Universal City. The production was a Lyons-Moran burlesque in which Miss Hansen took the role of a highly colored Carmen with the accent on the men.

"That tough girl can act like a house afire and she looks like a million dollars," said he. "Sign her up. I'll make a dramatic star out of her."

Miss Hansen had just come to Universal City. No one there knew much about her but she was signed up, tried out, and finally put into "The Brass Bullet," which started to shoot August 5th. With every episode interest in Juanita grew, until in the fifth Mr. Laemmle wired to the Coast to look out for several big dramatic stories in which to feature her as a star after the serial was finished. She will be added to the list of special stars and her releases will be known as Juanita Hansen Special Attractions.

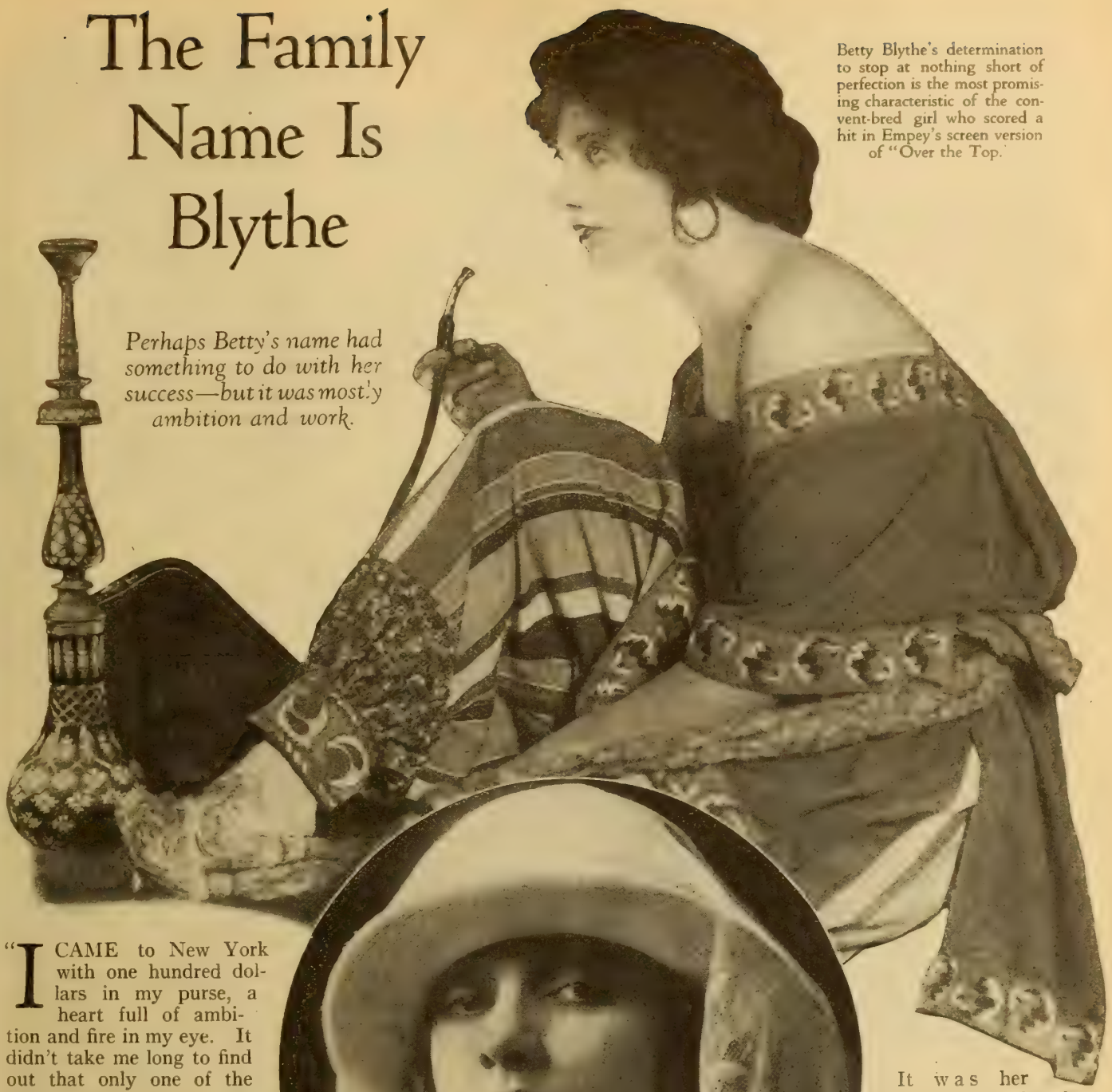
Seldom has it happened that an actress' name is so indicative of character and ancestry as is that of Juanita Hansen. For this newest of Universal stars is a Spanish Viking. She can trace her forbears to the haughty senioritas of old Castile, and the fiery old Norse pirates with the same authority that her mirror reflects these strains of blood in her striking features. A futurist would describe this rare combination as "burning ice." But while Juanita is all this when she wants to be she is as yet untouched by that most fatal and unaccountable of theatrical diseases known as Staritis. When a number of lovely ladies of Universal City rushed forth to grab a cup in the annual bathing suit carnival at Los Angeles there was no dissenting voice in the awarding of the cup to her. Her unique creation with its crowning talisman of a brass bullet fastened to the cap contributed.



Miss Hansen won the cup in the annual bathing suit carnival in Los Angeles; the vote was unanimous. We do not wonder why.

The Family Name Is Blythe

Perhaps Betty's name had something to do with her success—but it was mostly ambition and work.



Betty Blythe's determination to stop at nothing short of perfection is the most promising characteristic of the convent-bred girl who scored a hit in Empey's screen version of "Over the Top."

"I CAME to New York with one hundred dollars in my purse, a heart full of ambition and fire in my eye. It didn't take me long to find out that only one of the three things were of any real help. The money and fiery eyes could have been left at home for all the real assistance they were to me."

Thus Betty Blythe tersely explains her rapid rise as a screen star. With all deference to her modesty, we must remind her that it takes more than a "heart full of ambition" to spring into success as she has. One needs an abundance of courage, perseverance and above everything common sense enough to realize that you do not need it all. Added to this, an unusual screen personality and versatile talent and her success is accounted for in more detail. Even this is only half; to understand it fully, you must see Miss Blythe yourself.

When she landed in New York from the convent, she was so awed by the crowds that she would not leave her hotel for three days. As soon as she gathered courage enough to look for a job, she found one at once as "Slander" in George Hobart's morality drama "Experience."

It was her work in this play that brought her to the attention of the Vitagraph Company. She was cast as a sweet young thing in "A Game With Fate" and a heartless cruel butterfly in "Tangled Lives" and, while the roles were not leads, she made them so distinctive that she was instantly recognized as a "find."

But it was in "Over the Top" that Betty Blythe really became universally known to film fans. Her work as "Madame Arnot" in this production stood out so vividly that she was at once established as a star.

All this, however, she considers only the beginning. The longer she stays in the work, the more she feels that there is to learn. This insatiable desire for knowledge with the determination to stop at nothing short of perfection is the most promising characteristic about this most promising of the newer stars. Not to forget the "heart full of ambition."

Stars *of* the Screen *and* Their Stars in *the* Sky

By Ellen Woods



Nativity of
Richard Barthelmess,
Born May 8th.

HERE we have a twice-born actor, as his nativity indicates that this rebirth is the carma of the past birth, which will bring him quite a deal of criticism and some scandal and if he does not deserve it now, he is supposed not to have gotten his just dues until this life. This man can play almost any part; but he would be better in two types of characters, like a lawyer and a refined crook. He is lovable, good natured when he has his own way, and is very patient and persevering to accomplish his ends. He has excellent judgment on everything but socialism and religion. He should never argue about either. He will be a good husband and be very happy in marriage. He should stay in the country of his birth, as there is danger of being held in bondage if he would even step over the border of Mexico or Canada. He should use caution when on water, especially the Great Lakes. This man has a strong constitution, but must not take intoxicating drink or it will melt the body, like fire to ice. In 1921 he will take many journeys, one of which will bring him quite a fortune, but the best good financial luck will come to him in 1927 and will last until 1950. He should never invest money in hotels or summer resorts but should always be on salary.



Witzel

Nativity of
Miss Dorothy Gish,
Born March 11th.

AT the hour of this young lady's birth, the Zodiacal sign Scorpio was rising, and with Mars the lord thereof located in the humane sign Aquarius. She has all of her planets located in signs of human form, except Pices and Scorpio, and both of these are philanthropic. Humane signs are supposed to give a nature that is sympathetic, and gentle, forgiving the worst wrongs. From my judgment of this nativity, I would say that Miss Gish would not make a good vampire, nor could she play other than where she could fight for honor and justice for others. Justice and equality is her motto. She would beggar herself for others, if she came across distress. She has great love and even veneration for little children. Miss Gish believes in freedom of speech, actions, and religions. She would be an excellent Judge of Courts. Miss Dorothy has many friends, in fact I do not think she has anything but friends. Her husband will hold some very high position on an advisory board, and he will be as gentle and humane as herself. She will make a long journey by water every 18 years, and will be traveling by land once in every two years all during her life. Therefore, I would not advise her to invest much money in a home or furnishing, other than could be put in a trunk.

FROM THE AUDIENCE

Editor PHOTOPLAY, *Chicago, Ill.*

DEAR SIR: From Boone, Iowa, comes the plaintive wail that certain screen celebrities, viz., Farnum, Hart, Ray, Fairbanks, etc., are no longer seen there in their later triumphs. In your July number of PHOTOPLAY, you call the attention of the "Motion Picture Producer" to this state of affairs; is the fault perhaps with the local managers?

We are permitted to see each month, not only the screen celebrities, but we see them in their FIRST RUN features and we hail from a town much smaller than Boone (Algona has about 3,500). Our manager, N. C. Rice, has studied the demands of the people as few other moving picture managers have done; he has been satisfied only with the best and insisted that producers and picture agencies live up to their agreements; he has been a tireless advertiser, both newspaper and bill-board and direct mail; he has constantly improved his place of amusement just as any up-to-date business is forced to in these days of competition; he has secured at great expense, the services of an exceptional pianist, who plays every inch of the films in a masterly way; in short, he has put energy and push into his business and it has won out.

In these days of rising costs, it is as unjust to blame the producers for raising the price of their product as to blame the wholesaler for the high cost of merchandise. The local manager as well as the retailer, must raise the price of his goods accordingly. And if the product is worth the money, people will pay for it. Again, it is "up to the local manager;" to get the best, advertise it as such, present it in a pleasing manner with appropriate music and the patrons will pay the price. These are my personal views on the subject; let's hear from others.

Respectfully,
T. H. CHRISCHILLES.
Algona, Iowa.

* * * *

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *Chicago, U. S. A.*

DEAR SIRS: Some months ago I was bold enough to send you a few lines for your "Why do they do it" page but up to the present have not seen them in print. Perhaps the effort was not worthy of publication or perhaps coming from such an insignificant place as Brisbane it was at once relegated to the W. P. B.

Well, Mr. Editor, I want to tell you that Brisbane is not such a village as some people imagine (even in Australia). The population of the city is 173,000 and the city proper has half a dozen continuous picture shows. (We call them "pictures" over here, not "movies.") In the suburbs most of the shows are in the open air and they are legion. In Brisbane you can sit and look at pictures for nine months in the year with only the stars for a roof.

Don't think from that, that Brisbane is a "Hades" of a place. We are not within the tropics although perhaps we may have a few warm days during the summer. The climate taken all round may be described as delightful. In Brisbane we have the finest theatre in the commonwealth (the Tivoli). . . . .

"Bill" Hart is a great favorite here and you can always depend on a full house day and night when he appears. As a matter of fact I don't think there is ever empty houses no matter who is starring. The people in this place I'll gamble are as enthusiastic over pictures as in any other place you can mention.

I look forward with pleasure to its coming each month. Of course I've read the others but after consideration I've decided to stick to "PHOTOPLAY." Apologizing if I have taken too much time, I am, yours faithfully,

DICK BUTLER.
Sussex St., Sth. Brisbane, Australia.



Bessie shunned directors and mosquitoes on her camping trip, but just the same she couldn't get away from 'em. When she opened a paper the first thing she saw was: "Director so-and-so busy planning scenes for Bessie Love's new picture while the star enjoys her vacation, etc."



Bessie caught this fish all by herself. It isn't a "property" fish. Her studio had nothing to do with it, for who ever heard of a director permitting fish to hog the camera?

A Real Vacation!

AFTER all, there is much in the life of a motion picture actress that isn't real. There are mock love affairs, mock weddings and even mock vacations. And perhaps that was why Bessie Love derived so much real pleasure out of her outing this summer. Hers was a REAL vacation. We'd hate to imagine what would have happened to any studio folk had they stumbled into camp. It was at Catalina Island where Bessie and her mother and father vacationed. And at five o'clock each morning Bessie was up—posing while Dad snapped pictures evidencing her prowess with the rod.

(Concluded from page 80)

to reform the son of her boss and marry him. Mabel manages to carry the plot with her irresistible comedy, but whenever she leaves it, it drags interminably.

THE HEART OF A GIRL—World

"The Heart of a Girl" is the first World picture to feature Barbara Castleton and Irving Cummings. It tells a story of love and politics in which a girl first wrecks and then rescues her lover's campaign in Congress. The plot has just enough material to show the promise in these new co-stars, who look and act exactly like a couple on a magazine cover.

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING—Triangle

"You Can's Believe Everything" is a breezy summer idyl with the entire cast appearing in bathing suits most of the time. A society girl compromises herself through the rescue of her lover from drowning; they are married however, and the veranda gossip is stilled. Gloria Swanson as the heroine manages to look attractive even when dripping with water, as she is almost constantly. The bathing-suit scenes are amusing and innocent enough except for a "Neptune's banquet" in which the party gets very rough.

TO HELL WITH THE KAISER—Metro

It is impossible to say anything too bad about William of Berlin. So when the climax of the Metro picture, "To Hell With the Kaiser," shows that arch fiend in the nether regions, where His Satanic Majesty abdicates in his favor, there is no libel. The story leading to this desirable consummation, is not strikingly original, except that it shows William getting his tips direct from the devil, garbed in his well-known habiliments. It is a story of brutalities and atrocities, all too true. Olive Tell is the lovely heroine, who helps put the Kaiser where he will eventually go in truth, if hell there be.

OPPORTUNITY — Metro

Viola Dana is at her best in comedy. "Opportunity" is hers. She masquerades as a boy, encounters difficulties, and marries the principal one at the end. Her wide-eyed wonder at her adventures is delightful. Hale Hamilton, lately seen with May Allison, again proves that Richard Rowland knew what he was about when he drafted this large, genial person into films.

SANDY — Paramount

"Sandy," with Louise Huff and Jack Pickford, has caught all the spirit of adventurous youth that made the book so popular. Most of us remember the freckle-faced Scotch lad who began his career as a stowaway and later marries the girl who befriended him. The story is delightfully developed by George Melford in a series of lovely pictures. It is one of the best of the Pickford-Huff romances.

SHARK MONROE — Artcraft

In the first reel of "Shark Monroe," William Hart appears as a skipper sailing a very rough ocean in a series of extremely beautiful sea scenes. After this the setting changes to his well known habitat in the far North. It is an excellent far North picture about a good bad man who kidnaps a young girl to protect her. But Hart fits so perfectly into the "Sea Wolf" atmosphere that it seemed a pity to take him off the ship.

TINSEL — World

In "Tinsel," Kitty Gordon is a mother with a past and Muriel Ostriche is her roguish daughter. Her attempts to teach her child the difference between a roue and a good man are so thorough that she is obliged to rescue the girl from the roue. Kitty Gordon looked particularly stunning in a series of "which-is-mother-and-which-daughter" poses.

In A Nutshell

"Shackled" (Paralta)—Louise Glaum as a magdalen, beautifully gowned. W. Lawson Butt, loving her grimly in spite of All. Intense domestic melodrama, well developed but a bit too hectic for the high school age.

"Smashing Through" (Universal)—Herbert Rawlinson smashes through five reels of desert scenery. Is assisted by express trains, motor cycles and innumerable wild bronchos.

"Find the Woman" (Vitagraph)—O. Henry's "Cherchez la Femme" amplified into screen form. Alice Joyce wistful and lovely, in the role of the persecuted primadonna. She turns hisses to applause, winning the audience and the rather negative hero. All this against the sultry, languorous background of a New Orleans summer.

"Kidder & Ko" (Pathe)—Bryant Washburn having fun with amnesia; he feigns loss of memory and wins a fortune and a girl; humorous variation of an oft-used theme.

"We Should Worry" (Fox)—Jane and Katherine Lee as mischievous youngsters who prevent their pretty aunt from marrying the villain of the play, and thwart a buglary; pretty silly stuff.

"The Only Road" (Metro)—Viola Dana as a missing heiress, saved from villainous plots by Casson Ferguson, in adventures which bring out all her pretty wistfulness and quaint comedy talent.

"The Model's Confession" (Universal)—Mary MacLaren, beautiful and dramatic, in a foul story which culminates with a father making "love" to his own daughter, while ignorant of her identity; National Board of Review please write.

"The Claw" (Select)—Clara Kimball Young decorating a story in which Jack Holt is redeemed and killed in rescuing Milton Sills from South African savages; picturesque and clean.

"Which Woman" (Bluebird)—Priscilla Dean embellishing a snappy crook story of a jewel robbery and a vanishing bride; Ella Hall as a rather awkward heroine.

"A Little Sister of Everybody" (Pathe)—Bessie Love among labor agitators, marrying the young mill owner and making everybody happy; clean and mildly thrilling.

"The Voice of Destiny" (Pathe)—A man is murdered and the identity of the thief revealed by Baby Marie Osborne playing a dictaphone record; a stupid yarn, badly acted.

"The House of Gold" (Metro)—A story in which not one character acts like a human being except Hugh Thompson as the handsome hero; too complex to tell in the brief space to which it is entitled; Emmy Wehlen starred.

"Nine-Tenths of the Law" (Independent)—Mitchell Lewis repeating his well-known fighting French trapper impersonation by means of his curiously formed lower lip; the child is saved and the bad men killed.

"Her Body in Bond" (Universal)—Mae Murray showing how long she can hold out against a seducer.

"Hell Bent" (Universal)—Harry Carey riding, shooting, fighting, and trudging across the desert; hot stuff.

"The Girl in His House" (Vitagraph)—Unscrupulous father of pretty girl swindles house from hero; happy ending in house that caused the trouble; typical summer-fiction plot, typically acted by Earle Williams and Grace Darmond.

"Closin' In" (Triangle)—William Desmond as a noble athlete suffering for another's crime; vindicated thrillingly in the last reel; enlivened by several mining-camp fights in which the hero proves that he is as muscular as he is noble.

"The Mortgaged Wife" (Universal)—Again the fable of the passionate employer who saves his embezzling clerk from jail on the grounds of the clerk's wife joining his household; only in the end he marries Dorothy Phillips, thereby showing a great deal more intelligence than the author of the story *in toto*, (not meaning that the tale is clownish, though of course—)

"The Fly God" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart in a "Red Saunders" story, where a fly decides a jury's verdict; typically "western."

"The Painted Lily" (Triangle)—Alma Rubens acting as a gambler's decoy in a mechanical melodrama; just another movie.

"Tangled Lives" (Triangle)—"Tangled" is hardly the word—"scrambled" would be more to the point; a melodrama of suicide and unfaithful wives; Harry Morey towering above circumstances.

"One Dollar Bid" (Paralta)—J. Warren Kerrigan as a slave of liquor, sold to a girl under an old southern law, reforming, and marrying his purchaser.

"The City of Tears" (Bluebird)—Carmel Myers offering to sell herself for the liberty of the man she loves, but not being required to complete the deal; suggestive melodrama, decorated with the vivid Myers personality.

"Tempered Steel" (McClure)—Petrova in another melodrama in which she thinks she killed a man and didn't; where's the producer who knows how to exploit the Petrova talent?



One cannot know of Cutex and not love to use it. Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautiful, my friends often remark it"

Ethel Clayton

How to give your nails a perfect manicure –

Without ruinous cutting of the cuticle

IT has long been known that cutting ruins the cuticle. Everywhere doctors and skin specialists tell us: "do not cut the cuticle"; "cutting is ruinous".

Some of us do not realize that the more we cut and clip, the more we have to—for every time we use scissors we are creating the very roughness and unevenness we are striving to overcome.

It was to do away with cutting that Cutex was formulated. Cutex is absolutely harmless. With it you yourself can *keep* your cuticle smooth and firm, your nails shapely and attractive.

Begin to have beautiful nails today

File the nails to the desired length and shape. Then wrap a little cotton around the end of the orange stick (both come with Cutex), dip into the bottle and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

A little Cutex Nail White applied underneath the nails removes stains. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Don't put it off. See how quickly even an abused nail can be made really lovely.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This cream will help to *keep* your cuticle always soft and pliant.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in any form is only 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If you do not find what you want in your favorite store, we shall be glad to supply you direct.

A complete Manicure Set for you

Send 15c now (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you the complete Manicure Set shown below. Send for it now—don't let another day go by until you see how lovely your nails can look. Address Northam Warren, **Dept. 709, 114 West 17th St., New York City.**

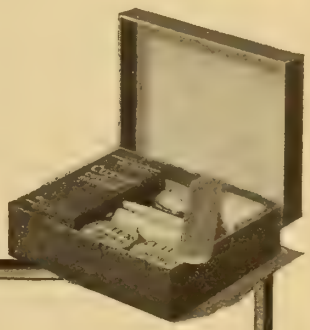
If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 765, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



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(Continued from page 89)

ACCORDING to his daily schedule for work and play, "Fatty" Arbuckle should be anything but fat. For the following is a complete outline of a day spent with Fatty: 7 a. m., Fatty rises; 7:15, a dip in the surf; 7:30, breakfast; 8, leaves for studio; 8:01, arrives; 8:02, rolls the makin's; 8:05, reads his mail; 8:15, works out with his trainers; 8:45, starts to make up; 9:30, confers with his comedy staff; 10, on the set; 10:01, rehearses; 10:30 to 1 p. m., shoots scenes; 1 p. m., lunches; 1:30, back to work until 4:29; 4:30, takes make-up off; 5, starts out in racer; 6:30, dinner; 8, goes to the theatre, for a motor boat ride, to a rival motion picture, or—to bed!

NELL BOONE, who is Mrs. Niles Welch, appears with Jack Barrymore in his first picture since his return.

LEONCE PERRET, who directed "The Million Dollar Dollies," now has his own producing company, and his first release is a patriotic picture in which E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli, formerly of Essanay, enact the leading roles.

TOM MOORE has been elevated to stardom after serving an apprenticeship as leading man to Goldwyn's trio of feminine stars, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, and Mae Marsh. Moore's first is "Just for Tonight."

FRANCES MARION has just signed a new contract to write scenarios for Artcraft and Paramount for another year. Miss Marion has written many of Mary Pickford's most successful screen-plays.

ELLIOT DEXTER has a new contract with the Paramount organization whereby he will continue as leading man in their West Coast companies.

HAROLD LLOYD is a strong War Savings Stamp man. He strolled into a grill and after dinner called for his bill. He paid his check, gathered up the change from the waiter's little hold-up tray and laid a twenty-five cent thrift stamp thereon. The waiter seemed stunned for a moment, then he smiled and pocketed the stamp. "I understand, sir," he said, "it is a very good idea, sir. Thank you, sir."

THE War Department has decided that Charles Chaplin is more valuable as a fun-maker right here at home than he would be in the trenches over there, so they have placed the comedian in the fifth classification. It is believed that he will render the United States greater service by continuing his work as a screen star, paying an income tax of $250,000, and doing such work as he has been doing for the Liberty Loan. Chaplin's income, it is said, would pay for the expenses of a whole company of soldiers for a year at the front.

BRYANT WASHBURN is now with Paramount. He was with Pathe until that organization attempted to make him play opposite Baby Marie Osborne as the kid star's leading man. He will make eight pictures a year for three years.

BLANCHE SWEET will appear in the screen version of Rupert Hughes' sensational novel of the great war, "The Unpardonable Sin." Miss Sweet has signed a long-term contract with Harry Garson.

(Concluded on page 110)

Do You Woo the Scenario Editor?

By Cal York

I DEFY you to point out to me a man, woman or child who hasn't written a scenario, doesn't intend to, or doesn't think he or she could if they ever tried. Everybody's doing it; and it's fair to say that frequently the unknown comes forward with the real live idea.

I met Mrs. Kate Corbaley on the street in Los Angeles not long ago. You remember her, of course: her "Real Folks" won the first prize in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S scenario contest, and she has been delivering salable stories ever since. One studio-manager bought five of her scenarios in a lump.

She was carrying a large packet of letters, her morning mail. "Since I won PHOTOPLAY'S first prize, I've come to be one of the most popular persons in the world," she laughed. "I have received hundreds of letters, and from every civilized country on earth, asking me how to write scenarios and how to sell them. I don't know whether all this popularity is a tribute to me or to PHOTOPLAY'S circulation. One letter came from Calcutta, India, another from New Zealand, and another from Buenos Aires; and I've had a dozen or so from England. And on top of it all I've just spent two hours standing on one foot and then the other at my front door listening to detailed plots delivered by the son of our plumber! Can you imagine it!"



One scenario editor's assistant found two milk bottles on her stoop — one partly filled with a scenario.

Mrs. Corbaley is not the only one with such tribulations. When H. O. Davis, general manager of Triangle, had fully made up his mind that he had discovered the best barber in Los Angeles, that gentleman began pouring plots into the defenseless Davis ear whilst he unconsciously poked lather down the Davis vocal orifice. Mr. Davis straightway bought a safety razor.

C. Gardner Sullivan was forced to discharge a negro chauffeur because the colored pusson paid more attention to plots than to the carburetor and traffic regulations. Josie Sedgwick eschews her oldtime favorite hair-washing parlor since the lady in charge has found that Josie's a motion picture actress and has begun to bombard her with melodrama of her own invention with every lemon application.

Last but not least, Mary O'Connor, assistant to Frank E. Woods, who is head of Lasky's production department, sauntered out on the back porch of her Hollywood bungalow for her morning's morning and found that her milkman had left two bottles, one filled with the usual extract of kine and the other partly filled—with a scenario!



Do you yearn for a clear complexion?

IF your skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, let Resinol Soap help to clear it.

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind, an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men with tender faces find Resinol Shaving Stick most agreeable.

Resinol Soap

Jackie Saunders knows that

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MISS JACKIE SAUNDERS, the popular Balboa star, is a firm believer in good cooking. That is why she relies upon the uniform quality of Carnation Milk, which is always clean, sweet, pure and safe.

Miss Saunders likes the convenience of Carnation Milk—when she makes a pot of cocoa (for which she is famous) she is always sure of splendid milk to add to its goodness.

Miss Saunders makes desserts and everyday dishes with it, too—and we know you will enjoy spoon corn bread the way she makes it. Try the recipe given herewith. Use Carnation in your own choicest recipes and realize what a genuine help it is.

Try Carnation—it betters your cooking and helps you save in these days of thrift.

Delicate Spoon Corn Bread

¼ cup cornmeal, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water Mix the cornmeal and water and bring slowly to boiling point. Add the Carnation Milk, butter, salt, sugar and egg yolks. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Custard Pie

1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup cold water, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 eggs beaten light, grated nutmeg. Stir Carnation Milk, water, and sugar together until the sugar is dissolved. Add eggs and nutmeg, and bake without top crust in moderate oven until solid.



CARNATION MILK is *real* milk—just cow's milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. Because of its rich quality it adds to the deliciousness of everything cooked with it. Use Carnation undiluted for coffee, as you would cream. For cooking, add an equal quantity of pure water and you "bring it back" to its full milk state. If you prefer skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water. Carnation "stays sweet" until opened and for several days thereafter.

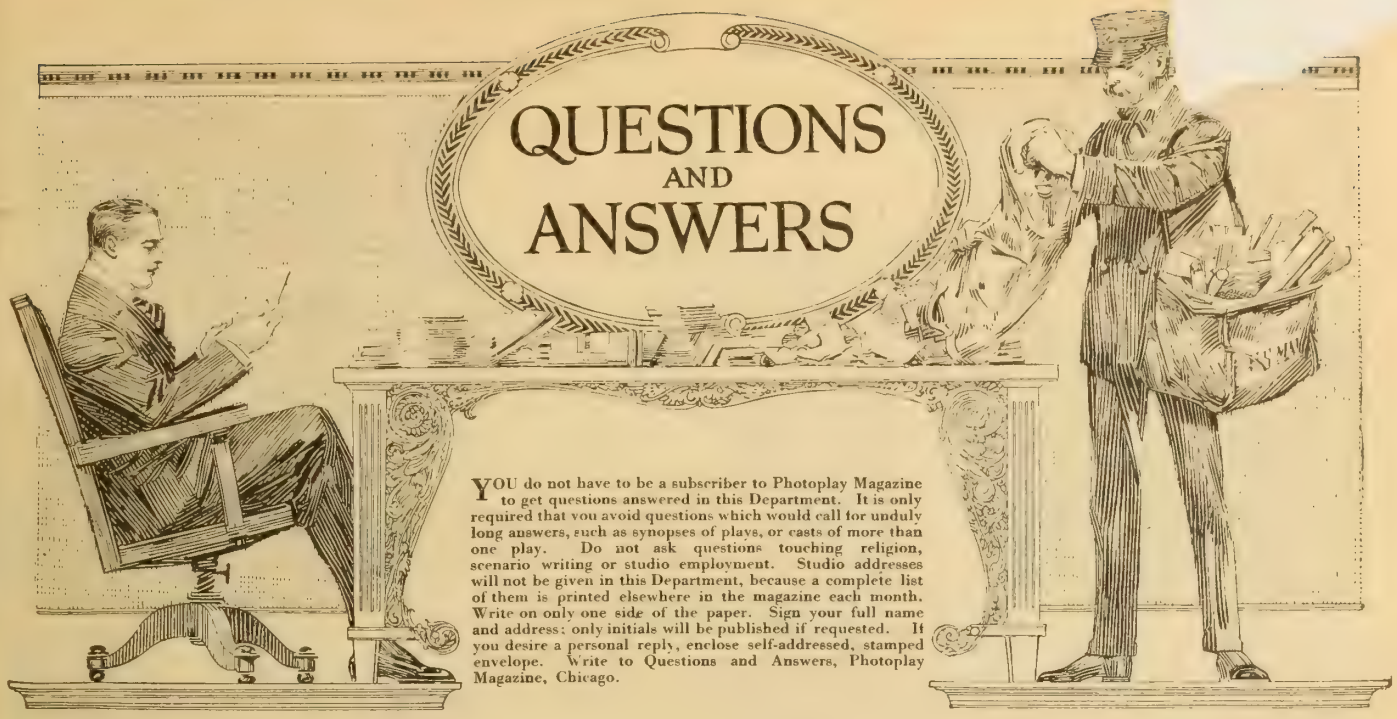
Order several cans of Carnation Milk from your grocer today and use it in your cooking, in coffee, for drinking—give it a fair test for every milk purpose in your home, and we believe you will make it your only milk supply.

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

OLGA, N. Y.—We can't get over that old-fashioned idea that players act just as well whether they're married or not and the public knows it. You're sorry Henry Kolker is married and glad Eugene O'Brien isn't. But dearie, what difference does it make? "I like it so much better when they're not married," sez you; "as then they seem to belong to us much more than it some women had a claim on them." Pussonally I think you're foolish, Olga. Most of us have got to take the plunge sooner or later and Eugene is young and an awfully good swimmer—oh, write him yourself.

MYRTLE, GUELPH, ONT.—Now listen, Myrtle—we'll tell you about Dick Barthelmess if you'll tell us how to pronounce that—Guelph. We have always, always wanted to know how to pronounce that—Guelph. Well, then—Richard may be reached at 126 W. 47th St., New York. And Richard is considered one of the very most promising juveniles on the screen; and he has played opposite Marguerite Clark and Madge Kennedy; and he volunteered his services for a government picture; and he was born in N. Y. C. twenty-three years ago. Indeed we never would have guessed your admiration for young Richard if you had not told us.

GLADYS F., ST. JOHN, N. B.—If Bill Farnum would send you a "lock of his glorious hair," he isn't the same Bill we used to know. Neither does he value his crop as we value ours. Willum is a brother of Dustin Farnum; Marshall, another brother, has been dead some time. William is still with Fox; Dusty now has his very own company. And whady' think? Dusty has been adopted by a regiment, and he is now its god-daddy.

ANITA JR., PHILA., PA.—So you think we are funny. Sometimes people smile to hide their tears. Well—and you want to know about Pearl White? It's her real name; we have her word for it. And she was born in Missouri; played "Little Eva" at an early date in her (Pearl's) history; first appeared in wild west pictures; starred in all the Pauline and Elaine and Pearl serials put on by Pathe. Address Sessue Hayakawa care Haworth Pictures Corp., Los Angeles. Charles Ray, Ince studios. Write Paramount about Jack Pickford pictures. Quite sure Mary Miles Minter will send you her picture—just tell her we said so. Following is the cast of "Unclaimed Goods:" *Betsy Burke,* Vivian Martin; *Danny Donegan,* Harrison Ford; *"Cocopah Kid,"* Casson Ferguson; *"Gentleman Joe"- Slade,* George McDaniel; *Idaho Ina,* Carmen Phillips; *Sheriff Burke,* Dick La Reno; *Uncle Murphy,* George Kunkel. Write again, Anita, Jr.

H. J. H., WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—I would never advise any one to be a motion picture actor, much less leave a happy home in Western Australia or anywhere else and come over here to get a job. Don't do it. An American producer—or any producer for that matter, never engaged a player on the strength of a photograph; because any old photographer can make a lost hope look like a possibility. You may be either—I don't know. Did you read "I Want to be a Movie Star" in the August PHOTOPLAY? Good stuff; it may help you.

"SHORTY," MILWAUKEE.—On yellow paper, with purple ink, you write: "I think Billie West is rotten. I only saw him once but if I can't see the real thing it's outside for me." And then, Shorty, after execrating Charlie's most persistent admirer, you want to know if you'd make a hit imitating him too. Address Chaplin care Chaplin Studios, L. A.

CLAIRE, MCKANNA, DULUTH, MINN.—Address Charles Chaplin, care L. A. Athletic Club. Mary Pickford, Artcraft studios, Hollywood. Send your verses to them direct; surely they will appreciate it. All of us appreciate true appreciation. I know Miss Pickford does.

F. D. M., TORONTO.—The Chaplin-Lauder comedy has been released and the proceeds will go to charity. We do not know what it is called. You say they changed George Walsh's "Pride of New York" to "On to Berlin" in Canada. Probably thought the latter title would be more attractive in the Dominion.

"BILLIE," PORTLAND, ME.—Owen Moore and Elliott Dexter took a house at the beach for the summer. Moore has not played in pictures now for some time. He has not been in hiding exactly, Billie; but we don't know when he'll appear again on the screen. Dexter signed a contract to play for Paramount for another year. Alma Tell, sister of Olive, has never been in the movies. "You remember when" the fair Alma was playing in stock in your city? Olive's latest is for Metro; "To Hell with the Kaiser" is the zippy title. Glad you enjoyed "The Eagle's Eye" in fiction form in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. "Please call me 'Billie,' Mr. Answer Man!" Very well, Billie; we endeavor to please.

LUCILE, TUCSON, ARIZ.—Norman Kerry played *Gordon* in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." His real name was Norman Kaiser—before the war. He is not married—yet. He lives in Los Angeles; address him care L. A. Athletic Club. We couldn't print your initials, Lucile; and you know why. Nev' mind, Lucile; mebbe when we know you better.

SARA NAOMI, NORFOLK, VA.—It may be your first, but we hope it won't be your last. What do you want to know about the players in the "Hidden Hand" serial? Mahlon Hamilton won't tell his age. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1897 They are not appearing together on the screen at present; Hamilton last supported Elsie Ferguson in "The Danger Mark," while Miss Kenyon has her own company. Her latest is "The Inn of the Blue Moon." Doris isn't married. Indeed you didn't ask too much. Most women figure it out this way: they know a man can't refuse them anything because if he did they might cry—and every man knows that the reason a woman gets what she wants when she cries is because she looks so ugly a man will do anything to escape the sight.

ROSE, L. A.—Dorothy Dalton was divorced from Lew Cody some time ago. Miss Dalton may be reached care the Thos. H. Ince studios. Speaking of nuts and pecans—what about Harold Whoosis, the famous actor and filmstar?

O. B., VANDALIA, OHIO.—Mary Fuller is not playing at present. One of her latest appearances was opposite Lou Tellegen for Lasky in "The Long Trail." Theda Bara is acting right along—oh my, yes. You'll say so when you've seen her in "Cleopatra" and "Salome." Oh, but that is a very old one about her becoming bara and bara every day. Certain people we know do opine that Cleo and Salome were things to write home about; others— But it is more than likely

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

." You'd like to know how [illegible] for cash? Is this sudden anxiety over [illegible]lances occasioned by your witnessing her medgrely caparisoned "Cleo?" Of course if you're inclined to worry about it, why not invest your excess funds in bonds or War Savings Stamps? Theda'd appreciate that much more, we know. Money is such a bore!

MOLLY WRAITH, VIC., AUS.—Charles Chaplin is not going to war. The War Department said the comedian is more valuable as a money-maker here at home, as his income would pay the expenses of a company of soldiers at the front for over a year. House Peters is playing in Blanche Sweet's new picture; Page Peters died two years ago, but the two were not related. Mary Fuller is not playing at present; John Bowers is pictorially active at the World Film Studios; and Helen Greene—where are you, Helen? We haven't any new dope on Helen Greene. With Famous Players last. We're afraid you have us wrong, Molly. We never said we were 76, drink buttermilk, or get eight dollars a week. No, Molly; and we aren't 76—our age doesn't matter, just so we are not so young that we answer questions foolishly nor so old that we answer them bitterly. It doesn't matter what we drink just so we don't drink too much of it; and we don't get eight dollars a week—but we aren't worrying, so why should you? There! We almost forgot to make our weekly payment on our bond. More anon, which means after while.

WALTER E., "TOORADIN," PICTORIA, AUS.—Very sorry, Walter, that your suggestion cannot be carried out. We think you'll find all the news, pictures, and personalities you can digest if you read PHOTOPLAY every month. Write to us any time, Walter—we will be glad to answer you personally if you'll enclose a stamped addressed envelope. But that's why they are interesting, don't you know; we know so little about them.

SALLY, SOMERVILLE. Are we sure Mr. Lockwood has a young son? We are not thinking of Wallace Reid's young son, are we? Mr. Lockwood's young son came as a great surprise to you? Well, well! Mr. Lockwood's young son is nine years old or thereabouts. Quite, quite sure, Sally. It is a blow, though; isn't it? We never try to argue with a woman. You're inconsistent, Sally, but then if you weren't you wouldn't be interesting.

IMELDA MEADOWS, LOWER HUTT, N. Z.—Well, Imelda! You ask us first to excuse thickness in writing and then you beg pardon for change of thickness in writing due to having lost the first pen you were using in change of positions. Never mind, Imedla—no, *Imelda*. Ah yes—imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but then flattery is in very poor taste. Violet pronounces it Mer-ser-eau—accent on the last syllable, with "eau" pronounced as "owe." Miss Mersereau is still with Universal, having resumed work at their Eastern studio. You think you have filled us up with questions? Imelda, you don't know us. Here are the addresses you want: Olive Thomas, Triangle, Culver City, Cal.; Pearl White, Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.; Enid Bennett, Thos. H. Ince Studios; June Caprice, Fox, New York; Creighton Hale, Pathe; June Elvidge, World Studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Hazel Dawn was the lady you admired so much in "One of Our Girls." Maciste in "Cabiria." Thank you for wishing us the best of good business this year. In closing we would wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy, happy New Year—also would remark this is the longest letter we have written since our second wife eloped with the Italian barber.

Half-Second Satires

I WENT
Into a Photodrome.
Near Me Sat
A Dramatic-critic.
He was Reading
A Book
Of his Own.
On—"The Drama:
From the Then
To the Now."
Once in a While,
As he Turned a Page,
He Looked Up at the Screen.
He Finished
His Own Book,
And Glanced
At his Wrist-Watch.
"The Movies!" he sneered;
"Bah!"
And Passed Out.

* * *

I Went
Into a Photodrome.
They were Showing
Cleo Clux,
In her Latest Vamp.
Near Me Sat
A Little Girl—
A Pretty Girl,
With Wide-open Eyes.
As she Watched the Screen,
Where the Vamp Unreeled,
She Leaned Forward,
Breathless.
And she Passed Out
With a Slant to her Eyes,
And Drooping Shoulders.

* * *

I Went
Into a Photodrome.
Near Me Sat
Half-a-Hundred:
"The Movies
Cannot Last."
He Said.
"In Another Six Months,
All our Film Magnates
Will Be Back
In the Button Business;
All our Prominent Stars,
Behind the Ribbon-counter
And the Bank-window.
Fake Films
Failed
Just the Other Day;
Utopia
Has Gone Under;
And Pretty Soon
People will Forget
There ever Was
A Picture-show.
Why if
You Only Knew
The Way
They're Slashing Salaries—!
The Stage
Is Going Strong; but
The Poor Pictures—"
And he Passed Out.
Without Noticing
The Other Half-Hundred
Who were
Watching the Screen.

A. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Questions are never indiscreet; answers sometimes are. Robert Gordon is the young man's name; he scored a hit in "Missing," the war drama from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. Read the story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Ah yes—Robert is very very cute—but he's going to grow up to be a great big man some day. Earle Foxe is back on the stage now.

L. W. HARRISON, TROY, N. Y.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt is now in vaudeville. Her last picture was "Mothers of France," which was filmed Over There. Did you know that Sarah was a pioneer screen actress? Long ago she played "Queen Elizabeth" before French cameras, and Lou Tellegen, husband of Geraldine Farrar, was her leading man. Richard Barthelmess opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." "The Million Dollar Mystery" was filmed in and around New Rochelle, N. Y. Florence La Badie, who died last year; James Cruze, now with Lasky, and Marguerite Snow, of "The Eagle's Eye," were the principal players.

C. A., U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, L. I.—You wish to know how to write scenarios? Were it not for the gravity of the situation, we should think you might be spoofing us. However, since you seem to be in earnest—would say—if you have an idea, put it in synopsis form and send it to the company whose needs seem best to fit your idea. Every company has continuity writers whose work it is to put the synopses into scenario form. The idea is what they want. Good luck to you.

S. J., ONTARIO, CAN.—We haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Louise Huff is married to Edgar Jones and has a little daughter, Mary Louise. Your question about that comedienne is deferred for the present. Ethel Clayton's husband, Joseph Kaufman, died of pneumonia Feb. 1, after an illness of ten days. Carol Halloway and William Duncan are noncommittal as to their matrimonial status. Vera Sisson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "Paradise Garden." Remember Miss Sisson when she was J. Warren Kerrigan's leading woman? She retired from the screen after her marriage, but came back to play in that picture. Now she's gone again and we don't know when she'll be back.

M. B., S. WEYMOUTH, MASS.—Is George Beban an Italian by birth or merely by nationality? Neither. George was born in San Francisco, therefore he is American both by birth and nationality. You like to see an actor work? Ah, Millie, you ask too much! And you think Ernie Shields deserves better chances than he has at present! He's in the Army now. He is a married man, Millie; Mrs. Shields is Betty Schade, well known in Universal pictures. And if Ernie has a secret sorrow we don't know about it. If we were a Sammy we wouldn't have time to think about secret sorrows even if we had one—which Ernie hasn't.

O. P. R., SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Pearl White, Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge will doubtless appear on the screens in China, but it is extremely unlikely that they will ever appear personally, as they all have long contracts and China is a long long way from home. Pearl White is not married. Earle Foxe is not related to Norma Talmadge. Did you know Mr. Foxe is back on the speaking stage now? Glad to hear from you at any time.

(Continued on next page)

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. G., FRAZEE, MINN.—Alice Joyce and Harry Morey are married—but not to each other. William Duncan and Carol Halloway are not married—to each other. Earle Williams is not and never has been married; and Earle has been heard to say he never will be. Yes; Bill Hart is engaged to a non-professional with whom he became acquainted through correspondence. Address Duncan and Halloway care Western Vitagraph. Ben Wilson is married; he has a young son. William Duncan doesn't give his age. Bill Hart is forty-four. Earle Williams was born in 1880. Alma Hanlon appears in pictures off and on. Bigelow Cooper was not in "Where are my Children?" You're thinking of Tyrone Power.

LILA, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Herbert Rawlinson is at present writing playing opposite Mabel Normand for Goldwyn; he may be reached care that company at their Fort Lee studios. By the time this reaches you, Herbert may be out west again; he says the east cramps his style. Actors are the luckiest persons in the world. If they are clever at all they may choose their own parts, whether comedy or tragedy; while the rest of us poor mortals can only play what we can get—often extras. We are not sarcastic—that is, we do not mean to be. So it does not really matter, does it?

A. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—Here's all the dope we have about "Bull" Montana: Bull is an actor and wrestler; he acted as physical trainer for Doug Fairbanks; and now he is off to war. In the Navy the fighter will be assigned to training men at the western submarine base. Bull once aspired to the light heavyweight wrestling championship of America. Douglas Fairbanks has a brother John, who is his business manager. Wallie Reid is an only chee-ild.

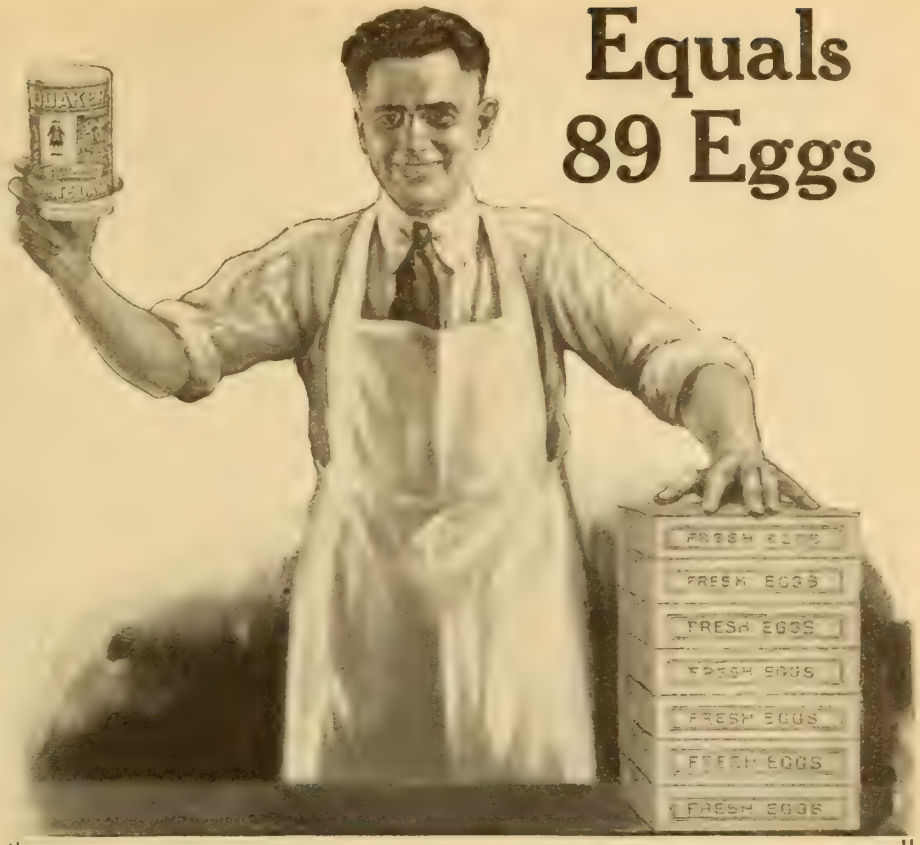
C. A. R., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—No record of Marvell Safford. Guess she's out of the game at present. Jack Pickford was married to Olive Thomas in the early fall.

A. C., GREENVILLE, S. C.—J. Warren Kerrigan was laid up with a broken leg for about eight months. He has returned to the screen now and you may be able to see him in "Toby" in a short time. Now just among us girls it is said that his engagement to ——— is about to be announced. But just among us girls, y'understand. Address Mr. Kerrigan at the Paralta studio.

R. B., LANSING, MICH.—You didn't inclose a stamp. That's the reason of the answer here. You haven't sawn Carter De Haven in pictures of late because he has been appearing on the legitimate stage and hasn't been doing any screen work. You buck up and pull down your vest and walk into a studio and look around deteckitive like and when asked what you are looking for say "work." Don't become discouraged if they give you a mop and scrub pail and tell you to "go to it." 'Tis often just such a beginning that leads to just such an ending as ours.

C. J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Well now we'll tell you it's just like this. Sometimes actors and actresses leave the screen for the period of a year or two. During their absence undoubtedly their place in the hearts of the fans has been usurped by someone else. That probably accounts for the unpopularity of your favorite after his return to the screen. Anita Stewart has returned to Vitagraph.

(Continued on page 118)



Equals 89 Eggs

Or 7 Pounds of Round Steak

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The large package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories in units of nutrition.

Official figures give eggs 70 calories each, and round steak 890 calories per pound.

That package of Quaker Oats—costing 30 to 32 cents—compares in food units as follows:

It Equals 89 Eggs	**Or 9 lbs. Veal Cutlets**
Or 7 lbs. Round Steak	**Or 11 lbs. Fresh Halibut**
Or 7 lbs. Leg of Lamb	**Or 12 lbs. Broiled Chicken**

These indispensable foods, for the same nutrition, cost from 7 to 10 times as much as Quaker Oats, according to prices at the present writing.

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is woman's greatest charm

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of Knowing that
Your Underarms are Normally Dry and Absolutely Odorless

OH, the satisfaction of knowing that excessive armpit perspiration cannot impair your personal freshness! No matter how warm the day, you will be saved humiliation; no matter how thin the gown, it cannot be harmed by annoying moisture. At all times, but particularly in warm weather,

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Preserves Personal Daintiness
Woman's Greatest Charm

NONSPI is an old, reliable remedy for a disordered condition. It destroys the odor and harmlessly diverts excessive perspiration from the underarm to other portions of the body. It is used by millions of women and recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

NONSPI is unscented and contains no artificial coloring. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell, but depends for its welfare on merit alone. About two applications a week are sufficient to free you from perspiration worry and daily baths will not lessen the effect.

50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or send 4c for **testing sample** and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.

The Nonspi Company
2618 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

Propaganda

(Concluded from page 45)

ganda. In Chicago the censor board took a notion this picture would offend our German-American citizens, and though we were openly at war with Germany, held up the picture. The courts and a patriotic judge horrified at such a censorial report, killed the order and upheld Miss Pickford.

Rita Jolivet made a cinematic memoriam to those who lost their lives on the Lusitania. It was she who stood on the deck with Charles Frohman in his last moments and carried back his now famous message, "Why Fear Death? It is Life's Most Beautiful Adventure."

Miss Jolivet was assisted in making the film by her husband, Count de Cippico. It has been sent from coast to coast, and, after America has thoroughly digested it, she tells me, it is her hope to take it into France, England and Italy.

"My best friend," said Miss Jolivet, "was in Germany at the outbreak of the war. She was soon to become a mother. During her accouchment she had every care, but after the child was born one of the delicate oculary nerves was ruptured so that the baby would be blind. This, Charles Frohman's death, the loss of so many of my kinsmen in France and the thought that if I could make every woman understand how much her services are needed if only to save a teaspoonful of flour a day inspired my picture."

It is difficult to discriminate and say which film has done the most to aid the fight. Madame Sarah Bernhardt's "Mothers of France," which should have been titled "Mothers of the World," has probably called forth the most tears. Madame Bernhardt, with a brave spark burning in her feeble body, stood knee deep in the trenches and offered herself a living sacrifice to her beloved France. The tears are not only for the bereaved mothers, but also for the pathetic old woman, lame and sick, who forgot her own discomfort to try and stir the other women of the world to action. The motive of this picture glorifies it. No one who ever saw Bernhardt and her silent plea that we give our loved ones gladly and proudly to the cause will ever forget her message.

Herbert Brenon made a stepchild to the war films in a screen play featuring Rasputin and the downfall of the Romanoff dynasty. This and his English birth brought forth an invitation from the English government for him to make an historical film record for the British archives. Mr. Brenon is now in England working on this mission.

There have been many official war films, some of them actually photographed at battles which have now gone down in history as decisive moments in the great world's war. Among those which have occupied the screen during the past year are: "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," "The Italian Battle-fronts," "The Battle of the Ancre," and "Heroic France and the German Curse in Russia." The last named is more of a pictorial discussion of the Russian situation than a moving picture of any specific battle scene.

All of these war time pictures have been received with enthusiasm with the exception of a few which had been better left unfilmed. These are hectic dramas using the war as a reason for their existing, and made with no high patriotic purpose, but with a thinly veiled camouflage to make money. They have offended both the individual patriot and the government.

The very fact that some of the producers have taken advantage of war time has induced the government to put every patriotic picture released under strict surveillance, with a trained corps of men to pass upon their fitness to serve as propaganda. Some of these features, while harmless enough, are so badly done, that even the heavy Teutonic nature must have found them amusing. But the good done by the screen has far outweighed any evil effects of these ridiculous war films.

The President has congratulated the moving picture industry on the help it has given the nation at this time, and he and the other men now at the helm in Washington have gone on record as saying these pictorial propagandas are among the most valuable war-time assets United States owns.



There's big money in writing moving picture plays and short stories if you have the right plot. Getting the right plot or idea is quite a problem, so, if you have any literary talent, we urge you to send at once for the

Movie Picture Thinking Machine

a simple, clever device, registered at the U. S. Pat Office, which suggests plots for "movies" and stories. Read what some leading publications and authors say of this wonderful machine: "A mechanical device which creates plots for movie scenarios, plays and short stories." Popular Mechanics Magazine. "Contains more plots than the moving picture people could use in a hundred years." Popular Science Monthly. "A machine that actually thinks." —Boston Sunday Herald. "It does indeed supply unusual combinations which offer fresh ideas to a writer." Eustace Hale Ball, celebrated director and author. One great California moving picture studio, after testing this wonderful machine, bought 12 more for its writers. Sent postpaid with simple instructions for **$1.00**. PAMPHLET FREE.

THINKING MACHINES, Inc., Cambridge, Mass.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 104)

AT last the unusual in a press agent's story. Mae Marsh appeared in Traffic Court recently as witness for Lela Jones, a scenario writer, charged with exceeding the speed limit. The wistful star plead that the car was unruly—but—a fine was imposed just the same.

THEY say that Alexander Clarke, son of the actor, is now private secretary to Francis X. Bushman. Although the name Bushman is somewhat familiar, we can't remember having heard of "the actor, Alexander Clarke."

CARUSO, it is reported, is to be a Paramount star at $100,000 a picture. with "I Pagliacci" as his first production. Paramount has neither denied nor confirmed, which means that the details of the contract have not been completed.

WHEN Herbert Brenon had nearly completed the film which he went to England to make for the British government under the supervision of Hall Caine, the entire negative was burned. Alien enemies were suspected, and the celluloid tragedy will result in Germans in England being subjected to much closer surveillance than ever. Mr. Brenon, by this time, has the picture well on the way to a second completion.

GLORIA HOPE has lost a vacation but she doesn't care. She has started work in Griffith's latest feature, which will be released by Artcraft. Ever since she went into the films a little over a year ago, it has been her ambition to work with Griffith and she is enjoying the experience far more than the holiday which she had intended to take.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

Norma Talmadge

says it's the smooth, snug fit that appeals to her so strongly in

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FASHIONED HOSE



That's because they are knit-to-shape without seams—just as you would shape a hand-knit garment.

When wearing Burson Hose you not only enjoy the comforts of a smooth, seamless foot, but the pleasure of a smart fit as well.

It requires special, patented machines to knit Burson Hose—accept no substitutes.

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized and Silk-twisted with Fibre

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MAVIS
Toilet Water-Face Powder
1.00 50¢
Irresistible!



Only when you know the wondrous fragrance will you know why its appeal is Irresistible! Send 15c to Vivaudou, Dept. P, Times Bldg., New York, or if you live in Canada to Vivaudou, 344 St. Paul St., West, Montreal) for a generous sample of Mavis or Lady Mary Extract.
Canadian Agents:
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Montreal
Lymans, Ltd., Montreal

CREATOR OF Lady Mary TOILETTE REQUISITES
VIVAUDOU PARIS-NEW YORK

Send for MINIATURE BOTTLE 20¢



You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before

The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop lasts days. Bottles like the picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac, $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20c silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's Flower Drops
PERFUME & TOILET WATER

The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.25 an ounce, at druggists or by mail; with two new odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen", both very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles, same size as picture, different odors.

Flower Drops Toilet Water, better than most perfumes, $1.25 large bottle. Sold by Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; all Liggett Riker Hegeman and Owl Drug Stores and best druggists and department stores *everywhere*.

Exact size of bottle

"ALCAZAR", *the new Spanish perfume*, oz. bottle, $2.00
PAUL RIEGER, 251 First St., San Francisco



Nadine Face Powder
(*In Green Boxes Only*)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. C. P.
National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.



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BEAUTY specialists recommend DEL-A-TONE for quick, safe and sure removal of hair from arms, neck or face. At druggists; or mailed to your address for $1.00.
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We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.
CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
538 South Dearborn Street, Suite 251 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Service Star

(Concluded from page 36)

"You know the worst now," Mrs. Marshall said, "but there is still another side that you have not heard. You will, you must listen."

So with Marilyn standing before her, a pale and immovable figure of justice, the mother told her story.

"I have always had a deadly fear of firearms," she told the girl. "But shortly before John was born, an incident occurred which gave that fear serious consequences. I woke from a sound sleep to find myself looking into the muzzle of a burglar's pistol. Two weeks later, John was born and we soon discovered that the fear that he had inherited from me amounted almost to a mania. As a little boy, the sight of a toy pistol would send him into hysterics. When the war came —and draft was declared—I couldn't have my boy branded with cowardice through no fault of his own—so I paid another to take his place."

As she finished, the look of contempt faded from Marilyn's face and in its place appeared a great pity for one so strong—and so weak. But for all that, she knew that pity was not great enough to put in the place of the old love. She kissed the broken-hearted woman gently on the forehead and softly left the room.

As she ran up the stairs to her own little living room, she heard a slight noise behind the tapestries and turned to face Blinky. He held out his hand with a laconic, "come through."

"You're too late," she answered, fearlessly. "There is nothing more to conceal. Tell all you know, and I wish you joy of it."

Blinky's incredulous scowl changed to fury as he realized that she was speaking the truth. As Marilyn tried to pass by him into the hall, he seized her by the arm and flung her back into the room. She staggered against a table and fell with a crash to the floor.

When the dazed girl raised herself to her knees, she saw John standing in the doorway facing Blinky who was advancing slowly toward him with a pistol in his hand. John's face was distorted by his first sight of the weapon, but when he glanced at the cringing figure of Marilyn, all trace of fear changed to blind anger. He sprang at the crook, tearing the pistol from him just after he had fired.

In the struggle that followed, Marilyn's only impression was of the writhing combatants on the floor and then of the dark figure of Blinky shooting past her and out of the window as if pursued by a demon. Her next conscious picture was of John, standing unsteadily in the drawing room supported by his mother and laughing hilariously over a deep wound in his arm.

"I've been shot," he announced, gleefully. "I've been shot and never knew it. So that's everything a gun can mean, after all."

The next morning, as Marilyn brought the breakfast tray in to her convalescent hero, he caught her hand and pulled her down to the chair beside him.

"It's all over," he told her eagerly. "The doctor said I'll never be afraid of a gun again. Next week I enlist under the name of the man who has brought so much honor to mine. But before I go—it would help so much if I knew you belonged to me. Do you think you could, Marilyn, after everything?"

Marilyn looked up and met his pleading eyes. In her mind's eye she could see him — within a few days — reporting proudly for service. Then she slipped to her knees before the bed in an adorable gesture of self-surrender.

"For all my fears," she said whimsically, "my dream came true. I'll be a real war-bride this time, with no pretending."

* * *

Two women stood before the broad windows of Hillcrest, watching the long line of khaki-clad boys as they swung gaily down the avenue. As the last company vanished in the distance and the music of the last band grew fainter, the younger woman drew closer to the older with a movement of utter confidence and sympathy. Above them both hung the invincible symbol of their joint devotion—a single service star.

"She Never Worked For Griffith"

(Concluded from page 70)

"What are you going to do next?" I asked.

"Well you see, it's like this," she replied, with a twinkle. "Mr. Zukor has been coaxing me to accept a contract to star with Paramount pictures, and Metro is anxious to have me come back there, and some very big capitalists want to organize my own company for me, so I don't know just which to accept."

"In other words, you know the Broadway patter, even if you don't use it in your business," I said.

"You can't get away from it if you have ears to hear," she answered. "It's old stuff now, but a lot of the girls don't seem to know it yet. Perhaps you didn't know, though, that I did have one of those things once—a company of my own. We had awfully nice offices."

"How were your pictures?"

"I didn't say we made pictures—I said we had nice offices. We didn't get as far as making pictures."

I can't think of anyone but Marguerite Snow who would not have added, "But of course you mustn't say anything about that in print."

A remarkable girl, and that's the truth.

AFTER DIVORCING his sixth wife, Nat Goodwin will appear in "Married Again," on the screen. Write your own comment.

HARRY HOUDINI, the handcuff king, is under a contract to appear in a movie serial of mystery. What's a contract to an eel like Harry?

Do You Believe In Fairies

(Concluded from page 48)

neglected, but with this groundwork, education is worth more than mere learning to be had from books.

Among her other admirers was no less a personage than David Belasco. This acquaintance was formed in Rochester. Mr. Belasco was there, trying out a new show. Cuddles was there appearing, as usual, in a Gus Edwards revue. Somebody had a brainstorm, and just because someone had mislaid the particular papers which proved that Lila Lee was authorized by the school board of Hoboken or somewhere, to appear on the stage, the child labor law officials refused to permit her to appear. Children half her age, and not half so strong, probably were working in Rochester sweatshops at the time, but to interfere with them was not spectacular.

So Cuddles was making considerable fuss around the hotel where Mr. Belasco happened to be staying. They were introduced, and Cuddles poured out her woeful tale.

"I wouldn't cry about it," said the famous David, "I will make you a star in 1919."

It isn't 1919 yet, but Mr. Belasco will not be able to make good his promise, as the Lasky contract will interfere.

Another individual, not unknown to fame, who looked upon this damozel and found her delightful, was Harrison Fisher. In a moment of enthusiasm he declared, it is said, that she was the most beautiful child in the world.

That is the way things happen to this little Lila Lee, the girl whose name is a melody, and whose smile is a caress, and whose life is romance. Romance it is to be right to the end of the chapter, too, for guess what is the name of the first picture she is going to make for Mr. Lasky—"The Cruise of the Make-Believe." And if Lila Lee's whole life doesn't sometimes seem to her to be just that, then she is even more wonderful than her best friends already understand.

Aren't You Glad?

THAT we can have musical comedy in the movies—without the music?

That we can have sex stuff in the movies—if we have to have sex stuff in the movies—without the heroine's twelve-side speech on why she is so and why she, yearning for self-expression in the manner peculiar to sex stuff heroines, cannot make the hero understand that she is so because she is so?

That we can have domestic drama in the movies—without the curly-haired child who has a cat and a dog and sometimes a canary and who sings, and sings?

That we can have deep tragedy in the movies—without the half-muffled shriek of the leading-woman as she finds him lying there,—"Dead, dead, dead"?

That we can have grand opera in the movies—if we have to have grand opera in the movies—without the—oh, well, aren't you GLAD?



Bring Out That Hidden

CHARM, BEAUTY, AND EXPRESSION

Nothing will add so much to one's attractiveness as long, thick, silky eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows that are really natural. They give the eyes a fascinating charm that is envied by all

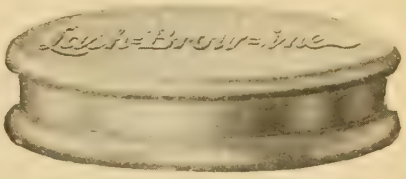
If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist nature in increasing the length and thickness by simply applying a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

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The Eagle's Eye

(Concluded from page 56)

leaped upon him from the rear and clutching his hands tight about the detective's throat sought to choke the life from him. Grant gagged; his eyes bulged. The world began to grow dark. He heaved—he stumbled—then suddenly felt the hands loosen their grip as there came the cracking sound of a blow. Two arms closed about him. Harrison Grant opened his eyes—to look into those of Dixie Mason. —to slowly revive under the magic influence of this wonderful girl. He rose slowly to his feet.

"I got him," was Dixie's simple announcement. "Hit him on the head with the butt of my gun."

"Good little Dixie!" Grant pressed her hand, then with his old-time eagerness, hurried to the fight again. But it was all over. Outside there sounded the clanging of a patrol wagon. Imperial Germany's last great plot against America had failed.

* * * * *

Months later, Harrison Grant and Dixie Mason stood on the balcony of the Criminology Club looking down into the street below. Here, there, everywhere, newsboys were shouting the news of the declaration of war. From far away came the sound of a military band. Then, marching down the street, their files straight and clean, their arms shining brightly in the sun, their strong, sturdy forms showing the sleek-muscled strength that only American fighters possess, marched the crack Seventh Regiment of New York on its spring parade. Harrison Grant watched, his eyes gleaming happily.

"Dixie," he said at last. "I never saw anything to give me so much happiness—and yet so much sorrow."

"And why the sorrow?" She looked up at him quickly.

"Sorrow—because, now that we have finished our work for the safety of America at home, we must part. I received this morning my commission as a captain in the Army intelligence. My work will be abroad!"

"And mine will be abroad, also," said Dixie quietly.

"Abroad? You—"

"In the Red Cross."

Harrison Grant laughed happily. They had stepped into the club rooms now, the heavy curtains at the window falling behind them. Grant took the hands of the girl he loved into his—and held them tight.

"Do you know," and there was a strange little halting in his voice—"I believe I could make a record for myself if I only knew that—"

"What, Harry?"

"That—well, that there was a Mrs. Harrison Grant watching my progress and—"

"Well?" Dixie was smiling. Harrison Grant slowly drew her toward him. "Well?" she asked again.

Grant stammered.

"And—and—oh, you know what I mean!" And, his words failing, he looked quickly over his shoulder, saw that no one was watching, drew the little secret service girl tight into his embrace—and kissed her.

THE END.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Old Hartwell's Cub

(Continued from page 66)

reached the bottom of the back staircase as Bill, a raging animal, burst into his empty room.

Nervously Ed waited at the station. The train was due; why didn't Mary hurry? She had gone home to say a final goodbye to her father, after the magistrate at the neighboring county seat had made them man and wife.

Bill stood in Ed's room, wondering which way to go. The whistle of an incoming train drew his attention; that was it: the station! He was down the stairs again and running. Ed saw him coming and waited, trembling, for the train had whistled at the crossing.

In five minutes a big, angry blacksmith can inflict considerable punishment upon a smaller man. When Bill, taking Ed by the collar, threw him on the train, his suitcase after him, Mag Jones, proprietress of the Delmonico Saloon in Chico, Arizona, wouldn't have known her recreant husband if she had met him face to face.

Bill, his rage somewhat assuaged, turned back to resume his quest of the minister, and met Mary Lane.

Mary looked at him in horror. "Why did you do that?" she cried. "He's my *husband!*"

Bill's jaw dropped; he was stunned. This put an entirely different face on the matter. "I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I didn't know."

Angrily Mary turned on him. "You are a meddlesome boob and I hate you!"

Sadly Bill turned away. On the ground lay a letter. He picked it up; it was addressed to Ed. It must have dropped out of his pocket in the struggle. Silently he handed it to Mary. "Is—is your father home," he inquired.

Tears came to her eyes. "No, and I've got to go without bidding him goodbye."

Mary turned the letter over. It was addressed to Mr. Ed. Jones, Chico, Arizona, and in the upper left-hand corner was the address of a firm in Milwaukee, Wis. Hesitatingly she removed the inside sheet, and her eyes, wide and startled, took in the contents—

"Mr. Ed. Jones, Chico, Ariz. Dear Sir:— We are shipping you the case of Old Time whiskey by express, as ordered. The balance of the order will come by freight as usual. Yours very truly,
Scholberg & Company.

Mary sat down in the station to think. So Ed had deceived her! He was a dealer in whiskey, not in bibles. Finally she came to a decision. She was his wife. She had no choice but to follow him. She could not face certain disgrace. She would board the next freight.

Seated in the caboose of the freight, Mary's thought turned achingly backward. What a mess she had made of everything! But she would write to her father as soon as she found Ed. In the note she had left him she had told him of her marriage; he would know that she was safe.

She might have been more disturbed if she had seen the Reverend Lane pale under the accusations of a delegation from the Ladies' Aid Society, demanding the money which had been in Mary's trust; if she had heard his frantic reiteration of his belief that there was some mistake. And her heart might have received a new wrench had she seen Bill Hartwell come to the rescue of her father with a hundred dollars of his own savings which he informed the irate Ladies' Aiders, Mary had intrusted to him at the last minute.

But Mary couldn't know these things; nor could she know that Bill found death had been before him, when he at last, with the minister, entered his humble home. Poor old Tom's raging thirst was quenched forever. He lay quiet and still, a quart whiskey bottle lying empty on the floor.

In a little mid-Western town there was great rejoicing. Ed Jones had come back to his own—meaning his wife, Mag, and the Delmonico saloon.

Back in Matherville, two lonely hearts were growing more troubled day by day. There had been no word from Mary, and, worn with anxiety, deprived of his daughter's cheery smile and her tender care, the Reverend Lane had become but a morose shadow of himself. As Bill Hartwell, smoking his lonesome pipe of an evening, thought of him and the agony of his waiting, he came to a decision. He would go to the town that he remembered as the address on the face of the letter which Ed had dropped.

A week later Bill dropped off the train at a junction point and was informed that as his train had been late, the stage had just left for Chico. A man, leading a handsome horse, walked up to him and queried: "Did I hear ye say ye wanted to get to Chico?"

At Bill's nod, he continued, "You're in luck, stranger. I promised to send this hoss back by the noon stage, but I missed her, too. You can ride him to Chico. Turn him over to Ma—" he stopped. He would play a joke on the tenderfoot. "Turn him over to the sheriff."

Steve Marvin was an expert horse thief, as well as a joker. He had stolen the horse a few days before, and had given him to Mag Jones in payment for a gambling debt, the night before. He had even given the unsuspecting Mag a paper to show that the horse was hers, but had asked permission to ride him to the train.

The outraged owner of the horse, whose name was Benton, the wealthy owner of a cattle ranch, had taken a couple of his cow punchers and was already on the trail of the thief. Bill never got to the sheriff's office. In three hours he found himself on the main street of Chico, facing the business ends of several revolvers, backed by a crowd of determined men.

"Come on boys," cried one. "Let's get the job over before the sheriff gets back to town. Put him on the hoss he stole."

Then there was pandemonium, as the blacksmith, fighting for his life, laid about him with arms like flails. Men toppled over like nine pins, but others closed in. The commotion reached the ears of the loungers at the Delmonico saloon, and of its proprietors. Ed ran to the scene of the fracas. Mag, with the new waitress whom she had hired recently, stepped out on the porch of the saloon.

Struggling desperately, but overpowered, Bill recognized through the dust and dirt,



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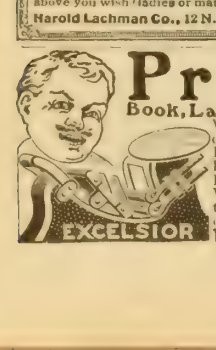


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EXCELSIOR THE PRESS CO. D-43, Meriden, Conn

Old Hartwell's Cub

(Concluded)

the face of Ed Jones. With a superhuman effort he broke through the arms that held him and landed a powerful blow on Ed's face. Then Bill s mighty arms were pinioned with ropes and he stood helpless.

"Bring the hoss he stole," was the cry.

Mag, who was used to western ways, held Ed's head in her arms, dabbing his face with water. She looked up as they were leading Bill away. "Is that the horse they say he stole?" she cried excitedly to the trembling girl beside her. "Stop them; he ain't no thief. Steve Marvin lost a hundred dollars to me last night in a poker game and he give me that horse; there's the paper to prove it." She pulled Steve's written receipt from her bosom. "Can you ride? Go after them!"

The new waitress—Mary Lane—needed no urging. She had recognized Bill. Snatching the paper she ran toward a saddled horse that stood hitched at a post.

Mary Lane had finally trailed Ed to Chico; and a few weeks before had caused his knees to falter by appearing abruptly before him and demanding her money; also her husband. When found out that Ed was already married, so that her union with him was void, her relief was so great that she lost all desire to punish him. She told him, however, that she had no intention of returning to Matherville without her money. Ed had replied that he couldn't give it to her, a vivid picture of Mag in his mind as he spoke. For Mag was the business woman of the sketch and had a thorough understanding of his little weaknesses. The indomitable proprietress of the Delmonico saloon was all that such an executive should be as all the saloon loungers were well aware of. So Ed shook his head at Mary's ultimatum.

"I must have that money before I go back," Mary impressed on him, "or I will go to Mag with the story."

Ed, in a panic, had agreed to have her hired as a waitress, and pay her wages until she could earn her return fare home; and in the meantime he would make an effort to get the hundred dollars for her. To this Mary was forced to consent.

Now, all thought save that of Bill's rescue, left her. She remembered his strength and gentleness with a remorseful thrill; she knew that it must have been in search of her that he had placed his life in jeopardy.

Desperately she rode, but the men kept well ahead of her. If it had not been for Benton's delaying efforts to force a confession of guilt from Bill, she would have been too late, after all.

As it was she dashed up to them, the paper clutched high in her hand, just as Benton, angered by Bill's fourth refusal to confess, had raised his whip to strike. Bill sat on a horse, a rope knotted around his neck, the other end of which swung over the branch of a tree above him. When the whip descended upon the horse's glossy flank, Bill would die.

"Stop!" screamed Mary. "He is not the thief! Stop, I say!"

Benton lowered his whip. "Here is what Steve Marvin gave Mag last night," gasped the girl, thrusting forward the paper. "Mag saw the horse; she says it's the same. Oh, Bill!"

The men dropped the rope and crowded around Benton, who, with a puzzled frown, was spelling out the words. Bill, with the rope still dangling from his shoulders, had clasped Mary in his arms. In broken, breathless sentences, she was explaining.

"Well, this looks regular," said Benton, at last. "Boys, guess we've made a mistake. Young lady, you was just in time."

Neither Mary nor Bill seemed to hear him. Mary's slender fingers were tugging at the knots. "Here, we'll undo that," and Benton stepped forward. Then, quizzically, to Mary, "You've saved his life, Miss. Accordin' to custom you ought to marry him."

Bill paid attention, then.

"Is there a preacher handy?" he asked earnestly. "Because we want to get married before the next train home."

The Four Doors

(Concluded from page 60)

that did not belong to her and so did Norma Talmadge in "Martha's Vindication."

Coming down to making an audience think a director usually has his stories divided into two general classes. They may present the divorce problem or that of the eternal triangle or any one of the other big situations which the average individual may be confronted with in his own life. Such stories run along continually. Their effectiveness as thought-producers depend on the art of the director, for their presentation has rung all the changes from cheap sensationalism to the pinnacle of camera genius.

The other type of story is that which submits a problem which is of paramount interest at a particular time. The world war has produced many of these such as "Hearts of the World" and Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany." Their value lies in their timeliness primarily. People rush to see them because they deal with a subject which is uppermost in the public mind. Such was "Lest We Forget," and "Over the Top."

The exception proves the rule again. A great director of course knows no limitations, either in inspiring thought or any of the other emotions. Griffith, who holds all of the master keys to the emotions of the screen, took a problem which was settled for all time and made it the theme of the greatest picture in the world, "The Birth of a Nation." The slavery question had been a closed book for years. There was no reason for reviving it.

Griffith, of course, holds some passkeys to the heart of the public which have never been duplicated. But many directors possess others which always fit the lock in opening the gates of laughter and tears, thought and fear.

And, just as the men of early days rewarded the player of the magic reeds in wives, honey and oxen, those of modern times have repaid these wizards of the screen in the neatly engraved currency of the times.

Charles, Not Charlie

(Concluded from page 83)

surprise. I laid awake nights thinking out how to come through that door. I jumped out of bed at two and three in the morning, jotting down ideas. I took long walks at midnight, thinking, thinking, thinking. I shunned my friends because they broke up my concentration. And did I finally get it? I did not! After three weeks, and ten actual takes, I cut out the whole episode because the problem simply couldn't be solved."

I know this, too: Charles threw away five weeks' work on "A Dog's Life" because none of it satisfied him.

He wants to produce serious photoplays —sometime. He wants to put himself into other, and real, characters—sometime. He says so. He says he is in no hurry about either undertaking.

Chaplin is not an educated man, in the collegiate sense, nor is he illiterate. He talks with the clean, well-bred speech of an Englishman, and his new Hollywood studio, perhaps the daintiest, most artistic filmery yet built, reflects the innate taste and refinement of a man slowly rising to self-won culture after early vicissitudes and almost no schooling.

He wears the unostentatious attire of good breeding, always. He is not a fashion plate, but sport shirts, puttees and queer hats are unknown to him.

If he has love affairs they do not muss up the morality of the community nor permeate his workshop. He is a great favorite among men in Los Angeles, and most of his men friends are sincerely wondering whether he really has "a girl." He is not married. I don't think he will ever marry.

The most fun he had this year was on location, in Central California, during one of the winter months. He was for three days barracked with an elderly couple of kindly disposition, an adoration for motion pictures, and no knowledge that their visitor—whom they called "Sonny" and to whom they gave solemn advice about saving his small wages—was Charles Chaplin. He still corresponds with the old man.

He is a very good business man. His money is well invested. His charities are carefully chosen, but they are tender and absolutely under cover. An actor died suddenly in Los Angeles last winter, leaving—fortunately—no debts, cash in the bank to pay all immediate expenses, and property enough to take care of his family until his children reached maturity. Or so it seemed. I am one of three people who know that the poor fellow had squandered all he made, had $2.67 in cash, no insurance, and owed half the tradesmen in town. Charles Chaplin righted all this, and not even the widow knows!

Charles Chaplin's one bitterness is that covert, sneering accusation that he is a draft-dodger. As a matter of fact, he stands ready for any service, but has never been called and is of such physical frailty that he would probably be rejected by the first board that looked him over. His purchases of British and American war bonds are considered bits of important money even by governments now trained to think only in billions.

Chaplin and I were quite pals until, one evening, I told him that I was returning East, and, at some convenient time, would like to have a little talk for publication.

I haven't seen him since. He seemed to avoid me after that.

The Photoplay League of America

(Concluded from page 75)

son, in print and in conversation, give the united, organized, powerful boost to every picture that is clean, intelligent, progressive and all-American, and it will eternally chase the other kind with a big stick, a trench bomb and the editorial bayonet.

While the great tide of motion picture commercialism has been sweeping over the United States these half dozen years the "Better Film" workers, toiling independently in many cities and towns, have realized that the film is here to stay, and have begun a course of substitution—constructive work.

The Photoplay League of America is, at last, the national organization of these staunch and far-seeing pioneers. Its demand in pictures is a triangle—cleanliness, artistic intelligence, Americanism. Local chapters of the League are being organized today, from Coast to Coast. And these chapters, united, are the real voice, the true voice of these American United States going down to the great city of New York and demanding clean truth and patriotism and more inspiration and less factory product.

There is a spirit behind this big movement which makes it as portentous a thing artistically as America's unanimous concert for free democracy is politically. Get in the band-wagon for clean pictures, intelligent pictures, pro-American pictures —or stay out with the gross and grasping artistic Huns who have long enough defiled the screen. This is no personal boost, no commercial scheme, no covertly endowed propaganda for any manufacturer. It is a crusade for your own future happiness, for the mental health of your children, for the glorious artistic Tomorrow of the greatest country on earth.

Next month we will give you news of the League's rapid progress, tell you of the great personalities behind it, list its officers, disclose its immediate plans.

BILL HART recently shipped 6,000 sacks of tobacco to the 159th California Regiment. At the customs house he asked about great piles of tobacco lying in an obscure corner. "A local firm received the immense order from Russia," was the explanation, "but on the day of shipment Russian affairs became muddled. Now they're holding the order, as there are so many governments that the whole shipment would only give one sack to each government."

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STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

Get Rid of the Cause

There are hundreds of nostrums on the market that give relief, but every one of them make the condition worse and fasten the deadly fangs of disease more deeply into your vitals. All cathartics, pills, teas, drugs and dope overstimulate, causing reaction which further weaken the muscles of the bowels. Piles, appendicitis and bowel troubles are due to constipation and the dope taken for its relief. There is just one way to get rid of constipation, REMOVE THE CAUSE.

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Strongfortism is Nature's way. Nature is the only Healing Force known. Give Nature a chance. No drugs or dope in Nature nor in Strongfortism. No rigorous, iron-clad, muscle-tiring programs of tedious exercises; just Nature's secrets as I learned them for myself and have taught them to thousands of despondent sufferers. I have put the fire and spirit of youth, the glow of new born enthusiasm into the hearts of thousands who had well nigh given up hope. I have made them young in masterful strength, vigorous, vibrant, powerful.

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HERMO CO., Dept. 19, 542 E. 63rd St., CHICAGO

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page 109*)

M. M. M., DETROIT, MICH.—We're always saying things about Mary Miles Minter that her admirers should like. You watch PHOTOPLAY.

A. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—William Jefferson, the son of Joseph Jefferson, is the husband of Vivian Martin. Louise Huff was born in 1895. Mr. Louise Huff is Edgar Jones, the director. Tom Forman enlisted. You're all wrong about Mary Pickford. She's married and has never been divorced. No new developments in "The Return of Blanche Sweet." Mae Marsh is single. So is Mary Miles Minter. Bobby Harron was born in 1894. Charlie Ray a woman hater? For why?

S. P., ONTONAGON, MICH.—Eugene O'Brien can be reached at the Royalton, New York City. What shape is ontonagon?

SIMON, DENISON, TEXAS.—"Just a Woman" is a very new picture in which Charlotte Walker is the featured player. It should reach your state shortly. Ask your local theater manager about it. Ruby de Remer is on the legitimate stage.

ETHELYN, OAKWOOD, MO.—Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. We'll speak to Mr. Pompeian about the mistake of having her eyes blue in the advertisement for his cream. Kathlyn Williams is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life. Earle Williams, Beverly Bayne and Naomi Childers are single. The wives of the people you mention are non-professionals.

R. E., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.—Try your luck at securing the photo of Jack Holt. Communications reach him at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

DOLLY DIMPLES, WEST FORT WILLIAM, CANADA.—Address Mae Marsh at Goldwyn; Jackie Saunders, Balboa; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph; May Allison, Metro (west); and Viola Dana, Metro (east); Shirley Mason, Lasky (east); Madge Evans, World; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Artcraft. Better send them each a quarter so that they will be sure and send you the photos. Address Baby Marie Osborne at the Pathe studio, Los Angeles; Mary McAlister, last known address Essanay, Chicago. Bobby Connelly, Metro (east). Margery Wilson doesn't tell her age, but she's not very old.

WILBUR, AMARILLO, TEXAS.—It's nawfully nice of you to want to know all about us, but, old top, there ain't nothing to it. To us, rather. Yes, we love fudge. Your intuition is remarkable.

SIGNOR, SILVER CREEK, N. Y.—Harry Beaumont is directing pictures for the Selig Polyscope Co. The Bushman divorce hasn't been granted as this is written. John Bowers played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eternal Grind."

A. P. D. I., MERIDIAN, MISS.—The Paralta Corp. was organized in 1917. Frederick Chapin is the author of "The Turn of the Card." Impossible to name all of the Vivian Martin pictures, but some in which she has appeared are: "A Modern Thelma," "Her Father's Son," "The Right Direction," "The Wax Model," "Forbidden Paths," "Little Miss Optimist," "A Kiss for Susie," etc.

J. W., SUPERIOR, WIS.—"Patience Sparhawk," the picture, is adapted from a well known novel. Mighty glad you like our and ours so much.

MARIE, CARROLL, IOWA.—You will have to send direct to the stars for their photographs. We deal only in answers.

H. K., KOKOMO, IND.—Just as soon as there is a vacancy in a studio wanting a leading lady with no experience we'll let you know. But don't watch every post too carefully for that contract.

S. R., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Absolutely no connection between us and any film company, so your letter asking for a position would be of no avail here. Try some studio if you've made up your mind that you are destined to be the very largest and brightest planet in the bevy of flickering stars.

GERALDINE C., HASTINGS, MICH.—So far as we know Olive Thomas has no relatives in your city. Mary Miles Minter was about thirteen when she played in "Barbara Fritchie." We can't help you about those photos but suggest that you write again to Miss Farrar, at the Goldwyn studios in Fort Lee, N. J. We think she'll send you one. Try the others again, too. We're sorry, little girl, that your first letter didn't reach us, and we're glad that you wrote again. Was it worth the trouble? Address Vivian Martin, Lasky studios, Hollywood. Fannie Ward, Pathe; Louise Huff, World Film.

E. I., OAKLAND, CAL.—Eileen Percy played with Doug in "Down to Earth." Eileen is now with Bluebird, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Yes, and that's just what we're going to say—don't believe all you hear. Don't and you won't have to ask us such questions. The actors don't use green paint—it's just the studio lights that make it look that way. If everybody wrote as clearly as you, the Answer Man wouldn't have to work nights. Sure, write again.

E. E., CANADA.—Your letter was somehow mislaid, which does not, however, excuse the loss of time in answering it. We can only say we're sorry, and hope you spent your honeymoon in some equally attractive part of the country. That picture was, we believe, "shot" in New York and Florida; the scenes which pleased you so much doubtless in the latter place. Again, we are sorry; and hope you will write to us again. Our best wishes to you.

AURORA BOREALIS, LACHINE, P. I.—Greetings, Aurora. Gettin' used to this hour earlier business? Pedro de Cordoba was *Escamillo* in the Lasky "Carmen"; Dorothy Kelly and Harry Morey in "The Law Decides." Lionel Barrymore not in that production. Lillian Walker, Don Cameron and Jewel Hunt in "Kitty Mackay" and Lillian Walker, Don Cameron, Thomas Mills and Eulalie Jenson in "Sally in a Hurry."

PONCE, SHREVEPORT, LA.—Well, of course, you never can tell, but we don't believe Charlie Chaplin would deliberately "pinch" your bucks worth of stamps. Yes, 'tis true that he built a new studio and that it cost a lot of money, and a dollar is a lot of money, but before claiming ownership on account of said dollar you better write Charlie and ask about the picture you sent for.

E. J., HANFORD, CAL.—Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas were married in the fall of 1917. Mary Miles Minter will answer your letter. She's with American company at Santa Barbara, Cal. No we haven't any freckles and haven't a remedy for removing same. Edgar Jones is married to Louise Huff. Jack Pickford is twenty-one and Olive Thomas Pickford, twenty.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY JANE, MADISON, WIS.—Hail! Harold Lockwood has a wife who is a non-professional. Theda Bara is five feet, six inches tall, or as high as you measure it. George Walsh is the husband of Seena Owen.

A CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Whyfore the silence? Tom Forman was divorced a year ago. Arthur Ashley and his wife are separated. John Junior appeared in Essanay pictures for quite some time. George LeGuere doesn't give his age. Remember, we do not tell the religious beliefs of the players.

E. P. F., OAKLAND, CAL.—The addresses for which you asked follow: Olive Thomas, Triangle; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Richard Barthlemess, Goldwyn; Ethel Clayton, Lasky (western); Eugene O'Brien, Norma Talmadge Company; Pauline Curley, Metro (western); Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Artcraft (western). Marguerite Marsh is a sister of Mae Marsh. She was known in the Biograph days as Marguerite Loveridge and later as Lovey Marsh.

P. B., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—We send your letter on to Dorothy Dalton at the Ince studios, Hollywood, Cal. Paramount is merely an exchange through which a number of companies release their pictures. The Artcraft, Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco, Select, are all Paramount companies.

POLLY ANN, NEW YORK CITY.—Nell Craig was born on the 13th of June, 1893. She is no longer living in Chicago, but at the Astor Hotel in New York City. Louise Huff was born on the 14th of November, 1895. Francelia Billington on the 1st of February, 1896, and Ora Carew, April 13, 1895. The others you mention do not give their birth dates.

MISS CAREY, PORTLAND, ORE.—Mary Pickford is the highest salaried motion picture actress in the world. Charlie Chaplin receives more than any other male star. Beverly Bayne is not married. She's twenty-three. Constance Talmadge is twenty; Norma twenty-three. You're quite right, they are not twins. Elsie Ferguson is married to Joseph Clark, Jr. Bill Hart has been in pictures since the first day of May, 1914. Charles Chaplin since January, 1914.

VIRGINIA S., DETROIT, MICH.—Wallace Reid is twenty-eight. Kitty Gordon was born in 1881. She is married to the Hon. H. H. Beresford. Marguerite Clark is thirty-two and is unmarried.

DOT, HOLYOKE, MASS.—Sombudda didn't know. The picture you inclosed is of Vivian Martin, not Mary Pickford. George Stuart Christie played with Emmy Wehlen in "Sowers and Reapers." Harry Benham opposite Alma Hanlon in "When You and I Were Young."

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER, SONORA, CAL.—Olive Thomas has blue eyes and brown hair. She's the wife of Jack Pickford, is five feet, three inches tall, and we are sure she would be very glad to hear from you.

M. J. GREENE, INDIANAPOLIS.—The Fairbanks Twins are sixteen or seventeen; now in the Follies. They used to play for Thanhouser. Elsie Janis is Over There now, entertaining the soldiers, so there is little possibility of her making more pictures for some time to come. Hazel Dawn is to be featured next season in a new talkie. Ina Claire is "Polly with a Past" in New York; and Irene Castle has followed Elsie Janis abroad to dance in the behind-the-lines theatres. Mrs. Castle's pictures are still being released by Pathe. "The Mysterious Client" is one of them. Margaret Mower has never appeared on the screen so far as we know. There will be no more "Bab" stories until Nigel Barrie, who played "Carter Brooks," and who is now with the Royal Air Force, comes home from war. You will see an item in Plays and Players about him. Louise Huff has signed a contract to appear in World Pictures. Anita Stewart is acting again for Vitagraph. Marilynn Miller and Rosie Quinn have never been screened. Marion Davies is making photoplays for Select and has left the stage for a year at least. Violet Zell, the dancer, is not the wife of Fred Stone. Mrs. Stone was Aileen Crater. The Stones have several children. The family has gone west, where Stone is making pictures for Paramount. Marquerite Clark has an apartment in Manhattan and a country place on Long Island. The latest Clark interview was "Grand Crossing Impressions" in the July issue. Whew! Wr-write again, M. J.

(Continued on page 120)

Winners in July Puzzle Contest

First Prize, $10.00—Private Gregory A. Eckholm, Paris Island, S. C., U. S. Marine Band. Second Prize, $5.00—Miss Mary Mix, Bowling Green, Mo. Third Prize, $3.00—1st. Lieut. George L. Maxwell Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, Quantico, Va., 11th Regiment, Headquarters 1st Battalion, Marine Barracks. Fourth Prize, $2.00—Edith L. Ritter, 1419 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Winners of the $1.00 Prizes—Miss Katherine Gibbons, 113 St. Clair Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, 203 Solar St., Bristol, Va.; Miss Ethel Kloenne, 966 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City; Harriet Morris, 111 Chauncey Street, Boston, Mass.; Miss Cora B. Earnest, 26 Magdalen Street, San Angelo, Texas; Miss Ruth Kleine, 3804 Garfield Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Ethel Camp, Belmar, New Jersey, R. F. D. No. 1, Box No. 10; J. H. McMullen, 616 Franklin Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Thomas F. Burns, 1050 Davis Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Miss Anna Wohlforth, 47 Nichols Street, Seymour, Conn.

Correct Answers

1—Zoe Ray
2—Bebe Daniels
3—Doris Pawn
4—Anita Stewart
5—Anna Little
6—Wheeler Oakman
7—King Baggot
8—Eileen Percy
9—Violet Heming

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 119)

H. M. G., Iowa.—Charlie Chaplin is still in the movies. The Fairbanks Twins are now in Ziegfeld's Follies. Cast of "Framing Framers" (Triangle) follows: *Gordon Travis,* Charles Gunn; *Ruth Westphal,* Laura Sears; *Herman Westphal,* George Pearce; *Sylvester Brandon,* Edwin Martin; *Grace Garwood,* Mildred Delfino; *Lonnie Gorman,* Lee Phelps; *John Cameron,* Arthur Millet; *Westphal's Thugs,* Leo Willis, Verne Peterson.

M. B., Kankakee, Ill.—We disremember whether or not Marguerite Clark sends her pictures free; but advise you to write again—you know Miss Clark has been very busy working for the government in the Loan campaigns and your letter may have arrived while she was absent. It is always better to send twenty-five cents when asking for pictures; but May Allison, we believe, sends hers gratis. They do say that May was born on a Southern plantation, being a member of the F. F. S. (First Families of the South.) Miss Clark has one sister, Miss Cora Clark. She was born in Cincinnati. If you're waiting anxiously for the next issue of Photoplay, I'll have to let this suffice. In other words, magagines have to go to press and this is all for you, Margaret.

Lou Messing, N. Y. C.—Glad you've decided to come on in. We are "witty, but not at the expense of facts?" Oh Lou! But we try to tell the truth, and it isn't so hard. Try it sometime. George Walsh is twenty-six; he used to play football in his college days. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-four; six feet tall; weight one hundred and sixty. Yes, he's wonderful—aren't you 'Gene? He was born in Denver and he speaks pure Dublin Irish. Have I crowned your initial attempt with success, Lou? There is nothing so wonderful as the knowledge that you have done your best; that you have perhaps, lessened a little the burden of a fellowman. Gee—it's twelve-thirty!

M. D., Barry Ave., Chicago.—Lou Tellegan was born in Athens, Greece, in 1881. Carlyle Blackwell was Mary's leading man in "Such a Little Queen," but Harold Lockwood had a part in it too. Lockwood is married. Marguerite Clark is thirty-three.

Admirer, Mitchell, S. D.—You had your pictures of Doris Lee, with a story about her, in the August issue. Hope you liked it. It's mighty nice of you to admire the style in which we arrange our magazine. We are never bored—and we hope therefore never to bore anyone. As Julian Johnson remarks, "girls—like flowers and sunsets and things—have needed no added charms for centuries." Or, as John Keats said, a thing of beauty is a joy forever. But did you know that that poem of his ended with something about—"or we die?" It's awfully sad.

M. Henderson.—Yours is the kind of a letter we like. Somebody said once that you are least yourself when you talk in your own person; with a mask you tell the truth. Maybe that's why the Answer Man ventures an opinion occasionally. Our private stenographer does not grin when we dictate these answers; but often she weeps. We refuse to become involved in a controversy as to Bara's birthplace, merely reiterating from our mask that Bara was born in Cincinnati. F. X. B. has indeed five lovely children. Ethel Barrymore Colt has three. Blanche Sweet is back, and House Peters is her leading man in her first picture. Myrtle Stedman is on the stage now. Please write again.

Irene F., 14; the Bronx—No; we can't tell you about ourself. "Know thyself" is the first lesson in life; but we have never learned it. Nazimova was born in Russia; she is in the early thirties. She has dark hair and eyes. Elsie Ferguson has blue eyes and light hair, not red. Write to them for pictures—Miss Ferguson care Artcraft; Nazimova care Metro., N. Y. Geraldine Farrar, we believe, always sends pictures on request. Milton Sills doesn't tell his age. The he-stars are as bad as the actresses on ages, if not worse. It is unwise for a woman to tell her exact age—it always looks so calculating. Nazimova at this writing is doing "L'Occident," from the Belgian masterpiece; but the name will probably be changed for public comsumption. Her second Metro was called "Toys of Fate." Elsie Ferguson has not confided to us the figures on her weekly checks; perhaps if you wrote to her—

M. B., Macogloche, Tex.—John Bowers doesn't give his age, but we should say it was about thirty-three. He married a non-professional. His first wife was Beulah Poynter. He is not going to war so far as we know. He is six feet tall, dark-haired and dark-eyed. Douglas McLean played opposite Vivian Martin in "A Fair Barbarian," and Gail Kane in "The Upper Crust" for Mutual. He will be seen in Dorothy Gish's first Paramount. Mary McAlister is not with any company at the present time. Photoplay will announce her new affiliation. She is eight years old. Following is the cast of "The Blue Bird": *Tyltyl,* Robin MacDougall; *Mytyl,* Tula Belle; *Daddy Tyl,* Edwin E. Reed; *Mummy Tyl,* Emma Lowry; *Gaffer Tyl,* Wm. J. Gross; *Granny Tyl,* Florence Anderson; *Berlingot,* Edwin Elkas; *Berlingot's daughter,* Katherine Bianchi; *Fairy Berylune,* Lillian Cook; *Light,* Gertrude McCoy; *Night,* Lyn Donelson; *Dog,* Chas. Ascot; *Cat,* Tom Corless; *Fire,* S. E. Popavitch; *Water,* Mary Kennedy; *Milk,* Eleanor Masters; *Sugar,* Chas. Craig; *Bread,* Sam Blum.

E. K., St. Paul, Minn.—There is nothing at all mysterious about us, except perhaps that we admit it. But thirty-five is a very attractive age; we intend to remain thirty-five for years and years, once we have attained it. We are always afraid to let anything go for fear someone else may pick it up. Elsie Ferguson's hair is light. It must be quite dreadful to fight over the color of an actress' hair. Sessue Hayakawa now has his own company. We have not printed your alias for obvious reasons. No, the Answer Man didn't fall over when he read the list you wanted; merely stifled a sigh and thought and thought. We think for ourselves always; if we didn't nobody would. Here you are: David Powell, Select; Edna Goodrich, Mutual; Gail Kane, Ivan; Fatty Arbuckle, Balboa Studios, Long Beach, Cal.; Robert Warwick, now Capt. Warwick, Over There; Lenore Ulrich, Belasco theatre, N. Y.; Hazel Dawn, Amityville, L. I.; Anne Little, Lasky; Jackie Saunders, Balboa; Conway Tearle, Vitagraph; Charles Ray, Ince; Eugene O'Brien, Select. Jean Sothern is not playing now.

Margaret, Watertown, Wis.—If Marguerite Clark were as old as she looks she would be about twenty. Miss Clark is really thirty-three. Write to her care Famous Players, N. Y. Yes, I think I know her secret—it's very simple to say, but not so easy to put into practice. Marguerite Clark never worries. No situation or circumstance is too difficult for her to smooth it over with a smile. And Marguerite, at thirty-three, looks twenty. Think it over.

H. W., Murphysboro, Ill.—Kenneth Harlan played opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." Mr. Harlan is unmarried. Montague Love hasn't a wife. Send your letter to him in care of the World Film Corp., Fort Lee, N. J. Jack Holt is with the western Lasky company. That was Elliott Dexter with Mary Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods." Subscription rate for Photoplay in the U. S. is two dollars a year.

McDonald's Admirer, Mobridge, South Dak.—Francis McDonald is married, but don't let that interfere with your liking him. Practically all of the film stars are married, you know. Mr. McDonald has been in pictures for a little over two years.

E. M. B., San Antonio, Texas.—Haven't the name of the last picture in which Harry Gwynn appeared. Art sorrowful about his enlisting?

Billy Blue Gum, Sydney, Australia.—If you are a bad penny we're welcoming you just the same. Thanks a great deal for the flannel daisy. We don't grow them here and we've never seen one before. We Americans are just as strong for you Australians as you are for us, so it's a fifty-fifty proposition.

Pearl's Pal, Plainfield, N. J.—Oh girl, you are fickle! Mollie King's hair has remained the same color—reddish blonde—ever since we've known her. That color hair often photographs dark, so that undoubtedly accounts for your thinking that she had changed the color of her top piece since the taking of the picture you possess. Warner Oland was born in 1880. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. Henry Gsell was born in 1889. He's five feet, three and one-half inches tall. By all means send Pearl White the poem you have written about her.

R. M., South Glen Falls, N. Y.—The entire cast of "Intolerance" is a long one: *The Woman Who Rocks the Cradle,* Lillian Gish; *Miss Mary Jenkins,* Vera Lewis; *Jenkins,* Sam De Grasse; *The Girl of the Modern Story,* Mae Marsh; *The Girl's Father,* Fred Turner; *The Boy of the Modern Story,* Robert Harron; *Mary Magdalene,* Olga Grey; *Catherine de Medici,* Josephine Crowell; *Charles IX,* Frank Bennett; *Henry of Navarre,* W. E. Lawrence; *Duc d'Anjou,* Maxfield Stanley; *Admiral Coligny,* Joseph Henaberry; *Brown Eyes,* Marjorie Wilson; *The Father of Brown Eyes,* Spottiswoode Aitken; *The Lover of Brown Eyes,* Eugene Palette; *The Foreign Mercenary Soldier,* A. D. Sears; *The High Priest of Bel,* Tully Marshall; *The Mountain Girl,* Constance Talmadge; *The Rhapsode,* Elmer Clifton; *Prince Belshazzar,* Alfred Paget; *Nabonidus,* Carl Stockdale; *Attarea,* Seena Owen; *A Friendless One,* Miriam Cooper; *The Musketeer,* Walter Long; *The Bride of Cana,* Bessie Love; *The Policeman,* Tom Wilson; *The Governor,* Ralph Lewis; *Cyrus,* George Siegmann; *The Mighty Man of Valor,* Elmo Lincoln; *Second Priest,* George Beranger; *Bridegroom of Cana,* George Walsh.

Babe, Braddock, N. D.—Geraldine Farrar is thirty-five. Norma Talmadge, twenty-three; Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. Norma Talmadge's eyes are brown. Alan Forrest played with Mary Miles Minter in "Charity Castle." The pictures you speak of are tinted. Aw gwan, sure we forgive you. "A Bit of Jade" was released a number of months ago. We live in Chicago.

Questions and Answers

(*Concluded*)

ALICE C., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Henry Gsell was with Pathe. He is 29 years old. Mahlon Hamilton wont tell whether he's married or not or how old he is. Some of the players you mention answer letters; others don't. Try them and see. But I would never attempt to tell you what you should read. Your education depends on what you shouldn't read.

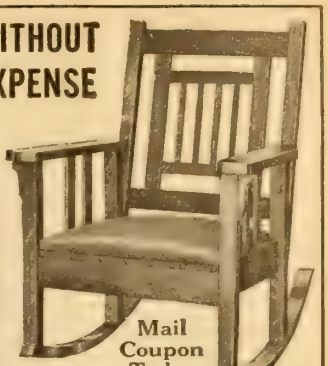
MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.—Mary Thurman is 24 years old. She is five feet three inches tall and tips the scales at one hundred and twenty-three. She has chestnut hair and gray eyes. She is a wonderful girl; yes. We have never met Miss Thurman, but while there is life and the Santa Fe is in high we hope to meet Miss Thurman.

GRACE, WAPAKONETA, OHIO. — Address Harold Lockwood care Metro, Hollywood; Wallie Reid care Lasky, Hollywood; Charles Ray care Ince; Bryant Washburn care Paramount. Cullen Landis played *Tommy Hale* in Kathleen Clifford's Balboa serial, "Who is Number One?" Landis is now Billie Rhode's leading man. Glad you like us; write again.

A. J. BRAUER, CHICAGO.—The players you mention are all American, with the single exception of Antonio Moreno, who is a native Spaniard, but who is somewhat Americanized now. Some players send their pictures free upon request; others ask twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing, etc. Seems to me you folks should know that by this time; we have said it over and over again. Mary Pickford, Pearl White, the Gish sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, and Bill Hart are a few who ask no charge for photos. Yes, August—it is usually hot in Chicago.

EVA G., AUS.—If you are aching to have your questions answered, we have just been aching to answer them. The fact that you have refrained from writing out of compassion for our age, and thinking if you were patient you might find the answers in the magazine, touched me to the heart. They say the only difference between journalism and literature is that journalism is unreadable, and literature is unread. But I never could understand women—or wouldn't if I could. William Collier, Sr., is on the speaking stage in "Nothing but the Truth." Next season Collier will play in "Nothing but Lies." I should say the first play was the more interesting. Willie, Jr., whom you liked in "The Bugle Call," an old Ince feature, has not been on the screen since he made that memorable film. The Collier kid and Anna Lehr did great work in it, didn't they? Miss Lehr's latest is "Men," with Charlotte Walker; and a new problem picture with House Peters. Lack of space forbids the entire cast of "Intolerance," but here are the leading characters: Babylonian period: *The Mountain Girl,* Constance Talmadge; *The Rhapsode,* Elmer Clifton; *Belshazzar,* Alfred Paget; *Princess Beloved,* Seena Owen; *Cyrus,* George Siegmann; French period: *Brown Eyes,* Margery Wilson; *Her lover,* Eugene Palette; *Chas. IX,* Frank Bennett; *Catherine de Medici,* Josephine Crowell; *Father of Brown Eyes,* Spottiswoode Aitken; Biblical: *Mary Magdalene,* Olga Gray; *Mary the mother,* Lillian Langdon; *The Bride of Cana,* Bessie Love; Modern Episode: *The Girl,* Mae Marsh; *The Boy,* Bobby Harron; *A Friendless One,* Miriam Cooper; *The Musketeer of the Slums,* Walter Long; *Jenkins,* Sam de Grasse; *His sister,* Vera Lewis; *The Kindly Policeman,* Tom Wilson; *The Woman who Rocks the Cradle,* Lillian Gish.

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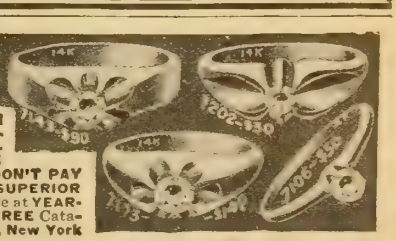
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Stretching forth her hands to all in need; to Jew or Gentile, black or white; knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Ready and eager to comfort at a time when comfort is most needed. Helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone; replenishing empty bins and empty cupboards; bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; seeing men in their true light, as naughty children—snatching, biting, bitter—but with a hidden side that's quickest touched by mercy.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to cheer with warmer comforts thousands who must stand and wait in stenched and crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

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in tense moment from
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W. F. HALL PRINTING COMPANY, CHICAGO

PALMOLIVE

Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
(4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*



The History Back of Modern Beauty

WHEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

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